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A LETTER FROM SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Modern Screen

DECEMBER

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CENTS

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE



BETTE DAVIS' True Life Story

DEANNA DURBIN

Look at the "Quints" as a DOCTOR does...





ANY ONE of the charming Dionne Quintuplets would make a mother's eyes beam with pride were she her own child. These wonder children of the world are startling living examples of what new-day knowledge will do for babies. Proper feeding, care and training combine to develop completely the peak possibilities of every child. The fact that Karo Syrup has been an important food in their daily diet is convincing evidence of the remarkable food-energy value of this delicious Table Syrup. Karo is rich in Dextrose, which is known as "muscle" sugar.

Dextrose quickly provides material for energy, wards off fatigue, sustains activity. Both Blue Label and Red Label Karo are equally rich in Dextrose.

Such excitement! Crowded around the broadcasting microphone, the "Quints" are curious, elated and eager to know "what it's all about."



A "swing full" of loveliness—all five tots love to pose for pictures. They radiate health and personality.

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Hearts Skip a Beat



She evades close-ups...Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

PERHAPS you've seen her—this girl whose wistful beauty captures the eager glance. You stare—a little breathless—waiting for that smile which will light up, *intensify*, her loveliness.

And then it comes—but with what bitter disappointment! For her smile is dull, dingy. It erases her beauty as if a candle had been blown out...another tragedy of dental ignorance or neglect.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

The warning may some day come to you—that faint tinge of "pink" upon your tooth brush. It may seem harmless, trivial, unimportant—but *never ignore it!*

At the first sign of "pink tooth brush"—*see your dentist.* It may not mean trouble ahead, but let him decide. Modern menus—from which hard, fibrous foods have largely disappeared—are robbing your gums of necessary work. They've grown flabby, sensitive. "Pink tooth brush" is simply their plea for help. And usually your dentist's suggestion will be "more exercise, more vigorous chewing" and, very often, the added suggestion, "the stimulating help of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation within the gums increases—helps bring a new healthy firmness to the gum walls.

Why not take steps now to help protect yourself against tender, ailing gums? Make Ipana and massage a part of your daily routine. With your gums healthy and sound, your teeth sparklingly clean—there can be *no disappointment,* nothing to mar the beauty of your smile.

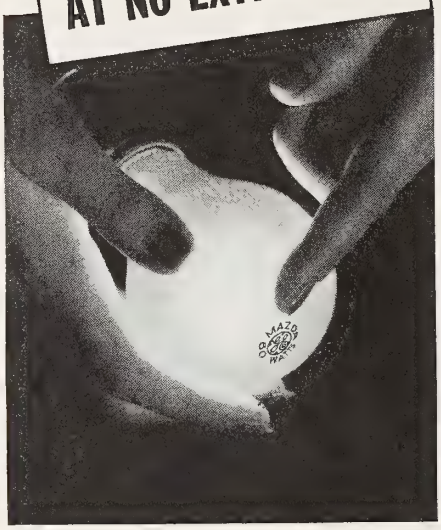
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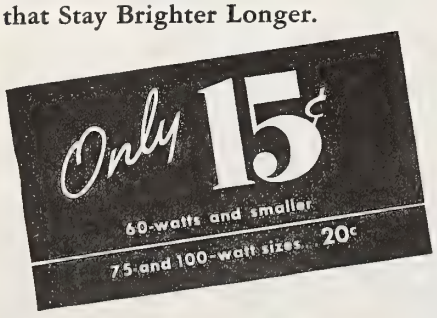


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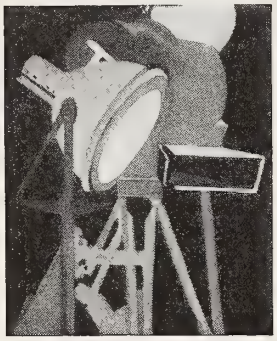
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GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

MODERN SCREEN

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Abril Lamarque.....Art Editor

NOW SHOWING

MANAGING MILTON 12 MACK HUGHES
THAT GIRL'S HERE AGAIN 18 VIRGINIA T. LANE
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LAUGHING THE WHOLE THING OFF 28 IDA ZEITLIN
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Something to stand up and cheer about!

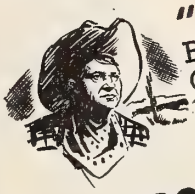
M-G-M'S HAPPY FALL HITS



"FIREFLY"...Now at POPULAR PRICES...M-G-M's roadshow sensation—direct from its triumphant New York run at $2 admission. Gigantic spectacle, romance, drama, and melodies by Rudolf Friml. Starring Jeanette MacDonald, with Allan Jones, Warren William and a cast of thousands...



"THE LAST GANGSTER"...The season's melodramatic hit!...Starring Edward G. Robinson ("Little Caesar" himself)...A grand cast including beautiful Rose Stradner (the new star-discovery who provides thrilling, romantic moments), James Stewart, Louise Beavers and others...



"BAD MAN OF BRIMSTONE"...Starring Wallace Beery in his greatest role since "Viva Villa"...Not since "The Covered Wagon" such a glorious epic of the West. With Virginia Bruce, Dennis O'Keefe (new star find), Lewis Stone and Bruce Cabot.



"THOROUGHBREDS DON'T CRY"...What a cast!...Sophie Tucker, Mickey Rooney, Douglas Scott, and Judy Garland, the girl you loved in "Broadway Melody"...Introducing Ronnie St. Clair, a grand youngster you'll take to your heart...A wildly exciting story of loyalty and love.



"NAVY BLUE AND GOLD"...A rousing romance at Uncle Sam's Naval Academy! Football—love—and drama—with a top-notch cast of your favorite stars including Robert Young, James Stewart, Florence Rice, Lionel Barrymore and Billie Burke in the leading roles—and a cast of thousands...



"MANNEQUIN"...Joan Crawford in the love story of a beautiful model...with co-star Spencer Tracy better than in "Captains Courageous"...It's Katharine Brush's famous story. Wait till you see those gorgeous gowns!



"ROSALIE"...starring Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy with Ray Bolger, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver and lots of others...Ziegfeld's greatest triumph becomes M-G-M's mightiest musical, surpassing even "The Great Ziegfeld" itself...Beautiful girls...new song hits by Cole Porter... Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II...WOW!

OUR PUZZLE PAGE

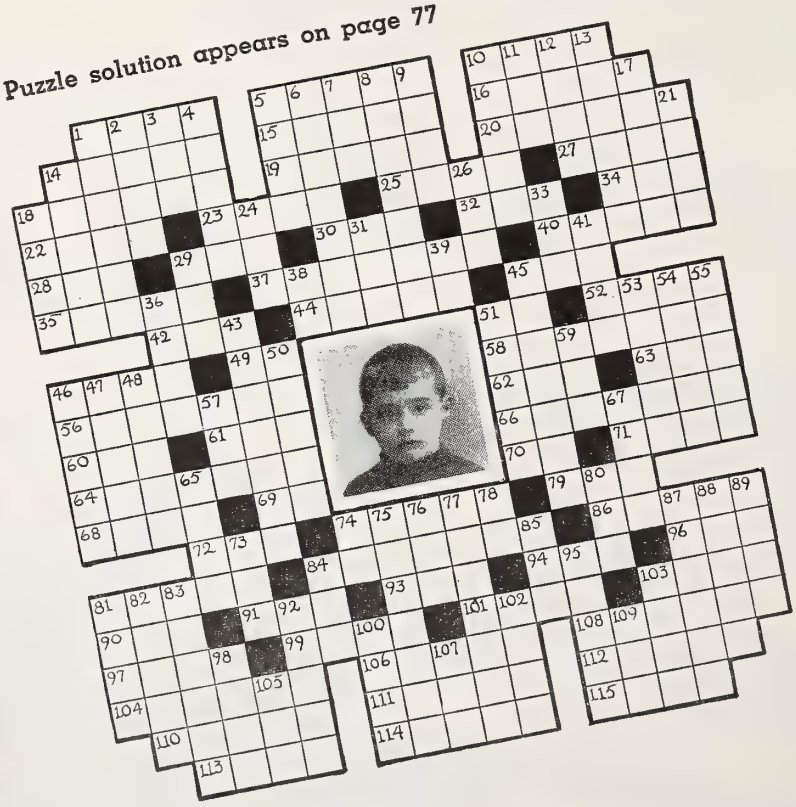
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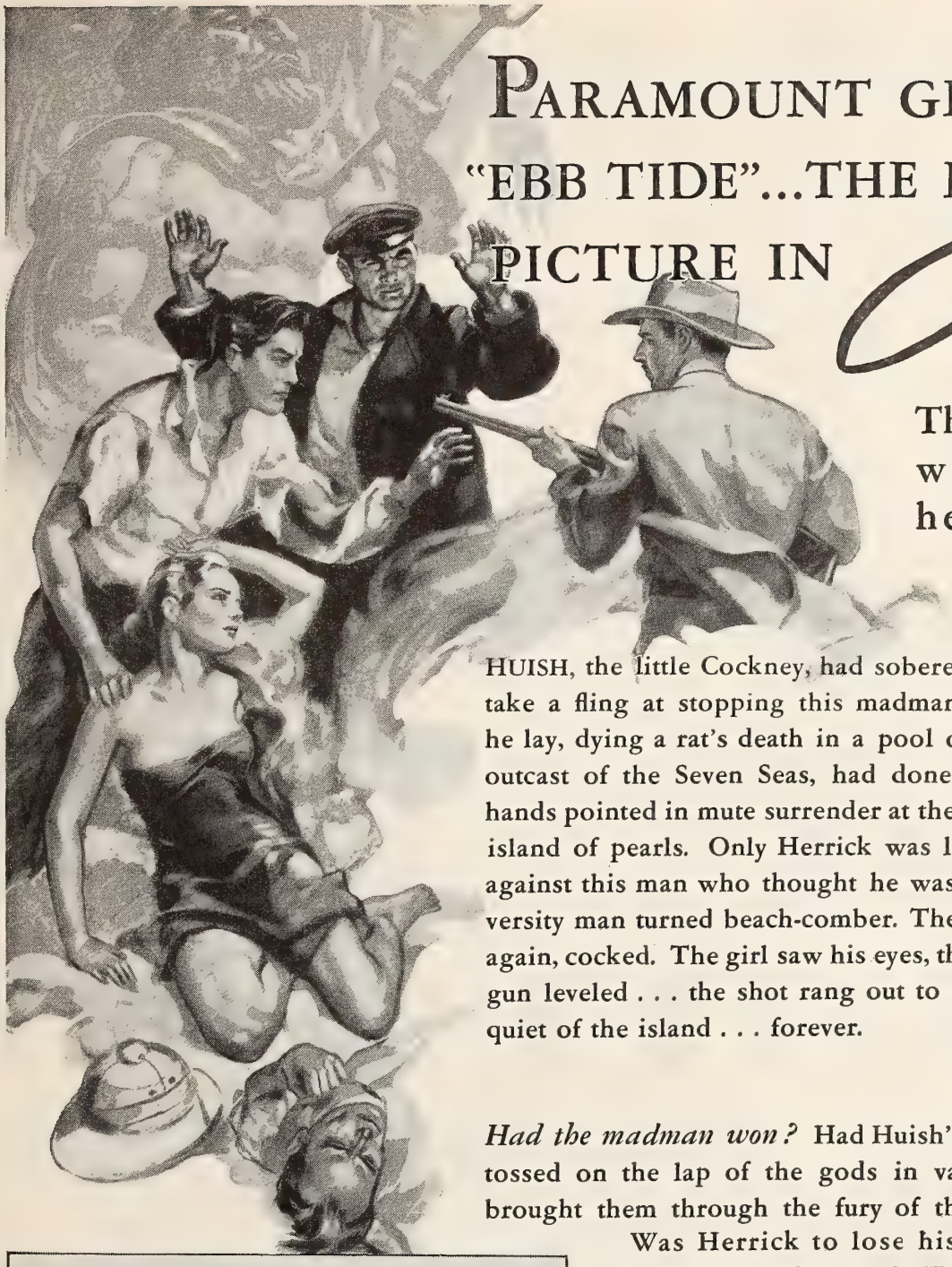
1. & 5. The hero of this puzzle
10. Defensive ditch
14. Cinema
15. Subtle emanations
16. Irish star of "The Perfect Specimen"
18. Youngest daughter in "Call It A Day"
19. Swedish star of "Conquest"
20. Slow-talking Negro comedian
22. Fred Stone's daughter in "Hideaway"
23. Ex-Mrs. Gable's first name
25. "A Farewell to - - - -"
27. Altar end of a church
28. Period of time
29. "- - - in a Million"
30. Mae West wrote "Diamond - - -"
32. Affirmative vote
34. Summer: Fr.
35. V-shaped member
37. Male star of "Double Wedding"
40. Kay Francis' latest is "- - - - - Lady"
42. Metallic rock
44. Cowboy star whose first name is Tom
45. "- - - Love I'm After"
46. Extend over
49. Near: abbr.
51. Director of "Love Takes Flight"; initials
52. Ann Sothern's real last name
56. Texas-born blond juvenile; first name John
58. Clings
60. Card game
61. "Better..."
62. Recline
63. "- - - Them Live"
64. Song-and-dance film
66. Glamorous star of "Angel"
68. Famous Roman date
69. Femme star of "Romeo and Juliet"; initials
70. Chemical symbol
71. One by preeminence; slang
72. "Clive of - - - ia"
74. Biblical name
79. Mend
81. Spencer's wife in "Big City"
84. Deanna's father in "100 Men and a Girl"
86. Wherefrom you see the screen
90. Party in power
91. Loretta's co-star in "Love Under Fire"
93. Bing Crosby's wife, Dixie
94. American gangster in "Gangway"
96. "- - - Asked For It"
97. "- - - - and Evil"
99. In
101. Bare
103. Unsealed
104. Seethe again
106. Build
108. Male star of "Broadway Melody of 1938"
110. French girl in "The Big Parade"
111. Long seat: var.
112. The girl in "High, Wide and Handsome"
113. Pork
114. Former Russian rulers
115. Parts of the head

DOWN

1. German actor named Veidt
2. Eager
3. He's a cowboy star named Tex - - - ter
4. Long
5. Measure
6. Rustically
7. "Men - - - Not Gods"
8. Princess Paley's first name
9. Rip
10. Disorderly
11. Worthless leaving
12. Open space
13. Latest film of star pictured
14. His leading lady in "When You're in Love"
17. Enrolls
18. Puffed
21. Nit: Scot.
24. Cut
26. Hawaiian actress named - - - o Clark
29. Over: poet
31. "- - - Love You Always"
33. European newt
36. "- - - - With the Wind"
38. "- - Could Happen to You"
39. Mexican actress named - - mida
41. "Paradise - - - -"
43. Birthplace of star pictured
45. Plenty of these in Westerns
46. Delicious game dish
47. Haughty
48. Shad
50. What films are wound on
51. Composes
53. He married Jobyna Ralston
54. Hero of "Old Louisiana"
55. Compound ether
57. Warner Baxter's latest is "Wife, - - - tor and Nurse"
59. "- - - Husband's Secretary"
65. Egyptian goddess
67. Male star of "Espionage"
73. First name of dead pan comedian
74. Initials of gravel-voiced comedian
75. The ex-Mrs. John Barrymore
76. Alcoholic beverage
77. Hero of "Captains Courageous"
78. Exclamation
80. Superlative suffix
81. Prevaricator
82. Annabella starred in "- - - - - the Red Robe"
83. American girl in "Lost Horizon"
84. Mrs. Roger Pryor's first name
85. "Dead - - -"
87. Poplars
88. "- - - - Goes My Girl"
89. Dispatched
92. Lubricated
95. Eagle's nest
98. The other woman in "Something to Sing About"
100. Screen try-out
102. Shoshonean Indians
103. German river
105. Comparative suffix
107. Greek letter
109. Anglo-Saxon coin

Puzzle solution appears on page 77





PARAMOUNT GIVES YOU "EBB TIDE"...THE FIRST SEA PICTURE IN *Color*

The story of a man who thought he was God!...

HUISH, the little Cockney, had sobered up long enough to take a fling at stopping this madman with the rifle. Now he lay, dying a rat's death in a pool of vitriol. Thorbecke, outcast of the Seven Seas, had done the same. Now his hands pointed in mute surrender at the cobalt heaven of this island of pearls. Only Herrick was left to defend the girl against this man who thought he was God. Herrick! University man turned beach-comber. The madman's gun lifted again, cocked. The girl saw his eyes, the eyes of a devil. The gun leveled . . . the shot rang out to shatter the somnolent quiet of the island . . . forever.

Had the madman won? Had Huish's pitiful little life been tossed on the lap of the gods in vain? Had Thorbecke brought them through the fury of the hurricane for this? Was Herrick to lose his one last chance to prove himself a man? Was this beautiful white girl to descend into the pit of a madman's private hell forever?

Adolph Zukor presents

OSCAR HOMOLKA

(By arrangement with Gaumont British Picture Corporation Limited)

FRANCES FARMER

RAY MILLAND

"EBB TIDE"

A Lucien Hubbard Production with

Lloyd Nolan • Barry Fitzgerald

Based on the story by
Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne

Directed by JAMES HOGAN

Photographed in Technicolor

A Paramount Picture

The South Seas... Robert Louis Stevenson's South Seas, with all their haunting beauty... with all their primitive, soul-searing adventure . . . with all the vicious fury of their mighty ship-destroying typhoons . . . now at last brought to the screen as Stevenson himself saw them in this greatest of all adventure-pictures, produced in natural color... Another thundering triumph for the company which gave you the first natural color adventure-picture, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" . . . PARAMOUNT!



Let June Lang help choose your frocks for dining and dancing

For that dinner date, a sheer black wool with dainty vestee of mousseline de soie, is June Lang's choice. When she's in a mood to dance the hours away, however, she wears this youthful waltz frock of iridescent moire taffeta.



BY ANN WILLS

GOING TO A PARTY?

SO YOU'RE going to a party? Oh, excuse us! Not *a* party, but several? And you want to know what to wear for each? Then take a few tips from June Lang, one of Hollywood's most popular gay young things who, even though she's a glamor girl, loves parties and party frocks just as you and I.

Now that winter is close upon us, we must turn our backs on the easy informality of summer and early fall, and really get down to cases on what we're going to be wearing on formal occasions this season. Now, when I say "formal," I don't necessarily mean evening gowns alone, though I know that's what you want to hear about. We'll get to that fascinating subject before we're through, don't worry.

But first, just cast an eye on June's black wool crepe, which she has donned for her tea date and which she is going to wear to dinner later on. The perennially smart black and white ensemble achieves new distinction in this two-piece frock with the tufting of the hip pockets echoing the softness of the ruffled mousseline de soie vestee. A huge clip of rhinestones at the throat adds a touch of glitter to the black and white simplicity of this costume. A perky, bowed cone-turban, black patent tie-pumps and black accessories complement the ensemble.

June, as you know, has been called the "Modern Venus" of Hollywood, and her figure has been described by artists as the most perfect in the film colony. And if she doesn't achieve the much-desired form divine in this frock, then we've never seen one! Her sleeves are but slightly puffed at the shoulder and the pencil-slim line of her skirt descends in a straight, slender silhouette all the way down from the slight fullness at the waist. She plans to vary this versatile frock by the simple expedient of changing the color and style of the vestee. It will be feminine and dressy with ruffled inserts of delicate shell pink or pale yellow, trim and tailored with severe, high-necked white pique, dashing and sporty with dickies of brightly colored suede.

With the latter, she will wear a saucy little calot of matching suede or felt. This youthful hat style, so becoming to almost any coiffure, is very popular among the starlets. Betty Grable and Eleanore Whitney are planning at least one felt or suede skull cap with each and every outfit, and it amuses them to see how many different clips, flowers or feather ornaments they can assemble for each cap! And Constance Bennett, that arbiter of fashion, is acquiring an extensive collection of these pert little headpieces, which make themselves at home on any occasion.

A smart, simple dark dress like this one of June's is invaluable to the girl who has an active social life but a limited clothes allowance. For it is adaptable for all daytime and informal evening wear from luncheon in town to that (*Continued on page 81*)

THE MOST EXCITING SCREEN EVENT OF ALL TIME!



The favorite play of America is

THE SCREEN HIT OF THE YEAR!

A year of preparation—3 months before the cameras—production costs breaking all studio records—and now the-love-and-laughter show that enthralled New York and London stage audiences for two seasons is ready to flash its glories on the nation's screens.

"Tonight's our night —there may never be a tomorrow."

WARNER BROS. present:

Claudette COLBERT

Charles BOYER

in the most lovable, laughable comedy of a decade!



"TOVARICH"





supported by a huge cast of famous stars including

BASIL RATHBONE

ANITA LOUISE

MELVILLE COOPER • ISABEL JEANS



MORRIS CARNOVSKY • VICTOR KILIAN • Directed by Anatole Litvak • Screen play by Casey Robinson • Adapted from the play by Jacques Deval • English Version by Robert E. Sherwood • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. Picture

REVIEWS • BY LEO TOWNSEND

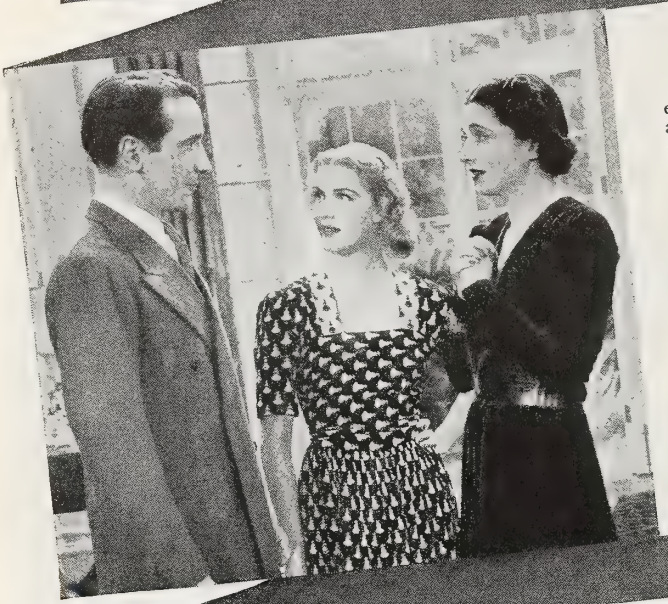


★★★★ Stage Door

Last time Gregory LaCava directed a picture it turned out to be "My Man Godfrey." Now he's back again with a superb film in "Stage Door," which is certain to be regarded as one of the finest comedy dramas of the year. Taken from the George Kaufman-Edna Ferber stage success, LaCava's film version uses almost nothing but the title of the original. The result is a fast-moving, splendidly acted film of which Hollywood can be justly proud.

Most of the action centers around a girls' theatrical boarding house in New York and concentrates on the activities of several of its tenants. Followers of Katharine Hepburn will be pleased to know that their idol finally has a role which suits her talents perfectly. As a wealthy young lady interested in a stage career, she gives the part excellent handling.

As a wise-cracking song-and-dance girl, Ginger Rogers surprises almost everyone with her grand trouping. She handles both her comedy and her dramatic moments with an expert touch. And "Stage Door" will probably bring stardom to Andrea Leeds, who makes beautifully poignant the tragic role of the girl who can't get the breaks on Broadway. Adolphe Menjou is his usual splendid self as an amorous producer, and there are outstanding supporting roles by Eve Arden, Constance Collier, Phyllis Kennedy, Franklin Pangborn and Lucille Ball.—*RKO-Radio.*



★★★ First Lady

Gay and sophisticated entertainment, this. Not only is the story excellent, having been taken from the play by George S. Kaufman and Katharine Dayton, but Warner Brothers have here assembled a cast that does justice to every role. The cast includes Kay Francis, Anita Louise, Preston Foster, Walter Connolly, Verree Teasdale, Victor Jory, Marjorie Rambeau, Marjorie Gateson, Louise Fazenda, Lucille Gleason and Grant Mitchell.

The story concerns politics in the nation's capital, but more particularly the doings of those powers behind the thrones, the politicians' wives. Kay Francis is the spoiled but thoroughly charming wife of the Secretary of State, the grand-daughter of a former president. There has long been a feud on between her and the wife of the Supreme Court Justice. The judge's wife, Verree Teasdale, has the temerity to steal Kay's cook, a crime far worse than attempting to steal another woman's husband in Washington. So when it looks like Verree might become First Lady, Kay sets to work with a vengeance to balk her long-time enemy's ambitions.

The plot takes another turn when in her zeal she jeopardizes her own husband's chances for the presidency and therefore nips in the bud her own chance of being First Lady. Directed by Stanley Logan.—*Warner Brothers.*



★★★ The Perfect Specimen

This can best be described as whimsical farce. Fortunately, it goes overboard in neither of these two dangerous departments. As a matter of fact, it's fast comedy and swell fun, with Errol Flynn in a role which should make audiences forgive him for his woefully bad "Another Dawn."

In the title role, Flynn plays a young heir to a $30,000,000 utilities fortune. A doting grandmother keeps him virtually locked up on his own estate, where she hopes to make him a mental and physical superman. Progress is rapid, and young Mr. Flynn is well on his way to become the dullest and most superior young gent in the world when Miss Joan Blondell crashes through a fence on his grounds and upsets the entire program. From there on Flynn pursues her, taking time out only to punch a truck driver in the nose, get a thirty-dollar-a-week oil station job, marry the girl and win a $25,000. reward for returning himself to grandma.

Flynn and Blondell play their lead roles to the hilt for comedy, and there are other swell performances by May Robson as grandma, Edward Everett Horton as grandma's fidgety secretary, Hugh Herbert as a crackpot poet and Harry Davenport as Miss Blondell's absent-mimnded father. Directed by Michael Curtiz.—*Warner Brothers.*

More Reviews on Page 108

BOY MAKES GIRL MAKE FOOL OF NEW YORK



CAROLE **LOMBARD** AND FREDRIC **MARCH**

In SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL'S Sensational TECHNICOLOR Comedy

NOTHING SACRED

WITH

CHARLES WINNINGER · WALTER CONNOLLY

by the producer and director of "A Star is Born"

DAVID O. SELZNICK *and* WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

Screen play by BEN HECHT · *Released thru* UNITED ARTISTS

MANAGING MILTON

Bringing up Berle was more than a man-sized job, so his mother took it over

BY MACK HUGHES



Here is Milton with Harriet Hilliard, the de-lovely who supplied the romantic interest in "New Faces." Her top notes were good and blue, too, if you remember.

Milton Berle made a test for one movie company and was signed on it by another. His first picture, "New Faces," set him cinematically.



MANAGING MILTON, as you may imagine, has been no fool's job! In fact, it's been one person's life work. And it is one Sarah Berlenger (Berle these days) who has taken on the task, and very successfully, we might add.

It all began, Mr. B confesses, with his mother's illness. "You see, I was born in the hospital. Mom was there at the time, and I wanted to be near her." But seriously, it is impossible to keep Milton's mother out of his story for, she *is* his story.

Preceding the advent of young Milton, his mother worked in various New York department stores as a detective, thereby acquiring "eyes in the back of her head." All the better to later watch her youngster get the right breaks in his chosen profession—the theatre.

"My mother and I are inseparable," Milton explained. "You see, Mom has looked after and plugged for me all my life and deserves the credit for my success. Her real name is Sarah, I call her Queenie, but—and how do ya like it—she wants to be known as Sandra! Honest! As far back as when I was a punk kid too young to go to school, I wanted to act. I used to stand in front of the mirror making faces and when Uncle Moe would try to stop me, Mom would say, 'Let him alone. He wants to learn making funny faces.' "

It seems that Mrs. B. had her own thwarted ambitions, insofar as the footlights went, and resolved that little Milton wouldn't suffer the same fate. And so, she aided and abetted him. She was pleased one afternoon to learn that her son had, in his own ingenious way, embarked on a career.

Milton, it seems, had borrowed pants, coat and derby from his father's wardrobe. A fur muff of Mom's supplied the makings of a mustache and a little paste secured it in place. Unknown to Uncle Moe, his cane and shoes were pressed into service by our hero and he shuffled off to enlighten the neighbors as to how Charlie Chaplin did his stuff. By chance a theatre manager was passing and asked to see Milton's mother. (*Continued on page 100*)

A KING'S RANSOM TO MAKE AMERICA LAUGH!



BILLY HOUSE · MISCHA AUER · JIMMY SAVO · BERT LAHR

Not since the days of Chaplin and Harold Lloyd has so much money, talent and creative effort been devoted to pure comedy —zestfully spiced with music, youthful allure and romance.

THE 4 HORSEMEN OF HILARITY

THE NEW UNIVERSAL presents

MERRY-GO-ROUND of 1938

A TEN-STAR FUN FROLIC



ALICE BRADY

BARBARA READ

LOUISE FAZENDA



DAVE APOLLON

JOY HODGES and JOHN KING

with BERT LAHR · JIMMY SAVO · BILLY HOUSE
ALICE BRADY · MISCHA AUER · JOY HODGES
LOUISE FAZENDA · JOHN KING · BARBARA READ · DAVE APOLLON and His Orchestra

HIT SONGS! "I'm In My Glory," "More Power To You," "You're My Dish," by JIMMY McHUGH and HAROLD ADAMSON "Where who gave you Are You?"

Screenplay by Monte Brice and A. Dorian Otvos
Directed by Irving Cummings
Original story by Monte Brice and Henry Myers

Produced by B. G. DeSYLVA
CHARLES R. ROGERS
Executive Vice-President in Charge of Production





GOOD NEWS

BY LEO TOWNSEND

Gay comings and goings-on behind the cinema scene

A girl's best friend, according to song and story, is her mother. But the songs and the stories, for some reason or another, don't seem to have reached Hollywood. Consider, for instance, that in the past couple of months two brand-new marriages have allegedly been rent asunder by the machinations of the brides' mothers. June Lang and Martha Raye are both single gals now, but would they have been if their respective mammas had kept their distance? The hand that rocks the cradle also shakes hell out of holy wedlock.

■ ■ ■

Best gag of the month happens in that rollicking hit, "Stage Door." Katharine Hepburn and Eve Arden are exchanging unpleasantries when Katie starts to brag about the pioneer spirit of her grandfather, who came west in a covered wagon. "Why," says Hepburn, "when he came west there were Indians in Wichita!" Says Eve: "And who do you think is living there now?"

■ ■ ■

The papers were full of items about Wallace Beery's accidental shooting on the set of "Bad Man of Brimstone," but they weren't exactly correct as to the spot where the blank cartridge entered Mr. B. The only way to explain it is to say that if Wallace had been sitting down the accident never would have happened.

Above, a cast that would be a producer's dream, until he had to pay the salaries! Songbirds Gladys Swarthout, Jeanette MacDonald, Lily Pons and Grace Moore. Below, the newlyweds, Miriam Hopkins and Anton Litvak, snapped at the Basil Rathbone party.

One of our more prominent comedians is risking his future because of his fondness for looking upon the wine when it is red. One day he got so gay on the set of a picture he was allegedly working on that the studio had to call his mother to quiet him down. Next time the studio threatens to call the wagon instead of mamma.

■ ■ ■

Clara Bow has made her comeback, but not to the screen. She's in the restaurant business. Across from the Hollywood Brown Derby, over what once was known as The Cinnabar, hangs a sign announcing "Clara Bow and Rex Bell's It Cafe." "It," if you will recall, was what Clara once possessed so much of, according to Madame Elinor Glyn. Those were the good old days, when "It" meant something pretty fancy, and no one dreamed of associating that intangible something with a restaurant. One hamburger, Clara, without onions. We don't want to cry.



Time Marches On Dept.: A few short years ago, according to the poets, if you wanted a blacksmith you had but to look under the nearest spreading chestnut tree. But the mighty men have disappeared, for Metro spent three days last month locating a smithy to work on the horses being used in "Bad Man of Brimstone." The report is that for the first two days they couldn't even find a chestnut tree.

■ ■ ■

A movie commentator who fills the air waves with his ravings and his rantings recently addressed a public rebuke to Garbo. According to the garrulous gent, two stars who knew Garbo were conversing on the Metro lot when the Great One ambled by without so much as a nod for either of them. This, said our friend to his millions of listeners, was very bad. And here's what really happened. It was the commentator, and not two stars, whom Garbo passed. The guy, who didn't know her, said hello. Garbo marched silently on. Later, when apprised of his radio blast, she said to a friend: "If I had known the little man, I would have said hello to him."

■ ■ ■

According to the script of "The Buccaneer," the most ferocious guy around is Jean LaFitte, the pirate king. But if you drop in on the set you'll find the person they really fear most is no pirate at all, it's Cecil B. DeMille. Always a master of the sharp retort and the stinging rebuke, C. B. is outdoing himself on his latest picture. Three script girls called it quits before the picture was half completed, and a lot of the extras, on whom most of the directorial wrath falls, wish they could afford to walk out. Why doncha pick on someone in your own income bracket, Mr. DeM?

■ ■ ■

All of which reminds us of a DeMille story which has been going the Hollywood rounds. On one of his recent pictures, he was directing a mob scene rehearsal when he heard someone talking. When he found the guilty gal he called her up on the platform in front of the crowd. "Now repeat," he said, "what you were saying down there." "Okay," said the girl. "I said 'I wonder when that soandso is going to call lunch.'" Said DeMille: "Lunch!"

■ ■ ■

Saw Carole Lombard and Una Merkel in jail the other day. It was all for their art, though, and a scene for their new picture, "True Confession." We watched several takes, until Wesley Ruggles got the scene the way he wanted it. Then they let Lombard and Merkel out of jail, and we went over to say hello. "Don't get me wrong," said Una, "I'm only visiting here. It's Carole who's really behind the bars." Una also told us she had been in pictures eight years and had never met Carole until she started work in "True Confession." She thinks Miss L. is swell. So we talked to Carole, and she told us La Merkel was one of the finest. What is this? Two nice people saying nice things about each other in Hollywood. It looks like the millennium to us!

■ ■ ■

On the "True Confession" set there's a pleasant looking chap who sits unobtrusively on the sidelines. When visitors crowd around he gets out of the way, and when prop boys drag furniture around him he moves quietly out of their line of fire. Only a few people on the set know who he is—the rest pay no attention. And the guy is Claude Binyon, who wrote the script of the picture, and whose hilarious dialogue was mainly responsible for the smashing success of "I Met Him In Paris."

■ ■ ■

Goofy Conversation: During the recent holidays, Fay Wray asked her maid to phone a certain producer. When the maid was unable to reach him Fay said, "Oh, I forgot all about Yom Kippur." "Yom Kippur?" said the maid. "He sure can sing, can't he?" The incident ended there for the moment, and it took Fay two days to discover the young lady was talking about Jan Kiepura.

■ ■ ■

Over at Columbia, a producer was highly displeased with a set of portrait photos of the studio's new importation, Luli Deste. Tearing out the few remaining hairs he keeps for such purposes, he rushed to the make-up department and cornered the head man. "What's the matter here?" he yelled. "Miss Deste looks bad." "Well," said the guy, "I worked all day on her. What else can I do?" "That's easy," said the producer, "Get *two* make-up men!"

■ ■ ■

Studios always frown when two stars run off to Yuma or points west and come back man and wife. They contend that the fans prefer to have their idols single, that no one can devote much time to a dream man or dream woman if he or she has a legal spouse in the offing. The whole contention was royally disproved at the opening of "Zola" at the Carthay Circle. With practically every star in town in attendance, do you know who got by far the biggest hand from the fans assembled in front of the theatre? Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald. So maybe that proves something.

■ ■ ■

In the middle of the Hollywood heat wave, Sally Eilers and company were in the desert on location for "Highway to Hell." When the thermometer hit 113 Director Lew Landers said, "That title isn't fooling. This really feels like the highway to hell." "Highway nothing," responded Sally, "we're inside the city limits."



Just a couple of the girls having themselves a time. Benita Hume, who is Ronald Coleman's gal friend, and Maureen O'Sullivan stop off at the Waldorf for a snack prior to Maureen's sailing for London.



Kay Francis and Charles Boyer attend the opening of "The Prisoner of Zenda." Mr. B.'s pretty wife, Pat Paterson, and Kay's boy-friend, obligingly stepped aside while the two stars were snapped.



More goes on than tennis playing at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club, it would seem. Here we have Virginia Bruce and Johnny Green trying out "The Big Apple."



Carole Lombard and Tommy Kelly, the little boy from the Bronx who is making good in a big way, sit themselves down on the steps of Carole's dressing bungalow for a heart-to-heart chat.

Our Number One spy spent all last week disguised as the Trocadero and reports the following information on the Errol Flynn-Lili Damita marital status: Monday—Damita drops vase in midair and announces reconciliation; Tuesday—Flynn announces plans to swim to Cape Horn, carrying needed supplies, but not Damita, in his teeth; Wednesday—Flynn and Damita announce plans for new home in Bel-Air; Thursday—Bel-Air denies all; Friday—Flynn and Damita seen holding hands in Hollywood nitery; Saturday—Flynn and Damita seen clutching throats in Hollywood nitery; Sunday—Flynn and Damita leave for three weeks at Loggerheads, their mountain hideaway.

■ ■ ■

Hollywood Tragedy: Less than two years ago, Martha Raye was just a nice kid who could sing and clown around, and loved to do both. She had night club jobs which didn't pay her much, but she was having a swell time. Today she is one of the biggest box-office sensations in the country, and her weekly income runs close to two thousand dollars per week. But she's not having much fun any more. Like many who get famous in a hurry, she's having her troubles; family, relatives, lawsuits and everything. So the girl who used to sing for her supper now gets two thousand a week and cries herself to sleep every night.

Have you heard about Shirley Temple's Good Will Club? Everyone who belongs gets a badge resembling a policeman's shield. A Hollywood writer who has one was recently arrested in Mexico for speeding and tossed into the local bastille. He suddenly thought of the Good Will badge and whipped it out on the jailer, who was terribly impressed. He gave our friend a nicer cell.

■ ■ ■

Tony Martin dropped into a Beverly Hills shop the other day to buy some shirts. The place looked deserted, but he finally spied a man bending over a shelf behind one of the counters. "Hey," said Tony. "How about some service?" "Right away, sir," replied the gent, coming to attention. It was Don Ameche, who had gone into the shop a few minutes before, and finding no one around, proceeded to help himself. We still don't know whether or not Tony got his shirts.

■ ■ ■

Out on the "Bad Man of Brimstone" set, Joseph Calleia told us about the best advice he's ever had. It was from his brother, at the time Joe began his career. Said Brother: "If you get bad criticisms of your work, don't pay any attention to them. And if you get good criticisms, for Gosh sakes, don't pay any attention to them either."

■ ■ ■

Speaking of reading notices, Frances Farmer must have started a scrapbook when



Paulette Goddard, Modern Screen predicts, will get the much-coveted role of Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind." Now, don't contradict, we know!

the critics lauded her in "Come and Get It," her first big picture. Frances believed all the nice things they said about her, almost immediately assumed the role of a haughty star and entirely forgot the fact that she owed everything to a lucky break. So when critics panned her work in "Toast of New York," she couldn't understand their attitude. Finally it dawned on her that possibly she hadn't yet reached the stature of a Duse or a Bernhardt, so she set about to make repairs. She spent two months doing stock in the East, and now she's back in town a chastened gal. Or at least until her next big hit.

■ ■ ■

Embarrassing Moments Dept.: At the recent tennis matches, Clark Gable and Carole Lombard occupied one of the center boxes. Guess who had the box right next to theirs. It was Rhea Gable, and it can be reported that occupants of both boxes appeared intently interested in watching the tennis court.

■ ■ ■

Since the Orsatti-Lang break-up, the groom has been dividing his time between Virginia Field and Eleanore Whitney. The bride has been more consistent. She has devoted her time almost exclusively to Morrie Morrison, wealthy young local sportsman. On a good evening you can see Vic and Virginia at a table for two and June and Morrie holding hands at the same night spot. Incidentally, Morrie's hand is worth holding, for at the drop of a hat he can put it on two or three million bucks of his own money.

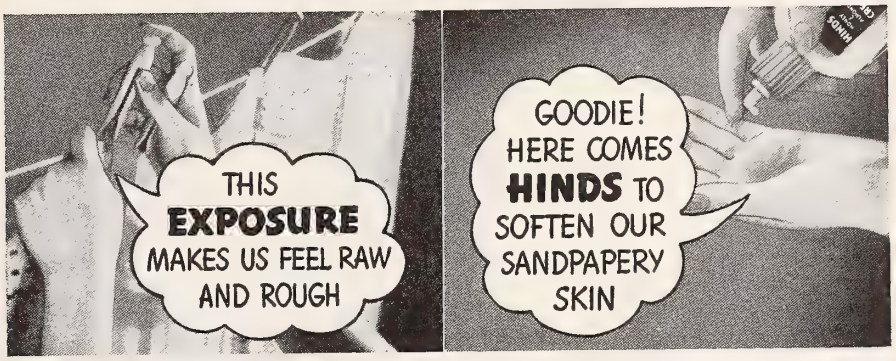
■ ■ ■

Here's a Hollywood arithmetic problem that's hard to figure out. Marlene Dietrich draws down something like two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for making a picture, and her pictures seldom show a profit. Universal's "100 Men and a Girl" will make well over a million dollars, and its star, Deanna Durbin, receives two hundred and fifty dollars per week. How about dividing up some of the loot, Marlene?

(*Continued on page 69*)



SOOTHING CHAPPED HANDS— NO PROBLEM!



If your hands could talk, they'd tell how blustery weather roughens their tender skin and... How Hinds Honey and Almond Cream soothes them...makes them smooth and dainty again!



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HANGNAILS. Rough, red skin. Chapped knuckles. Time for Hinds! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, with its extra-creamy ingredients and its "sunshine" Vitamin D, soon makes hands soft, smooth, dainty. Skin is soothed back to comfort. Dishwashing loses its reddening effect. Biting winds no longer leave that sore, chapped look. Turn to Hinds Honey and Almond Cream—for Honeymoon Hands. $1, 50c, 25c, 10c. Dispenser free with 50c size—attached to bottle, ready to use.





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Hinds is used daily on their precious skin

The tender baby skin of the "quins"—protected by Hinds! Grand for *your* children too—for chapped, chafed skin.

HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

FOR HONEYMOON HANDS

THAT GIRL'S HERE AGAIN!



She gets what she goes after, does our Joan, because she won't take "No" for an answer.

BY VIRGINIA T. LANE

IT'S THIS way," said the producer. "You've got the looks, Joan, but you can't dance!"

"Humph!" said Joan Fontaine and rumpled her bright hair and squinted those perfectly good hazel eyes of hers. "I thought Fred Astaire was to dance alone in 'Damsel In Distress.'"

"You've been reading the papers again," said the producer. "Fred is going to do a number or two with the girl selected to be his leading lady. So-ooo . . ."

"So I'll be back!" said Joan. That should have warned him, but producers are seldom warned. He went right on searching for a new partner for Astaire.

Then one fine morning the producer's secretary announced in no uncertain terms, "She's back." And there was Joan in a practice outfit going into her dance on his bearskin rug. Doing a symphonic tap that was tops almost on the animal's head. It was too much for the gentleman. He ordered a test made. He ordered a few explanations.

Joan chortled. "That's easy. I've been taking lessons during my noon hour and at night. Then I went to the dance director here at the studio and I've been working out with him." P.S. She got the part.

Until she was two years old, Joan was so ill they had to keep her wrapped in cotton wadding. Then, at three, Stanford University professors gave her the Terman Intelligence Test and rated her ten points higher than a genius. That's Joan Fontaine for you.

She is nineteen now—and beautiful. However, it's the flame of her you see first. There is something so young and eager and fearless about her, it's almost tangible. Once, on the way to Tokio, the ship she was on struck a typhoon. Instead of huddling in the main cabin with the other passengers, Joan strapped herself to a post on deck with her belt and watched in a fervor of excitement.

She was born in Japan—October 22, 1917, in the International Settlement in Tokio, the second daughter of an attractive young British couple. The elder daughter, aged three and affectionately known as "Ollie," asked Nikko for a baby sister. And Nikko, of course, could draw them from the sky. He was the estimable Oriental who divined your fortune in the sand for one yen and whose wisdom often startled even the older members of the interested community.

The first time he caught sight of Joan, he made an obeisance that swept the ground. His Nipponese calm crumpled surprisingly. "She will be great, this one. Among the famed of the earth," he said excitedly. But the mother only laughed gently. "You said that about our first baby!"

"That is well," Nikko nodded, unperturbed. "You are blessed."

She felt pretty much that way about it herself, even though the baby was so frail and strangely quiet. Finally the doctors gave their decision. If Joan were to live at all, she would have to live on the mainland. In America. Without further to-do the family left for San Francisco and settled in a small town near it, sprawling in a sunny valley, a town ready-made for healthy, robust kids. Ollie was one of them from the first. But not her sister.

It was enough to give anyone a man-sized inferiority complex. But it made Joan want to fight. She had to show them, she had to travel under her own steam without help from anyone. It became the ruling obsession of her life and it explains much that happened later.

"Joanie, stop! You'll kill yourself!" Terrified screams from the neighbors. But she paid no attention. She had never ridden a bicycle before. Now she was on Ollie's, coasting down the steepest hill in town. Loving it. By a miracle, coming to a safe stop five blocks away.

"Joanie, if anything had happened to you I would have died, too." Ollie's dark little head was against the golden one. They clung to each other. Sensitive, sweet kids. Worlds apart in temperament, closer than two little peas in a pod in devotion.

THE NIGHT they learned their parents were getting a divorce, they cried in one another's arms for hours. Then Joan suddenly turned and thumped her pillow. "Up," she said on a last half sob. It was a by-word between them. You had to keep your chin up no matter what happened.

After it was all over, Meg, as they adoringly called their mother, and the two girls drew more together than ever. Meg always was interested in the theatre and she had drilled them in Shakespeare (*Continued on page 97*)

Meet Joan Fontaine—Olivia DeHavilland's determined kid sister

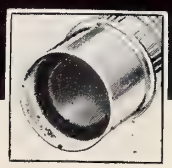
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"MODERN EYES"

A MARVELOUS NEW FORM OF CAKE MASCARA

Stays clean and lady-like until all used up



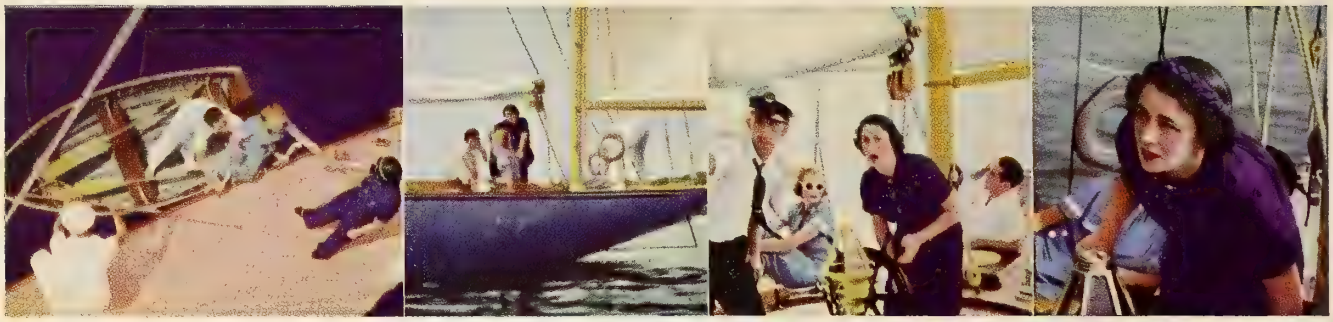


"A hole in the center of the cake"

Peep into the end of the sparkling metal case. See the round mascara cake hidden inside? And see the round hole that runs lengthwise through the cake? Well . . . you whisk the brush 'round inside this hole, and then proceed on your lashes in the regular way. Then is when you get your second surprise! Instantly, you make the thrilling discovery that this new style round brush goes between your lashes and colors them evenly all over instead of just on their bottom side. What a difference this makes! Lashes look more luxuriant . . . eyes look lovelier than ever before. And what a mascara this is! Newly smooth in texture. Oh! so smooth, and so quick to dry. Dries almost at once. Truly tear-proof, and actually curls the lashes. Non-smarting, and perfectly harmless of course. Then think! When you are all through making up your eyes, your Modern Eyes case is just as clean and neat as the day you purchased it. Black . . Brown . . Blue.



Modernize with **"MODERN EYES"...25¢ AT ALL LEADING TEN CENT STORES**



Mrs. Whitney's guests climb aboard . . . light up Camels. . . . With a "Hard alee!" Mrs. Whitney puts the helm over . . . heads out to sea.

The Whitneys will be sailing in southern waters soon

BY *Mae Tait*
SOCIETY EDITOR

MRS. HOWARD F. WHITNEY told me, the other day, that they hope to do some sailing in the South this winter. The Whitneys had a lovely summer on Long Island—and on the Sound. Mrs. Whitney is a skillful yachtswoman and handles a racing class boat like an expert. Their converted New York 40, the *Chinook*, is a very "shippy" boat.

Mrs. Whitney will be remembered as the former Hope Richardson. Her wedding was an outstanding social event. I recall how enchanting Mrs. Whitney looked as a bride, in a gown of white satin with a yoke of net embroidered in tiny pearls, and her tulle veil held in place by a bandeau of orange blossoms. This year Mrs. Whitney's committee work had much to do with the success of the colorful Greentree Fair at Manhasset. During the summer she got in a lot of tennis, riding, and—as always—sailing and cruising.

Hope's enthusiasm for the energetic life is proverbial among her friends. "Don't you ever get tired?" I asked. "Of course," she laughed. "After a long trick at the helm, or any time I feel worn out, I refresh myself with a Camel—and get a 'lift'! I can smoke Camels steadily, without the slightest feeling of harshness on my throat." Which shows how mild Camels are! It's true that women find the costlier tobaccos in Camel's matchless blend more enjoyable.



(above) Mrs. Howard F. Whitney, of Roslyn, Long Island, at the helm of the *Chinook*. "I value healthy nerves," she says. "So I smoke Camels. They don't jangle my nerves!"

Among the many distinguished women who find Camels mild and refreshing:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *New York*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, *Boston*
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, *Philadelphia*
Miss Wendy Morgan, *New York*
Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, *Baltimore*
Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., *New York*
Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, *Pasadena*
Miss Peggy Stevenson, *New York*
Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., *Chicago*
Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr., *Philadelphia*

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Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic



GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL

Hold on to your Turbans, folks!

Fun-making Eddie Cantor and hit-making 20th Century-Fox now go to town together! *And it's a Cantornado of laughs!*



Eddie CANTOR

ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN

WITH ALL THESE MERRY-MAKING ENTERTAINERS

TONY MARTIN • ROLAND YOUNG
JUNE LANG • LOUISE HOVICK

JOHN CARRADINE — DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE
VIRGINIA FIELD — RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET
ALAN DINEHART — PETERS SISTERS • JENI LE GON

Directed by David Butler • Associate Producer Laurence Schwab
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen • Based on a story by Gene Towne, Graham Baker and Gene Fowler

1001 SIGHTS!
1002 LAUGHS!

..as Eddie turns Bagdad into gag-dad and streamlines the Sultan's swingdom!

Hundreds of dancing harem darlings! (*Whoopsie doops!*)

About a million wild-riding Arab horsemen (*all after Eddie!*)

The Raymond Scott Quintet (*putting the heat in swing!*)

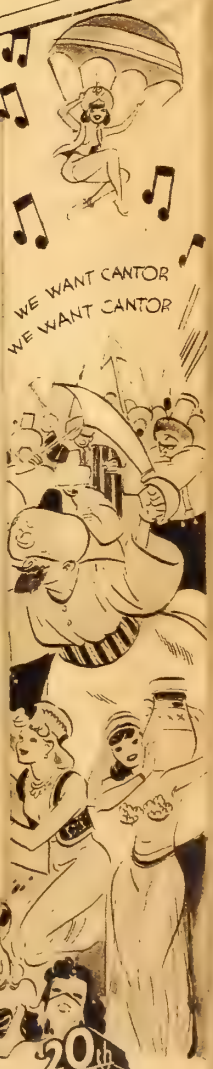
Countless kisses under the desert moon (*as Tony sings to June!*)

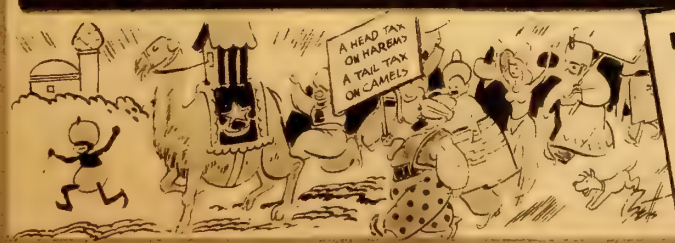
1938-model Magic Carpets (*with floating power!*)

A hundred or so other hide-highlights!

Gorgeous, spectacular, tuneful, surpriseful Cantortainment!

Yes! You've got something here!





NEW GORDON and REVEL SONG HITS!

"Laugh Your Way Thru Life"
"Vote For Honest Abe"
"Swing Is Here To Sway"
"I've Got My Heart Set On You"

20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

FREDRIC MARCH



Freddie looks pretty serious here, but he shouldn't. Not after romping through "Nothing Sacred," with Carole Lombard for a playmate. Mr. M. is one of the most popular men in—and out of—pictures.



KATHARINE HEPBURN

Oh, my! And doesn't our Kate look too hoity-toity! But never mind, she's still the same madcap she always was, and this is all in the spirit of good clean "drahma." Don't tell us she isn't having fun!



She turned down "Cavalcade" because she didn't think it would be a success! However, "Prisoner of Zenda" with Ronald Colman sounded pretty good, so Madeleine made it.



THE MISTAKES OF MADELEINE

Never lead with your chin twice, advises Miss Carroll, who refuses to be defeated by an error

BY BENJAMIN MADDOX

SHE LOOKS like a dream on the loose. Her private life sounds as though she is the last of the Cinderellas. But when she talks to you, the vibrant flesh-and-blood woman who is the acclaimed Madeleine Carroll pops out from behind the glamor legend. You learn, then, of her errors, and it's a woman's mistakes and how she manages to overcome them that tell her true story after all.

I found that the reason we've never heard of the mistakes of Madeleine is simply because no one ever asked her about the dilemmas she's had to face down. She's never made the mistake of whining, so no one realized that she, too, has had troubled hours. Both professionally and romantically she's scored such bulls-eyes. She was Britain's reigning screen star when she came to Hollywood. Triumphantly she's combined her career with an exciting brand of matrimony. She even has extraordinary beauty and youth to boot. But all because of her mistakes and how she conquered them!

It was at the Brown Derby that I ran into her. She was lingering over a demi-tasse in one of the little booths against the wall. She'd chosen an afternoon dress of clinging black, green beads for a clash of color, and an absurdly feminine, wide-brimmed hat.

"Do join us and sit down on this side!" she called gayly. "With this hat on I can't see a thing on my right."

Beside her was Captain Philip Astley, her wealthy, fascinating husband. Then there were two studio girls who were spiritedly explaining why she should come to their respective studios on the morrow for portraits. Captain Astley was speaking on the telephone that had been whisked up. He handed it to Madeleine and she gesticulated frantically, "Who is it?" Before he could reply she was saying "Hello" in a composed tone. Then she listened simultaneously to his "It's the shop about that new luggage" and went on talking to the distant voice. She's quick like that.

She uses only lipstick for personal make-up. Her gray eyes don't have to be framed in mascara. It's her contagious sense of humor that is the surprising thing about her, though. She is quality with a kick, a cosmopolitan citizen of the world who admits that she'd laugh out loud if she ever caught herself behaving pompously.

Shortly the captain had to dash to a business appointment. "I'll see you later, darling," he told his wife.

"You'd better have tea and a snack," she thereupon vowed. "I can't eat a thing, for I've just been to an elegant luncheon and last night Myrna Loy entertained for us. There is a connoisseur of fine food!" She sighed appreciatively. She isn't one of those actresses who exist on a perpetual diet, yet she illustrated that she's wise enough not to go on an eating jag.

"You have so much," I said then. "You were an overnight hit and then you fell in love with a story-book fellow. He presented you with a swanky flat in Mayfair, a country castle outside of London, and that villa on an estate in Italy where you were married with all the peasants crowding around your private chapel. You're too perfect. Didn't you ever make any mistakes?"

She smiled. "Oh, yes indeed!"

"What were they?"

She picked up her gloves and began counting the fingers. "The major ones might be under ten. But at the time, when I was completely confused by what had happened, believe me they loomed like (*Continued on page 75*)

LAUGHING THE WHOLE

BY IDA ZEITLIN

DICK POWELL and Joan Blondell settled themselves on the divan.

"What side of our life would you like to know?" asked Joan politely. "The rectangular lefthand corner?"

Dick interrupted. "You gave that away last week. To the little guy with the purple whiskers, who walked backwards. Remember?"

"So I did. Well, what have we got left?"

"How about that wedge at the side, painted green, with ramblers and ants creeping over it?"

"I thought we were keeping that for our old age." She gave him a bright smile, and her voice was edged with sweetness. "Look in your little book, darling. Maybe you've got it all written down there. You see," she went on to explain, *"he's* supposed to have the memory in this family. I used to follow him around wide-eyed, watching him remember things. Then I noticed a little book that kept slipping in and out of his pocket. So one day I stole it, just in a spirit of scientific investigation, you understand, and discovered the worst. My husband's memory was all in his book."

"Jot-it-down-or-it's-gone-with-the-wind Powell. That's what they used to call me in school," Dick informed me pleasantly.

Whether this was spontaneous combustion or just the effect of each on the other, I couldn't tell. Asking them throws no light on the subject.

"Dick's the cheerer-upper," says Joan. "I plunge into the depths of despair, prepared to spend the rest of my life there. He hooks me out."

"I'm the Grade A worrier," says Dick. "Or was, until this woman came into my life. They wouldn't give me better than a C now."

So toss up a coin, and take your choice. Not that it matters. The effect's too pleasant to bother about the cause.

JOAN AND Dick have plenty to laugh about. They're young. They're prosperous. They're in love. They have a baby in the house who would dissipate gloom from the face of Hamlet himself. On the other hand, they've also had their share of thorns in the flesh, more than their share, you're sometimes tempted to think, when you remember that the ways of publicity denied them even a honeymoon in peace.

It was when the New York newspapers decided to make a Roman holiday of their wedding trip that Joan and Dick sought deliberate refuge in laughter. Before that, they'd laughed for the fun of it. Through that period of nerve-strain, they learned to laugh so that Joan wouldn't weep, and Dick wouldn't clench his fists to keep from socking people.

Why did they go to New York at all, you may ask, if they wanted peace? They should have known better. Not at all. On previous visits, each had been allowed to go his way unmolested. Why should it occur to them that, because they were going together as man and wife life would be made a burden to them. They took the contrary for granted. That because it was a honeymoon, their privacy would be respected like that of any other newlywedded pair. They laugh at their naiveté now. Which is one up for them. The whole thing might have made them bitter.

"I wanted to go to New York," says Joan, "because it was my home town. I'd spent so many years there, with hardly one dime to rub against another. I'd been back just once since I'd made any money, for a week of personal appearances, and five shows a day didn't leave me much time for gadding. I thought it would be fun to drag Dick 'round to the places I'd known as a kid, and see plays from the orchestra instead of the gallery, and go really shopping instead of just window-shopping. Besides, my sister Gloria was rehearsing for a play. We wanted to attend the opening." She laughed briefly. "I still think all those things would have been fun. But I'll never know. Because they were just the things we didn't do."

Dick didn't care where he went, so long as Joan went with him. They knew they'd have to meet the ships' news reporters. They were prepared to attend a party for the press. The rest of the time would be their own.

On the morning of their arrival, the reporters clambered aboard at six-thirty. The Powells were ready for them. They'd had a happy trip. They'd be good sports about this. It would soon be over. "It's no more fun for them than for us," they told each other, and went out on deck.



MAYBE BECAUSE it wasn't fun for the reporters, they decided to inject their own brand of fun into it. Maybe news was slack, and they had to build up the story. At best, newlyweds are in a spot, even when they quietly board a train, even when they enter a hotel unattended, praying that no one will recognize them for what they are. It took humor and dignity to face the barrage that waited for Joan and Dick.

They fired questions, regardless. They clamored for leg art and, when Joan refused, they pretended not to hear her. The Powells remained patient throughout. They knew their press, and how easily its feelings are hurt. They clung to the thought that this would soon be over.

Suddenly, such a fearful din arose as drowned out even the noise on deck. Tugboats (*Continued on page 101*)

Nothing is as bad as it seems if you can take it with a grin

THING OFF



Joan Blondell—who is Mrs. Dick Powell.



Dick Powell—who is *not* Mr. Joan Blondell.



Norman Barnes with his famous mother.



The Dick Powells, lookin' elegant, dine out.



SINGING

Allan Jones practiced scales to the

BY FAITH SERVICE

THE CUSTOMARY crowd of fans stood outside the Four Star Theatre here in Hollywood the night "Firefly" was premiered and a new star was born. They stood on soap boxes, on camp stools brought from home. They shinnied up each others' backs, they crawled on each others' shoulders, the better to see the stars, my dear. They elbowed, shoved, jostled, waved autograph albums, made personal remarks such as one does about the supposedly non-comprehending animals in the Zoo. Voices hissed, whispered, rose to shrill splinters of screams.

"Boyohboyohboy, there's Joan Crawford, ain't she sumpin'. There's Loretta Young with Tyrone Power, thought he was goin' with Janet Gaynor now. Look, there's Warren William, he's in the pitcher, too. Say, where's Jeanette? Aw, she's on her honeymoon, don't you know anything? Say, is that Garbo or is it Shirley Temple?" So it went. And no one paid much heed to a quiet young man who went in with Irene Hervey on his arm. There were murmurs of, "Say, there's Irene Hervey. Who's she with? Oh, yeah, he was in 'A Day At The Races,' huh?" That was all.

Then the preview was over. The fans, more patient and persistent than the seven-day marathon dancers, still seethed and shoved. By the mysterious agency which seems to vibrate in the air waves and announce, without words, the rising of a new star, the word had passed. It was on the lips of the preview audience as they came out. It was on the elated faces of Producer Hunt Stromberg, Director Robert Leonard. It was in the congratulatory handshakes of his fellow players. For the quiet, almost unnoticed young man

STOIC

beat of a coal miner's pick!

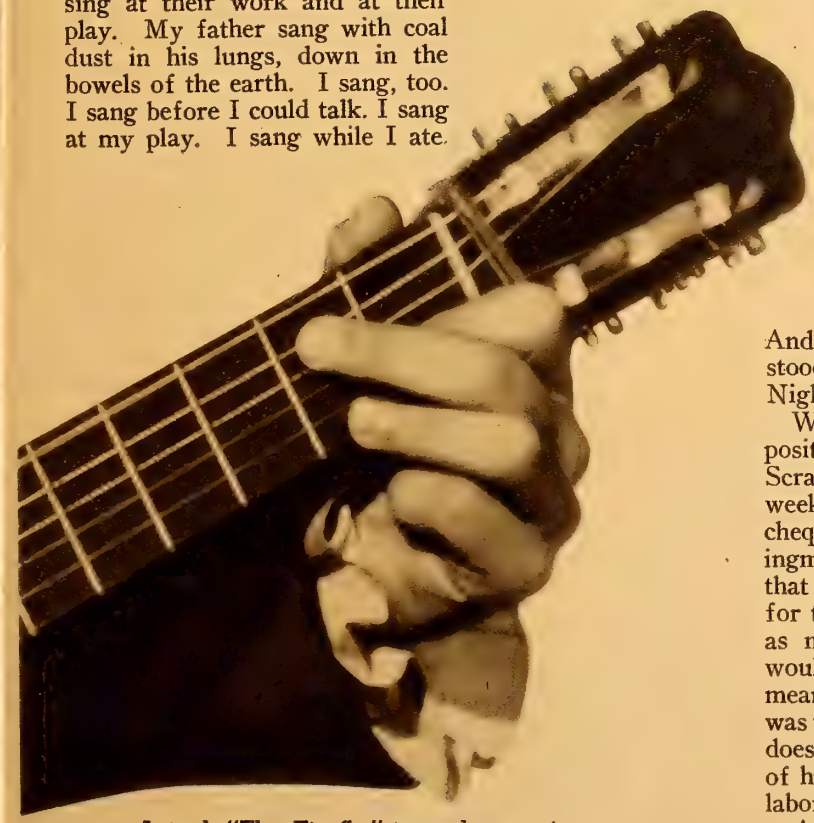
named Allan Jones would be quiet nevermore, would never again go unnoticed. Allan Jones came out of that theatre, figuratively if not literally, carried on the shoulders of his peers, besieged by the very fans who had passed him by as he went in, hosannaed by the audience who had applauded his songs to the last echo, cheered him in his final fade-out.

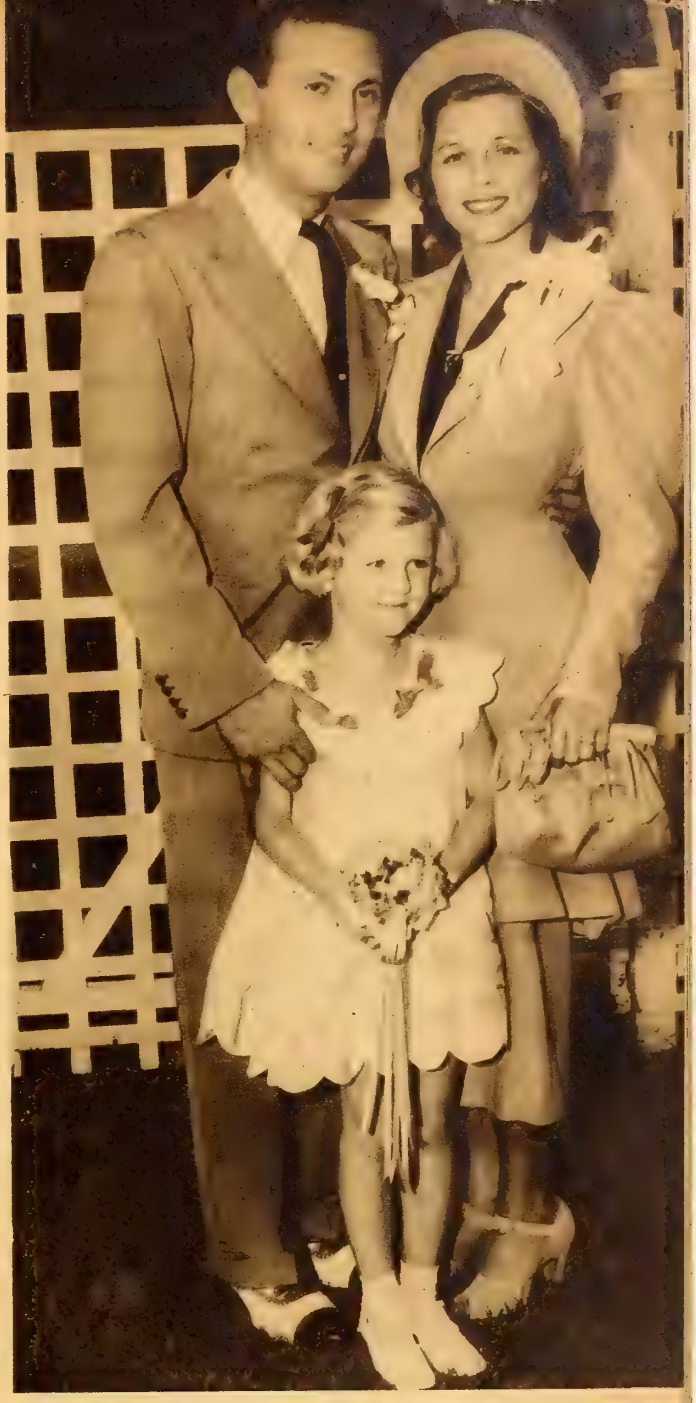
"Jeeze," bleated one of the crowd, one of the chronically envious for whom fame is always something to be envied, never to be earned, "jeeze, how's that for easy does it? One pitcher and the guy's in the Big Time. Jeeze!"

"Easy does it?" Ah, no, my friend.

Daniel Jones, father of Allan (an only child), was a slate picker in the coal mines of Pennsylvania when he was eight years old. His people had pulled the hardy fibres of their family tree out of the soil of Wales and transplanted the lusty shrub to the Land of Promise, America, Scranton, Pa. In Scranton, on October fourteenth, Allan was born.

Allan was four when Daniel realized that, a miner with neither stocks, bonds, annuities nor social position to bequeath his son, he had yet provided him with an "inherited income." For Daniel's fine tenor voice was born again in his son. "The Welsh," Allan told me, "are like the Italians in one thing, they sing as naturally as they breathe. They sing at their work and at their play. My father sang with coal dust in his lungs, down in the bowels of the earth. I sang, too. I sang before I could talk. I sang at my play. I sang while I ate. And when I was four I sang my first song in public. I stood up in church and gave them 'All Through the Night.'"





It took "The Firefly" to make movie moguls and fans realize what a gem they had in Allan Jones. Above, Allan with his wife, Irene Hervey, and her little girl, Gail.

When he was eight, young Allan had a regular church position, as boy soloist of St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Scranton. He took lessons from a local teacher twice a week. He took a few piano lessons when the family exchequer allowed. And wise in the way the sons of workingmen are wise, he knew that a voice was not enough; that he could sing in the mines as his father before him for the rest of his life but that if he would sing in opera as men like Caruso, Scotti, Rubini had done, training would have to be superimposed on nature. And training meant money. And money, in young Allan's language, was something you earned. And so he did. The "easy does it" of Allan Jones is the sweat of his body, the strain of his heart and muscles, rigorous deprivations, strenuous labors, almost all work and no play.

At the age of eleven he was working in Silverberg's Clothing Store in Scranton, delivering suits. He worked, after school, from three-thirty in the afternoons to "any old time at night." He earned ten dollars a week and trolley tickets. Even at that (*Continued on page 89*)

A LETTER FROM

I'M WRITING this letter to everybody who reads it. I'm not really writing it with a pencil. I'm saying it, and the lady is putting it down. That's how my daddy and Mr. Zanuck and other gentlemen do when they have an office. I have no office, but I like it anyway. When you write, it takes longer, and the spelling isn't so good, but when you talk, the words just come out and the lady spells them.

I'm eight years old and my name is Shirley Temple, and I play in pictures for Mr. Zanuck at the studio. It's a nice studio, because everybody laughs and makes jokes with me. I like jokes.

I have a little house there and Mr. Revel has the house next door. Mr. Revel writes songs with Mr. Gordon and he plays with me. He puts a lampshade on his head, and he holds an electric light in his hand, and then I hide, and he makes believe he's a lamp and he's looking for me. My goodness, how I laugh! Because it's funny to see a lamp with a coat on, walking up and down.

HE SINGS rounds with me, too. Do you know rounds? You start, and then somebody else starts, and you're all singing different things at the same time, but you mustn't miss. There's one round, "Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream." Mr. Revel never misses, but sometimes he says, "We'll have to stop this boat, I'm getting seasick." Of course, there isn't any boat at all, so he couldn't get seasick. He just likes to pretend, so then I make believe I'm sorry for him, not to hurt his feelings.

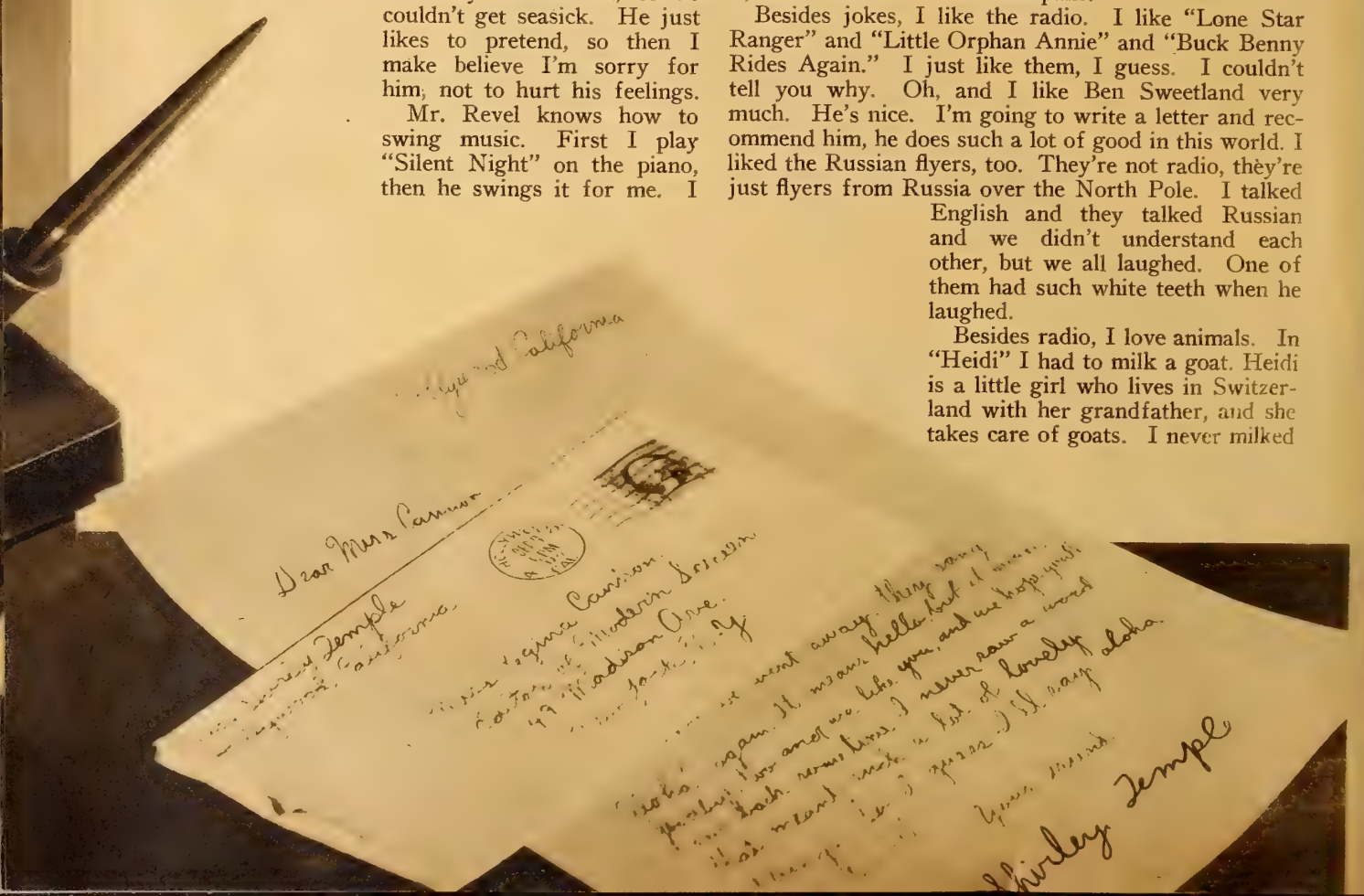
Mr. Revel knows how to swing music. First I play "Silent Night" on the piano, then he swings it for me. I take piano lessons from Miss Chaudet, but I don't think I'll ever play as good—I mean, as well—as Mr. Revel. When I know my lesson, I get a gold star, and when I have ten gold stars, I get a little statue of Wagner or Liszt. Pretty soon I'll have a whole list of them. That's a joke.

Would you like me to tell you another joke? Then you can tell it to somebody else. You say to them, "Spell two kinds of two," and they spell it. Then you say, "Spell the name of the man who wrote 'Tom Sawyer,'" and they spell it. Then you say, "Now say all those words," and they say, "Two two twain," as if they were a baby and didn't know how to pronounce choo choo train. Then you say, "When you grow up, I'll teach you how to say locomotive." It's funny, because they're mostly grown up already.

DO YOU know what a deadpan is? It's trying not to laugh when somebody tells you a joke. My daddy and I practiced it one day, and the next day somebody told me a joke. This is it. A girl who never saw a cow before saw one, and she said, "What are those things on his head?" And they said, "Horns." Well, pretty soon the cow mooed, and the girl said, "Which horn did it blow?" I wanted to laugh, but I didn't. I made my face straight, like Daddy showed me. The poor man looked so sad. He said, "Well, I thought it was funny, but I guess I'm wrong." His face kept looking more and more disappointed, so finally I couldn't stand it, and I told him about deadpans.

Besides jokes, I like the radio. I like "Lone Star Ranger" and "Little Orphan Annie" and "Buck Benny Rides Again." I just like them, I guess. I couldn't tell you why. Oh, and I like Ben Sweetland very much. He's nice. I'm going to write a letter and recommend him, he does such a lot of good in this world. I liked the Russian flyers, too. They're not radio, they're just flyers from Russia over the North Pole. I talked English and they talked Russian and we didn't understand each other, but we all laughed. One of them had such white teeth when he laughed.

Besides radio, I love animals. In "Heidi" I had to milk a goat. Heidi is a little girl who lives in Switzerland with her grandfather, and she takes care of goats. I never milked



SHIRLEY

BY IDA ZEITLIN

Life is just one big joke after another to Shirley, so she seldom gets mad. But when she does, she does it in Chinese! You'll be seeing her in "Heidi."



a goat before. It wasn't quite easy, but finally I got some, and I had to laugh, because it came squirting out all over my hands, and the goat looked surprised. I wiped them off, and did it over again, because I was Heidi, you see, and Heidi wouldn't get it all over her hands.

There was something else I never did before, and that was yodeling. In the story Heidi goes for a drink of water, and she sees a man with a feather in his hat and he yodels, so she yodels, too. I tried to make it sound like the man with the feather, because he yodeled something beautiful, but it sounded pretty different, I can tell you. Well, anyway, Heidi wasn't experienced in yodeling, so I guess maybe it doesn't matter so much.

Oh, and there was the sweetest baby goat, his eyes were so blue. He was only four days old, just imagine that. Four days before he wasn't even born yet, and now he was working. He was Heidi's pet, and I had to hold him in my arms so he'd get used to me and wouldn't be frightened. I loved to hold him, he was so sweet and soft. And you know what? He got to like me. Really he did. Wasn't that wonderful? But, shucks, I guess the director didn't think so, because after a while he was supposed to run away from me, and he wouldn't run, he wanted to stay with me. So they had to get another one. I'm glad I didn't see him to say goodbye, because I might have cried.

I don't cry very much, just once in a while, like when Ching was run over. Ching is my dog, but they saved his life in the hospital, and he's fine now, thank you. He comes to the studio with me every day. Anyhow, I hope that little baby goat has a nice home, with plenty of grass.

Did you know some animals don't care so much for grass? F'rinstance, my rabbit, Blackie, eats pine needles. You'd think they'd (*Continued on page 71*)

Little Miss Temple speaks her piece while the lady puts it down



Rochelle claims you've got her wrong—and here proceeds to set you right

BY LOIS SVENSRUD

If her studio puts one more ruffly, girly-girly costume on Rochelle Hudson, she vows she's going to scuh-ream! How do you like this exotic get-up?

M'LADY—MINUS MAKE-UP



Rochelle started her career at fourteen and has been doing all right ever since. Here she is in "Look Out, Mr. Moto," with Robert Kent.

HOOKING RUGS my hobby?" Rochelle Hudson exhaled a derisive puff of smoke. Laughter filled her eyes. "Hooking *men* is my hobby!"

But her gray eyes darkened again as she leaned across the table and banged one small fist on it for emphasis. "You know, I'm fed up with this whole idea that people have of me—that I'm like all those be-ruffled, sweet young things I play on the screen. I think if one more ruffle comes into my life I'll scuh-*ream!*"

She drew a deep breath. "And I'm sick and tired of having people think I spend my evenings doing things like hooking rugs with the girls. In the first place, the only friends I have in this town are men. I've had only one close girl friend in my life—and we broke up at the age of seven over a boy."

Whew! Was this the Rochelle Hudson we had seen so often on the screen? This fascinating, self-assured young person? We hadn't exactly expected Rochelle to romp into the commissary in a playsuit, but certainly something more school-girlish than this sleekly fitted dress, knowing little hat and silver fox furs, seemed in order. Not only were they the *n*th degree of sophistication, but they suited their wearer to the same degree!

"Don't you like women?" we managed, groping for something to cover our surprise.

"They don't like me," said Rochelle bluntly. "As a matter of fact, women interest me so little that I can't even think of anything to say to them. Why, I've lived next door to Alice Faye for two years, and we've hardly said 'Hello' in that time. When I'm around girls I have to work every minute—around men I can barge right in and enjoy myself. Furthermore," she continued, "women don't trust me. They don't trust me because I prefer the company of men and don't make any bones about it.

"It's been my experience that men make more interesting and far more dependable friends than women. But most women can't understand how a member of their sex can be looking for friendship, not romance, in the opposite sex. Of course," and Rochelle's laughter bubbled out this time, "if romance follows, that's all right with me, too!"

"Perhaps women don't trust you because you might seem to prefer the company of *their* men?" we ventured.

"If you mean I go out gunning for their men—no, not by any means!" she said, decisively. "But," there was a mischievous gleam in her eyes, "if one comes within my line of vision, I certainly don't act like I'm seeing Hamlet's ghost. Besides, it seems to me that any woman not clever enough to hold her man should be a good sport when she loses him. And I speak with authority on that subject, having lost plenty in my day."

Now anyone who's been around Hollywood or even Podunk Center has heard or read enough in the movie columns to know that the Hudson girl rates ace-high with the gentlemen in this town, so the last remark left us dubious.

"Oh, it's true all right," Rochelle reassured. "Take the most recent case—that of Rochelle Hudson vs. Johnny Eldredge. We'd been having a simply swell time together until recently when Johnny decided that Olivia de Havilland was *the* nicest gal in town.

"And oh, yes!" she went on reminiscently, "that reminds me of another case. Just before Johnny went 'de Havilland,' he gave a dinner party at the Trocadero for some of his friends. I found myself sitting next to Ronald Burla. We were both surprised, to say the least, since it's the (*Continued on page 73*)

MONTGOMERY IN A MELLOW MOOD

BY CAROLINE S. HOYT

SAID BOB, "If I should tell you what I'm really like, you'd be bored to death. If you should write what I tell you, your readers would be bored to death."

I said, "I'll gamble on myself and on my readers. Tell me."

"I'm just a man who wants to improve himself on his job," said Bob gravely. "I'm an actor who wants to become a better actor. I'm a business man who hopes for promotion. Meaning, in my case, better stories. I am no different from the banker who studies economics in order to 'raise' himself, no different from the doctor who studies his glandular systems and bio-chemistry, experiments and observes with the ambition of bettering his technique, his knowledge of his subject. I'm an actor who wants to develop into a better actor. And works at it. All of the time."

Which statement didn't bore me. Nor surprise me, either. I have always known that Bob is not, really, the casual, wise-cracking smart young sophisticate he has for so long and so consistently appeared to be on the screen. For Bob is a crusader at heart. He is a breaker of lances. He can turn a nifty phrase with the best of the cocktail bar sophisticates. He can also spit forth iron indignations. He can flirt. He can also fight. He is raw to any injustice, any wrongs of his people. He is, invariably if not always popularly, on the side of the oppressed, the put-upon. Much as is Jimmy Cagney, one of his good friends. Together, they've waged many a battle.

Make no mistakes about Bob. If you have been mistaken about him, let me help you rectify your misapprehension. Bob has a slick patter, off the screen as well as on, true. He even seems a "tech" mad now and again. He is debonair and sleek and suave. He loves to play, occasionally. On the surface. But his mind is like one of those powerful, intricate motors concealed beneath the streamlined, shining hood of a very expensive car. There is speed and a silken murmur. And you do not realize, at first, the power, the steel strength of the engine because of the "lines" and the paint job.

Bob wears a slick paint job. It's deceiving. The superficials are all gay and glib and in the mode moderne. But the powerful engine of the Montgomery brain, the hot strong motives of the Montgomery heart are all there. There is little of philosophy, psychology, matters politic or sociological, that Bob has not read and studied. He is Duco-ed with the drawing room manner. He might, superficially, seem to fit in with the Hemingways, the Noel Cowards, all the Bright Young People. But he can, also, hold his own with scientists, engineers, medical men, learned professors.

There is no family in the film colony more conservative, more decorously mannered, less exhibitionistic than the young Montgomerys. Unless it be the young Fred Astaires. There is a screen over the private life of the Montgomerys behind which neither public nor press ever peeks. Bob will not talk, for publication, about his wife or the babies. Their friends are the Chester Morrises, the Fred Astaires, the Fredric Marches, the Leslie Howards, others.

When they are at home on their farm in New York State, they live the quiet, unobtrusive lives of country gentlefolk. They ride to hounds. They go to football games. They wear old, tweedy clothes, sweaters a bit shapeless, ancient and honorable raccoon coats, walking boots. They sip a little sherry, dry, before dinner. The children go to Sunday school and are brought in, for dessert, after dinner.

Bob's interests, his real interests, are not vested in cocktail shakers, dizzy parties on the blue rim of Hollywood swimming pools (as so many of his pictures would indicate), nor yet in wise-cracks. I have talked with Bob for an hour, two, three hours and not a wise-crack flips off his lips.

Bob's real interests are in heavy matters. Such as Guild shops for actors and writers, the promotion of better working conditions for every member of his profession, beginning with extras. He advocates a home, a hospital, down Santa Monica way where the sea breezes blow, for indigent, ailing actors. He says, "The survivors of the well-known fittest should help the unfit to survive. This is the only humane law for all human beings."

He is interested in providing for old-timers in pictures, old-timers who want work and can't get it. He believes in keeping green (and well-fed) the memories of those who, in the past, have made us laugh and cry and forget. He would like, by publicity and persuasion, to build the loyalty of the American public for stars who have aged or faded.

He is against censorship of all kinds. And does things about it even though it might well be to his own interest to stop doing things about such things.

He cares about working hours for actors, the limitation of working hours. He would like to establish the fact that actors are not cans of soup nor automotive parts to be run through machines, neatly labelled and so ready for the ultimate consumer.

He believes that actors should be temperamental if their natures so dictate. "For the actor," said Bob, "should have temperament. It is what gives him phfft! It is the throb in the song. It is the color on the canvas. It is the stir in the blood. I would encourage temperament if I had anything to say about it. I believe that Oscar Wilde once said that women only take lovers for the scenes they make. Well, if I were a producer I

Man-about-town? That's what you think—but here's a surprising new slant on our fine friend Robert



What to do next? That's the problem Bob's trying to solve these days. So how will you have your Montgomery, gay and debonair or serious and dramatic? He wants to know.

would take actors for the off-scene scenes they make!"

He cares terribly about his work, does Bob Montgomery. He cares, not only and exclusively, about his own work, however, but he cares about the screen as a potent and powerful medium of ever bigger and better things.

He said, "There is no art form in the world today, neither stage, nor radio, nor literature, nor sculpture, which embraces the whole world and everything in it as pictures do, or could do. For the screen can command the earth and all of the arts and science, engineering, literature, great personalities, the past, the present, even the future are at the beck and call of the Great God Studio. I believe that we have been playing down to the public.

"When we previewed 'Night Must Fall' I asked that the first preview be shown at a little hick town here in California. A community of farmers, ranchers and their wives. The kind of people who cook a big family dinner, clear away, wash up, sigh and say, 'Let's go to the movies tonight.' They were the people who first saw 'Night Must Fall.' I was there with Dick Thorpe, the director. We were having the jitters. I said to Dick, 'This will decide it. We will know tonight whether we were right or wrong, whether we have succeeded or failed.' And you could have heard a pin drop there in that crowded little theatre. And when they came out they came up to me, men and women I'd never seen before and may never see again, and they shook hands with me and the words they didn't say made me know that they had 'got' it, that we *had* succeeded. It proved what I have always contended, that people do not go to the movies with their minds. They go with their emotions. And emotions are all and basically the same, whether they live in the heart of an illiterate farm-hand or the heart of a polished cosmopolite

(*Continued on page 76*)



DIETRICH GOES LIGHT-HEARTED?

Tch, tch, perish the thought, shudders sultry Marlene, who would rather be mysterious than Duchess of Windsor! Well, why not?

BY JAMES REID

IT'S ALL very well to speak of Miss Dietrich's legs. They are very beautiful. And they haven't been a detriment to her. Maybe they've even helped her a little bit, but . . .

"So far, too many of Miss Dietrich's roles have been too much alike. Exotic manners, enchanting smiles, dreamy eyes, and—the legs.

"She has something else, something we are going to show in her next picture: a talent for comedy which the public knows little about."

So said Ernst Lubitsch, firing the first gun in the publicity campaign for "Angel," starring Marlene Dietrich, directed by Mr. Lubitsch.

And his statement, which was much broader than it was long, started something. A rumor that Marlene was going light-hearted. A suspicion that she was weary of being an Exotic Enigma, sultry in a sombre way, or, if you prefer, sombre in a sultry way.

If Marlene, who has gone to so much trouble to change her personality, is now going in for an unexpected change, it is news. News worthy of explanation. And if she isn't wearying of the Exotic Enigma business, that, perhaps, is news.

Whichever is true, she should be willing to answer a few questions, to establish the truth. Even if she doesn't have much use for interviews any more.

It is difficult sometimes, but I still can remember when she was not always thus.

I can remember when she was a contradiction of practically everything that she seems to be today.

I can remember when she first arrived from Germany, the new-found discovery of Director Josef von Sternberg, and Paramount gave a huge party to introduce her to the Press.

The Press was more impressed with the party than by the guest of honor.

She was pretty, in a round-faced, wide-eyed way. But wasn't she a bit—er—plump? At least, the frills and ruffles that she wore gave that impression. If she had glamor, it was the glamor of youthful freshness, not of seductive sophistication and poise. She was nervously self-conscious. She was obviously awed by Hollywood. She was almost pathetically eager to be friendly.

The writers, that day, had a vague impression of a pretty German hausfrau, amazed to find herself in this strange new world.

Paramount publicized her as the last word in exoticism, and the writers wondered what Paramount was talking about. Until they saw "Morocco." Then it was their turn to be amazed.

Here was no pretty hausfrau, self-conscious and timid. Here was a dazzling, daring creature, exotically mysterious, impelling seductive, such an "attractress" that it didn't much matter whether or not she was a great actress.

Writers clamored for interviews. And Marlene, flattered by the clamoring, eagerly granted them. Grateful for friendliness from these strangers who could do her so much good, she was friendly in return.

But the writers, who were willing to admit that their first impression had been wrong, and were prepared to be startled now, came away with amazing stories. Not stories about a woman with an exotic, mysterious past. Not stories about the secrets of attracting men. But stories that painted her as still a hausfrau at heart. Stories (*Continued on page 82*)





No siren at home! Marlene and daughter, Maria, view a tennis match. But look at La Belle at the right, turning the old allure on Herb Marshall and Mel Douglas!



BY VIRGINIA WOOD



A tense moment from "The Adventures of Marco Polo." Gary, in the title role, bids farewell to his princess, played by Sigrid Gurie. But he promises he'll be back. And who could blame him, after taking one look at the beauteous Sigrid?

GETTING THE BREAKS

IF GARY COOPER hadn't been forced to spend a couple of years on his father's Montana ranch when he was a kid, if he had followed his father's law profession, if he had landed a job as cartoonist on a newspaper, he probably would never have become an actor.

Unlike most of the present-day stars, the idea of taking up acting had never occurred to Gary. When he came to Los Angeles, with his sketch-book under his arm, Gary wanted nothing more than to get a job as cartoonist on some newspaper. And even this ambition was not a driving passion. The only reason he thought of sketching was because he had a flair for drawing and had had a smattering of newspaper training back in Helena, Montana, after he left college.

Gary wasn't even interested in acquiring great wealth. All he really wanted out of life was a small car (hopped up for racing), enough money to eat on and possibly rent a horse to ride occasionally. Outside of that, the only thing he honestly longed for was a real handsome saddle.

At any rate, after a long, hard siege of looking for jobs, just doing anything, when he was finally called into the casting office to work in a western picture, which meant riding a horse and getting paid for it, Gary at first couldn't imagine what had happened. He was sure there was something phoney about a business which paid people for doing the things they thought were fun. But he had no choice in the matter. He'd spent too many days living on crackers and milk to ask questions.

And then, when those same crazy people chose him out of two hundred extras to play the role of Abe Lee in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," just because he was tall and lanky, Gary was convinced they were all nuts. A modest gent, to say the least.

"Why, any of those extras could have played the part as well as I," Gary remarked one day while we were chatting on the set of "Marco Polo." "Gosh, I couldn't act at all, still can't." Gary blushed a little and smiled that crooked smile of his.

"It was just the break I got that landed me in pictures, no matter what you say. The way I look at it is if I hadn't happened to be there at that particular moment, I probably wouldn't have been cast in the picture at all and some other guy would have been lucky instead."

To say that Gary is modest would be silly. Gary doesn't know what the word "modest" means, at least, as applied to himself. He's so darned humble and honest about himself he still, to this day, doesn't believe he has a thing any other guy hasn't. Screen personality? Gary thinks that's a lot of poppycock. To his mind, anyone could do any of the things he's accomplished on the screen and be successful if he's given the same breaks.

Yet in spite of this lack of confidence in his own knowledge and ability, Gary has an uncanny intuition about his roles and the pictures in which he appears. You never hear Gary express the opinion, as so many actors do, that a part isn't "right" for him or criticize a script because it doesn't suit his own ideas. But occasionally, at the most unexpected moments, possibly when he's half completed a film, Gary will pop out with some unexpected remark like, "Picture's no good," or "It'll be a hit." Outside of that, you'd never hear him complain. He just goes on, doing the best he can, without comment.

Gary isn't even what you might call a self-made man. If anyone was ever literally kicked up the ladder of success, that person is "Coop." Gary never even looked for a ladder, in the first place. (*Continued on page 98*)

Gary Cooper admits it's luck and not pluck that gets you there

THIRD BEGINNING



Anna May Wong is back again—er, pardon us—beginning again in a series of detective stories, the first of which is "Daughter of Shanghai."

BY ROBERT McILWAINE

It's an old Chinese custom for a talented girl to return to the scene of her success

ANNA MAY WONG is not staging a comeback, American style. She is beginning a movie career—for the third time. Yes, Anna May and her make-up box are parked on the Paramount lot, where she is playing in "Daughter of Shanghai," the first of a series in which she is to portray a lady detective.

Paramount is making the pictures, not due to the current conflict in the Orient, but because of the tremendous success of those Charlie Chan features. To begin at the beginning—which is just as good a place as any to start—the idea is new to the studio, if not to Anna May Wong. You see, she offered it to them three years ago, when they didn't think it worth while. However, recently our heroine was speaking to one of the Big Boys on the lot. She asked him which of two other companies would be better to handle the series.

"Hey, what about us?" he demanded.

"But, I didn't think you would be interested in anything exotic, with Miss Dietrich on the lot," replied the very modest Miss Wong.

It appears that they were, for Anna May is back, as we've said, in the throes of her—Third Beginning!

YOU SEE, my movie life has really been divided into three distinct parts," Anna May explained. "The first period was taken up with my struggle to win recognition. After that was accomplished I got into sort of a rut, neither progressing nor being retarded. You know, there are so few roles that I can play and at the time they seemed to be always small ones.

"The result was that I had to stretch my salary over the lean weeks when I had no assignments. Well, just at this time, along came an offer to go to Europe and I accepted promptly.

"In Germany, they wrote stories for me and I became a star. This achievement, I consider my Second Beginning, for I went from there to London and was successful in films as well as on the stage. After finishing there, I returned to America where my picture progress once again seemed at a standstill, until recently when my Third Beginning got under way."

There is no one more qualified to portray Chinese characters than Anna May Wong, even though she isn't Chinese. Just a moment, you incredulous, who take for granted that Anna May comes from the land of cherry blossoms and lotus flowers. When first this little "Oriental" saw light of day, she opened her eyes on nothing more exotic than the palm trees of our own California. What's more, she never set foot on Chinese soil until a year ago. Yep, Anna May is an American (*Continued on page 80*)

PERSONALITY BETTER THAN





Frances Farmer (left) is going places because she's different from the average good-looking blonde. Judy Garland (above) isn't a classic beauty, but listen to her sing and watch those black eyes!

Unhappy 'cause you're not

I'M off on a different tack this month. I hope you won't feel cheated if I do an article on personality and give the beauty hints the go-by to a great extent. I'll find space for a coupla beauty notions toward the end, so hush, and listen to what I have to say.

The title speaks the truth: Personality is better than beauty. Personality can get places where beauty finds locked doors. Personality plus beauty is, of course, an unbeatable combination and those who have it don't need my help. But personality with only moderate good looks —or personality, even, accompanied by downright physical plainness is far, far more to be desired, my fellow countrywomen, than Dumb Dora beauty alone. Personality—its development and expression—demands gray matter, chic, talent, perseverance and a good heaping cupful of courage. It often needs a little help to bring it out. I'd like to help.

You've heard people say of a girl you know, "Have you seen her lately? Why, she's a different person! So attractive, my dear. And remember what a mousey little thing she used to be?" Obviously, this enviable girl has the same set of features she's always had. She may have learned how to doll them up a little. She may have learned how to fix her

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Bette Davis' True Life Story— A girl's rise to stardom through sheer determination

By Gladys Hall



Camera-wise even at the tender age of five months! Looking right at the birdie, no doubt, Bette poses informal like, with her Ma.



Papa Davis doesn't seem to share Bette's two-year-old enthusiasm over this one. That's little sister, Bobbie, on the left. Some hats, what?

A SMALL, fair-haired child of four years stood over her smaller sister, shears in hand. With grim deliberation she cut off every strand and curl of the little sister's pretty hair. Then, as her mother's horrified face appeared in the doorway, the four-year-old exclaimed triumphantly, "Now she isn't going to be pretty. She isn't going to be pretty any more!"

A problem child.

At the age of three this same infant would jump up and down, point to an infinitesimal wrinkle, a barely discernible spot on her clean gingham dress and cry, with rage and revulsion, "Take it off! Take it off!" Which her mother, feeling that this passion for cleanliness denoted feminine daintiness, encouraged.

Yes, a problem child, laughs the mother of Bette Davis today. But a problem only to those who were in intimate contact with her, who could watch her strange little habits and characteristics come out of their covets. So far as any outsider could tell, she was a plain, quiet little thing, with pale hair, pale eyes, pale skin, kinda skinny, with nothing to say for herself. She was, superficially, a most unexciting little girl. She gave no promise of any sort.

In the New England town of Lowell, Massachusetts, where Bette, christened Ruth Elizabeth, was born, not a person could have been made to believe that "the little Davis girl" would ever become an actress. An actress? Fantastic! Why the poor little thing was as plain as a pipestem, didn't say "boo" for herself, didn't even have that provocative thing called "personality," that promising thing called "precocity." She didn't even speak little pieces for company, like some little girls did. Besides, people like the Favors and the Davises didn't produce play-actresses. Such didoes were not in the staid New England blood. Yes, the good Lowellites would certainly have pooh-poohed any such preposterous prophecy, had any such been made. None was.

An hour or two after Ruth Elizabeth was born her young aunt, her mother's sister, made the first recorded comment ever made about Bette Davis. She stood looking down on the delicate, five and three-quarter-pound atom, whose hold on life seemed so thread-frail, and she murmured, "Too bad, too *bad.*"

Probably only Ruth Davis, the mother, with her gift of "second sight," suspected from the first that the pale, quiet surface of her first-born masked banked fires and hidden furies and forces, not frail at all.

For Mrs. Davis will tell you, "Bette never could control herself. Always, too, she had to be the center of everything or she wouldn't play. In small ways, she would give in pleasantly enough. Because she didn't care. But what she really cared about she fought for, from the first. For those who believe in astrology, Bette is an Aries child, born on the fifth of April. She was, as Aries people are supposed to be, always intolerant of criticism. She is still. Criticize anything she does, or plans to do, and she will seem to pay no attention at all, to shrug the criticism off, resentfully. In the end, she always accepts it and usually acts upon it.

"Her one outstanding trait, as a child, was her neatness, which was a positive passion. And it grew into a complex, a monomania, which Bette is, only now, beginning to outgrow. She will tell you that her house looks, always, as though she were just about to move! Rugs being cleaned, drapes being cleaned, bureau drawers turned out. When she has guests, she will watch them with eagle eyes, pounce upon an ash-tray the instant it has been used, and clean it out, plump up cushions even as guests are relaxing on them. She will go over things with a dust cloth and, five minutes later, go over the same surfaces again.

"But I think," laughed Bette's mother, "that she is in the process of being cured. Only the other night a guest in her house walked out of it, saying, 'You may keep your house spotless, Bette, but *I* am leaving.' She had cleaned an ash-tray, plumped up a cushion, straightened a rug under a guest's feet once too often."

BETTE'S maternal grandparents were French. They came to this country with the Huguenots during the Persecution and settled in New England, where, in one locale or another, all of Bette's forebears on both sides lived.

The family name, on the maternal side, was, originally, Le Fevre. Later it was Anglicized and became Favour; finally, in the present generation, plain Favor. Bette, when she first went on the stage, considered using her mother's maiden name. She rejected the idea because she felt that people would believe it a made-up name. Bette Favor. "Too literary," decided Bette, "too fictional."

On both sides of the family there were lawyers, ministers, doctors. Bette's maternal great-grandfather was an inventor. He invented, among other things, the first sewing machine. He did not, I believe, market this invention. But it was used by the women of his family. Bette's maternal grandfather was a civil engineer. Her paternal grandfather was the president of a Southern college, also

a minister. On both sides were the strains of the stern Calvinists, the Puritan tradition.

Ruth Elizabeth Favor and Harlow Morrell Davis met when, as children, they spent their summer vacations in Maine. They met every summer throughout their childhoods. Neither ever went with any other girl or boy. And while Harlow Davis, a graduate of Bates College in Maine, was still finishing his studies at Harvard Law, the young couple were married in Lowell, Massachusetts, in the home of Ruth Elizabeth's parents. And there, in the yellow clapboard house in which her mother had been born, on a chill April morning when the iron New England winter was giving way, grudgingly, to the first pastel pushings and prongs of spring, Ruth Elizabeth, and eighteen months later, her small sister, Barbara, were born.

THERE WAS little to distinguish Bette's first eight years from the first eight years of any proper little girl in a proper New England town. Bette and Bobbie were brought up to mind their manners, say their prayers, respect their elders, curtsey to guests. They went to the village school; they attended Sunday school wearing their "best dresses." They were taught the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule. Grandmother Favor drilled them in the way things were done "when I was a girl."

Perhaps the only "different" element in the conventional



Demure was the word for Bette when this was taken. But even in those days she dreamed of becoming an actress and, with Bette, that meant it was as good as done.

pattern of their days was their mother. She was "ahead of the times." She loosed the girdle of the New England repressions wherever and as often as she could. Long before the little girls wore bloomers with their gingham dresses, Ruth Davis made bloomers for her small daughters. She knew that they would kick up their coltish legs; she even knew that they *had* legs (oh, pioneer!) and made allowance and provision for same. She was, also, frank with them. She was gay and humorous and casual and companionable. She became their friend almost in the same hour she became their mother. Bette was to be very grateful for this in the years to come.

Bette, as a child, never cared for dolls; never, so far as her mother can remember, played with a doll at all. She never had a "best girl friend." She had no hobbies. She did not collect stamps, press flowers, monograms, scraps for patchwork quilts. She ran with the pack or played by herself. And from the time she could hold a book in her hand, she read. She read everything. She read the books of Louisa M. Alcott. She read "The Five Little Peppers," the "Little Colonel" books. She read Grimm's Fairy Tales. And her mother read her the classics, Dickens, Scott, Bulwer-Lytton, Stevenson, Bret Harte.

When Bette was eight, her parents divorced. "We were sent to Florida that winter," Bette remembers. "When we came back, it was all over. There has been endless discussion, innumerable books and articles written about the 'children of divorce.' I can only know how it affected me. It didn't. Not at the time. That it affected all of my later life, there can be no doubt. For had my mother and father remained together I would never have gone on the stage. My father would not have approved. And by the time it would have been necessary for him to forbid it, I would have been beyond rebellion.

"The girdle of New England repression would have quite staved in my ribs. I would have grown up in New England, gone to college, married, no doubt, settled down and become an outwardly placid and contented housewife and mother, an inwardly frustrated and bitter woman. But at eight years of age I think I accepted the fact that it was better as it was.

"Bobbie, on the other hand, took it terribly to heart. She brooded over it and was miserable. Which certainly indicates that you can't hold blanket theories about how children of divorce are affected. It depends entirely on the individual child. I had been uncomfortable—I won't say unhappy, it wasn't as definite as that—by the sense that



Miss D. is growing up! And rather pleased about it, too. You'd never think to look at her, that she was a problem child, now would you? Just ask Mama sometime!



She might have been a second Pavlowa if she hadn't preferred dramatics. Bette studied dancing with Roshanara and this is the result.



Looks like the boy friend's leaving Bette, in spite of everything. Grover Burgess and La Belle in "The Earth Between," a Provincetown Players opus.

my mother was unhappy, that something was wrong. I didn't know what. That was part of my trouble. I always want to know what! When it was over, that was finality, and I always could, and still can, accept finality. We did not have to face the twisted problem of living part time with one parent, part time with the other. That's very bad. That's tearing and confusing. We didn't see our father again for many years.

"I do think that the children of divorced parents feel a little strange, a little different from other children. There must have been some self-consciousness about it in my mind, because I never once told anyone that my parents were divorced. I always evaded any talk about 'mama and papa.' I remember thinking, 'There *is* something funny about us.'"

WHEN THE children came back from Florida, the home in Lowell was dissolved and the former life was as though it had never been. Ruth Davis, always interested in photography, had decided to go to New York to study in order to make of her amateur ability a professional and money-making career. There would have been ample means, too. Harlow Davis provided sufficient alimony for his family to live quietly and with the ordinary comforts. But Ruth Davis wanted more than the ordinary comforts for her children. She wanted the extraordinary comforts and culture. She wanted travel and study and the best schools, all kinds of extra riches.

So, Ruth Davis went to New York. She placed Bette and Barbara in boarding school in the Berkshire Hills. And here Bette and Barbara lived and worked and studied until Bette was in her teens. It was a good life. The school was a farm and Bette learned to keep house, learned something of farm life, of growing things, of seasons, of the earth turning and the fruits it gives as it turns; learned the "facts of life" from the unabashed and so unsullied habits and matings of the animals.

"My childhood," Bette remembers, "was pretty much of a monotone. If I had any distinguishing emotion at all, it was that I was waiting for something. I didn't know at all what I was waiting for. I can't remember that I ever thought, much less said, that I would become an actress, a writer, an artist. I just sort of lived in a pleasant, static



If Bette'd done them instead of Donald Meek, the title of the play might not have been "Broken Dishes." Bette hit Broadway in this one and got raves.

mist, reading, doing what was expected of me, punctuating this placid pattern with occasional rages when something I wanted penetrated the coma, and I fought for it. Even there I stuck pretty much to my own last. I didn't have a roommate because I didn't want one. I was the type who preferred a room of my own. I didn't have any confidantes. I played hockey and tennis with the others as part of the school curriculum. I hadn't then, I haven't now, any flair for athletics. I was an apt enough student. I never plugged. I never gave any very brilliant scholastic performance. I liked history and languages. I detested mathematics and, later, chemistry. I was an A student, I'd say, until my last two years in high school. Then I decided to rest on the oars of my past record and have some fun. But that was later on."

Bette was ten when the accident occurred. It is still referred to in the family as "the accident." The dreadful accident which so nearly made of Bette a charred mass, unrecognizable as a human being, for all of her life.

It occurred at Christmas time. Ruth Davis was, then, hostess-house-mother at Miss Bennett's School for Girls, at Milbrook, New Jersey. She could not, because of her duties, be with her children that Christmas.

At Bette's school they were having their school Christmas tree. Bette, dressed as a small Santa Claus, with red flannel suit, cuffs and collars of cotton wadding, was playing near the tree. A candle snuffed out. The child struck a match and relit the candle. The flame caught the easily inflammable cotton stuff. And when the flames were extinguished there was nothing but a blistering jelly where the child's face had been.

Bette says, "I think I displayed my first instinct for the dramatic then. For as the flames were put out I heard horrified exclamations all around me. I heard one of the teachers wail, 'She is blind! Oh, God, she is blind!' I didn't know whether I was blind or not. But I do remember feeling, with thrills and chills of morbid pleasure, that this was my moment, my big dramatic moment. And I deliberately kept my eyes tight closed, groped helplessly about with my hands, until the full savor of that moment was extracted."

Then there occurred one of those circumstances which cannot be explained, which never has been explained, to



Don't look now, but that's Bette Davis! No wonder Leslie Howard got the jitters in "Of Human Bondage," with Miss D. in a mood like this.

this day. No medical aid was given the child. She was not rushed to the nearby hospital. No doctor was called in. The resident nurse applied a few home remedies, scented cold cream being one of them. And then, with a teacher weepingly in charge, with the weather sub-zero, Bette was sent to New York on the train with a group of children going home for the holidays. The freezing cold, the cinders from the train, worked further havoc with the ravaged small face. And it was this unrecognizable face which the mother, summoned by telegram to meet the train, knowing that something had happened but not knowing what, was called upon to meet.

Ruth Davis will tell you today that she swore, for the first time in her life, when she looked upon what seemed to be the remains of her child. She swore such oaths, she says, as she didn't know then, and doesn't know now, how she ever knew at all. That frightful burn, that exposure to zero weather less than an hour after the accident occurred, the lack of medical attention, the trip on the train, hundreds of cinders embedded in the raw flesh, the terrified, weeping young teacher, Ruth Davis cursed it all.

BETTE," her mother tells, "proved then, that she can meet the big things in life like a thoroughbred. Whatever her faults, they do not include flinching in the face of catastrophe. Nor welching. For the first words the child said to me were, 'It was my fault, Mother, really it was. Miss W—— told me not to go near the Christmas tree."

Ruth Davis rushed the child to the nearest doctor. She thought, "He may tell me that she will live, he will surely tell me that she is maimed for life."

Bette says now, "I was too young to be worried about the possible loss of future beauty. I was still not in acute pain, that came later, and was still enjoying, little monster that I was, my first undisputed spotlight."

The doctor told Ruth Davis that there was one way of saving the child from permanent and horrible disfigurement. But it was an impossible way unless there could be a succession of nurses on the case. For the one way was to keep the burned areas moist, constantly, unremittingly moist, for fourteen days and nights. Every fifteen minutes for a fortnight, pads saturated with a boric solution would have to be applied to the burns. "It means," he told the mother, every bit as grim as he, "that you will have to stay awake, day and night, for fourteen days and nights. If you can do this the burns will not heal and



Nothing demure about our Bette here! The Hollywood influence seems to have set in and we have a real dyed-in-the-wool glamor girl, no less.



Bette, Ruthie (her mother, to you) and the pup arrive in Hollywood.

form scar tissue, they will slough off and new skin will form. It is the only way. I don't believe you can do it."

Ruth Davis said, "I'll do it." And she did. She took Bette to Milbrook with her, at Miss Bennett's insistence. And there, keeping the child in her own bed, a bell tied to her wrist at night, the alarm clock set for every fifteen minutes, she swabbed those burns every fifteen minutes for fourteen days and fourteen nights. "I used," Mrs. Davis remembers now, "jars and jars of boric solution, barrels of bandages. Her hair was burned off, of course, and she wore wool caps with gauze underneath.

"Her suffering, after the first shock to the nerves, which anesthetized them, was horrible. For three months her eyes were red and inflamed. And this is curious, but it was after the burn that her eyes became large, as they are now. She never had eyes like that before the accident. I can't account for it, but there it is."

When, at long last, the burns were healed and the new, fair, unblemished skin had become a matter of miraculous fact, Ruth Davis did one of the most courageous and healthy things in a courageous career—she sent Bette back to the Berkshire Hills school. She felt that it was, psychologically, the sound thing to do. As there was to be no scar on the child's face, she wanted no scar on her memory; no place, no person who could, in the future, spell horror to her. The only way to efface a memory of horror was to build new memories over it, as new skin had been built over the burns. Bette went back to that school. And no scar tissue is left, either visible or invisible.

BETTE went, briefly, for one term, to the Northfield School. And then entered the Cushing Academy in Newton, Massachusetts. It was at Cushing that Bette was to fall in love. It was at Cushing that Bette first met Harmon Nelson. And it was at Cushing, too, that the formless dream which, like a hidden current, invisible even to her, but shaping the whole course of her life, began to take definite form and meaning. She was to find love, she was to find her career, she was to find herself.

It was not until Bette was between fourteen and fifteen that her looks changed. And little tendrils of beauty touched her pale hair with gold, her pale skin with richer cream and roses, her thin little body with delicate curves.

Bette tells you, "I was standing in front of a cheval mirror one evening while Mother tried on my first dinner dress. She had made it for me, daringly, with the neckline cut almost to the collar-bone! I also remember Grandmother Favor looking at me and saying, 'Ruth Elizabeth, you are not going to wear that where *gentlemen* can see you, are you?'

"Anyway, I remember looking at myself and wondering whether a stranger was standing there. I think it was the first time I ever really saw myself. Certainly it was the first time I was ever conscious of myself as a woman. I had been so plain. When I was around twelve or so I think even Mother gave me up. She used to braid my hair in two skin-tight braids as if she were saying that she just couldn't make any further effort to gild the limp lily, that there I was and what about it! I had skinny arms and legs, teeth every which-way, never knew what to say to people, couldn't get out a bleat when I was with a boy, oh, *awful!* But as I looked at myself in the mirror that night I exclaimed, 'My goodness, I think I'm quite pretty!' "

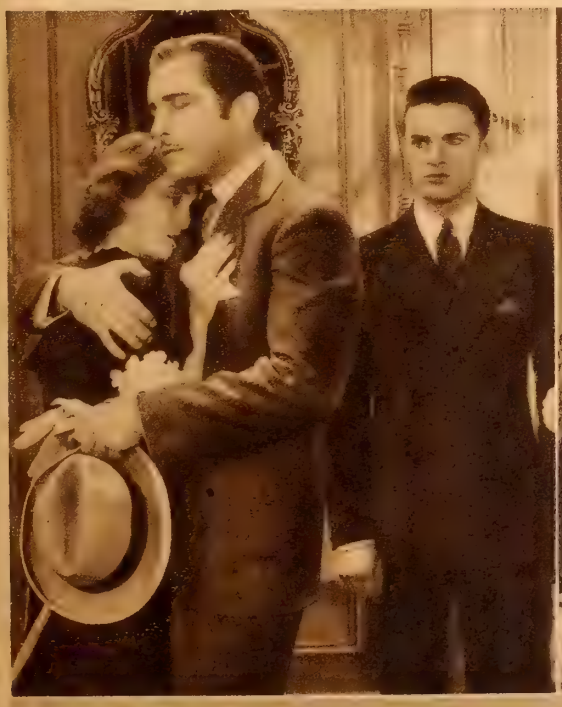
The miracle of the transfiguration must have been as obvious as flags flying, the gold and blue and white flags which were Bette's young beauty.

"For from the time Bette was fourteen," her mother told me, "boys were interested in her. We were boy-ridden. Wherever we were, wherever we lived, and we have lived in seventy-three houses, all told, boys swarmed in the living-room, in the garden, on all of the front porches! One despairing lad mooned about our house in Newton threatening the most ingenious methods of suicide for love of Bette."

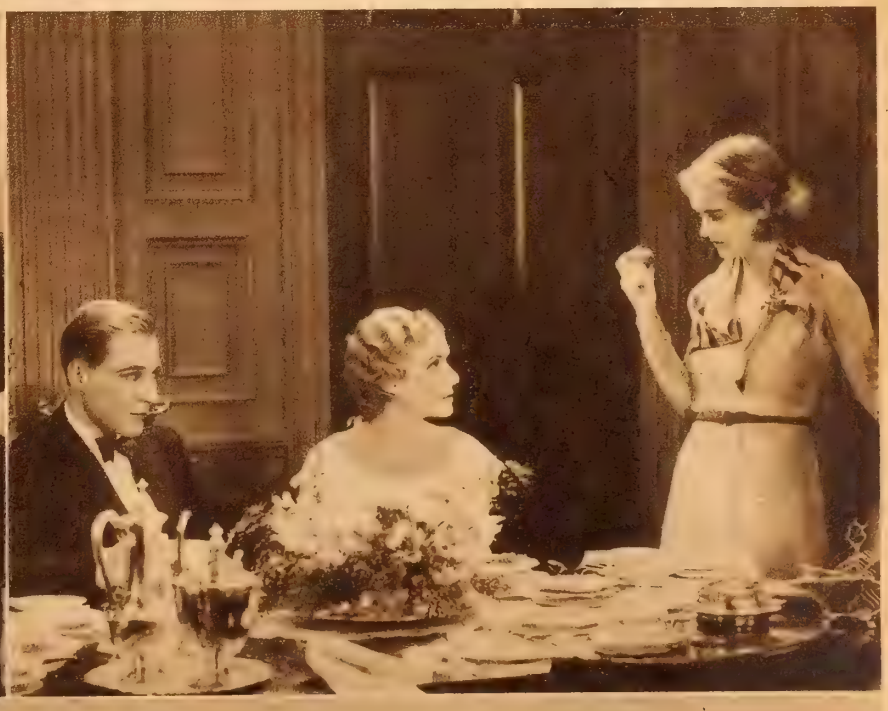
But Ruth Davis was New England enough, perhaps with enough of the French prudence where *les jeunes filles* are concerned, to keep Bette pretty much a child until she was past sixteen. She was well past sixteen before ever she was allowed to go out with a boy alone.

It was on the occasion of one of Bette's dates that Ruth Davis gave her first demonstration of "second sight," a gift, if gift it be, she never suspected herself of possessing. Bette had gone, one night, to a dance at Pemaquid Point. It was summer and they were vacationing in Maine. Ruth Davis, knowing that she was with two boys, felt, she says, perfectly comfortable about her. But she always waited up until the girls came in, and it being a mild summer night, she thought she would take a walk, take in a movie while she waited.

She was watching the movie when, suddenly, as though a glass of iced water had deluged her, she broke out in an actual physical chill and felt the still more horrid chill of some formless but terrifying premonition. She cast a wild



Bette, John Boles and Raymond Hackett in a scene from "Seed."



Always somebody's sister, in her early picture days, Bette is Mae Clarke's in "Waterloo Bridge," with Douglas Montgomery.



Because he wanted dignity as well as youthful charm, George Arliss chose Bette for "The Man Who Played God."



Less dignity, but plenty of charm is displayed by Miss D. for Dick Barthelmess' benefit in "Cabin in the Cotton."



Meet Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Nelson. Bette calls him "Ham," so it's probably just as well he's not an actor!

look around the darkened theatre and, in the row behind her, recognized a boy she knew, another friend of Bette's. Ruth Davis beckoned the youth to follow her. Outside, her voice hoarse, she begged him to take his car and go for Bette at once, *at once*. The lad, nothing loath, though considerably perplexed, drove the twenty miles to Pemaquid, told Bette her mother was very ill and needed her—he had to say something strong enough to make her leave with him—and brought her home.

Bette, of course, finding her mother perfectly well and feeling, by this time, a little foolish, was indignant.

"What," she demanded, "is this all about?"

Ruth Davis said, "I don't know."

Two hours later the phone rang. Ruth Davis answered it. She hung up the receiver and waited a long cold moment. Then she woke Bette and said, "The boys, the two boys you went to the dance with. Their car skidded and went over a cliff on the way home. They were killed."

THE FIRST day Bette attended class at Cushing Academy she saw Harmon Nelson. She says, "I liked him immediately. I think I liked him, at first, because he had such curious eyes, cold eyes promising warmth. Then I liked him because he was such an indifferent louse. He never paid any attention to any of the girls. He didn't seem to know we were there. He didn't, certainly, pay the slightest attention to me. I went home and told Ruthie about him. I said, 'I'm going to get him if it's the last thing I ever do. You wait and see. I'm going to get him yet!'

"I don't suppose I was really in love with him. By this time I'd begun to realize that I wanted to be an actress more than I wanted anything else in the world. Yet it was something, something that must have gone on through all the time and all the things that happened in between, because, after all, I did marry him! But at the time I think my main interest was figuring how much fun it would be if he should be interested in me.

"Ham was in charge of the Music and Minstrel Show at Cushing that year. One day I met him in one of the halls. He beamed down at me and said, 'Miss Davis, would you be interested in singing in my show?' I said that I would be. We practiced and rehearsed together. And I had a lot of fun, skipping octaves on him and doing all kinds of cute little tricks. I remember I sang, 'Gee, I'm Blue For You' and wore a blue dress for the occasion, which seemed to me to be just too subtle for words. I guess it was. So subtle that neither Ham nor anyone else got the big idea!

"We did several theatricals together while we were at Cushing. We did Booth Tarkington's 'Seventeen,' Ham playing Uncle Georgimus to my Lola Pratt. We sang in the Glee Club together and I would pour forth my heart



A star is born. Bette and Gene Raymond get clubby in "Ex-Lady," her first starring picture.



A couple of smoothies, Bette and Bill Powell, try a little double-crossing in "Fashions of 1934." Nice outfit, Bette.

and soul in the more sentimental songs. But in vain. It was humiliatingly obvious that Ham's interest was in the music, not in me. On Saturday nights, from seven to nine, we attended the regulation academy dances and I must have harried my mother for new and fetching gowns to wear. I know I sirened all over the place. But Ham seemed to be as blind to my sirening as he was to deaf to my song. And there really wasn't much chance for me to be the seductress I fancied I could be, for the dances were so well chaperoned that the walls were perfect hedges of chaperones. And the gardens were picketed, a picket for every student!

"Sundays were made bright by what was known as the co-ed hour. During that hour the girls and boys were permitted to pair off and do a little sedate strolling about the grounds. I used to pray for rain. I figured that if it rained, an umbrella would be necessary and much might be accomplished under the privacy, so to speak, of an umbrella. But maybe one of our protectors had second sight, too, or had once been young or something. At any rate, it was suspicioned that perhaps kissing might go on underneath an umbrella and the privilege of the co-ed hour was taken away, 'unless the weather is fair.'

"It was while I was at Cushing, too, that Mother called a cute little turn on me. Ruthie was helping to pay for my tuition by taking photographs of the graduating classes and deducting them from the school fees. One day the principal of Cushing called me in and asked me if I wouldn't like to help my mother by waiting on table. I was extremely indignant. I didn't say anything, but I just knew that my mother wouldn't dream of allowing me to do anything so menial as being a waitress. However, I sat down and wrote Ruthie a sweet, filial little letter, telling her how I realized all she was doing, how hard she was working and couldn't I please help her out by waiting on table, thus helping to pay my own way. You may imagine my blank astonishment when I received, by return mail, a crisp and appropriately grateful little note from Mother saying, 'Very sweet of you, dear, go ahead!'

"I did, and after my first pangs of outrage and humiliation, learned one of the most valuable lessons I've ever learned in my life. For I found out that the girls and boys were fifty per cent nicer to me, seemed fonder of me, respected and admired me more than they ever had before. I've never been afraid of work since, however humble. Wise Ruthie, she knew.

"She knew, too, I think, that I was beginning to entertain a few delusions of grandeur. Perhaps, with her second sight, she knew what was ahead for me and how much a wedge of humble pie would help my digestion! I don't know, I try," Bette laughs, "never to ask Mother anything about the future. She would tell me! Anyway, I had begun to think of myself as quite the actress. I never had any trouble with the school plays. I learned the lines easily. I loved rehearsing. I never suffered from stage fright. I felt no self-consciousness. All of my quietness and shyness and dullness and inability to talk to people seemed to drop away from me, once I got a taste of acting, even as an amateur. I've never been shy since, heaven knows!"

Ruth Davis had been wise. For it was during those two years at Cushing, that the pace of Bette's life which, so soon, was to place the little New England girl, a star, on Broadway, began to accelerate at appreciable speed. Things began to happen.

THERE WAS a summer at Camp Mudjkeewis in Maine where Bette played in the camp production of "The Courtship of Miles Standish" and received such an ovation that the very pine trees shivered under the sign of Aries. And shortly after the performance, at a game of fortune telling, Bette drew a card on which was written, "You are destined to become a great actress."

At the end of two years, Bette graduated from Cushing, and the principal said to her, "You can become a fine actress, Ruth Elizabeth. But I hope you won't."

It was during the summer vacation preceding her last year at Cushing that Bette and Bobbie and their mother spent the summer at Peterborough, New Hampshire, where Mrs. Davis had a house and a studio and Bette studied dancing under Roshanara. It was Ruth Davis' skilful manoeuvering which made that possible. For the Mariarden School of Dancing, where Roshanara was teaching, was expensive. Four hundred and fifty dollars for the two-month term. And that was beyond Ruth Davis, who had Bobbie's college tuition facing her, the expenses facing Bette when she should embark on her career, whatever it was to be. Perhaps dancing? For Roshanara had talked with Bette and wanted her for a pupil.

Ruth Davis enrolled Bette in a small, relatively unimportant school of dancing next door to the Mariarden. She then asked Roshanara if she would be good enough to come over and watch the child dance. Roshanara, already intrigued by a quality she felt but couldn't name, went over. Bette danced and the famed dancer said, "I want the Davis child." And so it was arranged.

Bette worked eight hours a day. She took the leading parts in all the pageants. She felt, for the first time, the definite knowledge that her personality was "getting over," that audiences "felt" her, were aware of her. At Cushing they had been her friends, her schoolmates; that was different. Here they were all strangers, there were many



Look out, Leslie, she's not as sweet as she looks! Bette and Mr. Howard in a sentimental mood from "Of Human Bondage."

professionals. And they knew that she was there, oh, they knew! Roshanara wanted Bette to become her protege, to continue her studies with her in the fall. But before any such arrangement could be made, Roshanara died and, with her, Bette's dream of becoming a dancer.

It was at Mariarden that Frank Conroy first saw Bette. And he said to Ruth Davis, gravely, "She is something you can't buy and can't imitate. When she is on the stage you will never see anybody else, even if she never says a word."

And it was during her last year at Cushing that Bette saw Peg Entwhistle (later to die, so tragically, in Hollywood) do Hedvig in "The Wild Duck," with Blanche Yurka. "Then I really knew," Bette tells you. "Then everything focused to one pin-point of burning ambition. I remember saying to Mother, 'If I can live to play that part I shall die happy.' And Mother answered, with a flash of that second sight of hers, I suppose, 'You will.'

"The year after I graduated from Cushing we spent in Newton, Massachusetts. Mother took a house there, had her work. She said to Bobbie and me, 'We'll take this year to do some catching up, financially. In the fall you will be going to college, Bobbie. In the meantime it won't do you girls any harm to have a year at home being capable housekeepers. You can cook and clean and darn and mend and do the things every woman should know how to do.'

"We did. I've always had the suspicion that Mother insisted upon that year of domesticity with the idea of testing me, trying me out, waiting to see whether my desire to go on the stage was real, or would dwindle away. It didn't dwindle. I wasn't happy. I was champing at the bit. I saw Ham occasionally. I still threatened to 'get him'! But I was too obsessed by my desire to get to New York, to get on the stage, to have much time or emotion for anything else."

THE YEAR passed. Bobbie was safely enrolled at Dennison College, in Granville, Ohio. Bette and her mother closed the Newton house, packed bags, entrained for New York. Bette's heart was set on studying under Eva Le Gallienne, being admitted to her stock company. "My whole heart was set on it," Bette will tell you now. "It seemed to me that the very blood in my veins coursed in that direction, that my feet pointed that way, that *I* pointed Le Gallienne-wards, like a setter."

Dr. Favour was discouraging. The family frowned upon the fantastic pilgrimage. No good, they said, would come of it.

In New York, Bette and her mother took a room. A very modest room. What did the room matter? They were on the brink of the great adventure. They were launching a career. "When you are living," says Bette, "what does it matter where you live?"

Bette set forth, alone, for her interview with Eva Le Gallienne. Every day, every week, every month, every year of her life had, she knew, been but steps to this climax.

Bette says, "I had my interview. Eva Le Gallienne sat there. She asked me to read the part of an old Dutch woman. I did. She told me (how could she have known?) that I did not take the theatre seriously. She told me, in



Thinking up a little verbal dynamite. Bette was a newspaper gal in "Front Page Woman" and maybe she didn't prove some competition!

effect, to go to hell. It was as brutal as it was unexpected.

"That was the first and almost the last time, until we came to Hollywood, that we ever hit rock bottom. Under Eva Le Gallienne's coldly critical eye I seemed to see myself as—as the family saw me. That little Davis girl, without beauty, without personality, without promise. So cold and complete was this expulsion from my hope, my dream, my very life that even Mother faltered. We decided to give it all up as it had, so effortlessly, so curtly, given me up before ever I began.

"Ruthie took a house in Norwalk, Connecticut, got a job in a photographic studio again and I went mad. I walked the streets. I talked to myself. I really was out of my mind. I had to be an actress. I wasn't an actress. I had to be an actress. I wasn't an actress, like a crazy pendulum, my mind swung from nauseating discouragement to furious rebellion. I would end it all, I would show the world, show Eva Le Gallienne, Ruthie, the whole family. I would stun, startle, astound; give performances that would ring through the very hierarchies of histrionics and become history: I would do nothing, be nothing, succumb, surrender. So it went. So I went almost crazy.

"There was a Yale boy. I'd go for long rides with him, grim, silent. He wanted me to marry him, to give up my crazy idea about being an actress. He said, I believe, that I'd have to give it up or not marry him. I laughed like a maniac.

"Four months of this, or was it five, or ten, or forever and a day? I don't know. Then, one morning, I woke to find Mother standing over me, shaking me, all but pinching and scratching me. 'Get up!' she commanded loudly, 'get up! We're going to New York. You're going on the stage.' I thought, for an instant, that insanity was infectious and that she had gone off the deep end, too.

She got my best dress. I put it on. She told me how to fix my hair. I fixed it. Then, looking, Ruthie often says, like Lillian Gish in one of her most wistful, wild moments, we entrained for New York, bag and baggage. This time, I think I knew there would be no turning back. There wasn't.

MOTHER STEERED me straight to the John Murray Anderson School of Dramatics. She managed to barge right into the presence of Mr. Anderson himself. She said, 'My daughter wants to be an actress. You've got to make her one. I can't afford to pay your tuition fee all at once. I'll have to do it on the installment plan, a little at a time.'

"Mr. Anderson asked to see me. His instinct of self-preservation doubtless dictated that request. Ruthie, I feel sure, looked quite wild. As she looked when she saw me getting off the train after I was burned. She's often said that my face, during those months in Norwalk, was more terrible than it was after the accident. Mother walked into the outer office where I sat waiting, nipped me by the sleeve and, quite literally speaking, commended me to Mr. Anderson's professional care. He took a look at me (looking my best at the time. Mother had seen to that) and said, "I'll take her."

"Mother got a position at St. Mary's School. There were three scholarships given at the John Murray Anderson School. I managed to win one of them.

"Also, for the first time, I was on my own. I entered the school late, you see. There was only one girl who hadn't paired off with some other girl by the time I arrived. A girl named Virginia C——. We took a room together in an old brownstone front house. And I had my first taste of eating in cafeterias, doing my own wash, drying my handkerchiefs on the window panes, doing a



Miss D. seems to have drunk a hearty meal in this scene from "Dangerous," while Franchot Tone keeps up his spirits with a glass of water.

little light cooking over the gas-jets. Good for me, all very good for me. Virginia was good for me, too. She was the first girl I'd ever known who used lipstick and much too much of it. She was the first girl I'd ever known who had had to fight life with her own hands and wits and did. She was uneducated academically speaking. But she was a Phi Beta Kappa in most of the subjects worth knowing. She was all wool and several yards wide. I not only became very fond of her, I also felt a wholesome respect for her.

"We had a lot of fun those months. When Ruthie came to stay with us we had a time rigging up a bed for her. She wouldn't share our bed with us or let us take pot-luck, because we were both working hard and, she insisted, needed our sleep. So she'd tote herself up on two chairs with a suitcase wedged between them to make a 'bed.' Every now and again during the night there would be strange earthquakish sounds and they would be caused by Ruthie falling into the suitcase, onto the floor, or following one of the chairs around the room when it parted company with the other chair. Then we'd wake up and laugh like three fools."

Bette didn't graduate from the John Murray Anderson School. She didn't want to. She had got some confidence. She had got over the chill dealt her by Eva Le Gallienne. She wanted to get going. She felt that she needed practical experience. And coincidentally with this decision came a chance to go to Rochester, to play a bit in "Broadway" with George Cukor's stock company there.

At the train as Bette was leaving, Ruth Davis said to her, "I want you to learn the two major girls' parts in this play, Bette." Bette said, "What for? I'm not going to play 'em." Ruth Davis smiled. "Oh, yes, you are," she said, "for on the opening night the girl who plays the lead is going to break her leg." The train started and with the shriek of the engine was mingled Bette's shriek, "Whyyy, Mooother!"

Bette learned the parts. To this day she can't explain why she learned them, why she obeyed her mother who was just being amusing, of course. Still, she remembered Pemaquid. On the opening night the girl who played one of the two leads tripped on the narrow circular staircase coming down from the dressing rooms and—broke her leg!

Bette said, "I thought, 'Ohmigod, Mother has done this to this girl!'"

But Bette played the part. And it was on the strength of her having saved "Broadway" for George Cukor that she became, shortly thereafter, a regular member of his stock company in Rochester.

BEFORE LEAVING for Rochester, Bette had chance to do a play, "The Earth Between," with the Provincetown Players, that cradle of so much dramatic talent. James Light, who was directing, had seen her work in "Broadway," and been sufficiently impressed to offer her the part. But Bette turned it down, then. She felt that she needed a great deal more working experience before she "came into New York," as it were.

And so, Bette and her mother set up housekeeping in



The winnah! Bette captured the Academy Award for her performance in "Dangerous." Vic MacLaglen was another Academy winner.





One false move will fix Bette and Leslie Howard. At least that's how Humphrey Bogart feels in "Petrified Forest."

"You see, it was like this . . ." or words to that effect. Wayne Morris and Bette in "Kid Galahad," above.



And here we have Bette Davis just being herself. When she first hit Hollywood they called her a "little brown wren." Not much resemblance here, d'you think?

Rochester, about which there are amusing anecdotes. Ruth Davis will tell you, "Bette was earning fifty dollars a week. I decided to give up my job to be with her. We took an apartment in Rochester and after we had been there a day or two, Bette hated it. She has always been abnormally sensitive to her surroundings. And she would wake up there and have the blue jitters. She said she couldn't stand it, it was murky. We had a lease. Well, we'd have to get out of that lease. But how?

"I finally devised a scheme. I took a shoe, a man's shoe, and made tracks in the soft mud all around our windows. Then I went to the landlady, told her my daughter was extremely nervous, that a man had tried to break into our apartment the night before and that if we were forced to remain there my daughter would not be able to work, the rent would not be paid, and what to do? Then I went back home. A little later, as I had expected, the landlady came sniffing around. She knew the ground was muddy, that, if I had been telling the truth, which she more than suspicioned I had not, there would be the marks of a man's feet. There were. And we were released."

It was in Rochester that Bette fell in love. And one of the most poignant dramas in her dramatic life began. For it was the old, old fictional angle of the young business man of good family falling in love with the actress. The old story of prejudice and parental opposition and cross purposes and broken young hearts and tears. They were very much in love, Bette and the young business man. They became engaged. They planned to be married. Bette met the family. They admired her, admitted her charm, her gentle birth but deplored and rejected her profession. Especially the father, who held the mid-Victorian axiom that, married to an actress, his son were better dead. It was as bad as that, and in the twentieth century.

And so, when you say to Bette, "And what happened?" she answers, "He threw me over. Shortly after George Cukor fired me, for he did, I had a letter from him. Rather a cruel letter. He told me simply that it was all over. It sort of broke my heart. I didn't understand how love could be 'all over' when it wasn't. I remember so well the day that letter came. A scorching hot day. I

was in Newark, New Jersey, rehearsing for 'The Wild Duck.' I was about to play Hedvig and I had said that if I could live to play that part I would die happy. How young and green I seemed to myself remembering, the letter in my hand, that now I could never be happy until I died. I thought, 'This has killed me.' I even put my mutilated little rag of pride into my pocket and wrote to him and told him that I understood (I didn't), that I would wait. He never answered. I never heard from him again, not for several years."

Bette knew heartbreak then. For five months, Ruth Davis tells me, she went about like a wounded little animal. Then came the day when she cried out, "I'll make him sorry!" And Ruth Davis knew that convalescence had set in.

ONLY A few years ago, in Hollywood, Bette had a letter from that boy she had loved. He had never married. He wrote that he was flying West to see her. Bette and her mother entertained him. Bette swam with him, danced with him, dined with him, laughed with him, at him, at herself, at that old pain he had caused her, at her recovery from pain. And then he went away again and Bette's hurt was vindicated. Not that she cared any more, not even for vindication. She remembered that she had loved him and did not find it hard to believe. But the wound was healed. And Ham had come into her life and her heart again; love that was honest and humble and strong and sure.

Bette never quite knew, doesn't know now, just why George Cukor fired her from the Rochester Stock Company. Ruth Davis suspects that she may have been a little bit to blame. Because she would never allow Bette to go out with the company after the evening performances, nor any other time. Bette left the theatre with her mother, went home with her mother. She was not, perhaps, the kind of a person who put her fellow players at their ease. Whatever the reason, she was fired. And felt, again, that it was all over. Her first real job, and fired. But Ruth Davis had learned a lesson from those four months in Norwalk. Never again would she allow Bette to suffer as she had suffered then. Action was the only remedy. She said, "You telegraph James Light at the Provincetown Players. Tell him you will play the part in 'The Earth Between.' No, of course he hasn't cast it yet. I know that he hasn't. He wanted you then. He will want you now."

Bette played in "The Earth Between." She didn't, she says now, have the least idea what the play, which dealt with certain perversities of human nature, nor her part were all about. Which is why, no doubt, she gave to the character the young bewilderment, the sense of moving in a mist. The play went to New York and all that night, that opening night, Ruth Davis sat up, unable to sleep, afraid, when morning came, to see the papers. Friends brought the papers in, read the reviews aloud, sang them. The most eminent and caustic of the critics told the world, not only that "that little Davis girl" had promise, but that she had kept her promise.

Ruth Davis said to the new young star, "If you let this go to your head, you're through." And Bette answered, "I can't let it go to my head, I think I'm terrible." Bette has never, she will tell you, believed in her own success. It is, still, the will o' the wisp which evades her.

She had a chance to understudy one of the Gishes. Again Ruth Davis advised her. "Never be an understudy, or you will never have an understudy."

There came, one day, a call on the telephone. Bette was never to be sure just what the voice said. She managed to pick up "Cecil Clavelli—Ibsen Repertory . . . Hedvig . . . "The Wild Duck" . . . *you* . . ."

So, she was to play in "The Wild Duck." She got her heart broken. She came down with the measles. She remembers, "One of the most ebb-tide moments of my life was when, with my heart in tatters, the part I wanted to play more than anything in the world put right in my lap, I had to call and say, 'I can't do it. I—I've got the measles!' "

The company waited for Bette. She learned three Ibsen plays while in bed waiting for the more noticeable of the spots to disappear. Then, still ill and feverish and "miserably measley" she went on and played Hedvig. She says now, "I'll never know how I got through that first night. A more wretched, sick at heart, sick of body creature never walked the boards. I thought, as I went in, 'I don't know the lines. I don't remember one of them. I don't know what I am supposed to say, or do, or be. Somehow, I got through. Fools and children, I suppose . . . and afterwards I went on tour with 'Wild Duck.'

THE FOLLOWING summer, deciding that I needed more experience in stock, and having met a plausible young man in New York, who told me that he was the manager of the Cape Players and that I would be a too, too welcome addition to the company, Ruthie and I bought an antiquated Ford, piled into it every stick and ribbon we possessed and chugged up to the Cape. We arrived, having rented a cottage, by mail, in advance.

"We found that one Mr. Raymond Moore was the real manager. I said to him, 'I am Bette Davis.' He looked politely blank, more blank than polite. I said, 'Your Mr.— told me I would be engaged.' He said, 'Mr. —— has no authority.' I said, 'But here I am. What can I do?' He said, 'You can usher.' And I did.

"All summer long I was head usher at the theatre where the Cape Players gave their plays. And a very efficient usher, if I do say so. Then, just at the end of the season, Laura Hope Crews, who was coaching and producing the Cape Players, needed someone to warble, 'I Pass By Your Window,' in 'Mr. Pim.' I rendered the number. And the question was, was I an usher who had become an actress or an actress who had become an usher?

"The question was never resolved to anyone's satisfaction, but I didn't care. I didn't care much about anything that summer because I had found Ham again! He was playing in the Amherst Band, across the Cape, in the Old Mill Tavern.

"I remember well the first night I saw him. Ruthie and I had gone to the movies. I even remember the picture we were seeing. Norma Shearer in 'A Free Soul.' I happened to look around and there was Ham! I let out a blood-curdling yell and got a good kick from Mother.

"All that summer, whenever I wasn't ushering and Ham wasn't playing with the band, we went around together. We tore around the Cape in the old Ford. We went swimming. We lay long hours on the beach and talked and talked and talked and grew to know, I think, even though no words were said, that this was somehow very right, that we belonged together.

"In the fall we went back to New York, Ham went back to Amherst. Now and then, during the year, I'd go up to Amherst to see him. He never saw me on the stage. Never. He had a feeling about it. He said, 'I'd always think I was annoying you.' "

In the fall of the year after "The Wild Duck" closed, Bette tramped the streets, made the rounds of casting offices, had what was really her first and was to be her last taste of the experience of job-hunting. She and a girl friend took a room on Fifty-third Street, another of the old brownstone fronts, and the interlude of laundry-done-in-the-basin, gas-jet meals, Ruthie sleeping on two chairs with a suitcase wedged between.

And then, again the pace accelerated. Bette played the part of Elaine Bumpstead in Marion Gering's production of "Broken Dishes." Twice, Producer Gering had postponed rehearsals because he could not find the right Elaine. Instantly Bette entered his line of vision he hailed Elaine. And the critics hailed her, too.

During this winter Bette went out on dates for the first time in her life. She remembers the first big date. She says, "A girl I knew asked me if I would go on a double date with her. She said, 'Could you manage a man of forty, do you think, dear? You'll have to drink, my dear.' I said I thought I could manage. We went to the Ritz-Carlton for dinner. I was so excited. It was the first time I had ever been to the Ritz. Cocktails were served. I played with my glass, hoping to escape detection. Later, we went on to a night-club, my first night-club. And I was twenty-one! And when we started home, the 'man of forty' said to me, 'It's so wonderful to meet a girl smart enough not to drink!' I couldn't resist a triumphant and distinctly malicious wink in the direction of my friend."

IT WAS while Bette was playing in "The Solid South," starring Richard Bennett, that Sam Goldwyn asked her, through Arthur Hornblow, to take her first movie test. Bette had never even thought of the movies for herself. The test was for "Raffles." And it was, she says, horrible. It was a silent test but it spoke, Bette recalls, with the tongues of scorpions. From the test she found out, among other things, that her teeth had to be straightened. Nothing came of the test but a bill from the orthodontist. And she did the last weeks of "Solid South" "with my mouth bristling with bands."

The second movie test was for Universal. It was a cold, cold day. She had to go to the extreme edge of New York. Her nerves were on edge. And as the lights went on and the director called "Action!" she gave him action he had never expected. She went out, cold. When she came to, she said, "Don't mind, I do this quite often."

"I was 'invited' to go to Hollywood, to Universal on a three months' contract. I tried to get a new play before leaving for the Coast, hoping that I might be able to stall the inevitable. I didn't want to go to Hollywood. But I didn't get the play and we did go to the Coast.

"We landed in Hollywood December 13th, 1930. The meeting out here, I must tell you! No one met us. We didn't know a soul, didn't know where to go, what to do. I might not have minded so much if I had never done anything in New York. I had been, indeed, rather spoiled and pampered. And here we were, finally checked in at the Hollywood-Plaza Hotel. I called the studio and said, 'My name is Bette Davis. I am here. I just came in on the train. What am I to do now?' There was an ominous pause on the wire before a voice, very pallid, said, 'Oh, we were at the station when your train came in, we didn't see anyone who looked like an actress!'

"That stopped me. In the next few days I took a good look-see about Hollywood. I should like to have died. Those were the days when the movie girls were all too damned flamboyant. Chromium blondes, clothes consisting mainly of feathers, white fox, sequins and a very little of those. And here was I, guiltless of so much as a lipstick. I had never used a lipstick in my life, except on the stage. I had never been to a hairdresser's. My eyebrows were as God had made them. I wore my hair long, a nice neat bun at the nape of my neck. I smiled, a crooked little smile because I was still remembering the brace recently removed from my teeth. There wasn't an artificial thing about me. I looked like Alice wondering about Wonderland!

"I must say this for Hollywood, whatever it may do for people mentally, it does force women to make the most of themselves, physically. You have only to look at the pictures of any of us then and now to know how true this is.

"But then, the terrible then! I hadn't been here very long before it was borne in upon me that they weren't going to do anything very great with me. Everything they did do made me squirm. They bobbed my hair, which broke me up, my 'crowning glory' and all that. They took stills of me that were horrible. They gave me my first part, the 'good sister,' in 'The Bad Sister,' with Sidney Fox.

"I did a picture for Columbia, on loan, called 'The Menace.' People fell out of closets and things. I don't know what I did, not that it mattered. I felt a ray of hope when I did 'Way Back Home' with the Philips Lord gang. I did 'Seed' and 'Waterloo Bridge.' The hope didn't last long. I was petrified of the camera. I always played somebody's sister. And at the end of the year Universal told me I could go. Where, they didn't say, nor, I can guarantee, care.

MY LITTLE screening spirit was all but broken. I knew that they had called me 'the little brown wren' and that lamed my little ego which had been so pleasantly propped up on Broadway. But I was really crucified when I was told that one of the top producers at Universal had said of me, 'I know she's a good actress, but you've got to be careful about casting her, same as you have to be careful about Slim Summerville!' I died forty dusty deaths when I heard that. Nor was I exactly resurrected when my informant went on to quote the producer as saying, 'She has no sex appeal. No one will believe that a fellow would walk to the corner to get her!' "

Bette and Ruth Davis had just about dragged out the suitcases when there came a surprise call from Warner Brothers studio. The message was, "Mr. Arliss wants to see Miss Davis."

Mr. Arliss wanted to see Bette for the part opposite him in "The Man Who Played God." He wanted someone with dignity, someone who would make it believable that he would fall in love with her. Bette, with exciting memories of the great Mr. Arliss on Broadway, Mr. Arliss in "The Devil," Mr. Arliss in "The Green Goddess," felt that a miracle had befallen her. And she remembers, "He scared me to death. His first words were, 'You look very young, my dear. How much experience?' I said, 'Three years,' and he smiled and answered, 'Enough to rub the edges off.'

"I got the part and went into screaming hysterics. But I must have managed the required dignity. For at the end of the picture I signed my Warner Brothers contract, a facsimile of the contract I had had with Universal, one of the old, original Hollywood contracts, the very same contract I have today!

"So, then I was a movie actress. Ruthie and I took a small rented house. Bobbie, college over, joined us out here. I began my endless chain. 'The Rich Are Always With Us,' with Ruth Chatterton and George Brent, 'So Big,' 'The Cabin in the Cotton,' with Richard Barthelmess, which was a step forward, 'Three on a Match,' '20,000 Years in Sing Sing' with Spencer Tracy, and what an actor *he* is! Nobody on God's green earth has any idea



how great he is, so great that no one knows he is acting! I told Ham," Bette laughs, "that it's just as well we were married just before I did '20,000 Years,' because after I met Spencer it might have been just too bad!

"It was in 1932, during my first year at Warners, that Ham came out. And we knew that we wanted to be married. But I felt, then, that the very worst thing Ham could do would be to stay out here. I felt that it would handicap him, wouldn't be fair to him. We didn't have much time to talk it over, however, because one minute after he arrived, Warner Brothers sent me East on a personal appearance tour. Ham waited for me. And for want of anything better to do he picked up his trumpet and played in the Olympic Band at the Olympic Games. I've always regretted that I didn't see him in his sash and



Here's something pretty nice which we wouldn't mind having around the house! Hollywood brings out the best in a girl's looks, according to Bette and judging from this, she's right!

Together again. Bette and Leslie Howard seem to be pretty engrossed in each other in "It's Love I'm After," Miss D.'s current picture.

turban! He must have cut a dashing figure!

"I was away for two months and when I came back on the first of August, well, we were married on the eighteenth. I knew then what I had always known, I think. That Ham and I belonged together. I had just been afraid for Ham, afraid of what Hollywood might do to his career, afraid of putting him in the position of being a star's husband. I've said before that women with careers should be shot, that the instant a girl-child shows any talent for anything other than minding the baby or making fudge she should be shot on sight. And I still say it. The things that women with careers do to their men is murder. Now, Ham is all right. He is with Rockwell O'Keefe, agents. He is on his way, his own way. And he is so generous of spirit, so considerate, so completely without mean rancors or jealousies that we are all right. We've no worries now.

BUT THE wedding! That story must be told! When Ham first came out, in 1932, it all started as a rib, one of those wholly in earnest and partly in fun ribs. He'd say to me, over a soda fountain at Hollywood and Vine or wherever we happened to be, 'I think we ought to be married while I'm here,' and I'd say, 'Oh, I think that would be sort of silly!'

"We had a cottage at Zuma Beach that summer, Ruthie and Bobbie and I. Ham stayed with us and the day would be punctuated with our dotty dialogue. Ham: 'I think we should be married.' Bette: 'If you get a job here I'll think about it.' One bright morning Ham said, 'I think we'll get married today.' And I said, 'Don't be ridiculous.'

Mother took me upstairs that morning and told me I'd better stop my nonsense, that if I didn't marry Ham the chances were that he'd go away, feel too discouraged and not come back again. And then I'd be sorry. I knew how sorry. I knew how right she was. Characteristically, I didn't admit it, then.

"That night Ham drove us back to the Hollywood house. He said, 'You're going to marry me tonight.' I said, 'I am not!' He'd repeat, 'tonight' and I'd say, 'Weelll . . .' My young cousin, who was staying with us, told me that when I'd say, 'Weelll,' he'd get up and dress and when I said, 'I am not,' he'd undress and go back to bed again and that he kept that up for hours.

"Finally, close to midnight I said, 'Well' for the last time. And, with the endurance of all concerned at the breaking point, we set out for Yuma, Arizona, two carloads of us. Mother, my aunt and cousin, Bobbie, two dogs, Ham and I. Quite a nice little group!

"Came dawn and we were still a hundred miles from Yuma, which was hundreds of miles more than we had thought. The thermometer registered 107 in the shade! Ham and I hadn't spoken one word the whole way. It was on the tip of my tongue to say, 'This is horrible, I won't go on.' Ruthie stopped me. She sensed the furies boiling and said, 'Let's not go on.' Which was, of course, the one divinely inspired thing to say. For the mule in me immediately gave a back-kick of the heels and told Ham to step on the gas.

"We arrived in Yuma. Everyone was soaked to the skin. We managed to get three hotel rooms. We all took baths and sat around draped in the counterpanes while our wet rags dried. Ham had to go out and get a new shirt and a wedding ring. I kept muttering, 'This is *so* awful it's funny!'

"When I was asked whether this was my first marriage, I said, 'My third.' That got back to the studio!

"We were married in the house of a Methodist minister. The two poodles washed themselves all through the ceremony. I wore a beige two-piece street dress which resembled the sands of the Arizona desert after the rain it never gets, brown accessories, and two limp gardenias. I kept thinking of the picture I'd always had of myself as a bride, dewy and divine in white satin and orange blossoms, coming up a white ribboned aisle to the strains of Mendelssohn, looking too divine.

"We then drove back to Hollywood. The next day I had to be at the Santa Barbara fiesta, a promise to the studio. We spent a hot, exhausted day fiesta-ing while I kept up a running monologue to myself of 'This isn't the way a wedding should be, this is revolting, this is perfectly horrible.'

"In October I had an appendectomy. We stayed at the beach for a time and Ham would drive me to the studio every morning, starting at five A. M. And would sit in my dressing room all day long, waiting to drive me home again. And I had plenty of qualms and fears that my first fears for him would come true. Now, it's all right. It's all adjusted, beautifully."

Bette went on with her "endless chain." She made "Bureau of Missing Persons," "Fashion Follies of 1934," "Fog Over Frisco," "Housewife." In 1934 she was loaned to RKO-Radio and made "Of Human Bondage" with Leslie Howard. "That picture," Bette says, "was the first honest-to-God rung." She had high hopes of what that picture would mean to her, the difference it would make. The hopes faltered. The difference didn't come true. She made "Bordertown" and "The Girl from 10th Avenue," "Front Page Woman," "Special Agent." She made "Dangerous" and won the Academy Award, but the Award was, actually, for "Bondage." It was righting a wrong which, because of politics and deferred judgments, was done her when the Award did not go to her for "Bondage." She made "Petrified Forest" and "Satan Met a Lady" and "Golden Arrow" and others. And she was tired and tense and discouraged.



She works a good racquet, does Bette, but only on the tennis court. Here she is, all set for a fast game on the court at her Hollywood home.

And then she went away. She went abroad, for the first time in her life. She travelled. And, in England, she brought suit against Warner Brothers, seeking freedom from what she felt to be the bondage of her old, original Hollywood contract.

Bette lost the case, a case so headlined as to be familiar to everyone. But she is not sorry that she did what she did. She said, "I was in such a state of mind that I couldn't be a good sport about it any longer."

Bette did not make money an issue. The issues were the parts she played. She wanted the right to be loaned out once a year when, and as, particularly fine parts were offered her. She wanted time between pictures, a chance to rest, to travel, to refresh and refuel her used-up emotions and energies.

She lost. But she had, perhaps, the satisfaction which comes from striking out, even though the blows hit blank, unyielding walls. It was so much out of her pent-up system. It was relief from tension. And she felt better that she'd done it.

She came back and made "Marked Woman," "Kid Galahad," "That Certain Woman," "It's Love I'm After." She enjoyed the last two especially. She was pleased to be playing again with Leslie Howard. She was pleased that the studio got Henry Fonda to play opposite her in "That Certain Woman," a concession and a generous gesture since they don't customarily, borrow players. She was pleased because the two pictures offered a balanced diversity of characterization.

She is now, at least, content. She has made up her disciplined mind to be content. The Powers That Be have been, she says, completely charming to her since she came back. The victors are generous in their victory as the loser is gallant in defeat.

Bette, who, from the days of her childhood, has always been able to accept finality, accepts finality now.

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Eleanor K. Roosevelt

daughter of Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt of Washington, D. C., photographed in the great hall at Roosevelt Hall. She says: "Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream keeps my skin so much smoother."



Eleanor K. Roosevelt on the steps of Roosevelt Hall, her ancestral home, at Skaneateles, N. Y.

(*Right*) Sailing with a friend on the lake beyond the sloping lawns of the estate.

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FOODS TO THE

By

MARJORIE

DEEN



Courtesy Borden's

Cocosticks built into a little house are an interesting Thanksgiving table decoration. They're simple to make and delicious to eat.

THERE IS no doubt that, from a culinary point of view, the most interesting day of the entire year is Thanksgiving—when foods come to the fore to receive a greater degree of interest than is accorded them at any other time.

So I was naturally delighted when Spring Byington—that attractive screen player, who so charmingly enacts the mother in pictures about The Jones Family—discussed her Thanksgiving plans with me and gave me some of her favorite recipes.

First, we went into the subject of table decorations for this occasion. And I found that, in Miss Byington's opinion, no table decorations could possibly be more attractive than the foods themselves, particularly the turkey surrounded by other delicacies in colorful array!

In describing the dishes she suggested, we'll omit the first course and start right off with the main event. "Let's talk turkey immediately," was the way she put it.

Both of us favored a light, dry bread stuffing rather than a solid, moist one. In outlining the rest of her menu, Miss Byington suggested many unusual ideas, several of which are given here in recipe form. Not too unusual, mind you, for there are certain traditional features which none would wish to omit. But a new dish is always good.

The bird and the stuffing we have already mentioned, and a giblet gravy accompaniment can also be taken for granted by us all. Cranberries are also sure to be included on every menu. This year why not try Cranberry Sherbet, for a welcome change? Its novelty will carry the day and it will make a particular hit with the younger fry who like ices of all sorts.

FEW youngsters should go in for rich pies and puddings. So why not make them up a batch of Cocosticks, which you see illustrated here? You'll find the recipe easy to follow and the results will delight old and young alike.

Maple Marshmallow Sweet Potatoes came up next for discussion. But, why discuss them? Nothing I can tell you could do full justice to this dressy dish, so I'll just give you the recipe.

Many people like squash served as a vegetable on Thanksgiving. Others who use squash for their pie, prefer to omit it as a main course feature. Here is a healthful and simple recipe, and also recipes for several other members of the supporting cast of tempting foods that appear on the same feature program with this popular poultry star. Read them carefully and if you try them out we'll be willing to wager you won't be disappointed.

BAKED SQUASH

Scrub a three- to four-pound winter squash. Place whole on a rack and bake in moderate oven until it is soft and can be easily pricked with a fork. Cut in half, peel and remove seeds and strings. Mash the pulp and for each cup of squash add 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt and a light dash of ginger. Moisten with cream to the desired consistency, beating until light. Place in hot serving dish and sprinkle generously with seedless raisins and a few chopped nuts.

CRANBERRY SHERBET

3 cups cranberries
2 cups boiling water
2 cups sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¼ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons gelatin
½ cup cold water

Pick over and wash cranberries. Drain, add boiling water and cook until berries are soft. Force through a sieve or food mill. Add sugar, lemon juice and salt. Bring to a boil, remove from heat and add gelatin which has soaked for 5 minutes in the cold water. Stir until gelatin has dissolved. Turn into freezing tray of automatic refrigerator and freeze quickly. Or pack in ice and salt in ice cream freezer for several hours. Stirring is not necessary.

FORE!

COCOSTICKS

⅔ cup sweetened condensed milk
1 tablespoon cocoa
7 slices day old bread
½ cup finely shredded cocoanut

Thoroughly blend sweetened condensed milk and cocoa. Remove crusts from 1-inch thick slices of bread and cut each slice crosswise into 1-inch strips. Cover bread sticks on all sides with cocoanut mixture, then roll in cocoanut. Place on greased cookie sheet and brown lightly.

These sticks taste like cocoanut-frosted chocolate angel cake. As a Thanksgiving table decoration, they can be built into a little house, as shown in the illustration.

MAPLE MARSHMALLOW SWEET POTATOES

2 cups mashed sweet potatoes
2 tablespoons evaporated milk
¼ cup melted butter
⅓ cup maple flavored syrup
¼ teaspoon salt
10 marshmallows

Mash cooked, peeled sweet potatoes until free of all lumps. Putting them through a ricer makes it easier. Add evaporated milk, butter, syrup and salt. Beat together thoroughly. Pile lightly into buttered casserole. Cut marshmallows in halves and place on top of potatoes, cut side down. Cook in moderate oven (375°F.) until marshmallows are brown.

TURKEY STUFFING

(10 pound turkey)
1½ small loaves day old bread
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon poultry seasoning
2 small white onions, minced fine
1 cup butter
¼ cup water
1 tablespoon minced parsley

Pick bread, crusts and all, into small pieces. Add salt, pepper, poultry seasoning and minced onions. Melt butter in large frying pan. Add bread mixture and cook gently until thoroughly blended and a very light golden brown. Add water gradually, blending well. Remove from heat, add minced parsley.



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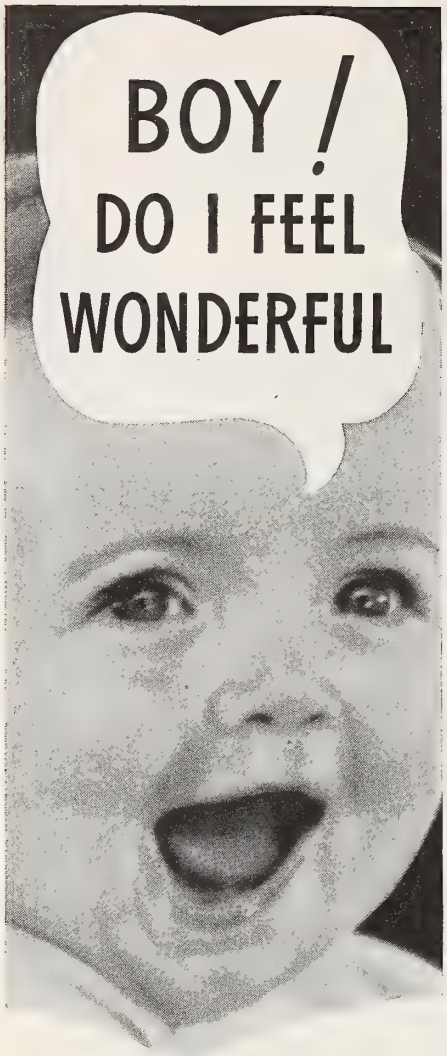


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Wayne Morris (First printing. Number of requests 370.) Here is a boy who has gotten the breaks, and he's made the most of them. Born right in the heart of Los Angeles, he attended school and junior college in California, then joined the Pasadena Community Playhouse School. He appeared in numerous plays, the most successful of which was "Yellowjack." In this a Warner Brothers talent scout saw him and he was given a contract with that studio. His present ambition is to become a successful screen star, and if that doesn't work out then he'd just as soon be a salesman. At the present writing he is gaining in popularity by the day, but as yet he has no business manager and no secretary. He is six feet two inches tall, weighs a hundred and ninety pounds, has blue eyes and blond hair and is an all-around he-man. His first really big movie role was the prize-fighter in "Kid Galahad." He owns a pet police dog, hopes some day to have a stable of horses and a beach house, and his hobby is keeping a scrapbook.

Jeanette MacDonald (Last printed May, 1937. Total number of requests since then 653.) It's hard to believe that the breathtakingly beautiful Jeanette of today was ever scrawny and freckled, with teeth too wide apart and legs like pipestems. But it's true. In addition to these very definite handicaps, however, the young MacDonald girl possessed a will of iron, indomitable courage and an heroic ambition to succeed. At the tender age of three she stood all alone in a large Presbyterian church in Philadelphia and sang the difficult hymn, "There Will Be Glory for Me." As she grew older, girls made fun of her and mocked her for this defect or that one. Jeanette took it on the chin. And she fought back. She exercised with spartan endurance. Followed a rigid diet and before anyone realized it there developed from the fourteen-year-old ugly duckling of 1914 the beautiful, golden Jeanette of today. While still little more than a child, she danced with Ann Pennington and others in Philadelphia theatres and then entered the lists of Ned Wayburn's chorus girls. It was her vivacious interpretation of the title role of "Yes, Yes, Yvette" that won her her first important recognition. After that, her career shot upwards like a rocket, carrying her to the very pinnacle of success in Hollywood. Her most outstanding pictures have been made with Nelson Eddy, but Mr. Eddy did not win her heart in real life. It was Gene Raymond who, this past June, marched Jeanette down the aisle in one of Hollywood's most spectacular wedding ceremonies. Her current picture is "The Firefly," with Allan Jones.



If you'd like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, and, incidentally, help boost his or her standing in our barometer, fill in and send us the coupon on this page, or, if that seems too much trouble, just write. Your request will be recorded whether you bother with the coupon or not, as that is the only gauge we have in rating the stars each month. Try to save yourself two cents by using postcards whenever possible.

We answer general questions, too, in these columns, so if you want to know anything at all about anything at all pertaining to the movies, fire away, we're listening. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.

Robert Kent (Last printed January, 1937. Total number of requests since then 377.) One of Hollywood's rising young men, of whom big things are expected during the coming year, Robert Kent has been an able seaman, a prizefighter, a farm hand, a bank messenger, a riding master and a professional model during the course of his career. His father died when he was six years old, leaving his mother the sole responsibility of fitting her son for the years to come. She managed to make enough money to send him through a Brooklyn high school. After that he was on his own and moved from job to job, not as a drifter, but as a seeker. It was his modelling job, acquired because of his six-foot-out-of-door physique, that really began his theatrical career. He became acquainted with a group of players who called themselves the Brooklyn Neighborhood Theatre and they gave Kent a role in "King Lear." Right then and there he knew where his future lay and he went after it hammer and tongs. From one small stage role to another, he finally landed himself a contract with Paramount. He found, however, that a contract didn't necessarily mean you worked in pictures, so he tore it up and went back to the stage to appear in "Kind Lady," with May Robson. Darryl Zanuck saw him in this one and he was signed by 20th Century-Fox, where he has made a number of successful pictures and where he still hangs his hat. Rest assured you'll be seeing a lot of Mr. K. during the coming picture season.



Put your favorite movie star at the top of the barometer—send your requests today!

Josephine Mazur, New Kensington, Pa. You lose. Jack Haley did not sing in "Wake Up and Live." The vocalizing was done by Buddy Clark. Alice Faye's latest picture is "In Old Chicago," with Tyrone Power and Don Ameche.

N. Gaddis Heller, Rumson, N. J. Errol Flynn's latest picture is "The Perfect Specimen." Joan Blondell plays opposite him.

A. Rothenberger, Orchard Park, N. Y. Tyrone Power is the son of the late Tyrone Sr., and was not adopted. He has one sister.

R. W. Marshall, Excelsior Springs, Mo. Address your request for pictures of the Mauch twins to Warner Brothers, Burbank, California. Enclose twenty-five cents for each photograph desired. Address Freddie Bartholomew, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, California.

Rhoda Newman, Brooklyn, N. Y. Judy Garland is thirteen years old, is four feet eleven inches tall and weighs ninety-five pounds. Ray Milland is married to a non-professional.

Willette Stasik, Duquesne, Pa. The young man you refer to, who played the role of Dick Grovernor in "Stella Dallas," is Tim Holt. He is the son of Jack Holt and has just been signed to a contract by Walter Wanger. Address him Walter Wanger Productions, United Artists, Hollywood, California.

Ida Blanche Stage, Chattanooga, Tenn. At this writing Sonja Henie is still number one girl with Tyrone Power, so don't believe those rumors about Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor, etc.

Jane Snow, New Rochelle, N. Y. Errol Flynn is twenty-eight years old.

Janet Vermillion, Washington, D. C. Write Nelson Eddy care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, California.

Mrs. L. Anderson, Milwaukee, Wis. Carol Hughes is the girl who played opposite Joe E. Brown in "The Earthworm Tractor."

Sylvia Plachinski, Cudahy, Wis. It would seem you like Myrna Loy! Well, here goes: She has dark red hair, has a stand-in and is now settled in her new home in Cold Water Canyon. She married Arthur Hornblow in 1936. The question as to salary we are unable to answer.

(*Continued on page 98*)

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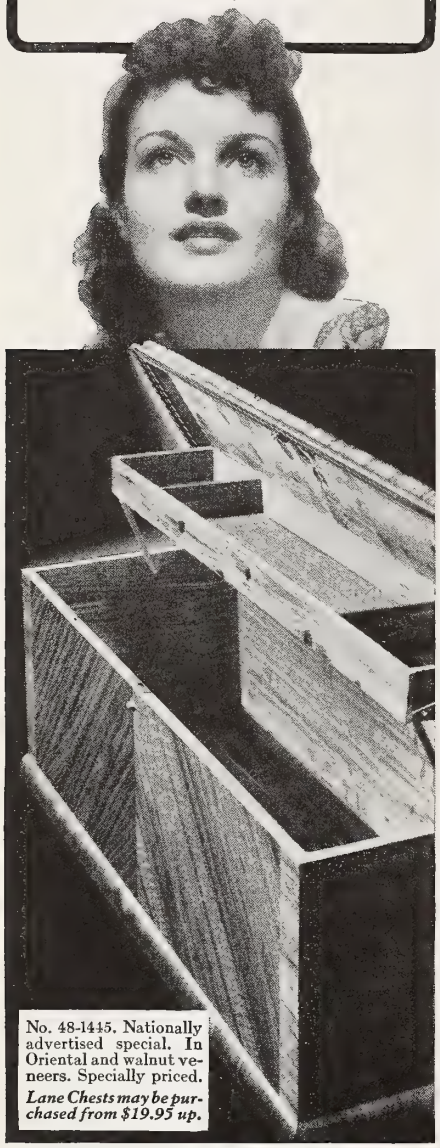
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G—W—T—W—

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I'll have to take my pen in hand and help them out a bit.
Now, first there's Walter Connolly—I choose him for O'Hara—
Who so right as Walter for the bouncing Squire of Tara?
I'd have the little Allan girl for Ashley's gentle wife;
Poor Ashley couldn't be miscast more than he was in life.
And Ronald Colman I would cast to play the part of Rhett;
Of course, he's not a Southerner—he's English born—and yet
How eloquent his silences—his speech, oh, how laconic,
And, oh, this Englishman can be so terribly sardonic!
But Scarlett, no, I can't cast her—the soulless little harlot;
I hope no woman ever lived who fits the part of Scarlett!
—Caroline Lawson, Oshkosh, Wis.

$2.00 Prize Letter

Chastising the Chatterers

Somebody invariably shrieks, "Look out, Bob!" when some new, cute-looking youth crashes the local theatre's screen. Any minute you'd expect Robert Taylor to be shoved right off the screen for keeps. The endless stream of chatterers who are willing to bet most anything that Bob's downfall will be greater and much more rapid than his quick rise, must expect more than a million admirers to suddenly forget that there ever was a Robert Taylor and start ranting about a new rising star whose career is anything but stable at present.

I can't find anything anywhere that gives definite proof that Bob is waning in box office or fan mail pull. Yes, new boys are headed for the top at a steady pace, but they have done that ever since Adam.

The screen needs a variety of new personalities. The new ones will eventually take their places, but just as Fredric March said in "A Star Is Born," they will be ready for their curtain when the time comes. Until that happens, my guess is that Taylor won't grow grey hair over "threatening" males.—Gordon Blackwell, Orlando, Fla.

**WRITE A LETTER—
WIN A PRIZE**

Make your letter or poem brief, and say your little say. This is an open forum, written by the fans, and for them.

These letters must be absolutely original! Don't copy or adapt letters from those already published. This constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Until now, it hasn't been necessary for Modern Screen to bring this to your attention, but recently two of our contributors have been guilty of plagiarism. We hope this warning will put an end to any further unpleasantness.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, $5; 2 second prizes of $2 each; 6 prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You and Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

$2.00 Prize Letter

Battle Royal

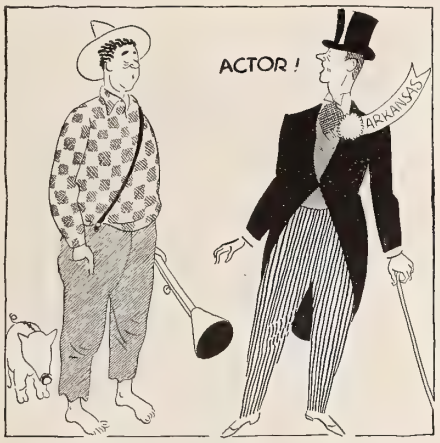
Back in seventeen seventy-six,
This country was in a terrible fix,
The Red-coats and farmers were having their fights,
But now look at the Taylor and Tyroneites.

Across the country is raging a battle,
That can be heard from Savannah to Seattle.
From the young school girl to the old schoolmarm
Pour indignant letters filled with alarm
Over some snippy, uncultured flirt
Who had actually dared to assert
That handsome, sparkling Tyrone Power
Made Taylor look like a wilted flower,
And ardent fans had better not go
When Taylor was advertised at the show.

'N' ME

For it simply couldn't be a wow
With an actor (?) like S. Arlington Brugh.

Oh, Robert is handsome and full of wit,
All this and more I'm compelled to admit,



An Arkansan's candid opinion of Bob Burns is more bitter than 'tis sweet.

But what wouldn't I give for one measly hour
With a charming chap by the name of Power!

—Jeanne L. Stark, St. Louis, Mo.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Patriotism or Temper

You may call this a letter of patriotism, criticism, or an outburst of temper. I call it another Arkansawyer's candid opinion of Bob Burns!

It seems as if Arkansas is one of the most ridiculed states in the Union, and I fail to see why, as would anyone who would care to investigate our state's history.

I think vigorously, savagely and furiously that the antics and so-called witticisms of Mr. Burns are nothing short of treason to our state. That anyone would poke fun at and make his state the goat of so many ignorant jibes is unthinkable. To become famous by making humorous films about the hospitable, loyal and intelligent people who claim Arkansas as their beloved home is not only very unjust but also dishonorable.

Bob Burns may be world-famous, but a few more pictures similar to "Mountain Music" will only increase the hostile feelings of his native friends. I'm from Arkansas and proud of it, and I don't see why Bob Burns shouldn't be, too.—Grayce Higginbotham, Nettleton, Ark.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Backing Up Ginger

If Ginger Rogers wants to go dramatic, I'm here to back her up. I would very much like to see her in some more non-musical roles again. Remember that splendid detective film, "Star of Midnight," that she made with William Powell and those hilarious comedy sequences? And, too, that film she whipped up with Lyle Talbot called "A Shriek in the Night?" It mightn't have been an epic, but it had what every film needs—entertainment. I'm waiting for "Stage Door," for I have faith that Ginger will outshine Katharine Hepburn.

Now, don't get me wrong. My liking for the Astaire and Rogers team hasn't chilled. But I would like to see Ginger a versatile actress. Look at Irene Dunne. She switched from a musical, "Showboat," to comedy, "Theodora Goes Wild," and did a swell dramatic job in "Magnificent Obsession." So why can't Ginger Rogers? Please let her strut her stuff with Mr. Astaire and without him. Ginger's fans will back her up!—Josephine Crutcher, So. Boca Grande, Fla.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Those Misplaced Eyebrows

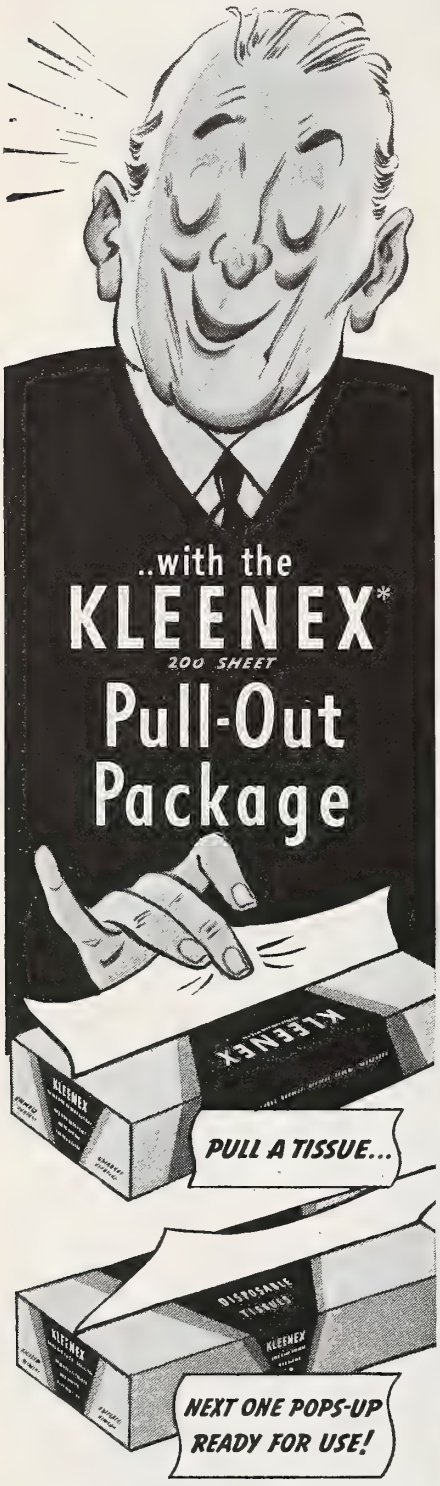
Something ought to be done about those slim-looking mustaches appearing on the upper lips of such movie personages as Errol Flynn, Clark Gable and Don Ameche. A real honest-to-goodness mustache lends quite an air to a certain sophisticated type of face or can (so I'm told) cover a defective mouth or a weak one. But these misplaced eyebrows do nothing but annoy.

As far as good looks go, the Messrs. Flynn, Gable and Ameche have nothing to hide, so why in Heaven's name they have affected these awful things is a mystery to me. What are they trying to do—look like Jack Oakie?—Dorothy Reilly, Pelham, N. Y.

(*Continued on page 92*)



No Fumble...
No Jumble...
No Grumble!



200 sheet KLEENEX now 2 for 25c
. . . The handy size for every room
KLEENEX*
DISPOSABLE TISSUES
(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

FOR BED AND BRIDGE

Smart knits for day or night



2476—This is called the Tab Dress, and it isn't difficult to see why.

THE trend in hand knits has definitely turned to one-piece dresses, particularly in designs as chic as the Tab Dress. You will always feel at your best in the smooth, smart lines of this dress, which will give you that new "poured in" look. And it's as easy to make as it is smart.

Plan to make two or three cozy bed sacques for Christmas gifts, besides the several you'll want for yourself. This stunning coatee is made with a new gadget on which innumerable charming shapes, in eight different sizes, can be woven simply by winding the yarn around two metal disks that are adjustable. The coupon below will bring you free instructions for both garments.



1309—New and flattering are the flower-shaped designs of this bed jacket. A grand Christmas gift, incidentally.

ANN WILLS, MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me,

Knitting directions for 2476.....

Crocheting directions for 1309.....

I am enclosing a stamped, addressed (large) envelope.

Name .....

Street .....

City.....State.....

(Check one or both designs and please print name and address)



Loretta Young may look cute from here, but that hat didn't set well a-tall with the customers who sat back of it at the tennis matches. However, L. Y. serenely enjoyed the game with lid clamped firmly on dome.

Good News

(*Continued from page 17*)

Don't be surprised if Carole Lombard changes her name to Mrs. Clark Gable shortly after the Gable divorce becomes final. There has been no particular evidence of forthcoming wedding bells until the other day. We ran into a chap who just sold them a lot, which they bought jointly, out in Brentwood Highlands.

■ ■ ■

Joan Fontaine, blonde sister of Olivia De Havilland, got a break when she was given the role opposite Fred Astaire in "Damsel in Distress." And so did a little extra girl on the lot, although the studio hasn't publicized it. The extra gal doubled for Joan in all the dances. Doubles don't get much credit, but this one drew down a hundred dollars a week for floating about in the arms of Astaire.

■ ■ ■

One of the tragedies of Hollywood is that a star can't afford much publicity of the wrong type. Often, when a player is being maligned in the public prints, there are other angles to the case which the reader never knows about. Such, according to those close to it, is the situation with George Brent. Since he lost his recent suit for annulment of his marriage to Constance Worth, Brent has been stamped as a villain by thousands of letters to the studio. Yet, people who know the couple say that if the whole truth could be aired, Mr. B. would appear in an entirely different light.

■ ■ ■

Know who's sleeping in Garbo's bed these days? Jack Oakie, of all people. The Oakies recently moved into Garbo's most recently vacated home, and Oakie is enjoy-

(*Continued on page 101*)



then Happiness for TWO

YOUNG HANDS are adorable! Soft and smooth! How much older your hands look when you let the skin get rough and dry.

Simple exposure to wind or cold—or even the use of water—will take away youth-giving moisture from your hand skin. Then it's like old skin—harsh, likely to crack—not nice to touch.

Turn to Jergens Lotion for help. Jergens restores moisture to your skin because it *soaks in*. Of all lotions tested, Jergens proved to go in the best. You remember—it never feels sticky. Those two famous ingredients in Jergens are the same as many doctors use to smooth and whiten rough, chapped skin. Even one application softens amazingly!

Romance usually comes to girls with charming hands. So don't delay. Get Jergens Lotion today. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, $1.00 for the big economy size—at any drug, department, or 10¢ store.

• WALTER WINCHELL broadcasts every Sunday night—NBC Blue Network—Coast-to-Coast. Listen in!

FREE! Purse-Size Bottle of Jergens

Convince yourself—entirely free—how quickly Jergens *goes in*—softens rough harsh hands.

JERGENS LOTION



MAIL THIS COUPON, NOW

Andrew Jergens Co., 1636 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada, Perth, Ontario.)

I do want to try Jergens Lotion. Please send my purse-size—*free*.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

WORKED WONDERS FOR HER SKIN!

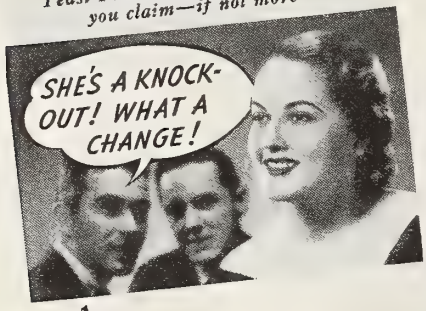
"My skin was awful. I was ashamed to even look in a mirror"



"Then I read how your tablets helped others. I tried them, and soon began to see results."



"I'm not afraid of a mirror now. Yeast Foam Tablets are everything you claim—if not more"



ARE YOU missing good times—suffering needless embarrassment—because of a pimply, blemished skin? Then heed this story! It's the actual experience of a grateful user of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

Let Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others. This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which stimulate sluggish digestive organs—restore natural elimination—and rid the body of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins. You'll look better—and feel better.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes

Yeast Foam Tablets

Now in the New **Double Value** *30-Day Size*



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Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. MM 12-37

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Canadian readers please send 10c to cover postage and duty

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer	General Rating
*Angel (Paramount)	2★
Angel's Holiday (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Another Dawn (Warners)	2½★
Armored Car (Universal)	1★
Artists and Models (Paramount)	3★
As Good As Married (Universal)	2★
A Star Is Born (United Artists)	4★
Back in Circulation (Warners)	2★
Bad Guy (M-G-M)	2★
Bank Alarm (Grand National)	2½★
Behind the Headlines (RKO)	2★
Between Two Women (M-G-M)	2★
Big Business (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Big City (M-G-M)	2½★
The Big Shot (RKO)	1★
Blonde Trouble (Paramount)	2½★
Border Cafe (RKO)	1★
Born Reckless (20th Century-Fox)	2★
*The Bride Wore Red (M-G-M)	1★
Broadway Melody of 1938 (M-G-M)	3★
Bulldog Drummond Comes Back (Paramount)	1★
Cafe Metropole (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Call It a Day (Warners)	3½★
Captains Courageous (M-G-M)	4★
Charlie Chan at the Olympics (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Charlie Chan on Broadway (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Confession (Warners)	2★
Crusade Against Rackets (Principal)	2★
Dance, Charlie, Dance (Warners)	2★
*Dangerously Yours (20th Century-Fox)	1★
A Day at the Races (M-G-M)	3½★
The Devil Is Driving (Columbia)	2½★
Dangerous Holiday (Republic)	1½★
Dark Journey (United Artists)	3★
Dead End (Samuel Goldwyn)	4★
Double or Nothing (Paramount)	2★
*Double Wedding (M-G-M)	3★
Dreaming Lips (United Artists)	2½★
Easy Living (Paramount)	2½★
*Ebb-Tide (Paramount)	2★
Elephant Boy (United Artists)	3★
The Emperor's Candlesticks (M-G-M)	3★
Exclusive (Paramount)	2½★
Ever Since Eve (Warners)	1★
*Fight For Your Lady (RKO)	2★
A Fight to the Finish (Columbia)	1★
The Firefly (M-G-M)	3★
*First Lady (Warners)	3★
Flight from Glory (RKO)	2★
Fly-Away Baby (Warners)	2½★
Fifty Roads to Town (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Forty Naughty Girls (RKO)	2★
Frame-Up (Columbia)	2★
Gangway (GB)	2½★
The Girl from Scotland Yard (Paramount)	2★
The Girl Said No (Grand National)	2★
The Go-Getter (Warners)	2★
The Gold Racket (Grand National)	2★
The Good Earth (M-G-M)	4★
Good Old Soak (M-G-M)	2½★
The Great Gambini (Paramount)	1★
*The Great Garrick (Warners)	3★
The Great Hospital Mystery (20th Century-Fox)	1★
High, Wide and Handsome (Paramount)	3½★
The Hit Parade (Republic)	2★
Hollywood Cowboy (RKO)	2★
Hotel Haywire (Paramount)	2★
*Hot Water (20th Century-Fox)	1★
I Met Him in Paris (Paramount)	3½★
Internes Can't Take Money (Paramount)	2½★
I Promise to Pay (Columbia)	2★
It Can't Last Forever (Columbia)	1½★
It Could Happen to You (Republic)	1★
*It's All Yours (Columbia)	2★
*It's Love I'm After (Warners)	3★
Jim Hanvey, Detective (Republic)	1★
Kid Galahad (Warners)	3½★
King of Gamblers (Paramount)	2★
King Solomon's Mines (GB)	2★
Knight Without Armor (United Artists)	3½★
The Last Train from Madrid (Paramount)	2½★
The League of Frightened Men (Columbia)	2★
Let Them Live (Universal)	2★
The Life of Emile Zola (Warners)	4★
The Life of the Party (RKO)	1★
London by Night (M-G-M)	2★
Lost Horizon (Columbia)	4★
*Love Is on the Air (Warners)	1★
Love from a Stranger (United Artists)	2½★
Love in a Bungalow (Universal)	2★
Love Under Fire (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Make a Wish (RKO)	2½★
Make Way for Tomorrow (Paramount)	3½★
The Man in Blue (Universal)	2★
Marked Woman (Warners)	3★
Married Before Breakfast (M-G-M)	2½★
Marry the Girl (Warners)	1½★
Mayerling (Nero)	4★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Meet the Missus (RKO)	2★
Michael O'Halloran (Republic)	1★
Midnight Madonna (Paramount)	1★
Midnight Taxi (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Mr. Dodd Takes the Air (Warners)	2★
Mountain Justice (Warners)	2★
Mountain Music (Paramount)	2★
*Music for Madame (RKO)	2★
New Faces of 1937 (RKO)	3★
Night Key (Universal)	2½★
Night Must Fall (M-G-M)	2★
Night of Mystery (Paramount)	1★
Nobody's Baby (Hal Roach)	1★
Oh, Doctor! (Universal)	1½★
One Mile from Heaven (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
On Again—Off Again (RKO)	1★
100 Men and a Girl (Universal)	4★
On Such a Night (Paramount)	1★
Ourselves Alone (GB)	2½★
Outcasts of Poker Flat (RKO)	2½★
Parnell (M-G-M)	2★
Parole Racket (Columbia)	1★
*The Perfect Specimen (Warners)	3★
Personal Property (M-G-M)	2½★
Pick a Star (Hal Roach)	2★
The Prince and the Pauper (Warners)	3½★
Prisoner of Zenda (Selznick-International)	4★
Public Wedding (Warners)	1★
Racketeers in Exile (Columbia)	2½★
Ready, Willing and Able (Warners)	2★
Reported Missing (Universal)	2★
Riding on Air	2½★
The Road Back (Universal)	3★
Roaring Timber (Columbia)	2★
Romeo and Juliet (M-G-M)	4★
San Quentin (Warners)	2½★
Saratoga (M-G-M)	3★
Seventh Heaven (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Shall We Dance (RKO)	3★
*The Sheik Steps Out (Republic)	1★
She's No Lady (Paramount)	1★
Silent Barriers (GB)	3★
Sing and Be Happy (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Singing Marine (Warners)	3★
Slave Ship (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Slim (Warners)	3★
The Soldier and the Lady (RKO)	2½★
Something to Sing About (Grand National)	2½★
Song of the City (M-G-M)	1★
Sophie Lang Goes West (Paramount)	2½★
Souls at Sea (Paramount)	3★
*Stage Door (RKO)	4★
Stella Dallas (Sam Goldwyn)	4★
Super Sleuth (RKO)	1★
Strangers on a Honeymoon (GB)	2★
Sweetheart of the Navy (Grand National)	1★
Swing High, Swing Low (Paramount)	3★
Talent Scout (Warners)	1★
That Certain Woman (Warners)	2★
That I May Live (20th Century-Fox)	1★
That Man's Here Again (Warners)	1★
There Goes My Girl (RKO)	2★
They Gave Him a Gun (M-G-M)	3★
Thin Ice (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Think Fast, Mr. Moto (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Thirteenth Chair (M-G-M)	2★
*This Way, Please (Paramount)	1★
They Won't Forget (Warners)	3★
This Is My Affair (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Thunder in the City (Columbia)	2½★
Time Out for Romance (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Toast of New York (RKO)	3★
Top of the Town (Universal)	2½★
Topper (Hal Roach)	3★
Trouble in Morocco (Columbia)	2★
Turn Off the Moon (Paramount)	1★
23½ Hours Leave (Grand National)	2★
Under the Red Robe (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Varsity Show (Warners)	3★
*Victoria the Great (RKO)	3★
Vogues of 1938 (Walter Wanger)	3★
Waikiki Wedding (Paramount)	3★
Wake Up and Live (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Way Out West (Hal Roach)	2½★
Wee Willie Winkie (20th Century-Fox)	4★
We Have Our Moments (Universal)	2★
When Love is Young (Universal)	3★
When Thief Meets Thief (United Artists)	2★
White Bondage (Warners)	1★
*Wife, Doctor and Nurse (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Wild and Woolly (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Wildcatter (Universal)	2★
Wild Money (Paramount)	1★
Wings Over Honolulu (Universal)	2½★
Woman Chases Man (Sam Goldwyn)	3★
The Woman I Love (RKO)	2½★
You Can't Beat Love (RKO)	1★
You Can't Have Everything (20th Century-Fox)	3★
You're in the Army Now (GB)	2½★

Turn to our Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. It's a valuable guide in choosing entertainment. Instead of giving the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

A Letter from Shirley

(*Continued from page 33*)

stick him in his little tummy, but he never says a word and he feels all right, so I guess they don't. Maybe he chews the points off before he swallows them. I certainly hope so.

THEN Spunky, my Shetland pony, he eats dog biscuits. Did you ever hear of a pony eating dog biscuits? D'you suppose he thinks he's a dog? It's just terrible because, no matter how many biscuits you give him, he always wants more, and he steals them away from the poor little dogs. And then Red, he's the parrot, he tries to steal his meat. Red is just a crazy bird. He's always having arguments with my dogs, he tries to chase them away from the pans when they have their dinner, and he squawks and squawks and they bark and bark, and there's plenty of racket, I can tell you. Red just argues with anybody. I guess he's a born arguer, he walks up and down the wall and talks to the horses. And when the horses don't pay attention, he drops his bowl of food with an awful bang and he yells, "Fire, fire, shut the door." He thinks he's scaring somebody, but shucks, we all know Red, we just let him yell.

I wish you could see Spunky, though. He's the darlingest pony, he knows all kinds of tricks. He can bow, and he can kneel, and he can roll over and lie down. I mean, if he wants to, he can, but Spunky likes to tease you. Sometimes I want to show people how cute he is, and I say "Bow, Spunky," and he just kind of squats down and looks at me. And he won't even budge, no matter how many times you ask him, and you can give him sugar and everything, and he just looks at you. Then if you go quietly away and peek around the corner, there's Spunky bowing and kneeling and rolling over all by himself, and kind of laughing out of the corner of his eye. I guess he likes jokes, too.

I don't know if it's more fun at home or the studio. At home I have a red and white playroom, because red is my favorite color. I wanted my bedroom to be red, too, but Mommy said blue is more restfuler, so I said all right, because I like blue, too. But red is my favorite. What's yours? I read in my playroom, and at night Mommy reads to me in bed. She's just reading me "Tom Sawyer." Isn't that a beautiful book? I love the Bible stories, too, especially the one about Lazarus. I don't know why, I just like it best.

ONCE in a while I do something I think is fun, but Mommy doesn't. Like one day I thought I'd have a pie factory, so I baked some pies out of sawdust and mud and I made a sign, "Shirley's Pie Factory," and I stood outside the gate and I yelled, "Wanta buy a pie? Wanta buy a pie?" And all the cars stopped and bought my pies. One lady wanted to send it back to where she lived, Cincinutti or something, but I told her it wouldn't keep, so she said she'd put it in a bottle. I made twenty-seven cents, that's quite a lot for mudpies, but then Mommy found me and thought I better stop.

The lady says I can tell anything I like, so I'd like to tell about Honolulu. I was just there not long ago, when I had my vacation When you have your vacation I hope you go there, too, because they have beautiful flowers and a nice long ride on a boat and little brown babies and flying fish. At first you think they're birds, but they're



Consult a Doctor *instead of a* Lawyer

The simple "Lysol" method of feminine hygiene has ended many a "misunderstanding"

MANY a neglected wife would get a happier solution of her problem, if she consulted a doctor instead of a lawyer. For very often, a husband's neglect arises from a wife's failure to keep herself immaculately, *intimately* clean.

Are *you* sure you haven't been guilty of carelessness in your own personal hygiene? You may not be aware of this offense. Yet it may be intolerable to others; particularly to your husband. Better learn about "Lysol".

Too many women fail in this matter of personal daintiness. If the truth were known, "incompatibility" often means *ignorance of correct feminine hygienic measures for cleanliness.*

Ask *your* doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. For more than 50 years "Lysol" has been recommended by many doctors, and used by countless women, for antiseptic feminine hygiene. "Lysol" is widely used by the medical and nursing professions, for exacting antiseptic needs. There are many valuable personal and household uses for "Lysol", and every druggist carries it.

THE 6 SPECIAL FEATURES OF "LYSOL"

1. NON-CAUSTIC..."Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

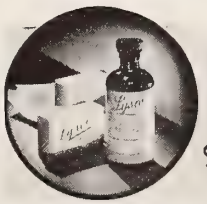
2. EFFECTIVENESS..."Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions ...effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3. PENETRATION..."Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out* germs.

4. ECONOMY..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. ODOR...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6. STABILITY..."Lysol" keeps its *full* strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.



Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK Products Corp., Dept. 12-M S. Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Copr., 1937 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

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not birds at all. They come right out of the waves with their little silver stomachs, and then bing! they go in again, and they don't even make the teeniest splash.

The first time you go to Honolulu, you're *malahini*—that means stranger, because you never were there before. If you go again, you're *kamaaina*—that means you stopped being a stranger and belong there. This time I was *kamaaina*. They have nice words in Honolulu, but I'm certainly glad I don't have to spell them.

All the people came on the boat and they sang *Aloha*. It means, "How are you, we're glad to see you, welcome." And they sang "The Good Ship Lollypop," too. That was a song in a picture with my friend, Jimmy Dunn. And oh my! the leis. Everybody gives you leis. Mine were mostly *pikaki* leis, they look like popcorn but they smell even nicer. I had so many, they stuck off my arms and shoulders, and the only thing was I didn't have room to carry my boy doll, Jimmy. It was all right, except he'd rather have me carry him. But when I saw him in the hotel, what do you think? He had a lei, too, so I guess he didn't mind, because on account of the lei he knew they were glad to see him. That's what it means, you know.

SOME of my friends I met the last time came on the boat. One was Captain Wilson, he belongs to the American Navy. And one was Tai Sing Loo, he takes pictures and he has two little girls my size. One little girl didn't like her name, but she likes Shirley, so now her name is Shirley. I think that's pretty funny. She just said, "I don't like my name, so now I'm Shirley." I guess it's a pretty good thing I like Shirley, because if I said, "I don't like my name, so now I'm Barbara," I don't know if they'd let me change it.

My friend Duke Kahanamoku came, but I call him Duke, because the rest is too long. He's very strong. He's so strong, he carried me down to the dock on his shoulders. I'm pretty heavy all by myself, but being full of leis made me good and heavy, so you can imagine how strong he is. He didn't seem to care any more than if I was a fly, and it was nice riding way up high like that. Then we rode to the hotel, and it was an open car, and people threw leis at us. One hit me right in the nose. I had to laugh, because it was so awfully soft and smelled so very good.

We used to go swimming in a pool, and there was a little girl named June and a little girl named Martha, and a little dog named Bozo. Bozo was a white little dog with black ears and a black tail, and oh my! how he did love to go swimming in the water. He'd just plunk right in and go swimming round and round, with his black ears sticking up. And if you called him, he wouldn't listen. You'd think he was in a race or something, he'd swim so hard. Then he'd jump out and shake all the water off and look around as if he was proud of himself, and we'd say, "Hooray, Bozo, you're almost as good as Duke." He wasn't really, of course, because Duke is a champion, but I guess if there were dog champions, Bozo would certainly be one.

There was an octopus in the aquarium who didn't like me. I don't know why, I never did anything to him. I just put my hands on the glass to see him better, but other people put their hands on the glass, too, and he didn't seem to care, he just floated around. Only when I did it, he ran clear to the back of the tank and he turned white. Honestly he did. He was a gray octopus, and he just turned white, and some ink came running out of him, and then he flew at me. My goodness, I was scared. I forgot about the glass being there and I jumped way back, and then when he didn't see me any more, he turned gray again.

The man who takes care of the aquarium told me to go back, and I did, on account of the glass being there. That's what made me brave. I went back and I said to that old octopus, *"Ni men shih yin' shih shu ni?"* That means in Chinese, "Are we mice or men?" I learned it in "Stowaway," and I say it when anything tries to scare me. But I guess that octopus didn't understand Chinese, because the minute he saw me, he started bouncing round and turning white again. The man said he was frightened, because I didn't have a hat on, and he doesn't like the shine the sun makes on yellow hair. So if you have yellow hair, you better wear a hat when you go to see the octopus in Honolulu. That's all I can tell you. If it's black, you don't have to bother.

WE went across the Pali to see David, my friend I met when I was there two years ago. He has a grass shack to live in and a mat he sleeps on, and a wife and a little baby. He had the shack and the mat before, but the baby is new.

The Pali is a mountain where a king used to throw his enemies over the cliff. Goodness, that's a high cliff. I'm certainly glad I wasn't that king's enemy. There's a nice thing up there, too, it's the Aloha rock. It just looks like a rock, but if you say Aloha to it, you have good luck. Some of the people didn't want to bother getting out of the car, so I had to make them. I didn't want to be a nuisance, but I wanted them to have good luck.

There were some jokes in Honolulu, too. You can find jokes almost everywhere, I guess. F'rinstance, they have an outrigger canoe, and the man said, "It's a Samoan canoe." So I asked him if he was going to canoe some more. I knew it wasn't a some-more-an canoe, I was just pretending, because I thought it was a good joke. I like to laugh. The man laughed, too.

But I wasn't pretending about the night-blooming cereus. It's a flower and it only blooms at night, in the daytime it's all closed up. We went out to see it bloom. When you put your hand inside, it feels so nice and cool. I thought it was a serious kind of flower, but Mommy said no, it was a different kind of cereus, and just a name. That wasn't a joke, it was just not knowing the difference.

Daddy bought me a ukelele, and I learned to play on it a little. I used to say u-kelele, but now I say oo-kelele, because that's how they say it in Honolulu, and it's their word, so they ought to know. I asked the man who gave me lessons what it meant, and it means jumping flea, because your fingers jump around like fleas when you play on it. I learned how to play "My Little Red Opoo"——that's a very funny song, because "opoo" means stomach, and it's all about a *malahini* who doesn't know how hot the sun is in Honolulu, so he lies on the beach and gets his poor little stomach all red and sunburned. I guess it wouldn't be so funny if it really happened, but it's only a song.

When we went away, they sang *Aloha* again. It means hello, but it means goodbye, too, and we like you, and we hope you'll come back some time. I never saw a word that meant such a lot of lovely things. So I guess I'll say *aloha* now to all.

Your friend,
SHIRLEY TEMPLE.

You'll talk about the Anita Louise story—in January Modern Screen

M'Lady Minus Makeup

(*Continued from page 35*)

first time we've met since the days when we were that way about each other. I used to run around with a whole crowd of newspapermen and Ronald was one of them. And we were so-o-o enamored of one another—until I introduced him to Una Merkel at a party. Well," and Rochelle shrugged a shoulder, "they liked each other just too well and were married in less than a month.

"When such crises arise in my life, I just remind myself fast of some tried-and-true statements. You know, check it up to profit and loss and call it experience; all's fair in love and war; men are like street cars with another along in a minute; it was a lot of fun while it lasted. Oh, there's any number you can whip up for variation!"

"But isn't it possible that you can be a good sport about such situations because you haven't cared deeply? You've probably never been really in love."

Rochelle suddenly looked up. "In love?" she said quietly. "I doubt if any girl was ever more in love with a man than I, or ever had a heart so completely shattered by it." She fitted a cigarette with great care, into a paper holder before continuing. "But I could take that, too. I even learned to be grateful for it. You see, it taught me how to be happy."

"The secret," she continued thoughtfully, "is to never put your whole faith in any one person. Have enough in yourself so that life can never leave you in the lurch."

"Does that mean that you aren't going to fall in love again?"

"Certainly not! That was three years ago and since then I've been in love plenty of times and will be plenty more, no doubt. But I'm not kidding myself that any of these men have been ideal, or that I'll ever meet up with an ideal man. There's just no such thing. And that's not cynicism—just common sense."

WHAT about marriage? Don't you expect to find someone with whom you can settle down and be happy?"

"Marriage? Oh, certainly, some day. But it won't be any of this little cottage with roses 'round the door and babies on the floor stuff. Uh uh!" She shook her head. "Not for Rochelle! As for happiness, I don't expect to find any! Then I'll be pleasantly surprised if it should come and not a bit disappointed if it doesn't.

"As a matter of fact, I'd marry in a second if I thought I had even a fighting chance of being a little happier than I am right now. But I'd know it was just a chance. Marriage is undoubtedly the biggest gamble in the world. And for me it has to be a strictly fifty-fifty proposition. I wouldn't take any more than I could dish out. Any man whom I marry will have to recognize the fact that I'm an individual and expect to stay that way—as I would expect him to stay. None of this melting into one business for me. It seems to me that two people should try to profit from one another's personalities, not try to absorb them."

"Just what are you looking for in a man you could marry?"

"First of all, a sense of humor. The ability to see how darned funny I look most of the time has been my saving grace. Since I'm not expecting perfection in a man, it's pretty important that he should be able to see how darned funny he looks most of the time.



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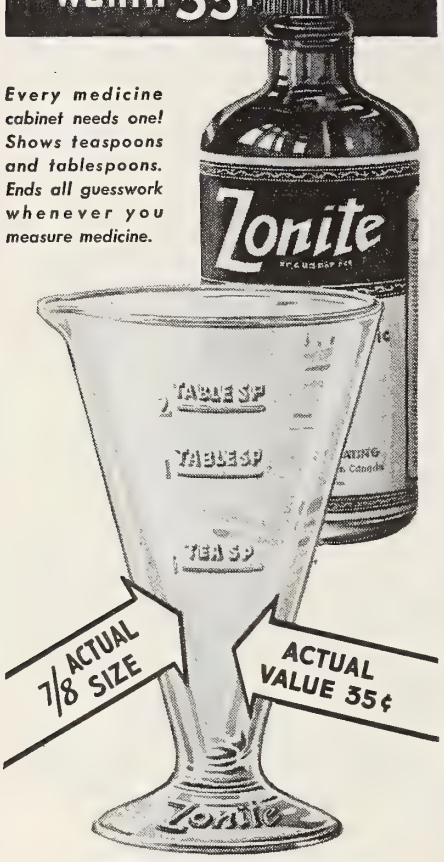
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"Secondly, I'd have to have a man who was a do-er, with plenty of interests outside of the little wife. Because I couldn't center my life around home and husband—and I wouldn't have children for love or money—it would bore me to death to have anyone around not equally independent. Of course, if I were like most girls, who could be contented with entertaining eight of the girls at the Assistance League or could get a kick out of the Wednesday afternoon bridge club, where talk concerns the latest news in garbage grinders, or the best way to strain the spinach for Junior, it would be different. But none of this settling down to a narrower mind and a broader derriere for me!

"You see," said Rochelle slowly, "I've been close to a lot of break-ups in my day, and I've profited from all of them. I've come to the conclusion that no matter how much two people are in love with each other, they should have such engrossing interests of their own that they'll never be dependent on one another to the point of boredom. Then, too, they'll always have something to fall back on if the marriage goes on the rocks. By an engrossing interest I don't mean, necessarily, a career.

"In my case, I could give up the picture business and still have a hundred ways in which to keep myself interested every minute—music, dancing, painting, any number of things. And I'd have to marry a man as self-sufficient. Love is like fried chicken, it seems to me. Very nice, of course, but served up for breakfast, lunch and dinner, it's apt to pall.

ANOTHER thing is that he would have to understand that I will have other men in my life. I couldn't give them up, you see, since I'd be giving up my only friends. He'd have to have enough trust in me to know that should I happen to lunch with a producer, I wasn't taking a short-cut to a contract."

"What about marrying a man in the motion picture business? Do you think you'd have as good a chance to make a go of that?"

"Probably much better," Rochelle said. "In the first place, we have a language all our own here in Hollywood. I've certainly found that out after going with a good many men not in the movie game. For instance, mention a grip and they think your thoughts are not of the highest. On the other hand, stocks and bonds, insurance and other businesses have often proved so much Greek to me. Then, too, people in this business realize the odds they're up against and work harder to save their marriages. Though compared to a good many other places in this country, Hollywood is in the Sunday-school class if the truth were known," she added.

"You evidently bet on Hollywood."

"Hollywood? Well, maybe I'm wrong, but I think it's a grand town. And working in pictures is a grand job. But it isn't my whole life by any means. The picture business can't make me forget that there are a great many other things older in the world than the invention of celluloid. I'm not the kind that eats, drinks and sleeps movies. Unless something unforeseen happens, I'm through work at six o'clock, like any other girl in any other job, and ready to take off for some extra-curricular activities.

"A round of every cocktail bar in town, maybe, or just playing ping-pong in someone's rumpus-room, or dancing all night at some swank spot or racing a boat by moonlight in the Santa Monica harbor—doing any number of things that are fun. I'm always ready for anything, which accounts more than anything else, I know, for my popularity with men. For instance, this evening I'm flying to Yuma with Lee Bowman." Lee Bowman, you know, is that attractive young movie newcomer.

"Oh, no Yumatrimonial intentions!" she laughed. "Just for the ride! I like to do crazy things like that. It's nine-tenths of the fun of living."

Life must always have been a lark, we reflected, for anyone like this girl—so lovely looking, so vivacious.

"Don't you ever believe it!" and there was a note of bitterness in Rochelle's voice. "True, I'm a successful actress at twenty-two, I have a substantial income, a beautiful home, cars, clothes and more opportunities for good times than I can find hours in the day to cram in. But any girl who envies my present position should take into consideration some of the grueling years behind me. Take my high-school days. That's the time when most girls have the happiest years of their lives—parties, clubs, close friends and all that. Well, I missed out on that.

"I was too busy taking dancing lessons and all the other necessary lessons when I wasn't actually at the studio. Then the rest of the time I had to go to regular school, which was just as well," she added, "for the girls at high-school snubbed me beautifully and the boys couldn't see me for dirt.

"The trouble, of course, with any girl who is set for a career, is that she associates so much with older people that she becomes far more advanced mentally than girls and boys of her own age. And she's still too young to really enjoy the company of older people. There's probably no misery in this world greater than that of a girl who's completely left out of all the fun which she sees around her during these adolescent years. Of course, now," said Rochelle, "I can see that it was worth it; that I was building for a future. But there are definitely two sides to this career business, and any girl considering it should have it pretty clear in her own mind whether the end will justify the means."

ROCHELLE, you know, started her picture career at fourteen, when she was given a leading role in "Are These Our Children?" But she had started rigorous training for it by the time she was three. Her mother, who had always wanted to be an actress herself, brought her small daughter to Hollywood from Oklahoma and began then to give her the necessary training—posture, diction, voice, dramatic lessons from the best teachers she could afford. That all this was good ground-work was proved by Rochelle's steady progress when she once was started in the business. To this day she has never had to ask for a role, for producers and directors know that Rochelle has two invaluable traits which they have frequent need of—ability and dependability.

"They know, you see," Rochelle said, "that I've never given a performance that frankly smelled. They know that I've built up a reputation to the extent that I can go into a picture and carry it. And that is the very thing that's proving my undoing. For they figure that all they have to do is put a yard of ruffles around my neck and send me in."

Her eyes flashed as she said, "All these lilies and blue birds are getting in my hair—all these namby-pamby roles, and all the publicity that's dished out to go with them. I'm sick of waving the Janet Gaynor banner when there are plenty of others to do that. I know that I can handle dramatic roles which not only interpret, but require, a deep understanding of life. After all, sophistication is simply intelligence. And I want the chance to prove that the real Rochelle Hudson *is* sophisticated!"

The Mistakes of Madeleine

(*Continued from page 27*)

veritable Alps. I'd wonder furiously how on earth I'd ever stumbled into such a mess, and why it had been inflicted on me.

"I had to begin my acting by touring the provincial theatres, of course, so when I got my first chance at a play in London, I was ecstatic. My supreme victory was only around the corner! My father, you see, hadn't liked my going on the stage at all, but my mother had stood up for me and this vindication was to be spectacular.

"However, I met a clever agent who insisted that I go to a picture studio and try out for the lead in the most important film then being cast. I'd never seen the inside of a studio. Many established actresses had already been tested for this part. Somehow they rushed a print of my test through and before I departed that evening I was offered a contract for the picture at what was a fabulous sum to me. I remember sitting up until three a.m. debating with myself. Here was the miraculous sudden fame I'd dreamed about, guaranteed!

"The film proposition was too tempting. I deserted the stage and I was an overnight hit on the screen. Yes, but do you know what's liable to be the follow-up to such luck? What happened to me afterwards was nothing! Actually, I couldn't get a job acting on either screen or stage. I was dazed when finally I realized my predicament. Furthermore, I was totally unprepared for possible failure. My first major mistake was becoming conceited. I believed my own publicity. They'd taken me after considering so many others, they'd starred me and sent out reams of flattering words. Then, although I was all right in my performance, they had nothing else for me.

"That lull that inevitably catches up with you sometimes, caught me when I'd blithely spent all my big salary with lavish ease. I was a star, and no longer need I quibble about small change. So I'd moved from my boarding-house to a flat that was a proper setting. And not until the memory of my performance began to fade, not until there was no more money rolling in, did I recognize how silly I'd been. Spectacular vindication? I had to fold my feathers and creep out of my grandeur. I was walking again to save carfare. I was glad I'd invested in some clothes. Eventually I secured another role.

"My next mistake came after I was fairly well set in pictures. I hungered for greater versatility. I wasn't content with scoring in my particular line. When, in a story that was written for me, the other woman turned out to be more interesting, I determined that I could be equally effective in an unsympathetic role, as a 'heavy.'

"I mangled my make-up in my zeal. I threw overboard all my own carefully-acquired personality. And what thanks did I get? Absolutely none. The picture was a magnificent flop because I was a disappointment to everyone who'd begun to like me. The public resented my switch. I discovered then that on the screen you can't attempt to be radically different from your natural type. Perhaps this is casually put, but it was no casual lesson. I was a very sad 'heavy' and the sad fact was apparent to everybody. It took time to make people forget that mistake. I had to work harder

"Men are such BABIES!"



"...especially about colds...I have to look out for Jack's just the same as Junior's..."

"You know how men are. Careless about bad weather. Hate umbrellas and overshoes. When they start sneezing, can't be bothered with doing anything about it. Then, when a cold gets 'em down—what a fuss!



"Jack used to get one cold after another. Honest, he wasn't fit to live with half the winter. But this fall I decided I wasn't going to put up with it. So I started giving my *big* baby the sort of care I'd been giving my little one.

"The very next time Jack came home sneezing, he got Vicks *Va-tro-nol*—quick!—3 or 4 drops right up each nostril. 'Lot o' good that'll do me,' he grumbled. But an hour or so later I caught him using Va-tro-nol all by himself. And, fortunately, that's all there was to *that* cold.



"He still takes some watching, but he admits that Va-tro-nol has helped him dodge a lot of those nasty head colds he used to get. 'Course, some colds get by in spite of all you can do. But they don't get by *for long* in our house any more.

"When Jack gets a cold I give his chest—and back, too—a good massage with Vicks *VapoRub*. He growls some, but I *know* he likes it. Junior gets the same treatment. I like it especially for him because the doctor doesn't want me 'dosing' him a lot, for fear of upsetting his little tummy.

"I get Jack to treat me the same way, too. The rubbing feels *so* good when your chest is all tight and achy with a cold. And, all the time, you're breathing in those VapoRub vapors!



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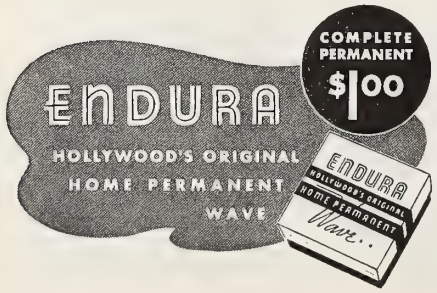
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than ever before to prove that I wasn't merely a gaga ingenue after that debacle. I had to work against the conviction that I wasn't much of an actress for I'd been so unconvincing in that one film."

She was being so candid that I was seeing, at last, the human person behind the familiar star personality.

"A producer asked me recently if I'd care to do an unsympathetic role. 'It would win you praise from the critics,' he pointed out. 'They'd say how brave you'd been to essay it.' My answer was no, and I related to him exactly this experience I've told you about. A woman, be she actress or small-town girl, cannot repeat her mistakes. Not if she wishes to escape inevitable penalties for stupidity. It's too dangerous to risk a blunder if you think you foresee disaster. So far as the critics' praises go, I love them. But they don't matter compared to whether the audience approves or shakes its head. I know.

"My subsequent boner," she adores American slang, "was in being highbrow toward pictures. I preferred the stage emphatically. Movies weren't arty enough for me. I resolved, therefore, to use them just as a weapon against the world. I'd accumulate fifteen thousand dollars and then I'd have no more to do with them. I'd concentrate on the theatre and I'd always be certain of eating. I'd never have to go crawling back to papa. But after alternating screen and stage, after coming to Hollywood and learning how well pictures can be made, I climbed off my high horse. I discovered that there is true artistry in pictures. Now I love acting in them, and to think I might have cut off all this for a mistaken whim!

"What rescued me for this most enjoyable future was my marriage. I'd almost amassed my secret fortune when Philip and I had to confess to one another that life without love was pretty dull. He taught me to relax, to view acting with a better perspective.

"I didn't guess where our friendship would lead us, though, and so I made quite a mistake about love. I thought I was the woman who could do nicely without it. I contended it couldn't mix with a career. Why, I gave out terrific quotes on why a career woman could never make a success of matrimony. I blush to recall that I even wrote an article myself, painstakingly expounding on why I'd avoid the wedding ring. I blush because Philip and I eloped while that article was fresh on the newsstands! I overestimated my one-track career mind, and underestimated my common sense. For it's as simple as this: if a man can work and still be a good husband, so can a woman!

"The worst mistakes we stumble into are usually unconscious ones, don't you think? You found me here, dawdling over a cup of coffee. But I finished 'It's All Yours' for Columbia recently, and I don't work all the time. I learned not to. I had to learn this. For after I married Philip I had a nervous breakdown to teach me. A nervous breakdown on a grand honeymoon! That was being taught, believe me.

"But I'd made seven pictures and played leads in four plays in London, all within one year. I was too ambitious. I was wound up without realizing it, and I nearly wrecked myself. It got so I couldn't relax. Philip had to show me how. I'd gone about acting so doggedly. He had to say, 'You're not a person anymore, you're an automaton!' He had to beguile me into resting, into fighting for my health once more. Yes, I knew exhaustion and what a mistake it is to deliberately let yourself in for that!"

She couldn't be profound any longer. With a flip of her finger she dismissed the gloves that had roused such memories.

"There are a couple of minor mistakes lurking in my past," she declared with her customary gaiety. "I turned down 'Cavalcade' because, imagine, I fancied it would be a failure! I figured they'd have to Americanize the play to make it appealing, but they didn't and still, I'm not sorry! That offer came within a year after I was married and certainly that was far too soon to consider parting from Philip for any distant glory.

"Once upon a time, only once, I made that blunder known as letting your temper go haywire. It was back in England and I'd worked late. I was tired and asked for a studio car to take me home. They didn't seem to be obliging and so I stamped my feet and screamed. P.S.: I didn't get the car and I am positive I made a perfect fool of myself!"

Such a lucky lady? Yes, and such a smart one. Madeleine Carroll has everything a woman could want now, because she refused to be defeated by her mistakes and because she never leads with her chin twice.

Montgomery in a Mellow Mood

(*Continued from page 37*)

draped with Phi Beta Kappa keys.

"I believe in what we can do in pictures. I know it. The camera can all but call the dead back to life again. It can disinter a story from the darkest archives of time. It can take down the front walls of hospitals and palaces where history is being made, research laboratories and planetariums, the dens of gangsters, prisons and drawing rooms and expose the life that goes on within all of these places. I would like to do my part in taking down these walls until, from the beginning, from the amoeba up to the present day, all life would be revealed upon the screen for those who cannot read as well as for the literate and learned.

"I would like to see history made so stirring, so pulse-shaking that every man, woman and child in the land would come into possession of his country's history for the first time, really, through the medium of the eyes and ears.

"Why, don't you see, for the first time in all the world we have it within our power to make education and entertainment one and the same thing? For the first time we have the ability to educate the people without their knowing what is happening to them. Until, one day, the many millions would be literate, would be speaking with many tongues of many things. Would come, at long last, into their rightful heritage of the rich stores of knowledge, into an understanding of their fellow men, such men, as, say, Rhodes, the Empire Builder, Louis Pasteur and, such fellows, warped, as Danny. It could be, it is, a tremendous adventure. It should be a magnificent obsession. I share with Rhodes his feeling when, dying, he said 'So much to do, so little done.'

"I work at being a better actor," Bob continued earnestly (we were lunching to-

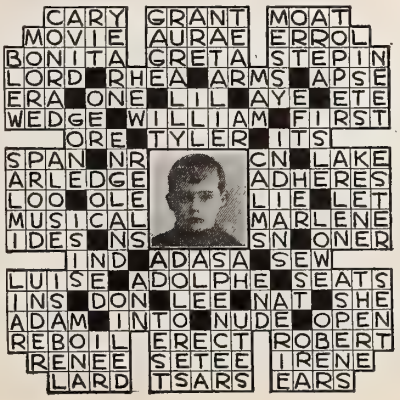
gether in the studio commissary at the time Bob was making "Live, Love and Learn," with Rosalind Russell). And yet I don't know that I can define, very intelligently, just what it is I do. It's an intangible sort of thing, an actor's off-screen work. It consists, largely, in reading. I spend most of my leisure time reading plays, plays, more plays. I read biographies, the better novels, memoirs. I watch people constantly, everywhere. I almost sleep with one eye open, lest some member of my family walk in his sleep and I be enabled to make a mental note of his expression. I never go to a football game that I don't study the faces of the players, and the crowd. I may not know the final score but I do know how the players looked when they scored or missed.

"I went, recently, to a championship golf match. I followed the contender around the course all day. With one objective. I knew that he was nervous, must have been nervous. I wanted to find out how he revealed his nervousness. And not until the end of the day did I find out. A nerve in his thumb joint was twitching. That was all. I watch a man with a gun, the way he always stands with his feet far apart, braced. You may hand a man a gun in a living room, in a field, anywhere, and he will, instantly, spread his legs apart and take a stance. I may never consciously, or at all, copy any of these mannerisms, these reactions. But all such observation is the homework of an actor and enrichens his perceptions, his basic knowledge of the way human nature reacts under given conditions and stimuli.

THERE are parts of my work I detest. I am abominably lazy, physically. I am not an 'outdoor' type. We have a farm in New York State, as you know. I am a farmer, so-called. A gentleman-farmer, we hope. But I remain indoors as much as possible. I am not at home among the rows of growing corn, the onions and the leeks. The sky is not my natural canopy nor yet the earth my bed. Similarly, and for much the same reasons, I detest location trips. I am an actor, Madam, and accustomed to darkened pits, gloomy wings, the dust-laden air, the kliegs. God's sunshine and the sage-sweet air offends the nostrils of this one of God's troupers. Am I a beagle that I should work out of doors?

"And now," said Bob, as we finished Bob's favorite and daily luncheon of chicken salad, rye-bread toast and milk, "and now, I want to ask my public, my fans, if any, a question. I want them to tell me what they want me to do next. I want them to tell me, honestly, whether they prefer me to do, not other 'Night Must Falls,' too many murders would be as deplorable as too many monkeyshines, but other more serious, more thoughtful roles. I hope they will tell me. Will you ask them to? I would count it a favor."

Solution to Puzzle on Page 6





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DATE NIGHT



"How about a date tonight?" Mr. M. inquires. Who's he talking to? None other than that cute little trick, Jane Bryan. Hope she's not busy.



A corsage and everything! No wonder that Morris boy is popular with the gals. When he takes 'em out he does it in the grand manner, no foolin'!



"Wait 'til I get the soap out of my ears, Wayne. So you want to go places and do things?" Jane beams and you just know it's okay.



Dinner for two, with soft music on the side, we don't doubt. Right at this moment, however, both Miss B. and Mr. M. seem downright hungry!



What, eating again? Oh, pardon us, just a roadside snack on the way home, eh? It's the popular thing to do after an evening of dancing at the Troc.

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MORE GENTLE THAN EVER
Ever famous for its mildness, Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle in action that, except for the relief you get, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

. . and you'll FEEL BETTER after taking it!

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Bring out the full, radiant loveliness of blonde or brown hair with New Blondex, the Shampoo and Special Golden Rinse that washes it 2 to 4 shades lighter and brings out the natural, lustrous, golden sheen, the alluring highlights that can make hair so attractive. New Blondex keeps hair and scalp healthy. Absolutely safe—contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. Get it today at any store and buy the large size—it costs less per shampoo.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE

Third Beginning

(Continued from page 41)

citizen, combining the wisdom of the East with the practicality of the West.

If you think you are confused about all this East and West business, you're right in the same boat with Miss Wong. For, it was in order to straighten herself out on it that she finally went to China for her first real vacation. Of course, she had planned to go for years, but whenever she had the money she didn't have the time, or vice versa. Then Metro began casting "The Good Earth." They summoned Anna May to take a test for the important role of Lotus.

"I'll be glad to take the test, but I won't play the part," said Miss Wong. "If you let me play O-lan, I'll be very glad. But you're asking me—with Chinese blood—to do the only unsympathetic role in a picture featuring an all-American cast portraying Chinese characters."

The test was made and the studio most insistent, but Anna May was firm in her refusal and decided that this was the time to see China.

"You know," she commented, "I had to be sure whether I was really playing a Chinese or merely giving an American interpretation of one. So—I saw China. Much to my surprise, I needed a dialect interpreter, for I spoke Cantonese and so in Shanghai was at a total loss, with Shanghai-ese being spoken on all sides.

I'M afraid that I'm a woman without a country," lamented Miss Wong, "because when I was in China everyone asked, 'Who is that Chinese girl in foreign dress?' I had only my American clothes and so decided to have some Eastern costumes made. I summoned a tailor in Shanghai and he came with a long piece of string and took my measurements. With the string, he measured my neck and tied a knot, then my arm length and tied another, then my waist, and another on to the end. I asked how in the world he ever remembered which was which, but he didn't seem confused and I later discovered that over there it seems you simply can't make a mistake.

"Once I changed to Oriental dress, I thought I might recede into the background and just enjoy being in China. But, no. Everyone who saw me now asked, 'Who is that foreign girl in Chinese dress?' So what is there to do? It all seems equivalent to that Great Chinatown Trunk Mystery you hear so much about, but never see!"

In answer to our query about the life in Shanghai, Anna May explained, "The night life there is so hectic that Paris or New York gaiety is child's play by comparison. Why, if you go to bed before four in the morning, you're a sissy. No adult with a mind of his own ever turns in before five or six. They can do more after sundown and before dawn than we do in America in a week-end.

"While abroad, I was visited by the gentlemen of the press. During an interview they asked about my private life. 'What about romance, Miss Wong? You know the people of Japan and China are interested in this side of your life, too.'

"I was so tired of being asked that question that I told them I was going to wed my art. Of course, I thought that that bromide had reached the East years ago, but to my surprise, it had not. Next day I was amazed to see headlines stating, 'Miss Anna May Wong to wed wealthy Cantonese merchant named Art!' Would you believe it?"

During her ten months in China, Miss Wong thrilled to the beauty and charm of old customs. She didn't care too much for the modern metropolis of Shanghai, but really began to love China once she was in Peiping. Here she felt that she really began to live again. Most of her time was spent in the country and visiting old ruins, which seemed more alive than many of the newer sections. This she explained was due to the fact, that, even though they are in a state of dilapidation, they are still lived in.

CHINA is becoming more and more current-event conscious. Not only are the people interested in what goes on in and outside of their country, but they are particularly interested in Hollywood's idea of Chinese characters. They are so interested in these, in fact, that they ban most of our pictures. This isn't due to narrow-mindedness or prejudice, but simply to the fact that they have seldom beheld a celluloid Chinaman who possesses a particle of decency, sincerity, honesty or any quality that might be termed a virtue. Movieland Chinese are invariably presented as skulking, stoical, villainous characters who "kidnap the papers and tear up the child!"

We are wont to believe that turn about is fair play. And so, perhaps Anna May, as the Chinese lady detective, can pin some dirty deeds on a few American characters for a change. And we proceeded to tell her as much.

"But I wouldn't do it," she returned, with a glint of humor in her dark eyes. "That is, not unless the script called for it. Seriously though, many have an entirely wrong conception of the Chinese as a race. For the most part, they are a very happy-go-lucky people. They are too lazy to be up to mischief. They know what to do about things, but it's just too much trouble to go about it. They are a philosophical lot and take for granted that things will come out anyway, so why bother so much? Not twice in all the months I spent there did I see stoical individuals lurking around. My people have animated faces just as have Americans; in fact, it's only recently that they have become serious about things concerning them at home.

"The difficulty is that in a Chinese family there is a unit within a unit and no one real head of the house to take the initiative and lead. Each unit, from father to son, feels about things in an entirely different manner, and so there is a constant waste of time and energy trying to compromise. You know, with the birth of the Republic has come a new trend of thought and only in the last few years have the people begun to adjust themselves.

"Now, they look upon things with much the same viewpoint as an American would. There is more coöperation and certainly more singleness of purpose. No longer does the family group go their separate ways.

"For this reason," continued Anna May, "I feel that the real Chinese should be shown to the audiences of the world, if only to correct false impressions of the past. And so, with this thought in mind, I was happy to appear in 'Daughter of Shanghai.' Besides, this opportunity enables me to start my Third Beginning in the most unpredictable game in the world—the movies."

Going to a Party?

(Continued from page 8)

important evening date when there will be just the two of you and you're not sure of what you're going to do.

But how about those formal evening parties and dances that you know about and plan for weeks ahead of time? I know you've been itching to get on to June's soft-lights-and-sweet-music gowns, and I don't blame you, for they certainly are lovely. Like so many stars, June was a dancer before she made her success on the screen, and ballroom dancing is one of her favorite hobbies. She loves the cool swish of the billowing skirt of her iridescent moire taffeta waltz frock. Demure and youthful are the wide, pointed front lapels and shirred waistline. The bodice with the three tiny velvet bows continues in a straight panel down the front, leaving the fullness to the back. Note the new hemline on the skirt, ankle-length in front and leading out to the graceful train in back. The delicate blue-and-green lights of the taffeta set off her deep blue eyes and blonde hair, and enhance the clarity and beauty of June's faultless complexion. Accent is given to the color of her gown by the gold formal sandals inset with multi-colored stones. A practical note is sounded here, because they have no definite color, but are a combination of many. These sandals and a bag to match can be worn with other evening ensembles.

For very formal engagements, for those state occasions when she wants to look her very best, June wears a stunning black velvet frock, which is her pride and joy. Ideal for the young girl who wants to look sophisticated without adding about fifteen years to her age, is this paradoxical gown. For, from the heart-shaped bodice, peep dainty, feminine, flesh-colored mousseline ruffles that lend an air of little-girl demureness to relieve the sophistication of the black velvet. The Empire decolletage drops off the shoulders and is held up by the triple narrow shoulder-straps, and the skirt is built on graceful circular lines, full and flowing, that go with the winds of movement.

Beneath her full skirt, June's dancing feet will trip the light fantastic shod in comfortable open-toed, open-heeled black sandals, trimmed with silk braid. Her only ornament is a handsome gold clip at the

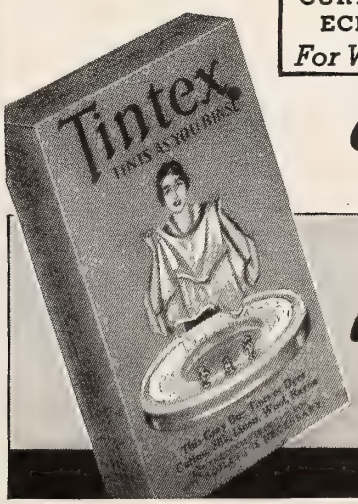


Rochelle Hudson probably has a date, for she's opened up the cedar chest to get out that little ermine number.

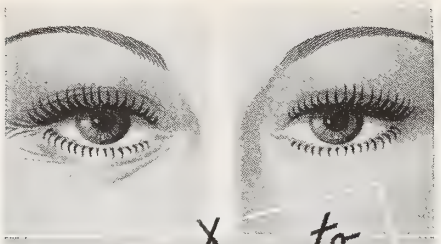


This smart girl needed lots of wardrobe variety for the winter whirl. She got it, too, and was more fashionably dressed than ever! But spent $40 less than she planned — and put it towards a winter cruise. Here's how it was done . . . She changed a light blue evening dress to Cerise (brilliant pink); dyed a rust afternoon dress Forest Green; changed three faded blouses to Powder Blue, Jade Green, Wine; changed a scarf and a clever evening jacket to Ruby Red and Gold, pale hose left over from summer to the new purply brown tones; dyed white hankies to match blouses and scarfs and give dash to her black dress. You, too, can use Tintex to be fashionable and yet save *dollars* And remember that Tintex works this same color-magic with home decorations. Buy Tintex today! Select your favorite colors from the 47 on the Tintex Color Card. At drug, notion and toilet-goods counters.

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bodice. You will note that this young star wears only very plain jewelry or none at all, for she realizes that heavy jewelry is not appropriate for a young girl, and also that unless you can afford the real McCoy, it is in very poor taste to load yourself down with cheap, flashy jewelry. Instead, she prefers to wear a very plain ornament or a bright flower. If orchids are not on your best beau's budget, don't let that worry you or him either. For the flower manufacturers are doing a wonderful job these days, and you can get artificial posies that, sprayed with a touch of scent, will fool even yourself!

The off-the-shoulder line, as shown in this dress, is very important this year and this means that we must pay attention to our hair styles for evening. June's blonde tresses are lovely, framing her face in soft waves. Frances Dee, a vivacious brunette, has designed a hairdress which is very becoming to the gown which drops off the shoulders. It is a charming and quaint coiffure which is created by parting the hair in the center with a nice sleek flatness brushed in on each side. Corkscrew curls complete the picture, arranged in graduated layers. Against the face on each side, two small gardenias are pinned with the most flattering effect imaginable.

So much for the glamor of the frocks, the fabrics, the accessories, and the coiffure. But don't forget that the good old prosaic girdle plays an important part in sustaining the glamorous effect. For a sloppy figure is just *not* romantic! And this is especially true this year, when so much emphasis is being placed on the feminine silhouette. If you don't need a foundation garment to pull you in some place, you'll want it to push you out, for the formula works both ways, believe it or not! Like exercises, a foundation tends to slenderize the plump, and fill out the slender.

With the proper foundation underneath it all, your frocks will fit you well, and you'll be comfortable in them. And that is most important. June Lang has shown you three of her costumes as suggestions for your party frocks. But be sure that yours will be suitable for your own individual type, that you'll feel well-dressed and comfortable in them. Choose your party frocks carefully, for if you're wearing a dress that takes on your personality, that looks as though it were made for you alone, then you'll have a good time at the party!

Dietrich Goes Light-Hearted?

(Continued from page 39)

that revealed her loneliness in Hollywood, her longing for her husband and her little girl, back in Germany.

The press-agents shuddered. They tried to persuade Marlene not to talk about her Maria. She was supposed to be exotic, unusual, unconventional, unpredictable. Not a typical young mother.

Marlene, at first, did not get the point. Why should anyone expect her to be, off-screen, what she was on the screen? She did not comprehend when they told her, "That's Hollywood." Off the screen, she was a mother. Surely, it was understandable that she should want to talk about her baby. She flatly refused to stop.

But the press-agents did not want her to be understandable. That was just the point. It was to her advantage, as far as publicity went, to be a baffling personality, a woman of mystery. To preserve the illusion it was trying to create, the studio suddenly made it difficult for writers to interview Marlene.

The writers, not suspecting the studio, blared forth that Marlene was "trying to pull a Garbo." She couldn't have liked that. She probably resented it. But she finished what the studio started. She made herself inaccessible.

Soon, she began to acquire a reputation for being elusive off-screen. A reputation for being exotic, unconventional, unpredictable, difficult to understand.

With her husband far away, her constant companion was sombre Josef von Sternberg, an association that gave Marlene a reputation for being sombre, too. And when her husband, Rudolf Sieber, did visit her, taking time off from his own directorial work at the Paramount Studios in Paris, he and Marlene and von Sternberg made a bafflingly congenial threesome.

AGAIN, for a time, Marlene was seen everywhere with Maurice Chevalier, who had just been divorced and was, supposedly, an eligible romantic. Yet Marlene still denied divorce rumors about herself. Hollywood was properly bewildered.

Then she did the most unexpected thing of all. She had been the one top-notch star who did not mind posing for leg art. Now, suddenly, she sheathed her famous legs, appearing everywhere in public in tailored trousered suits. A startled Press gave her a million dollars' worth of publicity. And she calmly denied that her trouser-wearing was a bit of shrewd showmanship.

"I never do anything to attract attention," she said, without once touching her tongue to her cheek. "I just happen to like the comfort of men's clothes. They are sensible. They never go out of style. They save time. And I like that, because I am lazy."

The spectacle of Hollywood's most feminine star preferring mannish clothes was the clinching proof that Marlene was an exotic.

In one respect, she made no compromise with her publicity. She brought her little girl over from Europe to be with her. She did not attempt to conceal the child, or her love for the child. They were inseparable. Marlene was patently proud of her motherhood.

That one exception to the general impression of Marlene's exoticism only made her the more baffling.

Then, last fall, Ernst Lubitsch, perhaps innocently, started the rumor and the suspicion that we were about to see a new Dietrich. A Dietrich less concerned with being exotic. A gayer, light-hearted Dietrich.

And events tended to confirm the rumor, the suspicion.

Marlene, in London, was going out to gay parties, and gay clubs, far more than she ever had in Hollywood. She was in the thick of the social whirl. And her constant escort was no sombre sophisticate, but a gay young man named Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

In America, she had always avoided crowds, remaining a woman withdrawn. In London, she was constantly going places where police reserves had to be called, to control the mobs.

Then, an incident happened during the

filming of "Knight Without Armor" in England that indicated an amazing good humor on Marlene's part. In a bathtub scene, she slipped, sprawling naked before the camera crew. They were unspeakably flustered. Not so Marlene. She laughed, picked herself up, climbed back in the tub, went on with the scene.

Then she returned to America, and one of the first things she did was to visit the Chief Naturalization Clerk in Los Angeles. All these years, America had had the impression that she was not particularly fond of America. Now, light-heartedly, she was declaring her intention of becoming an American, herself.

Soon afterward, for the first time within recent years, Hollywood was conscious of Marlene's going to parties, big, gay parties.

Then Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., arrived in town. And the London association continued in Hollywood. Once again, Marlene denied divorce rumors.

This time she said: "A woman approached me in London recently, asking what my husband could possibly mean to me when we were separated most of the time. I told her to consider the possibility that love might have something to do with it.

"I consider Mr. Sieber the perfect husband and father. After saying that, it's unnecessary to add that these persistent rumors are very, very wild."

Those who had doubted Marlene's interest in comedy, even Lubitsch comedy, saw her start "Angel," and saw her apparently enjoying it. They were able to see her because the "No Visitors" signs, once a fixture on Dietrich sets, had been taken down and put away. Apparently, the Dietrich temperament had been put away, too.

Hollywood remembered the von Sternberg days, the violent disagreements between star and director about how a scene should be filmed, the countless delays while they went over to the side of the set and argued the point in German.

Hollywood remembered, and marvelled at the change. For now Hollywood saw a good-humored star who went through a scene an indefinite number of times, docilely, until the director was satisfied.

I can vouch for this personally. I was there during most of the picture.

Marlene intimated, when the picture started, that she didn't want any interviews. She didn't say, however, that she wouldn't give *one*—if someone waited long enough for her to be in the mood. So I waited. Hopefully, at the beginning; patiently, at the middle; doggedly, near the end. She gave the interview between the next-to-last shot and the last.



Can this be romance? Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland, all dressed up and with plenty of places to go, you can bet. They don't only step out together, but they work together, too, their next picture being "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry."

THIS picture is probably in the lightest mood of any that Marlene has ever made. Yet in it, oddly enough, she is not a light woman. She plays the respected wife of a high British diplomat. As such, she has a new dignity, rather than a new light-heartedness. She is not an enchantress, but an enchanting woman. There is a difference.

As the diplomat's wife, she isn't supposed to be intentionally exotic. She has to be *un*intentionally so. But that doesn't mean that, between scenes, Marlene was joining the joking and laughter on the set, unconcerned with glamor. She was more concerned than ever before.

Constantly, between "takes," she was in front of a mirror, studying herself, looking in her own eyes, smiling at herself, touching up her make-up or her hair, making sure of the effect. Whether she deserved it or not, her incessant mirror-gaz-

How Constipation Causes Gas, Nerve Pressure



Many Doctors Now Say It's Nerves, Not Poisons That So Often Cause Headaches, Dizzy Spells, Coated Tongue

When you are constipated two things happen. FIRST: Wastes swell up the bowels and press on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure causes headaches, a dull, lazy feeling, bilious spells, loss of appetite and dizziness. SECOND: Partly digested food starts to decay forming GAS, bringing on sour stomach (acid indigestion), and heartburn, bloating you up until you sometimes gasp for breath.

Then you spend many miserable days. You can't eat. You can't sleep. Your stomach is sour. You feel tired out, grouchy and miserable.



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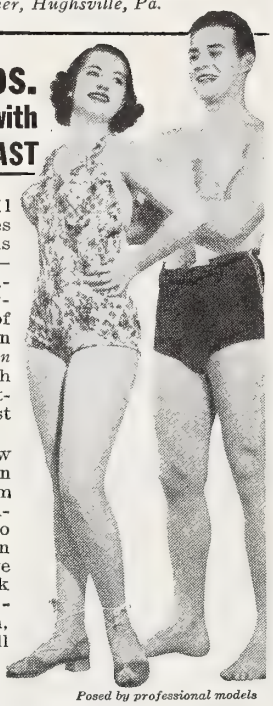
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Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dix at the tennis matches. Still a favorite with the fans, Mr. D.'s latest fil-lum is "It Happened in Hollywood."

ing gave her a new nickname on the set: Narcissus Dietrich.

The mirror-gazing was so habitual, by the end of the picture, that even while we were talking, Marlene watched herself in a mirror. I saw her profile, mostly a very alluring profile, but disconcerting, to talk to.

I asked her if there was any truth to the rumor that Marlene Dietrich had gone light-hearted.

Marlene patted a lock of hair, and smiled to herself. "Is there such a rumor?" she asked, in faint surprise.

I told her some of the grounds for the impression.

"So?" she asked, pursing her lips. "I do not think it is a rumor that will live long." She smiled. "I hope not, after these years of creating the opposite impression."

"You seriously mean that?"

She nodded. "Seriously, and frankly."

"The fact that you are making a comedy, and apparently enjoying it, indicates no new Dietrich?"

She patted another lock of hair. "I did not want to make a comedy, particularly."

"Don't you have story selection on your pictures?"

"Yes. But what I mean to say is, I wanted to do a picture with Lubitsch. He has genius. It merely happens that Lubitsch specializes in comedy."

She turned toward me, with a half-smile, and asked, "Why do people insist on thinking comedy is something new for me? I have made a comedy before. 'Desire,' have they forgotten, already?" She returned to mirror-gazing. "That was more comedy, really, than this is. That had no delicate problem of human relationships such as 'Angel' has."

"The fact that you have done two comedies isn't a symptom that you want to do more?"

"Two are enough," she said with smiling certainty. "If I did any more, people might actually think I crave comedy, and expect me to do it. I don't want that."

"What do you want?"

"Drama. I feel more at home in it. It is what Mr. von Sternberg trained me to do, and what I have trained myself to do. It is what I like best. And it is more memorable than comedy."

"Do you have any definite plans about your screen future?"

"My next picture will be my last on my present Paramount contract. I don't know yet what it will be, but it will be a drama. There is a rumor that, after that, I shall do three pictures for Mr. von Sternberg. The rumor is true. I don't know where they will be made. Perhaps here, perhaps in England. Wherever Mr. von Sternberg says. But that should dispose of all other rumors about what I am going to do on the screen for some time to come."

"*On* the screen, perhaps. But, *off* the screen, what of these rumors that you are going light-hearted? Were the English reporters all wrong? Isn't there anything to the impression of a new, party-going Dietrich?"

"Everyone is gay on vacation," she said, cryptically. "And I had an unexpected vacation in England. I had just finished a long, arduous picture, 'The Garden of Allah.' I had rushed over to England to start 'Knight Without Armor.' Robert Donat was ill. The starting date was postponed. I relaxed, for the first time in months. I went out, for the first time in months. London was a great temptation, it was so gay, but the things we like on vacation are not necessarily the things we do when we are working."

SHE took a cigarette, and as I lighted it, she continued: "It baffles me, this Hollywood impression that I am developing into a demon partygoer. Actually, I have lived a quieter life since my return this time than ever before. I have gone out less. The few times I have gone out, the photographers have happened to be there. People have seen my picture in the paper, attending two or three parties. That is the only explanation I can find."

In the mirror, she watched the glowing end of her cigarette, and commented, "It is amusing that anyone should get this party-going impression of me. One thing I like about Hollywood is the quiet life I can live here. There are no distractions. It is possible to sleep eight hours a night. It is possible to concentrate on work.

"I haven't changed, going to England, and returning, and making a comedy with Lubitsch. I'm afraid it would take more than that to change me, at this stage of my career."

I asked, "Do rumors about yourself affect you in any way today?"

"I ignore most of them. What good would it do me to be annoyed? That would not stop them. They are part of the game. You have to put up with them. They go

on and on, as long as you are worth mentioning. The only rumor that really annoys me is the one that I encourage the rumors."

A smile appeared in the mirror.

"Mae West and I were in her dressing-room one time, laughing at the story in a newspaper that she and I were having a feud. I said, 'How did such a story ever start?' And Mae said, 'Some poor press-agent was stuck for a story. He had to get something in print to show his boss. So he invented this one. That's how many a story starts.'

"And I know it is so. The publicity department comes out to the set and says, 'Please give us a story, Miss Dietrich.' When I have legitimate news, like word of Mr. Sieber's coming, I give it to them. Usually, I have nothing. They go back empty-handed. To get my name in print, they seem to think it is necessary, they make up some little story.

"I don't understand why they take the trouble. The important thing is what people think of me on the screen. What they read about me in newspapers is not important."

"You sincerely believe that?"

"If I didn't, I might make up the little stories myself."

Remembering the debt that Marlene owed to publicity in her development as a star, I made a mental note: Here is one thing, at least, that Marlene seems to have gone light-hearted about. Publicity.

Light-heartedly, too, she told me her squelching answer to the newest divorce rumors. "My husband is arriving next week. I am going to Europe with him for a holiday, and putting Maria in a school in Switzerland."

"Are you following through on your intention of becoming an American citizen?"

"The future will decide. If my future is here, yes."

"How do you reconcile your tentative plans to become an American, and your sending your daughter to school in Switzerland?"

"It is a French school. I want her to learn French while she is still young. It will be much easier for her. And she is old enough now so that she will not forget how to speak English."

"You are sending her, even though it means separation?"

For a moment, her face was shadowed. For a moment, I glimpsed Marlene Dietrich, the mother, not the glamorous star. "Yes," she answered, almost inaudibly. "I must think of Maria. Not myself."

Just then, Lubitsch called Marlene back to the set.

Her last words to me had not been light-hearted. Far from it. All through the short interview, in fact, she had tried to perish the thought that the rumor of a new Dietrich might be true. Yet, as I watched the "take," the thought would not perish.

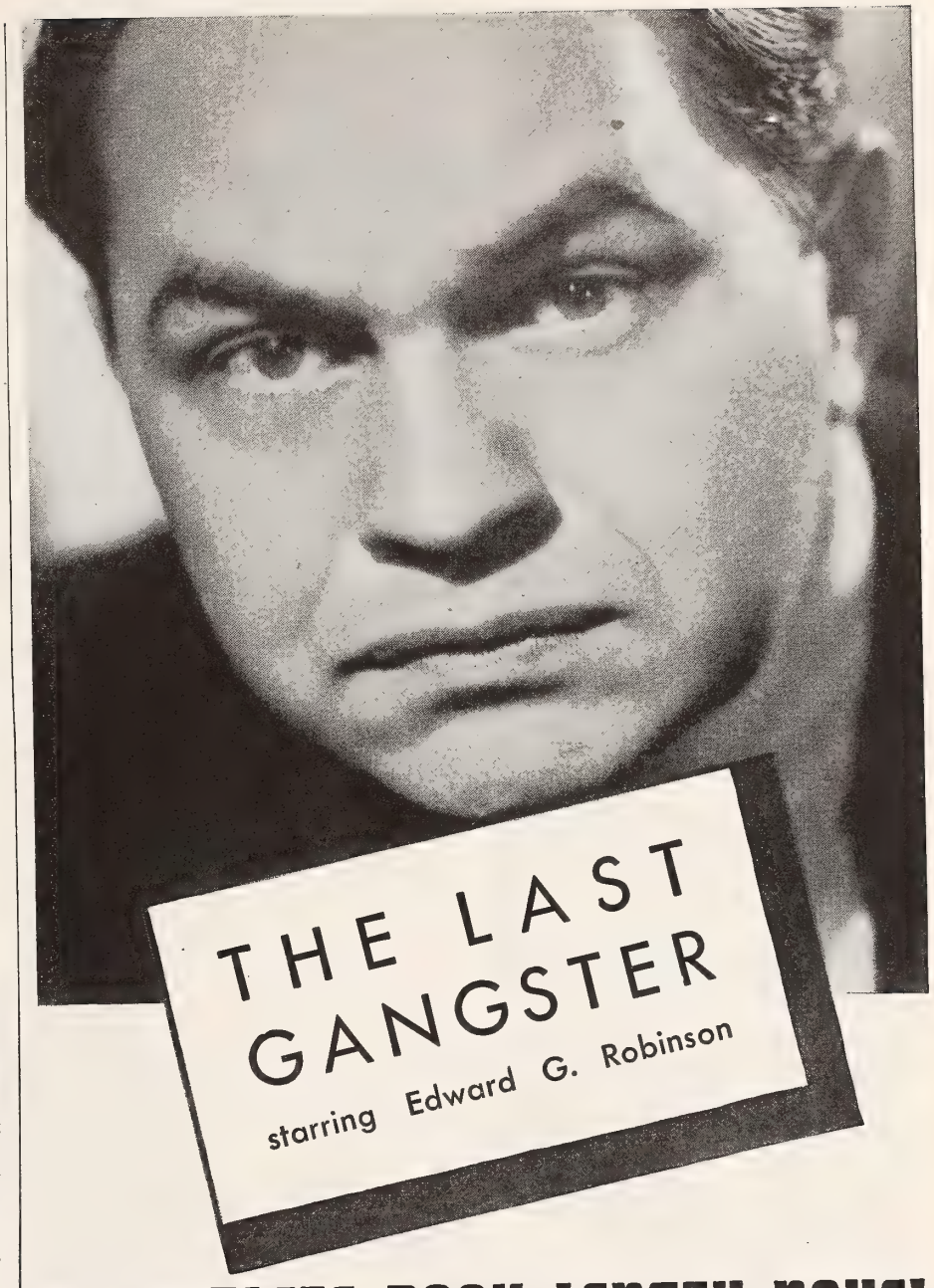
One word in the dialogue was difficult for her. She struggled, first, to pronounce it in flawless English. Then she struggled to give the same word the nuance of intonation that Lubitsch wanted. They went through the scene once, twice, five times. Then they tried it again.

And Marlene did not "blow up." She did not become impatient with the English language, Lubitsch or herself. She was blithe about it all.

The picture had been shooting for weeks. Here it was at the very end, and they couldn't seem to get this last scene on film. Everyone's nerves were fraying. Everyone's but Marlene's. In this moment when no one else was light-hearted, Marlene was smiling.

But if she is light-hearted, if she is a new Dietrich, she is not the one to reveal it. Or explain why.

I think she still believes what she used to believe. Keep Them Guessing.



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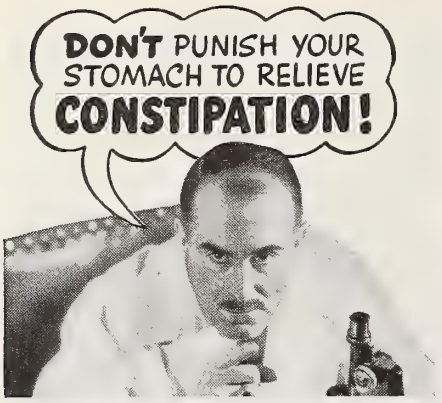
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Buoyant Battler

(Continued from page 44)

from the beginning and he plays her like a fish!"

Even his current teaming with Claudette Colbert, in "Tovarich," cannot possibly stifle his craving for the prize part of the season. "They haven't even asked me to take a test for it," he admitted. "But I'm explaining to everyone—over the radio, too, whenever I have the chance—that I feel I could do a good job of it!"

Although it looks as though he must have been to his sweeping manner born, he originally had—he confesses honestly—neither a pittance of poise nor any punch. You can't be magnificently mellow until you have risen to that brave point where you take the world by the tail and swing people and circumstances into the niches you select. Basil had to study the trick. He wasn't a natural sophisticate.

Moreover, he hasn't had it easy. For months he's been after Rhett—but then he's always had to campaign deliberately for what he's wanted. "No plums have ever fallen into my lap," he said to me. And then, facilely switching from so dramatic a way of putting it into sheer simplicity, he was specifically astonishing.

He was born in Johannesburg, South Africa. His English parents had gone there because his mining engineer father thought that where there were diamonds there should be wealth. At the tender age of four, Basil, accompanied by a new brother and sister, settled with his parents back in a London suburb, He was duly sent to a private school.

"My childhood memory focuses around the cuckoo clock in my grandfather's home. I used to lie awake and listen to it make the lustiest row. I never had any doubts as to what I wished to become. I wanted to be an actor. That was an amazing, one might say, a ridiculous idea to my family. The Rathbones were solid old British stock. They were business folk, living quietly and comfortably as the backbone of the country should. They were well off. Rathbone Brothers of Liverpool dealt in cotton. They had shipping interests. Everyone hoped I'd behave myself.

"But I was determined to become an actor, somehow. I began to realize that there were, after all, a few Rathbones who weren't mentioned much. There was my uncle who was the sculptor and who had invested his income in a little factory where he turned out hand-made, hand-painted Della Robia pottery. There was another uncle who devoted himself to the making of superb tapestries, an appalling end for a legacy. My own father, I observed cautiously, had taken his inheritance and gone valiantly into business and to no avail. Father had a flair for writing and for the theatre, but he had suppressed himself. He was artistic through and through and he tackled the traditional business destiny with wretched results.

"I stumbled upon the fact that Grandfather Rathbone, who'd been a rich pillar of Liverpool, had dabbled in poetry on the side and had even had a volume of his poems published. Further, he entertained Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, the famous acting couple, in his home. He had distinguished himself as being the only man who'd ever gone to sleep while the silvery-voiced Henry Irving was speaking directly to him. A rocking-chair was too irresistible to him on that noted evening!

"And my grandfather on my mother's side—he'd had tuberculosis and retired to South Africa to die at a modest time of life. But there, he'd not only survived splendidly until he was a ripe seventy, but he blossomed as a new nation's foremost water-color painter. Whenever I was worried as to how I'd dare break over the traces I recalled these indisputable truths.

IN school I was perpetually dreaming of the theatre. I wrote scads of plays. They were wild melos. And of no earthly use so far as classes went. Finally I did shine brightly for one week. Instead of 'that boy' I was It momentarily. We had to write an essay on 'The Merchant of Venice' and that was a complete snap for me. I turned in a triumph entitled, 'Was Shylock the Hero of a Tragedy or the Villain of a Comedy?' My profundity was a sensation.

"My problem in school, you see, was a peculiar one. It was to be not too clever. I couldn't risk being promoted. The head of the form above mine had no sympathy with athletics and I had to see that I didn't know too much or I'd be promoted to him and then I'd never have fun. I was seventeen when I received that letter from my father saying there wouldn't be enough money for me to return in the fall. I was heartbroken, because that next year I would have won my colors in football and cricket and a pair of tall silver candlesticks if I'd won—as I think I could have—the half-mile in the track events."

He had to come home and show signs of becoming a respectable business man. "In England," mused Basil, "there are no little wise-crackers. You're still a child until you're out of your 'teens. 'What'll we do with him?' debated the family. I had an uncle who was president of an insurance company, so I was stuck in his London office to work up.

"How I solaced myself with the rebellious thought that somehow I'd escape such a dull fate! I licked stamps until my tongue felt like the bottom af a parrot's cage. It should be," he smiled, "a pleasure to send out office mail now that the personal touch isn't obligatory. I was promoted to the telephone board and nearly escaped then and there. The manager had no sense of humor. The name of the illustrious firm was The Liverpool, London and Globe Insurance Company. I got the London out first in a few instances. The manager was horrified.

"'My good young man,' he informed me, 'although your family has an important place in this business, you have made a grave error several times. It must be stopped.'

"I did all my 'learning' during my luncheon hour, in a vacant office I'd discovered on the floor above. There I was hidden away and I could 'practice' without interruption. I learned, and precisely what it was going to get me I didn't know, some sixty long poems, ranging from Browning and Shelley through Byron. I taught myself a repertoire of Shakespeare. Not that I had nerve enough to let a soul in on these secret lessons!

"I'm remembering the stunt my brother pulled on the staid business men of London! Every morning I came into the city, arriving at Victoria Station with thousands of other men who timed themselves by glancing up Victoria Street to the huge clock on Westminster Abbey. That gesture reassured you as you hurried to your bus.

It so happened one morning that everyone was frantically late, an entire hour late. There was a panting rush to offices. And all because late the night before my brother and another lad, students at Westminster School, had the inspiration of inspirations. They'd crawled perilously along balustrades and climbed up ledges and advanced the hand of that clock!

"One morning I decided to challenge the Gods. I resigned. I knew that within another year or so they intended to make me a branch manager at $2500. a year. But I'd sat at a desk and added forty or fifty pages of figures, hunting for an elusive ha'pence, and I'd kept promising myself that I'd get out of there before I was sunk. I went from the office straight to see Sir Frank Benson, a cousin who had perhaps England's most extraordinary theatrical company. He trouped in Shakespeare and had three different units. Beginners often paid to learn acting from him.

"When he asked me what I could do I stood up and went through one of Shylock's main scenes, giving a pertinent voice to each character, and presenting the whole thing with gusto. I couldn't do as well now, I'm afraid. But then, at last before someone of the theatre, I hadn't a trace of fear; I knew I was good. He asked if my father would consent to my trying to act and I lied furiously; I knew father couldn't stop me. Sir Frank was always afraid I'd coast because I was a relative, so invariably he made things harder for me.

"'Certain men can look at horseflesh and say "I believe this is going to be a winner," he stated solemnly when I'd finished my stunt. 'I think you ought to make an interesting actor. But it's up to you. I'll put you in the Number Two company and you can do two roles a night and there'll be ten plays in the repertoire. Your salary will be one pound a week.'

YES, my parents were worried," Basil confessed. "I was only nineteen, they'd gotten me a job with a sound future. Actor? I was plunging into an uncharted field. Into something where there was no guarantee. Besides, at nineteen everyone presumes he can act. I knew I would succeed, but no one else knew it. Everyone warned me of my foolishness, but I had that stupendous confidence of youth."

For fifteen months he toured, ecstatically doing bits, living on his $4.85 a week. "I was so one-track that it would really have been difficult for me to have failed." Basil, who is so cosmopolitan, so enthusiastic on every subject, a one-track mind?

"I wanted to get away from people, to live in a dream world of my own and shut out reality. I dreaded frankness and friendships. Fortunately that was the peak of the English theatre then. The theatre was glamorous beyond words. All the great actors had their own theatres and starred in them for years. You became tops and you stayed in your nice shell. Now an actor isn't sure of his reputation beyond his last play or picture! I didn't have to come out of my dreams. I didn't have to be practical, as I do now. I viewed everything in terms of the theatre. When I had the flu I contentedly read more plays. I couldn't discuss anything else but backstage; I never spoke except about theatrical technique."

So no wonder he was promoted to Benson's Number One company. At twenty he was touring the United States in Shakespeare, enacting second leads and earning $35. a week. "I managed to save out of that, too. Although I can't forget El Paso because we crossed the border to look at Juarez and we met a gentleman who showed us the bull-ring and led us into gambling away most of our savings!

"We economized by four of us young fellows taking one hotel room with two double beds. We ate at cafeterias and it was such fun gazing at all the food in sight before choosing what would be most filling." Basil, whose dinner parties are events in Hollywood, grinned like a college lad.

The troupe moved from city to city in two cars of its own. "Two day coaches in which we economically sat up nights. We'd buy cans of Sterno and take turns cooking our meals whenever we were on a train."

MRS. BASIL RATHBONE is the former Ouida Bergere, talented scenario writer, who abandoned her career when they married. But Basil, the ideal husband in Hollywood apparently, was married once before. He wasn't quite so one-track as he described himself, for the girl who played opposite him was evidently too attractive to be ignored. He hasn't wholly altered; at least he could be impetuous then.

He was twenty-one and he'd made no acquaintances outside of the troupe. But what did that matter? A lot of marrying was going on in the company. It was spring and he had a sweetheart! As soon as the American tour was over there was a London ceremony and two were to be one forever after. They honeymooned at Stratford-On-Avon, acting Shakespeare at the famed summer festival.

But two months after, the World War burst upon them. For four years Basil was away at the Front. He won, I have

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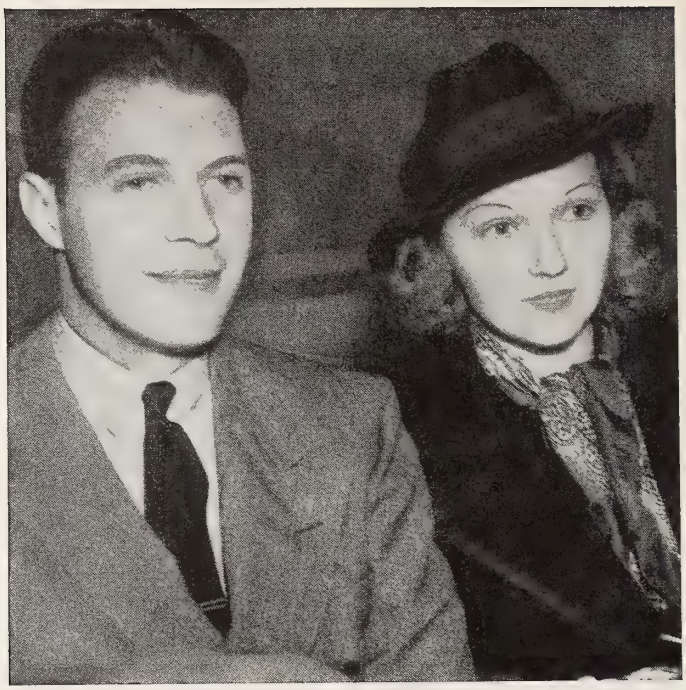
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Robert Kent and Astrid Allwyn (Mrs. Kent to you), among those present at the Gershwin concert at the Hollywood Bowl.

found out elsewhere, a lieutenancy and a military cross. He can cut with a mere word, on the screen; in person he doesn't boast.

The cool cynicism he can display belies his real self. Actually, he is an absolute romantic. He has a command to his vigor, and yet love to him must be spiritual, or it isn't the real thing.

There were hasty trips to a small London apartment, week-ends when he got away from the cannons of the war. Gradually, though, there just was no more bloom to that union.

"When I was demobilized life suddenly had no purpose," he said. "I was so young that the War, in spite of its horrors, had been a tremendous adventure. But no destroyers escorted us back across the channel. We'd felt used to them, as though they were for our very own benefit. The camp looked shoddy; officers no longer meant anything at all. And London—! I found my mother dead, that my brother had been killed in the fighting. There was no money left. Nor," he added softly, "was there anything left to what I'd imagined was the passion of my life.

"The theatre? Make-up and rehearsals seemed so blah right then. Yet I had to work and all I knew was the Benson companies. I heard the Stratford festival was being reorganized. I went after a part."

Constance Collier, who starred in "Peter Ibbetson" on Broadway, saw him. She was seeking a leading man for her London production, someone who could equal John Barrymore's interpretation in America. She saw Basil and knew he was the one. And, at twenty-five, unfamiliar to the critical audiences of London, he was an overnight hit.

"That first night," he exclaimed, "will never leave me. All the fine men of the theatre, the actors whom I'd worshipped from a distance, were there. And they walked up on the stage to congratulate me! Forbes Robertson, whose 'Hamlet' I'd seen four times. Sir John Hare and all the rest!"

STILL, it wasn't success that finally brought him out of his shell. "I never went out socially after that night. I was as solitary as ever. Eventually, when people insisted that I mix I did try it. But everything I did was wrong when I attempted to be a gay fellow. I was a little too exuberant. I laughed and joked too noisily. I was putting on an act. Of course, I really had no consideration for the viewpoint of others. I wasn't interested in the world in general. Expanding was a sad debacle!"

So it was until Ouida came along. He went from one stage success to another, but his inner life was unfulfilled until he met her. He was starring on Broadway. She was giving one of her gala parties and he was inveigled into attending. She was giving one of her gala week-ends at her country home soon after and he didn't have to be asked twice. After that week-end he knew he was in love.

For three years he courted her. They had a most romantic wedding in a Park Avenue apartment. A candle-lit, flower-decked altar where they took vows that have proved far more than idle protestations.

"If I've changed," said Basil, offering me a cocktail and a cigarette, "and learned how to enjoy people and places and everything that goes on about us today, it's because of Ouida. She is so vital, so sophisticated in every sense of the word, that I couldn't lag behind. I have some pride, you know! Her appreciation of fine music, of the theatre, of art was one of our first bonds. But it is her relish for exacting the most from every waking moment that enchants me, I suppose."

With Ouida beside him he has become a foremost Hollywood figure, personally and professionally.

"I don't want romantic leads, as some interviewers have persistently reported. I want variety. I don't mind being a bad man in pictures, although I do object to having to be a bloodless, inhuman sort. I believe"—and he cocked an eyebrow at me—"that I could play Rhett Butler as he ought to be played. From here." His index finger retouched his black, black hair. "I rather know how he became the man he is. He learned that you have to come out of your dreams to get ahead in this practical, modern age. He clung secretly to his romantic ideals. You see, he—"

But we were right where we'd started. Love has made Basil Rathbone a happy, buoyant battler.

Singing Stoic

(*Continued from page 31*)

tender age, a combination of an embryo Rockefeller and a Caruso, he rode his bike instead of the trolley, saved his car tickets, cashed them in and thus added to his savings. Every cent he made, except what was absolutely necessary for shoes and shirts, he deposited himself in the People's Dime and Savings Bank. He told me, "I gloated over that little book like a hoarding miser or a Praying Mantis. I became a good mathematician so there could be no way of chiseling me out of a copper."

THE summer he was fifteen he got a job as chauffeur to a wealthy Scranton widow. His employer had been cook to a very wealthy man who had married her, died and left her his fortune. And with the crop of petty cruelties and snobberies indigenous to such soil, the lady belabored the lad at the wheel. He bore it as long as he could for the sake of the twenty dollars a week there was in it.

The following summer he went to Asbury Park. He sang at the Belmar Church for twenty dollars the Sunday. He got a job at Freihofer's Bakery, working from ten p. m. to six a. m. He said, "I was a helper to a giant buck Negro. One night he and I got into a terrific fight. We were both fired. I didn't mind so much because, though I'd lost a job, I had proved my strength. I didn't get too much the worst of it. I believed then what I believe now, that a good physique and singing should go together. And they do, nowadays. Nelson Eddy, Lawrence Tibbett, John Boles, Richard Bonelli, all of them are fine figures of men.

After the fight with the negro, Allan got a job driving a laundry truck. He delivered hampers of wet wash to walk-up hotels. Walk-up hotels have many and steep flights. And have you ever toted wet wash?

He got a job chauffeuring for a wealthy family from New York. They became good friends, Allan and his employers.

And he met, in Asbury, his first romance. One of those early, youthful romances it was, with the moon, the sea, the stars, the nostalgic weight of young dreams acting as agencies for Cupid.

"I'd never had time to go around with girls at home," Allan told me, "much as I would have liked to. In all the years in Scranton I never had one 'steady' girl friend, no romances, not even a friendship with a girl worth the mentioning. I had neither the time, the money, nor the clothes. Occasionally I'd ask some girl to go to a movie with me, have a soda at the drugstore afterwards. That was the full extent of my social life, my dissipations."

A good, folksy home life, the background of young Don Diego Jones. His memories are of the bread that Mother used to bake, fresh vegetables from their own garden, pickling and jam-making and grace at table, his Welsh grandmother who told him tales of his Welsh forebears. Strong, plain food, the Golden Rule, an honest wage honestly earned, this was the "easy does it" of Hollywood's rising star.

At the end of his summer in Asbury he went back to high school. He played two weeks of football, first chance he'd had, and broke his right wrist. He kept on making money. He had the bleacher concession and made a good thing of it. He managed the cafeteria in high school. Came summer again and he worked with



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W. C. Fields' radio antics have kept us in stitches, so the news that he's making "The Big Broadcast of 1938," after an eighteen-months' absence from the screen, is sure welcome!



In spite of all that has been written about bad breath, thousands still lose friends through this unpleasant fault. Yet sour stomach with its resultant bad breath is frequently only the result of constipation. Just as loss of appetite, early weakness, nervousness, mental dullness, can all be caused by it.

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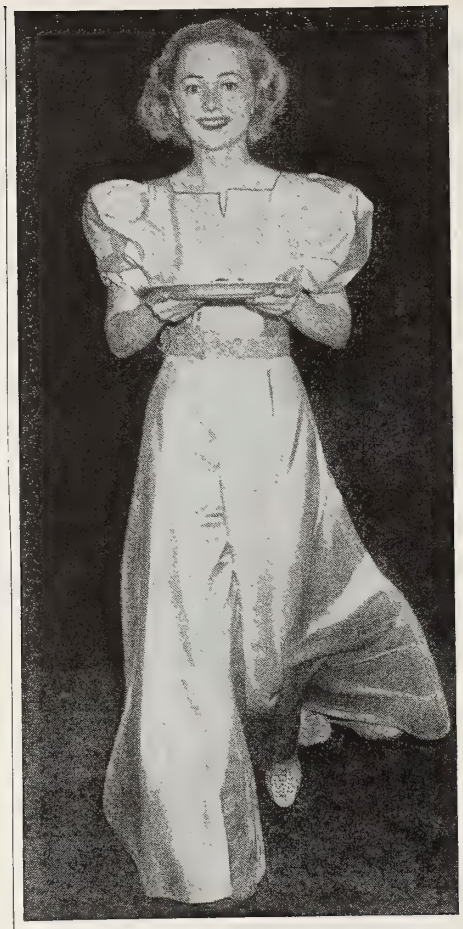
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the *names and addresses* of those executives at Hollywood's major studios whose *business* it is to find new talent . . . also 300 names and addresses of accredited representatives in the United States *now* looking for new faces . . . the only book of its kind.

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Olivia De Havilland does an Oliver Twist—going back for "more" at the Basil Rathbone shindig.

the steel girder gang in the mines. One day he took a bad spill from a soaring girder and smashed the wrist already broken once, splintering the bone to powder. The bone was removed and a silver plate inserted. Now, Allan can't bend that wrist backwards. And on damp days it causes him some pain.

WHEN he was a senior in high he got a job driving coal trucks. He worked for a man who amassed a quarter of a million during the coal strike by collecting waste materials, processing them, selling them. The man on the shovel, a mature Hercules, earning seventy-five dollars a week, broke his leg. Allan asked for the job and got it. He was eighteen. By the end of the first week he was loading twenty-one cars of sixty tons each. At the end of three months the strike ended and the job with it. But that seventy-five dollars a week had substantially augmented the little pile in the Dime Bank. Easy did it.

Allan went into the mines of which his father was foreman. He got fifty-eight cents an hour and, to increase the ante, worked double shift, sixteen hours a day. The gang of nine men under him, Poles and Italians, were tough customers. It was occasionally necessary to knock some ambition into their hot heads. And not by words.

When Allan was eighteen he had fifteen hundred dollars put away. Fifteen hundred dollars which represented the years of his boyhood. He had, too, sufficient credits to enter Syracuse. And so, one day, he packed his two suits, pants presser, shirts, collars, socks, parental blessings and his ambition in the family rucksack and took off on the first lap of his journey to Hollywood. He remained at Syracuse for three months. Then came a wire from New York. It was from LeRoy Eltringham, formerly curate of St. Luke's in Scranton. The man who had, from the start, taken a warm interest in the sturdy, self-reliant boy. The wire said, "Come to New York right away. This is the place for you."

Allan went to New York. LeRoy Eltringham took him the rounds of the city's finest voice teachers. Three of them, apprised of the fact that funds were scanty, regretted that they could do nothing for him. The fourth, Claude Warford, heard him sing "The Valley" from "The Messiah" and offered to give him three lessons a week, free. Through the further offices of Mr. Eltringham he got a scholarship at N. Y. U. in exchange for singing in the Glee Club. He was soloist with a quartette in the Washington Heights Presbyterian Church. When he found that he couldn't do justice to the college curriculum and his voice lessons, too, he was made a special student, taking only languages, French, German, Italian.

In the summer, Claude Warford took such pupils as could afford it to his summer school in Paris. Allan couldn't afford it. But he *had* to go. He sat down and wrote to his Dad. He asked what about the possibilities of giving an Allan Jones concert in Scranton? Daniel Jones wrote back, "I have two thousand men working for me, son. They'll buy tickets, or else."

From that one concert Allan netted eleven hundred dollars. He sailed for Europe with Mr. Warford and his fellow students.

Allan studied in Paris. He coached with Reynaldo Hahn, famous French conductor and composer at the Opera Mise en Scene, with Felix Le Roux of the National Opera of Paris. In the fall he returned to New York and to his first big professional engagement, as soloist with Anna Case with the New York Philharmonic. For two succeeding summers he commuted to Paris. He studied oratorio in London with Sir Henry Wood. He sang at Deauville. He would return to America and do concerts all over the country, at one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars the concert He did radio shorts.

In 1929 came the crash. In more ways than one. Allan's good friend, LeRoy Eltringham, dropped dead of a heart attack. Allan lost most of his hard-earned money. Concert business was bad. And he did a little near-starving for months. He said, "Well, borrowing money anyway. That's a kind of hunger that's also shame and worse than body hunger." Then Charlie Wagner put on "Boccaccio," formerly sung by Jeritza at the Met. Allan's salary was five hundred dollars a week. It was an artistic triumph but a commercial failure.

Allan signed with the Shuberts. He played in St. Louis, a new show every week. "The Student Prince," "Floradora," "Sari," the repertoire of light opera. He barnstormed. He did one-night stands.

At the end of the third year Allan opened in "Annina" with Jeritza. He also played the name part in "The Life of Stephen Foster." And it was while he was singing in "Annina" that the mills of the gods speeded up their grinding. For Bill Grady and one or two other officials of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio heard him and saw him. Arthur Lyons was Allan's agent. There was a get-together and a test. Louis B. Mayer wired from Hollywood. "Sign Jones to long-term contract immediately." Allan signed. There was a rider to the contract. He had, first,

to get free of his Shubert contract, with two years to go. There were threats of blackball. There was considerable mental anguish for Allan and, in the end, it cost him twenty thousand dollars to be free for the movies.

He arrived in Hollywood at seven-thirty one morning. No flags were raised. At ten a. m. he was on the set, met Jean Harlow and sang his song for "Reckless." "What a swell kid she was," Allan said. "She was the first one in Hollywood to give me the glad hand, wish me well, prophesy that I'd go places. I'd give more than an awful lot if she could have been at the premiere of 'Firefly.'

"Well, then, I made 'Night At The Opera' with the merry Marxes, 'Showboat' for Universal, did a bit, a song, in 'Rose Marie.' And the sound track for 'A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody' in 'The Great Ziegfeld.' Hunt Stromberg had asked me to do that for him, that and the song in 'Rose Marie.' He told me that if I'd be a good sport and help him out he would eventually find a role for me that would put me on the centre of the movie map. I tried not to expect too much. You learn, in show business, that illusions wear pretty thin, promises are cheap coins, easily spent.

"But Stromberg didn't forget. He more than made good his promise. I *couldn't* have failed in 'Firefly' if I tried. Not with Stromberg producing, Leonard directing and Jeanette singing. Jeanette singing, it would be the ambition of any male singer to appear opposite her. And believe me, ma'am, it was sure mine! And when you consider how my role might have been subordinated to hers you can guess how much I really owe her. She gave me every break, and then some. The songs were equally divided between us. If anything, I got the better of the division with the 'Donkey's Serenade' and the 'Giannina Mia.' Hear about the wire she sent me the night of the premiere? It just said, 'Congratulations on YOUR big night.' Jeanette and Gene and Irene and I had been close friends long before we did 'Firefly.' I thought she was swell then. But there had been no test of friendship at that time. Now there has been and I know how swell she is."

I FIRST saw Irene," Don Diego Jones told me then, his cold gray eyes warm, "when she was playing the lead in 'Ladies' Money,' a studio play given at the Hollywood Music Box. I went to the play with Betty Furness. I kept watching Irene. I asked about her. Betty laughed and said, 'Better not waste time thinking about her, my friend, her time is *all* taken up!' I said, 'Oh, yeah, Bob Taylor.' I remembered I'd heard they were going together. Later I learned that Irene had seen me in 'Night At The Opera' and had asked about me.

"One day I was walking down the lot right in back of her. She didn't see me. She was humming 'Alone,' my song in 'Night At The Opera.' I passed her and looked back. We both laughed. I knew that I was in love with her then. But there were obstacles. Among them, Irene was going with Bob.

"We kept on meeting at parties. Betty Furness gave one that Christmas. Irene was there with Bob. Then there was a party at Arthur Lyons'. Again Irene was with Bob. She sat between us and I managed to monopolize her attention for an hour. So much was gained." (Easy didn't exactly do it, even in love. Imagine falling in love with the girl who was going with Robert Taylor!)

"Then Raoul Walsh gave a party. Bob was out of town. Irene came with Cesar Romero. I took Betty. Betty is a wise girl. She saw the way things were going. She asked me how I'd like to take Irene home instead of her. I didn't need to answer that. And Betty, laughing, went to Cesar and said, 'Say, Butch, they've changed the script on us, *you* are taking *me* home.'

"Yep, from my first sight of her I knew that it had to be. We were like magnets, one to the other. And if we don't live happily ever after it won't be through any conscious fault of mine. When, all obstacles ironed out, we were married on July 26th, 1936, and I said 'I do,' I meant it with all my heart. We're so happy, in every way, that I should get out the old rabbit's foot and look at the moon over my right shoulder. Everything seems to be easy doing it, now. Dad and my mother were out here this summer. They got a big kick out of watching me work in 'Firefly.' Jeanette invited them to her wedding and, boy, they have enough to tell the home folks to keep 'em going until our Golden Wedding! Dad feels that the career he never had has come true in me. "I'm crazy about Irene's little girl. And soon we'll be crazy again about one of our own. I'm not sure what I'll do next on the screen. It may be 'The Red Mill' with Della Lind, the Viennese singing find. I can leave all that to Hunt. He gave me my illusions back, not a tatter in 'em.

"I'm happy," said Allan, his earnestness good to see. "It's been hard work but I'd do it all over again, work treble shift for the gifts the gods have given me."

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Between You 'n' Me

(Continued from page 67)

$1.00 Prize Letter
What, No Love Interest?

Can you imagine? It wasn't until three complete hours had elapsed since I had seen the picture, that the whole truth really dawned on me. Yes, I'm talking about little Deanna Durbin's triumph. I saw "One Hundred Men and a Girl," came home, raved about it, and suddenly realized that the picture had managed to escape without something that almost every picture is lost without. There was no love interest! Deanna was, thank Heavens, not a cute little go-between for a couple of idiots madly in love; in fact, far from being the go-between for anybody, I should say that she was the "go." Let's have more pictures of this calibre, and especially, let's have more of Deanna.—Thelma Greenberg, Washington, D. C.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Pent-up Indignation

This is written especially in reply to a certain Texas lassie who bent over backwards to say insulting things about Barbara Stanwyck in your August issue. We're all entitled to our favorites, but when I resort to airing my feelings on the printed page, I sincerely hope I have intelligence enough not to confuse constructive criticism with "just being plain catty."

Of course, there are those who never see good in anyone and to them perhaps the forthright honesty and loyalty that are reflected in those lovely eyes of Miss Stanwyck's go to make her face appear "plain." But to those of us who can appreciate sincerity in all its worthiness and know Barbara for the grand person she is, these things make her beautiful in reality rather than a glamor-coated actress.

I'm willing to wager that all the anti-Stanwyck grumblers are ardent Bob Taylor fans and therein lies the answer to these jealous accusations. What do you think?—Betty June Simpson, Calumet City, Ill.

ROBERT TAYLOR'S KING!

Letters and more letters have been pouring in from all parts of the country and from outside the country, too—all trying to settle the question, which we raised some months ago. Who Is King of Feminine Hearts—Robert Taylor or Tyrone Power? Now, at last, the votes have been counted and although Bob leads with 14,567 votes, Ty follows neck-and-neck with 14,359. So, girls and boys, Bob Taylor's King. Long Live the King!

Followers-up in the contest are Clark Gable, Errol Flynn and Nelson Eddy, but every masculine player in Hollywood, from the romantic leads to character actors, seems to have plenty of girls' hearts tucked away in his pocket.

And now, ask our men readers, how about giving the boys a chance to crown a Queen? It's all right with us, so cast your votes and let's settle the matter. Who Is Queen of Masculine Hearts?

$1.00 Prize Letter
Wouldn't it be fun if—

Irene Did instead of Dunne,
Cary would Refuse instead of Grant,
Marsha would Seek instead of Hunt
Barbara would Write instead of Read.
And if—
Nelson were a Ripple, not an Eddy,
Fred were a Hall, not Astaire,
Martha were a Beam, not a Raye,
Clark were the Roof, not the Gable
Shirley were a Church, not a Temple,
Franchot were a Sound, not a Tone,
Frances were a Banker, not a Farmer,
Tyrone were Strength, not Power,
Rochelle were the Mississippi, not the Hudson,
Ronald were an Iceman, not a Colman,
Madeleine were a Song, not a Carroll,
And Jean were a Starter, not a Parker,
But what shall we fans ever do, if Jane Wilts, instead of Withers.

—Frances Smail, Dorchester, Mass.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1937.

State of New York
County of New York, N. Y. } ss

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Regina Cannon, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1937.
ALFREDA R. COLE.
Notary Public, Nassau Co. 1849
Certificate Filed in New York County
N. Y. Co. Clerk's No. 858, Reg. No. 8C518
Commission Expires March 30, 1938



Can you believe it? It's Jackie Cooper, practically a young man now. And very handsome too!

Personality—Better Than Beauty

(*Continued from page 43*)

Harry. But do admit the truth to yourself and go after what you want with all your might and main.

THERE is, naturally, a heck of a sight more than honesty with oneself required in the development of charm and distinction—in other words, personality. Next to the ability to be on the level with yourself, I'd say, comes the conquering of fear, self-consciousness, shyness. Then, perhaps, comes the courage to be a little different from the herd. All bound around with these steps in becoming a real person, there must be the ability to use one's judgment—a sense of discrimination which will tell you when, let us say, to dare a slightly mad make-up, hair-do or hat and when not to; when to come out loudly with all the courage of your convictions, and when to keep mum and let the other feller do the talking. Also bound around with this personality development is the desirability of being the best-looking individual, physically, that you can possibly manage to be.

A large order, you say? I'm having a swell time using words and saying nothing? Personality is something you're born with and can't develop, you think? You're wrong! Listen:

About overcoming self-consciousness, now . . . here's something to bolster your ego with. If you feel that you don't look so hot, consider some of the famous women you read about in the papers. Women in public life, society women, writers, successful business women. Are they always good-looking? No. Often they're exactly

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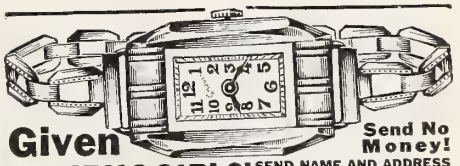
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the opposite and some of 'em can't even wear their expensive clothes well. Yet they've gone places, made money, annexed doting husbands, and made people like them. All by using their brains and the force of their personalities. If this personality-success can come to unattractive women, it can certainly come to those of you who are reasonably blessed by nature with physical loveliness and those of you who can acquire physical loveliness by a decent amount of attention to diet, exercise and simple beauty routines.

Another way of overcoming self-consciousness: have a dress-rehearsal before you go out into sassiety. Never try anything new on the public. Try it on the dog first. Try it on your family, your girl friend, your husband. By that I mean, don't attempt any innovation in make-up (particularly) or coiffure just before a date or a party. Sure as fate, something will go haywire and when you're out with all the folks you'll wish to heaven you had stuck to the good old part in the middle, or left off the purple eyeshadow. That will make you think about yourself, you see, and one of the first rules for personality-success is forgetting yourself and thinking about the other guy.

Be pretty sure of a new dress before you go out, especially if it's a not-too-expensive dress. Try it on a couple of times in the bright, cruel light of day. Look at the seams and the finishings. It may look pretty nice when you stand up, straight as a die, holding your stomach in and your rear flat. But how does it look when you sit? How does it look when you walk? If it's cut bias anywhere, it may shorten embarrassingly when you sit down. Better see about that. Does the slip show, or stop short too far above the hem?

That hat, now. How does it look from the back? What does it do to your hair when you take it off? Take pains—take time—be a little slow and fuss-budgetty with details of your personal appearance. You had better wear the old black dress, which people always admire, than be in too much of a hurry to shine in the red number bought this very afternoon at the sale.

IF you're reasonably sure and satisfied about your personal appearance, you've won half the battle in overcoming self-consciousness. For the rest, recall what I said above: forget yourself and think about the other person. Listen. Ask questions. Smile. Laugh. Be interested. (If you follow that rule with men, you're practically set.) Don't be flustered by little embarrassments that come up. Take them coolly and matter-of-factly. With men, reserve a little of yourself: speak quietly and slowly, give the impression that you could say more than you do.

All these tips are good if you're not particularly sure of yourself. As you gain poise and assurance, come out a little more strongly with your opinions and convictions. Perhaps—who knows?—you have the gift to make people laugh. There's a stupid old belief that men don't admire a sense of humor in a girl. Never was a sillier word spoken. Why, look at Barbara Stanwyck! There are many better looking gals in Hollywood, aren't there? But about fifty per cent of Barbara's popularity is due to the fact that she possesses our first requisite for personality: honesty with herself—and everybody else, too. And the other fifty per cent, almost, can be put down to a quick, dry sense of humor. Robert Taylor is never bored with Barbara—and that's one of the chief reasons he sticks around.

However, to get back to overcoming self-consciousness, find out what is the correct thing to do in all social situations. Don't be a slave to these rules and regulations, but know about 'em just the same. They're a great help. Have a little social patter on the tip of your tongue. It will come in handy when you can't think of a bloomin' thing to say. And, of course, I don't need to tell you that the more you read—books, magazines, newspapers—the better off you'll be. Learn to play a couple or more of the socially popular games, even if you hate games. If you're not naturally a good dancer, see if you can't take some dancing lessons. And if you're at a girls' school or college, please, please don't fall into the insidious habit of dancing with other gals. I did this, much to my sorrow. During the lunch hour or after dinner, on would go the croaky old victrola and, being tall, M. M. did a powerful lot of leading. It's terrible. Don't you ever do it, if you never dance a step.

Have you a talent, hidden or otherwise? I wanta say a thing or two about talents. These days, I think, one must be pretty good before one gets up to entertain the company. There's so much good stuff to listen to and look at nowadays—on the radio, at the theatres. By all means, if you can play or sing or dance, work at your talent and be ready to please and amuse folks with your efforts, for this gift will buy you more popularity than big blue eyes or naturally blonde hair. But don't do things sloppily and half way.

When I went to see the latest "Broadway Melody," my main urge was for the sight of Eleanor Powell's dancing feet. But the hit of the show to me—good though Miss P. was—turned out to be little Judy Garland. Why? Goodness knows, I've heard enough of that general type of hot singing. But young Judy did it so well—she put so much umph behind her songs. Her young voice is powerful and sure of pitch. It's not a little pipe-squeak of a voice, blown up by the sound man into something which it isn't. It's as natural as Judy herself, with her snapping black eyes and her wide mouth, which isn't a bit pretty, but which intrigues you and makes you like her, just because it isn't reshaped with lipstick.

FRANCES FARMER, now, is the best looking girl of the four at the beginning of this article, if you're talking about classic features and such. But why is Frances going places, while other pretty blondes are left behind? In the first place, pretty blondes are apt to be insipid, and that's one thing Miss Farmer isn't. In the second place, Frances doesn't make the mistake of so many pretty blondes of being frilly and fussy, with great gobs of the pretty hair falling to the shoulders and all over the face. It's a great temptation to "show off" lovely yellow hair, but it's much smarter to wear it close.

Another "different" charm about Frances Farmer: her voice and manner. She's completely natural, and her manner is matter-of-fact and hail-fellow-well-met, without being in the least horsey or tough. Blondes are so apt to be (1) statuesque and unapproachable or (2) too demure and fluttery.

While I'm on the subject of being different, let me say just two more things: good-looking blondes, redheads and brunettes, the striking types, in other words, will do well to soften their vivid quality on most occasions. By that, I mean, wear simple coiffures, only such make-up as you need to look your best, and simple, dark or neutral toned clothes. On most occasions, I say. Why? So that, dears, you may shine all the more brightly in a gay gown or a sophisticated hair-do on rare occasions and so, too, that you won't tire all that must look at you every day in the week.

The other thing I want to say about being different is this: when you don't seem to be getting much of anywhere with your present appearance and present method of attack upon the world at large, try some radical change in appearance and manner. This will take a bit of courage.

But, what have you got to lose? You're not happy the way things are. If you've never worn red, and think you can't wear red, perhaps it would be a swell idea to buy the reddest dress you can find. Bob your hair, if it's long. Buy a switch if it's short. I knew a mousey little person once who had no claim to beauty particularly, but someone persuaded her to try some mascara. Lo and behold, though her lashes were so light that they barely showed without the make-up, they were long and silky and a touch of the old reliable goo made her eyes lovely.

I THINK American girls and women are getting better looking every day and yet most of them still lack something. I took a motor trip recently and went through some of the pokiest little towns, far away from the big cities, and yet, so many of the girls in these towns looked chic and smart. They all knew a few tricks of make-up and hair arrangement. Nice figures, and pretty faces and eyes chockful of allure. Yet, there is that "something" which almost every American girl lacks, whether she lives in a small town or a big city—an illusive quality which even the plainest foreign girl and woman seems to possess. Take Luise Rainer, who certainly isn't plain—not with those eyes—but who is certainly not as physically luscious as many a cutie in Hollywood or on Main Street. Now what the heck is it?

I think it's the summation of all the things I've been trying to tell you about in this article. Honesty with oneself. No self-consciousness, because when one knows how to act and what to do and how to make the best of one's features, hair and figure, there's no earthly reason to be self-conscious. Courage to be yourself and do, wear and say what *you* please, instead of imitating the girl next door.

The sophisticated European woman, too, has an instinctive knowledge of how to charm and please men which many of us must learn by bitter experience. But you can learn it, and you gotta learn it, if you want to be really happy, and there's plenty of competition these days, too. When to flatter a man, when to pique him with indifference; when to turn on a little heat, when to keep the brute in a cool, dry place; when to be all feminine and soft and when to be a modern frank pal; when to intrigue him by intelligent interest in the things he's interested in, when to be a little dumb, in a helpless, pretty sort of way.

Well, I hope I haven't got you all beautifully bawled up. Maybe I should have stuck to the good old one-two-three about taking care of your fingernails, faces and hair. But I had this on my chest and had to get it off.

HERE'S a good exercise to flatten the tum and slim the waist. Stand with feet ten inches apart, toes turned slightly in. Hands on hips, and if you dig and squeeze with those hands while you're doing the exercise, it won't hurt a particle. Now bend back, very slowly, as far as you can go without losing your balance. Come forward by describing a circle with your upper body—first to the left. Way forward. Now back to an upright position again. Repeat, describing your circle this time to the right. Feel your stomach muscles pull when you bend back. Do that for twenty minutes every morning—or as long a time as you can spare—and see how charmingly flat in front you become by next month.

If your face is feeling a little dry these snappy days, try this change in your make-up routine for a while. Buy yourself some good foundation cream, in a tone a smitch darker than your skin. Pay a decent price for it. There are a number on the market, costing about a buck and a half per throw, but they last forever. Use this cream, and your lipstick and whatever, and no powder. A lot of the Hollywood beauties do this, to refresh their skins after the heavy picture make-up.

Also, I gotta present for yuh. Fill in coupon below, plizz, and receive sample. It's a skin cleaner that does wonders for the smoothness of the pelt. You mix it up yourself with warm water to a creamy consistency and apply it to your face and remove it with a wash cloth wrung out of warm water. It's completely non-alkaline in action and especially if your skin is roughened and dry, it will do wonders for it. See if I'm not right—and remember, a good skin never hurt any personality!

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Reviews

(*Continued from page 108*)

★★ Ebb Tide

This is the first sea picture for which Technicolor has been used, and on that account alone is worth seeing. The photographic effects are good throughout, and in some scenes have exceptional beauty—in particular a storm at sea and some South Sea Island shots.

The story is taken from the familiar one by Robert Louis Stevenson and concerns the adventures of three men who have brought disgrace upon themselves in one way or another, and are now adrift in the world. The men are an old-sea-captain (Oscar Homolka), a repulsive cockney derelict (Barry Fitzgerald), and a young and cultured Englishman (Ray Milland). The captain gets a chance at last to take a ship to Australia, and gets berths for his two cronies. At sea they decide to chart their course for Peru instead, sell the cargo, and start life anew. In the midst of their plottings, the former captain's daughter (Frances Farmer) suddenly appears out of hiding, and demands that justice be upheld—emphasizing her statement by shooting the captain. Excitement rides high on the voyage, between typhoons, drunken sprees of the captain and steward when the ship drifts aimlessly, and the fear of starvation when the supplies run out. The climax comes with the discovery of an island on which is a fabulous fortune in pearls, but it is controlled by the ruthless Lloyd Nolan, who sets about murdering the men so he can have Frances for his very own.

It's a good story, but gets off to a painfully slow start—even the most exciting episodes becoming monotonous through being too long-drawn-out. As we said before, you'll want to see it for the photography, but it could have been much more thrilling, had more attention been paid to the development of the story.

First prize for acting goes to Barry Fitzgerald, without whom the film would have fallen completely flat. Oscar Homolka's slow, heavy actions are well suited to his role, in this one, while Ray Milland and Frances Farmer are no more than adequate. Directed by James Hogan.—*Paramount.*

★★ Fight for Your Lady

This is Jack Oakie's picture, from first to last. So if an hour of Grade A Oakie antics suits your mood, you won't go wrong on it. The story centers around the ridiculous situation of John Boles being jilted, the first time such a thing has happened to the handsome Mr. B., at least on the screen.

He turns to demon rum and Jack Oakie for consolation, and with such a combination there's small wonder that he comes out of the predicament a better and wiser man.

In Budapest he falls madly in love with a cabaret entertainer, Ida Lupino, and this would all be very nice, except for the fact that Ida has an aristocratic suitor, Eric Blore, who has the nasty habit of killing off her extra boy friends by means of the time-honored duelling system. Eric has one other weakness besides Ida, however, he's a push-over for mothers. This gives rise to one of the really hilarious incidents of the picture.

The climax comes when, just as he is about to stab Mr. Boles through the heart, our hero's poor old widowed mother shows up on the scene and begs for her boy's life. As the poor old widowed mother, Jack Oakie never looked better! Though Oakie outshines everyone, creditable performances are given by the rest of the cast, in particular Eric Blore and Margot Grahame. Miss Lupino and Mr. Boles are adequate in the leads. Directed by Ben Stoloff.—*RKO.*

★ The Bride Wore Red

Wouldn't it be swell if somebody got a new story for Joan Crawford? Or perhaps Miss Crawford likes the one she's been using for all these years. She should be advised, however, that it's getting a bit shabby around the edges. All of which means that "The Bride Wore Red" is a dull and routine picture which will disappoint the Crawford fans and bore the rest of the audience.

Briefly, the story has Joan as a singer in a low waterfront dive who gets a momentary fling at wealth and fine clothes only to discover that what she really wants is happiness, which, as all movie-goers know, is enjoyed only by the poor.

Miss Crawford's wooden portrayal of the girl slows the film up considerably. Several of the supporting players turn in excellent jobs, but because so much of the footage is given to the star, their scenes are much too brief. Franchot Tone, in the role of a village postmaster, lends warmth and reality to his part, and Robert Young, as a slightly decadent young millionaire, is smooth and effective. Billie Burke, George Zucco, Lynne Carver, Reginald Owen and Mary Phillips all deserve more than passing mention.

Miss Crawford sings one song, "Who Wants Love?" which drew no response from a preview audience. Directed by Dorothy Arzner.—*M-G-M.*

★ Sophie Lang Goes West

We regret to say that this Paramount picture is just the opposite of the best show in town. It's another one of those jewel-swiping tales that you have seen many times before, only with a different cast. Gertrude Michael is the feminine lead this time, and though she's lovely to look at and probably delightful to know, Gertrude just doesn't click in celluloid. Though in all justice we should add that it would take a Shirley Temple to rise above this script.

The story concerns a former jewel thief, Gertrude Michael, who is on her way to California in order to get her past just as far behind as possible. En route, she meets a movie scripter, Lee Bowman, who finds the lady and her past so intriguing that he's going to write a screen yarn about it. It looks like the two will peacefully collaborate across the continent, but suddenly the plot thickens with a bang. A world-famous diamond is stolen and the heroine is accused of being in on the dirty work. From there on, the complications arise so thick and fast that it would take a Sherlock Holmes to untangle them, though we doubt if he'd care. Lee Bowman does the best he can with the role allotted to him, with his performance topping the other mediocre ones. Well, don't say we didn't tell you. Directed by Charles Riesner.—*Paramount.*

(*Continued on page 104*)

That Girl's Here Again

(*Continued from page* 18)

from the time they were two. Joan had only been knee high to a cricket when she gave a reading from "The Tempest."

She was fifteen when, to use her own quotes, "life really began." And it was all due to a broken shoulder blade.

Of course she didn't know it was broken at the time. She had been taking care of a neighbor's youngsters and they'd been wrestling on the edge of the swimming pool when she felt something snap. It wasn't until the next day that she learned it was the bone in her shoulder. They hurried her to a hospital. They took X-rays. The family physician shook his head. "She's been a semi-invalid all her life and it has to be topped with this! As soon as she can travel, I suggest a long sea trip and a complete change of scenery."

That's how it was that Joan, under the surveillance of her father, headed back for Japan. She had never been separated from Meg and Ollie before. That last afternoon they had swung down Market Street together towards the pier, not caring whether the whole of San Francisco heard them singing. They had to sing. It was either that or tears. And as the ship slipped away towards Golden Gate, there was Joan, a wind-whipped little figure clinging to a spar on the top deck.

And from below Joan, a male voice called, "Hadn't you better come down from there?" She slid down precipitately, right into his arms. He was a very presentable young man, bound for the legation in Tokio. Even before the typhoon hit them she was wearing his ring. A gorgeous blond taking a finishing course at the American Missionary school was a boon to that crowd of lonely diplomats. Before the year was up Joan had been engaged four times.

And something else took place in Japan. Somewhere, somehow, the illness that had haunted her childhood, abruptly vanished. The Joan who came back to Meg and Ollie was radiantly alive, well. That summer the three of them motored to Los Angeles for a vacation. It was meant to be for three weeks. It has lasted three years.

Ollie went to work. And Joan decided to do the same, minus any assistance from sister or family. That fetish of hers cropping up again. They had a little place in north Hollywood near Henry Duffy's. Mr. Duffy produces stage plays and Joan wanted to be an actress. She took to walking past his garden. After a while she grew bold enough to walk in and up to his door. He wasn't in the first time. Nor the second. But the third time the maid told him, smiling, "That girl's here again."

He asked Joan to read the part of the-little-girl-next-door in "Call It A Day." A month later she opened in it at the El Capitan Theatre, where Jesse L. Lasky saw her and signed her to a movie contract.

They gave Joan a small part in the Hepburn picture, "Quality Street." Then a larger one in a Class B production. And then came the lead in the Nino Martini film, "Music For Madame."

You will see her next in "Damsel In Distress." Joan Fontaine, who makes it a law to travel entirely under her own steam, who is considered one of the two finest actresses among Hollywood's younger players. The other is her sister, Olivia De Havilland.

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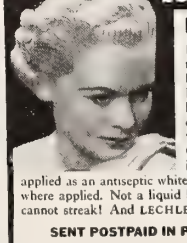
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Information Desk

(*Continued from page 65*)

Mary McKinnon, Randolph, Utah. Bette Davis is twenty-nine years old. No, there was no romance between Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy except on the screen! She's Mrs. Gene Raymond, now, you know. Ross Alexander did commit suicide, apparently as the result of brooding over the earlier suicide of his first wife.

Shirley Barron, Baltimore, Md. You are interested in the movies, aren't you! Well, here are your answers. Don Ameche is not in the least gray at the temples. In fact, he has almost black hair, so it was powder which fooled you in that picture. You may obtain photographs of the stars by writing to the studios where they work and enclosing twenty-five cents to cover mailing cost. The skiing scenes in "Thin Ice," were done by doubles, though Sonja Heinie knows all about such things! At the present writing, Ruby Keeler is under contract to RKO-Radio and not scheduled to make any pictures with Dick Powell. "Gone With The Wind" has not been cast as yet though there is talk that Clark Gable will play Rhett Butler opposite Paulette Goddard as Scarlett O'Hara. Nelson Eddy's next picture is "Rosalie," with Eleanor Powell.

C. M. Bennett, Traverse City, Mich. Paul Lukas will be seen shortly in "Mutiny in the Mountains," an English production.

Betty Robinson, Ovid, New York. Loretta Young has three sisters, Polly Ann Young, Sally Blane, and Georgiana Young. The first two have been in pictures, but only Sally Blane is active at the present time.

V. Norbut, Newark, N. J. I wouldn't be too upset over the rumors that Garbo is through with pictures. Each time her contract is about to expire, they crop up but she still seems to go on making pictures and probably will continue to do so.

Adelaide Harmon, Warren, Ohio. You can get a photograph of Don Ameche by writing to 20th Century-Fox, Hollywood, Calif. Enclose twenty-five cents to cover the cost of mailing.

Rose Siriday, Grantwood, N. J. The cast for "Hollywood Hotel," which has been selected thus far includes: Dick Powell, Rosemary and Lola Lane, Glenda Farrell, Hugh Herbert, Ted Healy, Alan Mowbray, Frances Langford, Raymond Paige, Ken Niles and Louella Parsons. Milton Berle can be reached in care of RKO-Radio Studios, Hollywood, California.

Alyce Unger, Gloucester, N. J. You certainly *do* go for Errol Flynn, don't you? He is more than six feet tall and was born in North Ireland, a direct descendant of Fletcher Christian who led the famous Mutiny on the Bounty. Errol Flynn is his real name. He is married to Lili Damita and it is his first venture. His birthday is June 20th. You're quite welcome, that's what we're here for!

Getting the Breaks

(*Continued from page 40*)

And he still can't understand why people have been so nice to him, why the executives at Paramount, for instance, took one look at that face and that long, shambling figure and signed him to a long-term contract without even going through the formality of a film test. Personally, he's still trying to figure that all out. That's not true, either, Gary just doesn't try to figure anything out! He just carries on.

I was working in the publicity department at Paramount when they placed the big, gawky guy under contract. From the very first minute I saw him, I was aware of that arresting charm of his. I've known other players who affected me in somewhat the same way, but in time you get to understand the difference between the manufactured or affected charm and personality and that which a person really possesses, and you discover that even those with the natural personality have to be really "big" to take on success.

I think I realized from the very first that Gary would be "big."

During the years I've known him, Gary has never changed his viewpoint. It's hard to believe that a chap who has made as many feminine hearts go pitty-pat (including mine) can be so utterly oblivious to the fact that he has a certain something that no one else possesses.

Every time Gary has signed a new contract, I'll bet, he's wondered to himself how long it would be before they'd catch on to him. He wouldn't have been surprised to have found himself completely out of pictures at any minute. And if such a thing had actually happened, I honestly don't think it would have bothered him. He'd just go on, as usual.

There's a little leather shop in Hollywood which is owned by a fellow named Jeff Davis. He's not young, but he's still tall, thin and a trifle stoop-shouldered from years spent in the saddle. No one knows very much about Jeff, even Gary. And that's pretty surprising considering how much time Gary spends fussing around Jeff's little shop, unless you know your Cooper. Knowing him, I can understand how he can spend hours in a day chatting with the ex-cowboy, sometimes figuring out some new design in leather, sometimes just spinning yarns, and never asking Jeff anything about his private life. It would never occur to Gary to pry into anyone's business unless the information was volunteered.

Of course, this casualness of Gary's is a bit maddening at times. There was the time, when he'd been in ill-health for some months, when he felt he wanted to go to Africa. It was a long trip that had been planned, lazy days of cruising up the Nile, active moments, chasing big game, in other words, an extensive vacation. Well, other people may have worried about the career he was temporarily forsaking at a moment when he was not any too well established on the screen, but it's certain Gary didn't. I'll wager that the fact he would be off the screen for some fourteen months didn't even occur to Gary. He just went to Africa!

And when he returned to the United States, he didn't bat an eyelash when he discovered his financial affairs weren't in any too healthy a condition. He didn't even wonder if they had a picture for him to work in back in Hollywood. He just came back, in his own unflurried fashion, and reported at the studio!

"What," you might ask, "has Gary Cooper gotten out of success?"

Well, Gary wears nice clothes, might be your first reaction. That's true. Many of Gary's suits are made from imported fabrics. But that is part of Gary's business as an actor. He must at all times

have an extensive wardrobe.

But if you were to catch Gary in an off-moment, you'd realize how unimportant such material things are in Gary's scheme of living (if he really has one). When he isn't working, you practically never see Gary dressed up. Nine times out of ten, he'll be wearing an old polo shirt and a pair of mussy trousers with a well-worn necktie around his waist to keep them in place. Indeed, one of Gary's favorite articles of apparel is a cheap pair of seersucker pants which he swiped, mind you, from the wardrobe department when he was working in "Now and Forever" a few years back. He'll probably continue to wear them until they literally fall off!

And during the filming of "The Plainsman," when almost everyone on the picture was requesting special props, unusual articles of wardrobe which would necessarily be discarded after the picture, what do you think Gary asked for? In his shy way, he wondered if Mr. De Mille could order him a pair of moccasins! And was no end grateful when his request was complied with.

While he was appearing in "Wedding Night," Sam Goldwyn heard that Gary had become quite attached to an old lumber-jack shirt he wore in the picture. He had six of them made for Gary as a gift. Gary was more pleased than if they had been six million dollars!

And the rest of Gary's living conditions are in keeping with his simple tastes. He has a charming but most unpretentious home in Brentwood, not at all like a movie star's home. But it satisfies Gary.

Most disillusioning, you might say. Not a bit like a movie star! But the whole world could go hang, as far as Gary is concerned, if he had to behave like an actor off the screen. He couldn't be annoyed!

Thinking over the years I've known Gary, I'm really amazed when I realize that his one real luxury, during all his years of prosperity, has been an expensive automobile. And if I were to say that Gary isn't happy because he has enough money to own a Dusenberg instead of a Ford, I'd be lying. Because Gary has been prouder and more pleased with his swell car than anything he's ever had, except, maybe, the elaborate saddle Jeff Davis made up for him a little while back.

However, if circumstances had been such that Gary could only afford a small, inexpensive car, Gary would have been just as happy, I'll swear. It's just that he had always, from the time he was a kid, been crazy about tinkering with automobiles. And what boy, large or small, wouldn't rather have a big, expensive car than a cut-down Ford? I've never heard of one.

"Has Gary's marriage changed him any?" someone asked me the other day. I thought of it as I talked with him on the set of his newest and possibly his most important picture. And I couldn't help but admit that it had. It's nothing tangible, nothing you can put your finger on. It's just a certain radiance, a look of contentment and well-being, a gleam in the eye, that didn't used to be there. Other than that, Gary might have been the same boy I met, years ago, when he was just starting out on a new career.

And Gary has been very grateful to motion pictures, to fate, to luck, to every one of those people who have pushed him up to the top. At the immediate moment, he feels he is riding the crest of the wave. A real home, a charming wife, a brand-new baby daughter, what more can a fellow ask?

According to Gary, he's been given all the breaks!

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Managing Milton

(*Continued from page 12*)

"Sure he can be in your Chaplin contest," Mrs. Berle replied. "How much is there in it?"

"The theatre was in Mt. Vernon and as far as we knew it might have been Canada," Milton explained. "It cost us $3.60 to get there and all we got was a cup worth $1.98, which was first prize. After that Mom took me around to the movie companies for work. She would always find out the day before just what type kid they wanted and then dress me accordingly. If they needed Little Lord Fauntleroy, that was me all over. When they called for a freshie from the Bronx, I was just myself.

"In this way I got some work, a little experience and, before long, into the Flora Dora kids outfit. I began my vaudeville career here and, until I reached that gawky age in my early teens, had some nice breaks. Not much money, but I worked steadily. Kids do grow up though and pretty soon I found myself too big to go on."

Most child stars retire during the "awkward age," but not our Milton. It was at this time that Sarah and young Berlenger embarked for that Land of Promise, the Philadelphia Grand Opera House. Here Berlenger became Berle. Sarah decided that the former name was too long to go up on the marquee in lights! "How d'ya like it?" Milton asks.

"This was my first appearance as a one man bill, so I was really on my own," Milton continued. "I sang songs and told a few stories and Mom was right there in the first row laughing up my jokes, putting me over. After each performance, she would tell me what I had done wrong and how to right it. Then, next day she was right out front doing the same thing all over again.

"Well, we had something there until one night a guy comes backstage and asks if I'm not the same Milton Berlenger that was with the Flora Dora. Smelling a job, I came right back with, 'Sure, that's me.' Gee, was I wrong! He was an officer from the Gerry Society and wanted to know why I wasn't in school. That taught me to keep my trap shut and let Queenie do the talking.

"It wasn't until years later, when I played Loew's State as Master of Ceremonies, that I got my big break. Mom was still sitting out front and before each show would say, 'Be good, Milton, tonight So-and-So will be out front.' How did she find out? Search me. I told you she had eyes in the back of her head!"

IN THE good old days the pinnacle of success in the profession was to play the Palace Theatre. Milton hadn't been able to accomplish this, but it wasn't long after his debut as M.C. that the opportunity fell right into his lap.

"A new show was opening at the Palace," Berle began, "and at the last minute the M.C. was taken sick. They were in an awful spot and there was nothing they could do but get me. I don't mind telling you I was plenty scared. Finally I decided to play the underdog, arouse their sympathy, and get under the audience's skin quickly. So I'd say, 'Now I'm going to tell you some jokes, the same ones that Jack Benny, Bill Fields and this Cantor guy tell at twice the salary. They're just as good and just as funny when I tell them, only I don't get the money they do. They ride to work in a big car and I walk, but we all get here just the same.' Well, this idea got me by and I stayed for another bill. After that it was smooth sailing and I landed offers to play most of the other houses on Broadway.

"One day, Richie Craig, a friend of mine, M.C. too, and I decided it would be good business to get a phoney feud started for the newspapers. Richie would wire Winchell and say, 'All that Berle guy doesn't use of my stuff is my pictures for the lobby display. Put up my photo and I'll be playing the bill.' Then I'd sit down and send Sobol a note saying, 'This Craig is stealing my stuff. It's my act, why don't I get the billing?' The papers got hold of it and went to town and the joke-stealing gag was launched. I figured that the notices would help us both and you can be sure that they did."

In case you don't know who Richie Craig is, and you should, he was a clever comedian. He became widely known as Master of Ceremonies, around the vaudeville circuits. Milton has a very interesting story for you, about his last performance

I HAD been out touring the tank towns when I got a wire from Richie to come at once. When I arrived in his dressing-room, he had collapsed and couldn't go on. I played his bill—of course, using the gag that since he had all my jokes, why shouldn't I play the bill? Well, it went over with a bang. They loved it. Richie passed away shortly afterwards without anyone knowing about our gag. You can imagine how I feel now that it has grown so big that it slaps me in the face. No one will believe we created the joke-stealing thing for a gag. It's like one of those Frenkenstein monsters; it gets so big it swallows you.

"I really don't mind the kidding, but when it gets to be accepted as gospel, then it does get under your skin. That's probably the reason that, when I finally got an offer to make a screen test, I did a scene from 'The Show is On.' Let 'em see me doing something that *does* belong to another comedian. I was on the road in the Bert Lahr part and so used the stockbroker scene, the one you saw in 'New Faces.' The test was good, and I was signed by another company to do one picture."

Perhaps the movie moguls were a bit slow to recognize Milton Berle's possibilities, but they needed only the release of "New Faces" to convince them they had another star on their hands. And now Mr. Berle is slated for big things, the first of which is to be the leading role in the screen version of "Room Service," one of Broadway's current hits.

And, the cinema capital being as topsy-turvy as it is today, don't be surprised to read that Sandra Berle, accompanied by her son Milton, are off to the races. Her ambitions can easily be realized in the City of Make Believe and, knowing Sarah, we look forward to the time when she'll come into her own. Good luck, Sandra!

Luise Rainer's in a confidential mood—in January Modern Screen

Laughing the Whole Thing Off

(*Continued from page 29*)

steamed in, every whistle blowing, emblazoned with banners that shouted: "Welcome Joan and Dick." Airplanes zoomed overhead, letting down streamers that flapped: "Welcome Joan and Dick." The reporters let out a wild Indian whoop. With one impulse Joan and Dick fled from the scene.

The papers carried the story to give the impression that two movie stars had hired a reception committee to welcome themselves to New York. No, they didn't say it in so many words, but the implication was there. It made a better story than the truth, that tugboats and airplanes had been a well-meaning, if misguided, gesture on the part of friends, embarrassing no one more keenly than those it was intended to honor. And for their pains in giving the press what it wanted, they had the pleasure of reading such gems as these: "The bride tittered, and yipped: 'Ain't it cute?' "The bridegroom blushed, and tripped over his foot." One has to fill space somehow.

Dick might have said: "You *would* come to New York."

Joan might have said: "You didn't try to stop me."

Perhaps they realized the danger. Dick stared solemnly for a moment. Then: "Titter for me, Bride," he commanded. "Or would you prefer to yipp?"

"No," giggled Joan. "I'd rather take lessons in tripping over my foot."

Well, that was finished, and now they could enjoy themselves. Never were two people more mistaken. The papers had done their work well. All of New York knew that Joan Blondell and Dick Powell had come to town. That alone wouldn't have wrought the harm. But they kindly furnished the name of the Powells' hotel. They played up the "blushing bride and bridegroom" angle. They hinted that airplanes and tugboats would seem to indicate that the honeymooners weren't bent on seclusion.

With the result that stepping outside the door meant being swooped upon, fighting their way through crowds. Shopping was out of the question. Almost any public appearance was out of the question.

They refused to be downed. Safe behind the doors of their suite, Dick would say: "This, Mrs. Powell, is the beach at Waikiki. That sound which you fondly imagine to be the gurgle of a tap is the plash of murmuring waves. This thing that looks like a lampshade is the moon, and you don't look bad yourself," he burst into song, "in the light of the mo-o-on at Waikiki. What'll it be, ham or swiss on rye?" He'd pick up the phone, order sandwiches, and they'd sit munching and cooking up schemes of how they'd sneak out by the chimney next morning as two wisps of smoke.

After three days, Dick said: "Let's leave."

"What about Gloria's play? And oh, Dick, I do want to wear my pretty clothes."

That settled it. "We're going to the theatre tonight, and let anyone try to stop us," announced young Mr. Powell.

Young Mrs. Powell looked fearful. "Let's go *early*, so they won't see us prancing down the aisle and call us sensa-

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At Drug, Dept. and 10c Stores

TAYTON
An Old English Name

(*Continued from page 69*)

ing the privilege of wandering about the rooms where once only The Silent Lady walked. Incidentally, Garbo has lived in so many houses during the past few years that the "This is where Garbo slept" legends are beginning to rival the "George Washington once spent the night here" stories.

■ ■ ■

We dropped in on the "Boy of the Streets" set the other day to get a look at Jackie Cooper, who's making his first picture since "The Devil Is a Sissy." You'd be surprised at young Mr. Cooper's size. He's tall and husky, and looks almost ready to step into a romantic lead. All of which is hard to believe, when you recall that only three years ago he was the kid in "Treasure Island."

■ ■ ■

Mme. Louise Hovick, Gypsy Rose Lee on the other side of the tracks, recently delivered herself of the statement that never again would she view herself in the movies. After seeing her debut in "You Can't Have Everything" she made the momentous decision. "It was such a shock," she said, "seeing myself in such detail. It was like letting the public pry into my innermost secrets. The stage," she concluded, "leaves a little to the imagination, but not the movies." And we can remember Miss Hovick when she was the featured attraction at the Irving Place Burlesque in New York. All she left to the imagination was her phone number.

■ ■ ■

Questions without Answers: What young star, recently married, told her friends a few days before the elopement that she'd never marry the man in question? It was a studio romance, she said, and that was all. Well, maybe what she has now is a studio marriage, whatever that is.

■ ■ ■

Producers are finally waking up to the amazing popularity of cowboy star Gene Autry. The requests coming to MODERN SCREEN'S Information Desk show him leading the field by a more than comfortable margin, yet no major studio executive had ever seen Gene Autry on the screen. However, the word got to 20th Century-Fox, and Darryl Zanuck is attempting to buy the Autry contract from Republic studios.

■ ■ ■

When Warner Baxter and his stand-in, Frank McGrath, met eight years ago, they both wore the same size hat. The other day when Warner showed up on the set with a new hat, McGrath tried it on. It rested precariously on the top of his head. "Hmmm," hmmmed McGrath, "look what Baxter's success has done to *me!*"

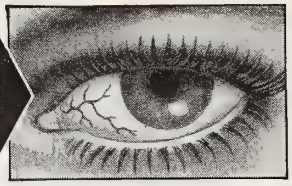
■ ■ ■

Joan Davis ("Olga From the Volga" in "Thin Ice") generally feels just like the tired end of a double feature bill when her nightly bedtime arrives. Seems Miss D. has a four-year-old daughter named Beverly, and Beverly's hobby is watching mamma go through all the routines she has just finished at the studio. So far Joan has lost eight pounds and her daughter's respect.

■ ■ ■

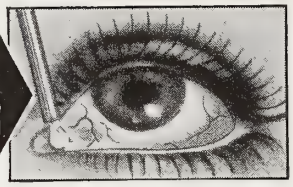
Mr. Riskin Goes to Town: With a number of Hollywood hopefuls buzzing Ginger Rogers' phone number, the inside track seems to be the private property of Robert Riskin, the gent who wrote such hits as "It Happened One Night" and "Mr. Deeds." It's said that Ginger, like many movie-goers, admires the Riskin dialogue.

RED DULL



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tion-hunters or something awful. Let's go *right* after dinner."

"Let's go *before* dinner."

"And we won't go out to smoke in the intermission."

"What can they do to us?" Dick shrugged.

This is what they did. They tore off Joan's orchids, they pulled four tails from her sable cape and kept them as souvenirs, they all but knocked her down in their efforts to get to Dick, they all but smashed Dick's toes to get to her. They clung to the runningboard of the taxi, so that Dick had to warn the driver not to start, lest someone be hurt. While they were being dislodged, the two inside sat digging their nails into each other's palms.

Arrived at the theatre, they had to be spirited out to wait on a chilly fire-escape till the play started. Joan was protected by her furs. Dick, clammy with nervousness, caught cold and went to bed that night with a high fever.

He stayed there for a week. Joan stayed beside him. This wasn't so funny, but at least no one bothered them. Once Joan threw a coat over her shoulders and ran down to the lobby to have a prescription filled. She was instantly besieged. "Where's Dick, where's Dick?"

"Gone away for a week," she flung back over her shoulder, and with grim pleasure envisioned a buzzing chorus of "Hm! Just married and gone away for a week!"

THEY bade New York goodbye without regrets, and tried to remember only its lighter moments. Sometimes, when they hear a whistle blow, Dick will murmur: "That's us in town again." They even have Normie, the youngster, doing it. One day, when he saw the big Zeppelin that floats 'round Los Angeles advertising tires, he looked up and asked: "Mommy, does that say, 'Welcome Joan and Dick?'"

They'd gone through their ordeal by fire, and come out with their humor unscathed. They'd learned it was better to laugh than rage over what couldn't be helped. They applied the lesson. If Joan comes in to find Dick worrying over a script, she goes promptly into the act that never fails to leave him grinning. It's a kind of Ruth Draperian monologue, featuring a screwball hostess, and never runs twice the same way, but generally starts off something like this: "Goodbye. I told the servants you were coming. We have breakfast at three, and the bathroom's done in lavender and old lace, only the lace doesn't stand up very well. You have to coddle it. You'll find me in the icebox in the morning—"

Every once in a while Joan will decide to go on a diet. "All right," says Dick. "I'll go with you. For better, for worse." They instruct the cook not to give them any food. They sit eating their meagre dinner, giving each other verbal pats on the back, and finish, feeling noble but empty.

It isn't long before Dick spies a hungry gleam in the eye of his wife. He starts humming: "I — have a — feeling — we're STAR-ving." With one accord, they steal toward the kitchen. Dick pushes stealthily at the door. If the cook spies him, he beams good evening, and beats a retreat. If she's mercifully absent, they descend on the icebox and raid it.

They agree about most things and, when they don't, they can always get a chuckle out of their disagreement. Each insists that the other suffers from what they call telephonitis. "Dick," says Joan, "was born with a receiver in his mouth."

"So help me," says Dick, "she phones three times as much as I do. I kept track one day. I will say for her that she doesn't go into these 'he said' and 'she

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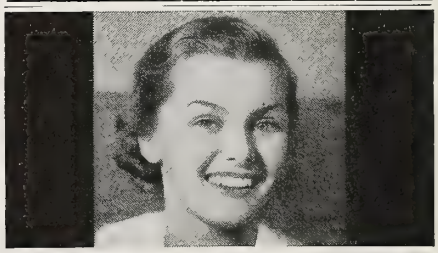
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said' horrors, like a lot of women. She just has to be sure that an earthquake hasn't struck her family since the last time she talked to them five minutes ago. Here's Joanie calling her mother." He jumped up and held a receiver to his ear. "Hello, are you all right, yes I'm fine, goodbye."

Dick yearns for a boat. Joan thinks it would be all right, but lacks her husband's fine passion for the rigging. "When would we use it?" she inquires reasonably.

"I don't know," he confesses, and clutches dramatically at her hand. "Pray for me, Wife. Pray I don't buy a boat."

DICK'S a handy man around the house. He can hang a door or build a cupboard with the best of them. Joan is secretly proud of his skill, but a little wary of a tendency he has to improve on what she already considers perfect. So when she sees him marching by with his toolchest, she's likely to inquire: "Building a new wing today, darling? Or just a new house?"

She sleeps soundly, Dick lightly. Even when they're both working, her rising hour precedes his, because of the more complicated problems of feminine make-up. This is Dick, describing an early morning scene: "The buzzer from the kitchen rings at 5:30. I wake up. To wake Joan would require, in addition to the buzzer, two kitchen stoves and part of a brick factory falling through the roof. I yell: 'Hey, Joan, time to get up.' She makes a cute noise that might be a small pig grunting. I yell again. She says, 'O.K., honey,' but it doesn't mean anything. I wait five minutes, because I'm sorry for the poor kid, but if she insists on being a movie actress, what can you do? Then I call again. She says, 'Uh-huh,' and I hear noises. So I snooze off, with an uneasy mind, which wakes me up about five minutes later, and there's my wife sleeping sweetly on the floor, with a pillow under her head. She likes her comfort."

What fun they can't provide for themselves, the baby supplies. He and Dick, to whom he is Slug or Butch, form a mutual admiration society. Fifteen minutes in the morning belong by sacred and traditional right to Normie. Nothing is allowed to interfere. Normie sees to that. The studio may want Dick a little earlier, important persons may be waiting, the heavens may fall. Normie points inexorably to the clock, because he knows a clock has something to do with it. *"My* fifteen minutes," he says, and means it.

Whatever Dick does, Normie is seized with a prompt impulse to do. *"I* want to pull a knife over my chin. Why *doesn't* hair grow on mine, too? I want to look like you." He's adopted Dick's special word of approval, the word being, originally enough, "brokendown." "That's a nice brokendown tie," Dick is wont to say. One night his mother broke into an irrepressible giggle at some tomfoolery of her husband's. "That's a nice brokendown laugh, Mommy," Norman told her.

On the dresser of each, stands a handsome cabinet photograph of the other. Pasted over the glass are two screwy snapshots. One shows Joan, finger in mouth, hair in tight pigtails tied with fantastic bows, face splashed with freckles. The other shows Dick, his jaws stretched in a cavernous yawn.

The snaps are a joke, of course, but they're more than just that. They imply a gesture, typical of them both. Two human beings are putting two movie stars in their places. Not in so many words, but in spirit and intent they are saying: "We're Joan and Dick. The rest doesn't matter. Let's laugh—and love the unimportant things off."





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Reviews

(*Continued from page 96*)

★★★ Victoria the Great

In this British-produced chronicle of the life and times of Queen Victoria, a great age passes in review. We follow Victoria from her ascension to the throne as a timid girl of seventeen, completely under her mother's domination, to her Diamond Jubilee sixty years later, when she had made of herself one of the strongest, most independent and beloved of women. Celebrated figures such as Disraeli, Gladstone, Lord Palmerston, Lord Beaverbrook, Lord Melbourne and Cecil Rhodes are woven into the complex story. We see the formation and expansion of a vast empire and the struggle to put down rebellion at home and avert wars abroad, all faithfully mirrored.

At times the film seems to carry the weight of English history too heavily for the taste of the average American and becomes ponderous and tedious. Nevertheless, there are many stirring and truly impressive moments. The life of Victoria, which to most Americans has come to stand for primness personified, has been lightened with quiet humorous touches and sympathetic treatment. The romance between the Queen and her Prince Consort, Albert, is charmingly handled, and her long fight, never successful, to win for her German husband the approval of her conservative people, motivates the picture.

Outstanding in the cast are Anna Neagle, who portrays the difficult role of Queen Victoria from youth to old age; H. B. Warner, who dominates the too-brief scenes in which he appears; Anton Walbrook, Walter Rilla and Mary Morris. Directed by Herbert Wilcox.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★ Angel

There's something about the ice-cold presence of Marlene Dietrich which fills directors with awe. Even the best of them get the worst of it when they tangle with the Teutonic Deadpan. Throughout her entire Hollywood career she has managed to walk through each of her epics without a single change of expression in her lovely face. No smile ever mars her sphynx-like beauty, no trace of emotion ever crosses her velvet-smooth brow. All of which is to say that Toots can't act. She can't emote because she has no emotions. Even at that, how she can collect her quarter of a million a picture and keep that straight face is beyond us.

This time, as usual, she is a woman whose beauty drives men mad. Her husband, in the British consulate, is more interested in Jugo-Slavia than in domestic matters, so she winds up for an affair off the home field. After considerable stagey dramatics the affair doesn't come off, and Marlene returns to her husband who, it seems, has just undergone a romantic reawakening.

Herbert Marshall and Melvyn Douglas are effective as husband and would-be lover, but their material seems to weigh heavily on them. The only bright moments in the picture are furnished by the household servants, played by Ernest Cossart, Edward Everett Horton and Herbert Mundin. Ernst Lubitsch directed, but the anticipated "Lubitsch touches" are missing.—*Paramount.*

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★★ Music For Madame

Nino Martini is back again in this one. And that will undoubtedly be enough to send you rushing to see "Music for Madame." You won't be disappointed in Martini's glorious voice either, but neither his role nor the picture can touch that last success, "The Gay Desperado."

Here Martini is a poor Italian lad who heads for Hollywood to make fame and fortune with his voice. En route he falls into bad hands. Two crooks are planning to steal some pearls from a wealthy Hollywood producer and trick Martini into helping them. He is to sing at the reception and while attracting everyone's attention, the meanies will grab the poils. Having unwittingly become an accomplice, Martini then finds that they have also stolen his most precious possession, his voice. For the only clue to the thief is the singer with the golden voice, and Rodowsky, the famed conductor (Alan Mowbray), swears he will recognize that voice anywhere. Romance starts when Joan Fontaine, an aspiring young composer, meets Martini. He, of course, cannot divulge his identity, and then later tries every way to prove his identity to the police in order that Joan may collect the price on his head.

It's genuinely hilarious in spots, though many of the scenes with Detective Alan Hale, Erik Rhodes and Grant Mitchell, the district attorney, lack spontaneity. Others in the cast include: Billy Gilbert, George Shelley, Lee Patrick and Ada Leonard. Directed by John Blystone.—*RKO-Radio.*

★ Dangerously Yours

You've seen this one before if you're in the habit of sitting through the poorer pictures on the double bill. For it's just another of those jewel-lifting stories, with the beauteous blonde a gal who may swipe your diamonds, but who underneath you know—or will by the end of the seventh reel—has a heart of gold.

Phyllis Brooks is the feminine interest in this case and if her acting ever comes up to her looks, her studio has a good bet. Cesar Romero is the tall, dark and handsome of the picture. He's much too capable for the material at hand. Here he is a gentleman, who, from all indications should be regarded with suspicion. Later on, of course, it develops that his intentions are all strictly honorable. The story's one claim to holding interest is the fact that all the characters look shady, and you stay on waiting for the first spark of honesty to show up in somebody. Alan Dinehart gives the best and most believable performance, as Mr. Dinehart has a habit of doing, while Jane Darwell and Natalie Garson come in for some good bits. Directed by Mal St. Clair.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★ This Way, Please

A musical of a decidedly minor nature, "This Way, Please" is destined for the bottom position in the double-feature emporiums. Its plot is standard, its lines are dull, and an uninspired cast stirs up practically no enthusiasm whatever. They all perform as though they knew that eventually the picture would be given away with the cash on bank night.

Story concerns the love life of an usherette and a theatre band leader. The little usherette is really a talented dancer, and eventually becomes a feature of the theatre's entertainment, and winds up marrying the band leader at a public ceremony on the stage.

Buddy Rogers does little with the role of the orchestra leader. Betty Grable dances

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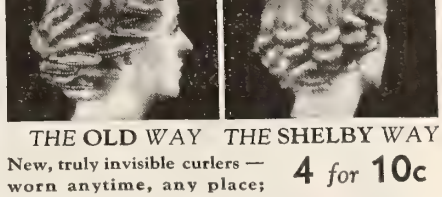
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and sings pleasantly enough as the usherette who makes good. Jack Benny's Mary Livingstone proves she's much funnier on the air. Best scenes in the picture are specialty numbers, one by Hill-billy Rufe Davis and another by Fibber McGee and Molly. In the supporting cast, Lee Bowman is outstanding. Directed by Robert Florey.—*Paramount.*

★★★ Wife, Doctor and Nurse

Though it's definitely a woman's picture, it seems unlikely there's a man alive who couldn't get some enjoyment out of watching Loretta Young and Virginia Bruce. Warner Baxter is the fortunate man who has these two girls clamoring for him. Loretta is his wife and Virginia his nurse, and both are that nice civilized sort who decide to talk it all over and try to reach some kind of agreement as to who shall have Warner.

The only one whom they fail to talk it over with is Warner, who goes blissfully on, genuinely in love with his wife and fully dependent upon his nurse in his career. When the two women, in a burst of great generosity, decide to give Warner up completely to the other, the fun begins. For it's obvious that he cannot get along without either and finally solves the situation by telling that to them, and all three become fine friends.

The plot, of course, is an old one. But what makes it a good picture is the fine dialogue and the excellent performances of everyone concerned. No expense has been spared in production, with the elaborate settings and costly wardrobes further notes of added interest. In the supporting cast are Jane Darwell, who plays the doctor's housekeeper; Paul Hurst, excellent in a small role as bartender, and Margaret Irving, Minna Gombel, George Ernest and Maurice Cass. Directed by Walter Lang. —*20th Century-Fox.*

★ Bulldog Drummond Comes Back

John Howard plays the title role, and the assignment proves too much for him. His overacting, plus the series of unbelievably harrying situations into which he's forced, make "Bulldog Drummond" a picture strictly for juveniles and the less sophisticated adults. John Barrymore hasn't much to do as Inspector Neilson, but he steals the picture with his smooth performance. Louise Campbell makes the most of the feminine lead, but Reginald Denny and E. E. Clive are wasted in thankless roles. Directed by Louis King.—*Paramount.*

★ Love Is on the Air

This little number deserves mention for just one reason and that's Ronald Reagan, one of the newest finds of the Warner Brothers. On the credit side of the ledger for Ronald are an engagingly wide grin and a nice manner. On the debit side are a mediocre voice and obvious lack of camera experience, traits which can undoubtedly be overcome with a little time.

Reagan is a political commentator for a radio station, and in trying to clear up the city's dirty politics, he becomes so rabid on the air that his boss tries to fire him. However, there's a little matter of contract, as Reagan points out to him, so the boss gets even by putting our hero on the "Itsy Bitsy People's Hour" as storyteller, a program gladly relinquished by June Travis, who formerly was the storyteller.

Love blooms, of course, along with the usual bickering and bantering that goes on between the lovers of every Grade B

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picture. There's a wind-up of genuine excitement when, through one of the children on his program, Reagan gets a lead on one of the largest crimes of the city's underworld. Directed by William McGann.—*Warner Brothers.*

★★ Madame X

That old favorite, "Madame X," is here served up again. But there is none of the warmed-over flavor which one might expect, due to the excellence of the cast.

Gladys George's characterization of the woman who sacrifices her life that her son's life may not be blighted by a mistake which she has made, is expertly achieved. John Beal, as the son, gives a sincere performance, though we could have done without such heavy histrionics in spots. Warren William, the unrelenting husband who decides to forgive and forget about ten reels too late, does a polished bit, as does Reginald Owen, his close friend.

Others in the supporting cast are Emma Dunn, as the faithful nurse and good friend of the family, Lynne Carver, who plays John Beal's fiancee and Henry Daniell as the suave and ruthless gambler who is the cause of Madame X's final sacrifice.

The most remarkable phase of the picture is the disintegration of the woman who goes steadily down in the world, not caring or thinking of anything but the son who must never know of her existence. The gradual changes, from a lady of position to a sodden hag are exceptionally realized by Gladys George, without a flaw in appearance, voice or actions. If you're in the mood, then, for an obvious tear-jerker, with good acting for compensation, take in "Madame X." Directed by Sam Wood.—*M-G-M.*

★ Fit For a King

This may not be the worst Joe E. Brown picture ever made, but it will serve as such until something really bad comes along. Inveterate Joe E. Brown followers know that the main assets of his pictures are plenty of fast and furious action and practically no plot. Evidently his producers forgot to glance at the rule book, for this is plotted to death, and there are long dull passages between the brief doses of slapstick action.

The big-mouthed comic is handicapped mainly by his script. Dialogue, when it isn't tangled up in the plot, is a catalogue of old jokes. Sample: Joe E.: "You're from America, aren't you?" Helen Mack: "Yes." Joe E.: "Which part?" Helen: "All of me." That gives you a rough idea.

The ebullient Mr. Brown plays a dumb newspaper reporter sent abroad to untangle complications in a mythical kingdom. Helen Mack, for some reason or other, is a princess from Kansas, and there are numerous mysterious characters who walk in and out of the picture whispering ominous sounding messages to each other. There are two good scenes—one with Mr. B. in the ship's brig during a storm, and another with the comic riding a broken down haywagon to rescue the heroine. Helen Mack is pretty and effective enough for what she has to do, and Paul Kelly does an able job as a rival newspaperman. Directed by Edward Sedgwick.—*RKO-Radio*

"I don't want to play 'Hamlet,'" says Edward Everett Horton, "because—"

But we'll let Mr. H. go into that in January Modern Screen.



*60% of All Women WERE BORN BLONDE!

Have time, weather and lack of proper care robbed you of the golden blonde radiance that was yours as a child? Have the years turned it dark and drab? Let Marchand's Golden Hair Wash restore your hair to its *natural* radiant loveliness, overnight.

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Hit pictures—comedy and drama—that you won't want to miss



★★★★ 100 Men and a Girl

Just one word can do justice to this picture. Superb. And after this picture, movie-goers will be clamoring for more of Leopold Stokowski and his famous orchestra. They are the real "stars" of this one, though Deanna Durbin and a cast of well-known screen personalities do the best work of their various screen careers.

The story concerns a group of one hundred poverty-stricken musicians, one of whom is Adolphe Menjou. His little daughter, Deanna Durbin, sets out to get them the recognition they justly deserve, and the wherewithal to keep them from starving to death. A flighty society woman, Alice Brady, gives her insincere promise to sponsor the orchestra of unemployed men, and takes the next boat to Europe. In desperation, Deanna sets out again to get Leopold Stokowski to direct her orchestra for one night.

There's laughter and tears aplenty in this, with the magnificent music throughout heightening every emotion to a pitch never before reached through the moving-picture medium. Directed by Henry Koster.—*Universal.*



★★★ The Great Garrick

Give a group of good actors an actors' holiday, and you're bound to emerge with a first-rate picture. The story is delightful fiction, based on the life of the great English actor, David Garrick. When Garrick, after triumphs in London, is invited to play in Paris, the members of the Comedie Francaise evolve a plan to separate Garrick from his exaggerated ego. The players take over an inn where Garrick is to stop on his way to Paris, and the matinee idol's arrival starts off fireworks which sparkle and burst throughout the rest of the picture.

It is Brian Aherne's picture, and Mr. A. gets everything possible from his high comedy role of the great actor. The entire cast is splendid. Edward Everett Horton deserves special mention for a split-second scene in which he goes mad, Etienne Girardot is swell as a worried little prompter, Melville Cooper brings grand comedy to the role of the president of the Comedie Francaise, Luis Alberni is amusing as an actor playing a waiter, and Marie Wilson adds comic touches as a chambermaid. Olivia De Havilland, as an innocent young gal tossed into the midst of all this, is completely captivating. Directed by James Whale.—*Warner Bros.*



★★★ Double Wedding

If you've never seen Myrna Loy with paint smeared all over her face, and if you've never viewed William Powell in a fur coat and a beret, you're in for something in "Double Wedding." It's one of those goofy farces which the films have been overdoing lately, but fortunately for this one, the competent playing of Mr. Powell and the lovely Miss Loy keeps the picture from going overboard.

Miss Loy plays a prim business woman who manages other people's lives as systematically as she runs her own. Having announced the engagement of her sister, Irene (Florence Rice), to a spineless character named Waldo (John Beal), she smugly sits back to await the planned wedding. But she reckons without Charlie Lodge, an irrepressible guy who lives in a trailer and hates schedules. Everything winds up to a beautiful climax in a wedding scene in Charlie's trailer. Among other lively incidents in this scene there is the spectacle of Miss Loy smacking Mr. Powell with a guitar.

Bill Powell brings all his suave mannerisms and his gift for comedy to the role of Charlie, and Myrna Loy does equally as well as the firm young lady. John Beal and Florence Rice are excellent in featured roles, and Jessie Ralph, Edgar Kennedy and Sidney Toler are outstanding among the supporting players. Directed by Richard Thorpe.—*M-G-M.*

More Reviews on Page 96

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YOUR LIPS ALLURE WITH IRRESISTIBLE LIPLURE



DO YOU have a dream picture of yourself — lovely, radiant, alluring? You adored and he adoring? Let your dream picture come alive with a perfume as ardent and as irresistible as the real you!

Irresistible Perfume is a perfume made by artists in allure. It does thrilling things to you, and for you. It is the choice of glamorous women everywhere — women who are wise in the ways of perfume and who find romance in life.

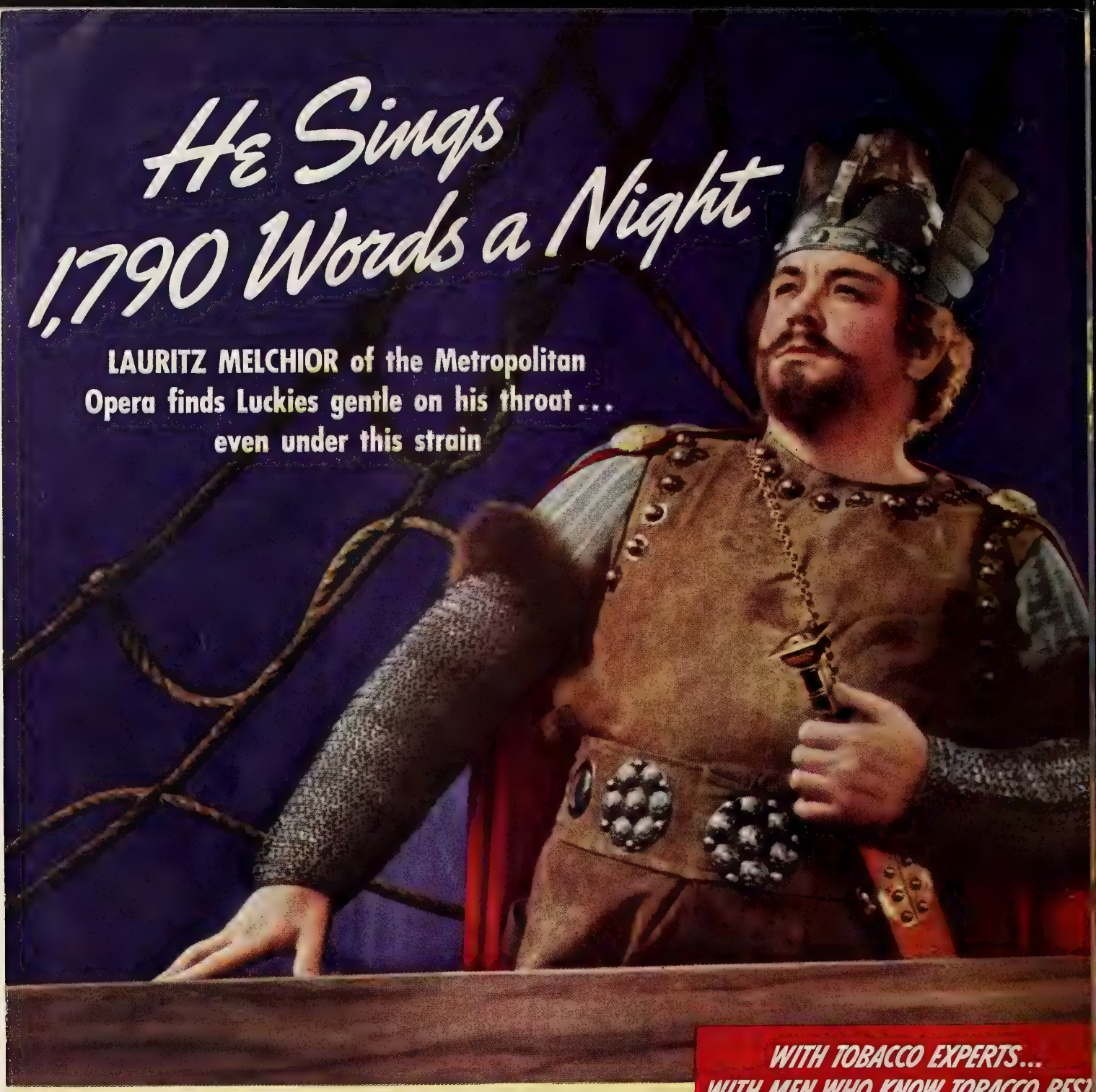
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RETA GARBO'S TRUE LIFE STORY

Modern Screen

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THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

Earl Christy

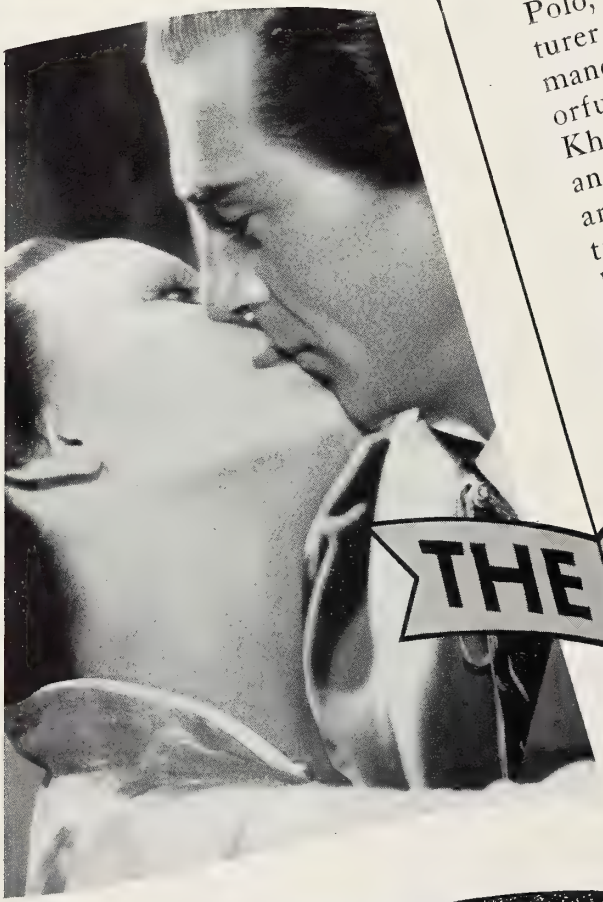
KATHARINE HEPBURN

CHARLES BOYER TELLS ON HIMSELF!

JAN -5 1938

Screen Romances

JANUARY ISSUE—
16 STORIES OF MOVIE HITS!



THE ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO

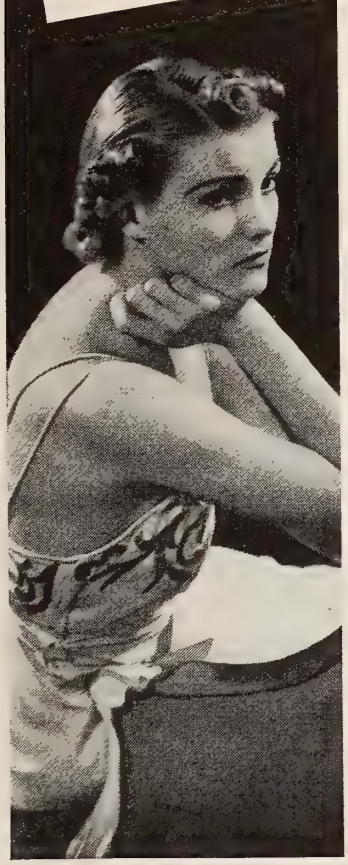
Screen Romances

● The story of Marco Polo, traveller, adventurer . . . a stirring romance during the colorful reign of Kublai Khan. Exciting conflict and brilliant spectacle are woven into an adventurous and intriguing love story set against the background of the Orient.

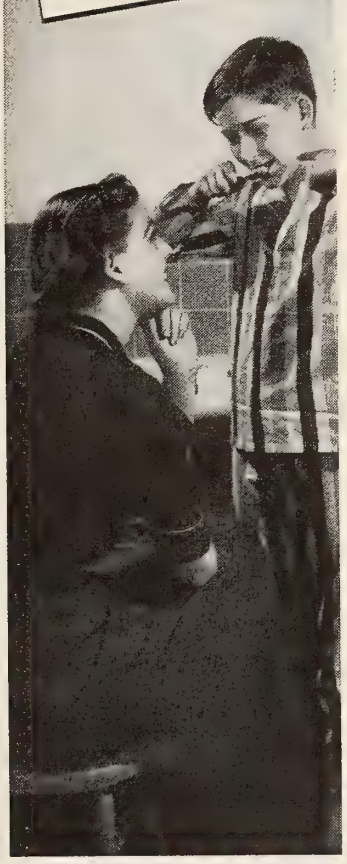
The private life of this great adventurer is one of magnificent courage and overpowering love . . . a love which caused him to pit two empires against each other that he might take a Princess home—his bride!

With all its turbulence —conflict—splendor— "The Adventures of Marco Polo," starring Gary Cooper, appears in the JANUARY issue— on sale at all newsstands!

Foolish Joan... Tonight she's a picture of breath-taking loveliness—yet she hasn't had a dancing partner all evening. (*And who can blame them*...*when they see her pitiful, tragic smile?*)



Her small brother could show Joan how to help win a lovely smile—to have teeth that sparkle, gums firm and healthy! (*Bob is only six, but he's already learned the value of gum massage.*)



Joan's telephone would be one of the busiest in town—her date book would always be filled—if she only realized no man can resist the appeal and charm of a radiant smile! (*Ipana Tooth Paste and massage would help her—for, remember, gums need care and attention as well as teeth!*)



Ask yourself this question—

"Does my Smile really attract others?"

WONDERFUL, isn't it—the quick magic a smile can work when it reveals brilliant and sparkling teeth! Shocking, isn't it—the disappointment that follows a smile that reveals dull and dingy teeth—tragic evidence of "pink tooth brush" disregarded.

"Pink Tooth Brush" may rob you of loveliness

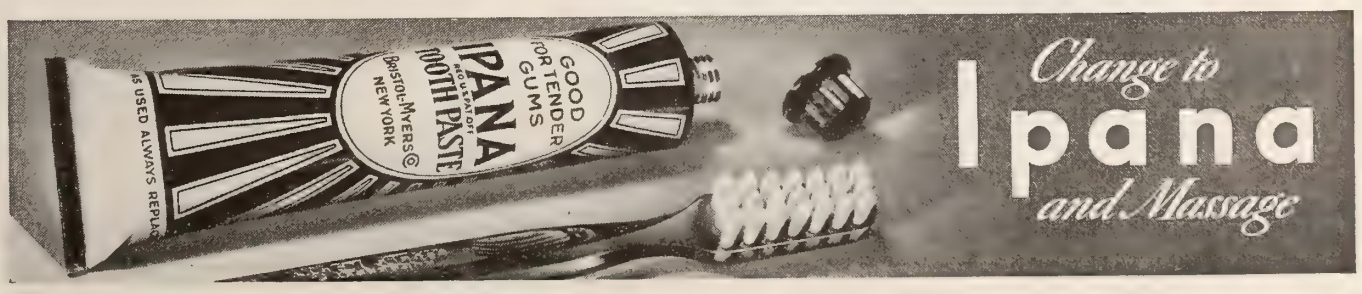
"Pink tooth brush" is only a warning—but when you see it, *see your dentist!* You may not be in for serious trouble—*but let your dentist decide.* Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender under our modern soft foods—gums that need more work and, as your dentist may advise, "gums that need the help of Ipana and massage."

Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help promote healthy gums—as well as keep the teeth bright and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—your gums become firmer, more resistant, more immune to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage, today. Help keep your gums firmer, stronger—your smile *brilliant, sparkling, attractive*—with Ipana and massage!

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—For more effective massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush.



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Yeast Foam Tablets are pure pasteurized yeast and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. They should stimulate your weakened intestinal nerves and muscles and quickly restore your eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

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MODERN SCREEN

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"It's All Over But the Shouting"
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Starring

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featuring RAY BOLGER • FRANK MORGAN
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JANET BEECHER • VIRGINIA GREY
and Hundreds of American Beauties

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

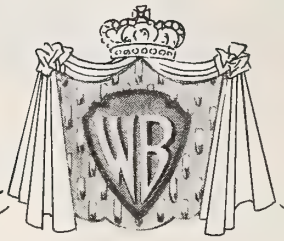
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The show that gave Paris a new sensation, thrilled London, and captured New York . . . now in the full glory of the screen's mighty magic . . . with a great cast of supporting stars including

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It's on the way to your favorite theatre now—the grandest love and laughter picture of this or any other year! . . . A glorious Christmas treat for a hundred million movie-goers.

TO THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD! ☆

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"Yesterday is done! Tomorrow—who knows? Tonight's our night!"



Ready for a gala night in Paris! . . . with 4 billion francs in the bank—and not a sou they could call their own!

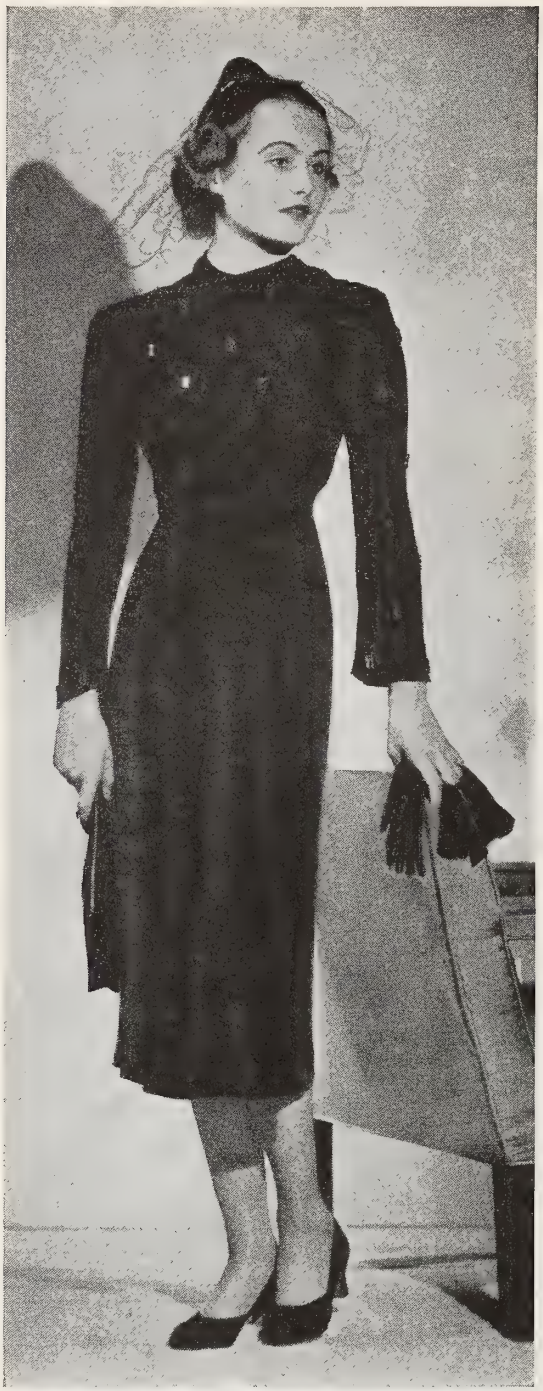


The runaway lovers take to the roof in one of the amusing and amazing scenes in "Tovarich."



"TOVARICH" is full of big moments—and here's one as Charles Boyer comes face to face with that suave villain . . . Basil Rathbone.





BY
ANN
WILLS

Lovely Lynne Carver finds her touch of glitter in the green mirrored ornaments that star the blouse of this smart, black crepe afternoon dress. It's smart enough to wear to dinner and the theatre with your best beau, too!

Pretty Betty Jaynes chooses a black wool crepe dinner gown, embroidered with silver for glamorous evenings. Yes, wool crepe, once strictly a utilitarian fabric, has graduated from the sports class.



THERE'S GLAMOR IN GLITTER

TWINKLE, twinkle, every star! That's Hollywood's watchword and motto this gay winter season. For the stars of the screen, not content with merely outshining the stars of the heavens by the light of their own brand of glamor, are adding further radiance to their already sparkling personalities by adopting whole-heartedly, the new mode of glitter.

Flash like a firefly! Shimmer like the Milky Way! Sparkle! No matter what you call it, that's what you must do this winter, if you're going to follow the fashions of your screen favorites.

Gone is the wide-eyed ingenue. Instead, this winter you'll be alluring, sophisticated, devastatingly feminine, a siren in sequins, or brocade, or metallics, or lamé. You'll have a touch of glitter about you someplace, whether it's in the fabric of your dress or in your ornaments or accessories, whether it's sequins, gold, or jewelled trimmings.

Hollywood and Paris agree perfectly for once, and both are going in for glitter in a beeg way. Inspired by the styles of the Gay Nineties and by the fireworks displays at the Paris Exposition last summer, the designers have outdone (*Continued on page 61*)

And you must sparkle, too, if you follow movie star fashions

"Come with me!"

Around the world...from romantic Venice to the mystery and wonder of old China. Do you want beautiful women? To Gamble? To Trade? Want Money? Want a Good Fight? With wealth, beauty and love...if you win?





Women, glamorous and gay, who welcomed Marco . . . sharing their hearts and secrets for a brief hour...then, remembering.



The proud princess... whose guarded pagoda was stormed by whispers and sighs...teaching a stranger how to *really* love.



The cunning and trickery of the East...an adventurer's blundering luck...matching wits for the world's treasures in trade.



The clash of mighty armies...a hero's sword slashing his way... and then, with his beloved safe in his arms, across the bridge that even today in Peiping is called the Marco Polo Bridge.

Samuel Goldwyn PRESENTS

GARY COOPER

THE Adventures OF Marco Polo

WITH

BASIL RATHBONE

ERNEST TRUEX • GEORGE BARBIER

ALAN HALE • BINNIE BARNES

And a Cast of Five Thousand

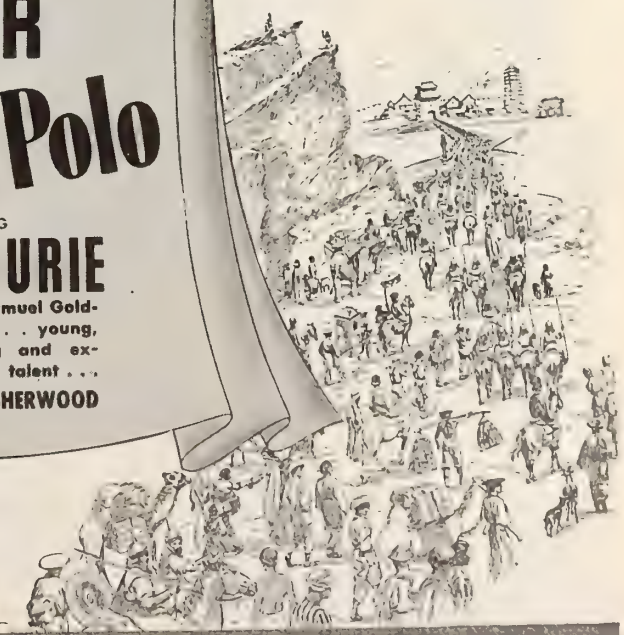
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Samuel Goldwyn creates a mighty cavalcade of splendor and excitement in the world's most romantic adventure.

REVIEWS • A TOUR



★★★★ Conquest

Magnificent in every sense of the word, "Conquest" will go down in cinema history as one of the finest pictures ever to come out of Hollywood. It has beauty and grandeur, a brilliant script and two of the most superb performances you will see on the screen in many seasons.

In bringing to films the story of Napoleon's love for the Polish countess, Marie Walewska, Garbo has been given what is undoubtedly the finest role of her career. She plays Marie Walewska with a warmth and understanding which makes the character live. Brilliant as her performance is, it does not overshadow the Napoleon of Charles Boyer. Looking exactly like Napoleon, Boyer makes the little Corsican the picture's dominant character. He will make audiences understand all the passion, the ruthlessness and the intensely human quality of the man.

Story covers the career of Napoleon from the time he enters the life of the Polish countess until his final banishment from France. It follows the love story, Napoleon's overpowering desire for conquest and the bitter defeat at Waterloo. Every minute of it is enthralling.

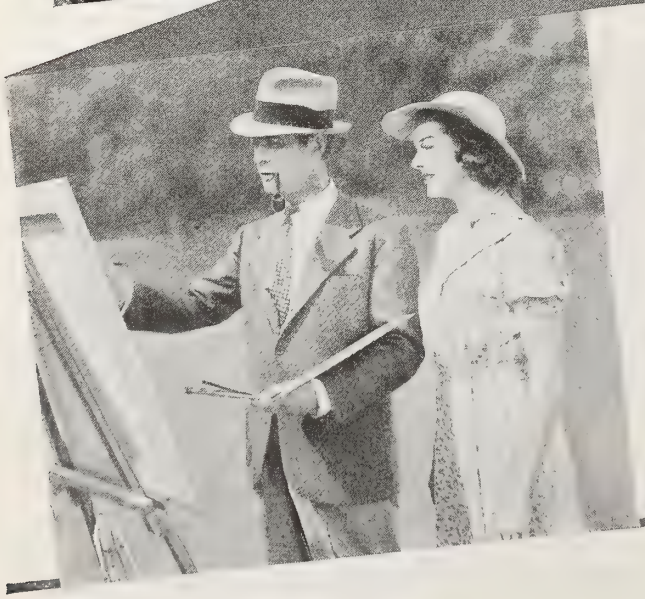
Dame May Whitty, as Napoleon's mother, and Maria Ouspenskaya, as the Countess' sister-in-law, head the supporting cast with splendid performances. Others outstanding are Henry Stephenson, George Houston, Leif Erikson and Claude Gillingwater. Directed by Clarence Brown—*M-G-M.*



★★★ Heidi

This is everything a good Shirley Temple picture should be. It shows off America's new Sweetheart in her most lovable manner. It allows her to dance and sing, and the entire production is done on the lavish scale so befitting the box-office renown of its star. Against a beautiful Alpine background, Shirley perpetrates more good deeds in one picture than the Boy Scouts could accomplish in a year. An orphan left by a mean aunt to live with a snarling old grandfather (Jean Hersholt), reputed by the villagers to be an infidel, Shirley soon softens the heart of the aged one and in a short time has him lustily singing hymns in church every Sunday. Then, spirited away by the same mean aunt who takes her to the big city and sells her to a rich household as companion to a crippled girl, Shirley continues her good work by teaching her new friend to walk, thus foiling a nasty governess who hoped, by keeping the child helpless, to win the love of the girl's father. The vengeful governess takes Shirley out and tries to sell her to the gypsies (perish the thought!), but grandfather arrives on the scene at the proper moment and all is sunshine once more.

Jean Hersholt gives a splendid performance as the grandfather, and Arthur Treacher, Mary Nash, Mady Christians and Marcia Mae Jones are outstanding in lesser roles. Directed by Allan Dwan.—*20th Century-Fox.*



★★★ Live, Love and Learn

Using a formula plot, Metro has emerged with an entertaining little comedy drama of the light and sophisticated school, the success of which is due mainly to the players in the three top roles. The three are Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell and Robert Benchley, and all the picture's brighter moments are theirs.

The teaming of Montgomery and Russell proves a wise move, for they handle their bantering comedy roles even better than they did their more dramatic assignments in "Night Must Fall." Miss Russell, particularly, shows herself adept at this type of thing. Reviewers can no longer refer to her as a minor league Myrna Loy—her comedy is big-time stuff now.

The story is routine, employing the well-worn triangle theme, but the dialogue and the performances lift it above average entertainment. Robert Benchley, in his fattest screen role to date, gets many laughs as a convivial and constant house guest of Mr. M. and Miss R In the lesser roles Monty Wooley, as an art dealer, Helen Vinson as Miss Russell's rival, and E. E. Clive in one of his British carica tures, are outstanding. Directed by George Fitzmaurice.—*M-G-M.*

BY LEO TOWNSEND

OF TODAY'S TALKIES



★★★★ The Awful Truth

The nonsensical comedy vogue, which has been worked pretty nearly to death in recent pictures, gets a new lease on life. Reason is that "The Awful Truth" is a swell show—the best of its kind this season. Using the same basic ingredients employed in most of the recent barrage of insane farce, Director Leo McCarey has fashioned a comedy materpiece, proving that all a pictures needs is a good script, a good cast—and Mr. McCarey.

Plot is based on the marital tribulations of Cary Grant and Irene Dunne. After a spat they decide on divorce, and Mr. G. takes up with a fluffy-headed night-club singer (Joyce Compton) and a society belle (Molly Lamont), while Miss D. devotes her time to a hardy oil man from the west (Ralph Bellamy). In the process of their Getting Back Together Again, some of the year's finest screen entertainment is unreeled.

Cary Grant establishes himself as Hollywood's Number One romantic comedian, and Irene Dunne, after her disappointing work in "High, Wide and Handsome" makes a swell comeback. Ralph Bellamy is perfect as the pure and honest oil man, and Joyce Compton deserves mention for her hilarious rendition of "Gone With the Wind." Alexander D'Arcy, Cecil Cunningham and Esther Dale are outstanding.—*Columbia*



★★★ Stand-in

When it comes to kidding Hollywood, the home town boys don't have to bow to anyone. "Stand-in" gives the picture business a satirical and very amusing kick in the pants, and although its author, Clarence Budington Kelland, isn't a Hollywood son, you can thank the local boys and girls for pointing the thing up and giving it the wallop which makes it one of the season's funniest films.

Everything happens when Atterbury Dodd, of the conservative banking firm of Pennypacker, Pennypacker & Pennypacker, arrives in Hollywood to take over management of Colossal Studio, which is failing in spite of its impressive title. Mr. Dodd knows little of life and nothing of Hollywood (he'd never even heard of Shirley Temple!), but he learns about both in a hurry.

Leslie Howard turns in a grand comedy job in the role of the bewildered Mr. Dodd, and Joan Blondell, in the title role, is a constant delight as a flip-cracking film trouper. Watch for her devastating impersonation of Shirley Temple singing "The Good Ship Lollipop." Next in the acting honors is Humphrey Bogart in the role of a producer disillusioned by alcohol and his pathetic love for a phoney screen siren, ably played by seductive Marla Shelton. Alan Mowbray gets plenty of laughs as a Russian director, and J. C. Nugent and Tully Marshall are effective as the Pennypackers. Directed by Tay Garnett—*Walter Wanger*



★★★ Ali Baba Goes to Town

Eddie Cantor, according to reports, has a terrific following in radio. Chances are he won't lose any of them as a result of his new starring picture, but he won't add any new customers. What we're trying to say is that "Ali Baba Goes To Town" is amusing more because of its final script than because of any of its performances, including Mr. Cantor's.

The story has Cantor, an extra in an Arabian movie, take an overdose of sleeping powders and wake up in ancient Bagdad. The Sultan (Roland Young) is having trouble with his subjects, so Cantor steps in, employs New Deal tactics, teaches the natives swing music and turns the country upside down. There is gentle and often witty lampooning of the present administration, and there are a couple of standout musical numbers by the six musicians who call themselves the Raymond Scott Quintette.

Cantor works hard in his role, and devotees of his type of comedy will undoubtedly applaud his antics. Roland Young is wasted in the role of the Sultan, and Louise Hovick, as his conniving wife, shows more anatomy than dramatic skill. A somewhat tepid romance is handled amateurishly by Tony Martin and June Lang. Directed by David Butler.—*20th Century Fox.*

More Reviews on Page 60

It's a gala month, picture-goers, for there are hits galore

A CORNER ON XMAS PIE

BY MARJORIE DEEN

Here, at last, in Dorothy Lamour's tempting Christmas Pie, is a dessert that is not too rich to follow that heavy dinner you're going to have.



On the "Big Broadcast" set, Dorothy builds up energy for her next scene with a handful of delicious raisins.



Dorothy Lamour would like you to try her favorite holiday desserts, because they're so unusual

REMEMBER Little Jack Horner's famous Christmas Pie, the one from which "he pulled out a plum"? Well, I learned something interesting the other day about that feat of his, during a conversation with Dorothy Lamour. It seems that it wasn't a plum that he drew out at all, but a raisin. For, traditionally, a Christmas Pie is one which, like Mince Pie, is simply chockful of raisins and has no more relation to plums than does a Plum Pudding!

I discovered, after further research, that the English give to raisins, when they are used as a cooking ingredient, the term "plums"—for no good reason that I've been able to unearth! But, anyway, that's how it happens that at Christmas time, though we refer to plums, it's really raisins we plan to use when making up the various tempting desserts with which we top off our Yuletide feasts.

One of the nicest desserts I've heard about in some time is Dorothy's version of Jack Horner's Christmas Pie. But you'd never go sit in a corner, like Jack did, to eat it, for this treat deserves a place in the spotlight. This pastry dessert is even nicer than Mince Pie because it isn't too rich, which certainly is a point in its favor when you realize that it is intended to be served after a rich holiday meal. Another pleasant feature is that it's easy to make.

You haven't much time, you know, for cooking experiments or household pursuits when you're playing in pictures. You have even less leisure, of course, when you add a weekly radio broadcast to your other activities as does Miss Lamour. So Dorothy must confine her cooking efforts to infrequent sallies into the kitchen to prepare the one or two dishes which both she and her husband, Herbie Kaye, enjoy as a change from restaurants and night-club fare. Throughout the winter months when cranberries and raisins are popular, this pie wins their unqualified approval—as it will yours—with its delicious flavor and succulent Christmas "plums."

CHRISTMAS PIE

2 cups seedless raisins
1½ cups cranberries
2¾ cups sugar
1½ cups boiling water
2 tablespoons flour
1½ tablespoons cornstarch
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
1 egg, beaten *(Continued on page 80)*

HOLD YOUR HEART AND TAP YOUR TOES!



. . . Here comes Fred's big dancing show . . . with Hollywood's Girl of Your Dreams for romance . . . and George and Gracie Gracier than ever! . . . New daring dance creations! . . . New bluezy song swingsations! . . . New knock-out laugh sensations! . . . in a dizzical, dancical, musical show thrilled to the top with buoyant life at its gayest!

Thrill to the tunes of 4 hit songs! . .

"Foggy Day"—"Nice Work If You Can Get It"—
"I Can't Be Bothered Now"
—"Things Are Looking Up"

Music by
GEORGE GERSHWIN
Lyrics by
IRA GERSHWIN
•
A PANDRO S. BERMAN
PRODUCTION
DIRECTED BY
GEORGE STEVENS

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Screen Play by
P. G. Wodehouse • Ernest Pagano • S. K. Lauren

FRED ASTAIRE

GEORGE BURNS AND GRACIE ALLEN

IN

A Damsel in Distress

WITH

JOAN FONTAINE • REGINALD GARDINER

RAY NOBLE

FROM THE STORY BY
P. G. WODEHOUSE



PERFECT

for name after name on your Christmas list!

Now! Armand comes to the rescue of those perplexed by Christmas buying. Every friend whom you remember with an Armand Gift Set, will exclaim, "Oh, how NICE!" Gorgeously artistic, Armand Gift Sets are sure to please . . . yet helpfully inexpensive.

The lucky recipient of an Armand Gift Set will thank you ever afterward. In two styles, both contain Armand Blended Cream, that new five-in-one facial . . . the secret of fresh, radiant loveliness. Both styles contain Armand Cream Rouge, used by fastidious women to subtly high light their beauty. You have your choice of either Armand Wind Blown Roses Powder or the famous Armand Cold Cream Powder.

Do your Christmas shopping early at your favorite toiletries counter. When you see these exciting Armand Gift Sets, you will want several, probably one for yourself, too.

Mail This

ARMAND: Des Moines, Iowa

Please send free sample of Armand Blended Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

I buy my cosmetics at the following store:

_____

MM 138—This offer expires Feb. 1, 1938





Rosemary Lane (First printing. Number of requests 367.) She was born in Indianola, Iowa, on April 4, 1916 and her name was Rosemary Mullican. She attended high school there and then went to Simpson College. In college, she appeared in a variety of operettas and plays and displayed a very definite talent. She studied voice and piano with an eye to becoming a concert pianist. She was a Pi Beta Phi and belonged to the National Scholastic Society, but doesn't look the part at all. In fact, she was the original Betty Co-Ed with every boy in college begging for dates. Rosemary, however, wasn't the only pretty and talented girl in the Mullican family. She had three sisters, Leota, Lola and Priscilla. Leota and Lola were the first to launch themselves on a theatrical career and while Priscilla was in New York studying dramatics, Rosemary and her mother paid her a visit. One day the girls stopped in a music publisher's to buy some of the newest songs and while they were running over the music a man passed by who was so impressed with their voices that he introduced himself. The man was Fred Waring and he gave them both jobs with his Pennsylvanians. With Waring's orchestra, Rosemary and Priscilla had plenty of radio work and stage appearances and then came a picture offer from Hollywood. "Varsity Show" was the result. Rosemary's beauty and talent pictured as well as it got over on the stage and radio and she was signed by Warners.



Lee Bowman (First printing. Number of requests, 325). Lee Bowman really intended to become an attorney and if it hadn't been for his brother-in-law, who was head of the little theatre movement in Omaha, Neb., he probably would have. Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on December 28, his childhood and early youth was about the same as any average boy's. After graduating from high school he took a three-year prelegal course at the University of Cincinnati. During this period, his brother-in-law, Bernard Szold, stepped in and induced him to leave school and join a stock company in Omaha. He played several roles with telling success and again, on his relative's advice, went to New York and took a two years' course at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Following this, he joined a stock company in Jaffray, New Hampshire and from that graduated to a role in the New York production of "Berkeley Square." In that play a Paramount talent scout discovered him. A test followed and a contract was the result. Bowman has sung on the radio and can go into a mean buck-and-wing without batting an eyelash.

NELSON EDDY

19th October, 1937

Dear Information Desk:

Just by way of thanking you, may I say how much I appreciate the Barometer standing your readers have accorded me!

I feel honored that they should take time to send in votes for me and feel also that your Barometer is an accurate gauge of public opinion where a star is concerned. You know how chief a concern it is for a player to please the public, and when he can know for a certainty just how he stands it is a fine thing indeed. The fact that the Barometer compiles a six months' record inspires confidence in its authenticity. Because of this, I am all the more grateful to the fans who have been so generous.

With best wishes for your continued success,

Very sincerely yours,

Nelson Eddy

Information Desk
MODERN SCREEN
149-Madison Avenue
New York, New York

Due to a misunderstanding which seems to be confusing a great number of Information Desk followers, we are taking this opportunity to again explain the system by which our Barometer figures are compiled. A star's position on the Barometer is determined according to the number of votes he or she receives over a period of six months. Thus, if Errol Flynn were to receive three thousand votes from April through September, that would be the number of votes to appear on the Barometer for that six months' period. However, when October's votes are tabulated, the month of April is deducted from the original three thousand and October's total added, in order to keep the number of months still limited to six. It is possible that the number of votes Flynn received in April might have far exceeded the number received in October. Thus, his grand total in October would be less than his grand total in September. One month is always deducted for each new month added. Therefore, though a star's rating may seem incorrect, it is actually a perfectly authentic count of the votes sent for a perpetual period of six months.

Eight Movie Fans, Newark, N. J. Anything to oblige. Claire Trevor is five feet three inches tall and isn't married. Igor Gorin is Russian. Frankie Darro just acts that way because of the parts he gets; he's not really tough at all. And neither is he Judy Garland's boy friend. Mickey Rooney is the lucky lad. Humphrey Bogart was married but has recently been divorced from Mary Phillips. As for the song you're interested in, why not try your favorite music store?

Sarah Percosky, Brooklyn, N. Y. It's no easy matter to break into the movies and you certainly won't find talent scouts wandering around Brooklyn. Why not try your luck on some amateur radio program and see how far your talent takes you? If you are outstanding, you will achieve recognition and, if not, better give up the idea of pictures.

Erna Wilde, Chicago, Ill. To obtain photographs of the stars write to the studio where they are under contract and enclose twenty-five cents to cover mailing cost. Janet Gaynor may be reached at United Artists, Hollywood, Calif. Margaret Lindsay, Errol Flynn and Anita Louise should be addressed, Warner Brothers, Burbank, Calif., Don Ameche and Tyrone Power, at 20th Century-Fox, Hollywood, Calif., and Clark Gable, Bill Powell, Luise Rainer, Jimmy Stewart and Robert Taylor at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Calif.

Laurence Mayer, Woonsocket, R. I. Life stories of favorite stars appear each month in this department of MODERN SCREEN. The Mauch twins' biography can be found on page seventy-four of the November issue. This also answers Frances Lampert.

Dorothy Bachelder, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Mickey Rooney is fifteen years old, Deanna Durbin fourteen, Judy Garland, thirteen and Jackie Cooper is a young man of sixteen.

Iva Kraus, Ellwood City, Penna. Pat O'Brien's pet hobby is buying loud neckties for himself. When his friends josh him he pretends whatever dizzy neckpiece he may be wearing at the time is a present from his wife! Simone Simon's latest picture is "Love And Hisses."

Arlene Darrow, Cleveland, Ohio: If you will send a self-addressed, stamped envelope, your questions will be answered since they are too long to appear in this column.

Floyd Smith, Lockport, N. Y. We are glad to be able to set you straight on this Barometer business and hope that our reply to you will answer a lot of other similar questions. First: One person may send in all the requests he wishes and they need not be written on a coupon. Each separate request, of course, counts as a new vote for the favored star. Now, as to our free-picture offer. We did have such an offer some months ago, awarding a picture to the person sending in the most requests for some star, but the idea has proved highly impractical and has since been discontinued.

Mrs. Stella Borders, Portsmouth, Ohio: Yes, Robert Taylor did appear in a picture with the late Will Rogers. The title was "Handy Andy," and it was released in 1934.

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print, in this department, a brief life story of

.....

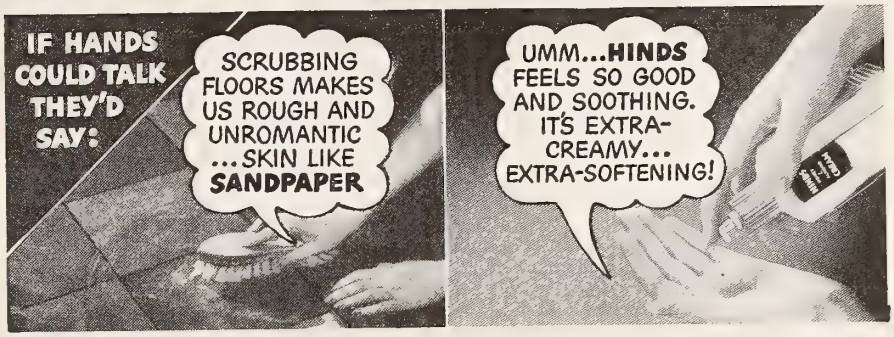
Name.....

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City.....State.....

If you would like our chart with weights, heights, ages, birthplaces and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.

NO KISSES FOR RED, CHAPPED HANDS!



Soapy-water jobs rob your hands of all romance. Tough wear and tear on tender skin! Hands get red, chapped, water-puffed. That's when you need the comfort of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

Hinds works fast...toning down redness... smoothing away that sandpaper look. And now Hinds has the "sunshine" Vitamin D in it, added to all the other good things that make Hinds so effective!



EVEN one application of Hinds makes hard-working hands smoother. Use Hinds faithfully—before and after household jobs, indoors and out. Hinds helps put back the softness that biting winds, bitter cold, household heat, hard water, and dust take away. Gives you Honeymoon Hands—smooth, dainty, feminine! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream comes in $1.00, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes. Dispenser free with 50c size—fits on bottle.

HINDS
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

FOR HONEYMOON HANDS

Copyright, 1937, Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.

Out on the "Bringing Up Baby" set, "Baby" is a long, lean leopard, not Katharine Hepburn. Baby was rented from Olga, famous animal trainer here in town—but it isn't Olga who keeps Baby so docile. It's the fact that everyone in the cast is doused with perfume. For the leopard is a push-over for French perfume, preferring "Evening In Paris" above everything else. Once having sniffed this on one of the players, Baby is his friend. Funniest thing we've ever seen is the husky director, Cary Grant and Charlie Ruggles spraying themselves with a large atomizer of perfume before going into a scene with Baby.

■ ■ ■

When his publicity department tried to get Wayne Morris on the phone the other morning, they found to their surprise that the number had been changed. Wayne finally drifted in later on in the day, and the irate department head asked him just why this had happened. Wayne blushed crimson, then stepped up to the boss and whispered, "Well, isn't that what they all do out here?"

■ ■ ■

When Carole Lombard and the "True Confession" company journeyed to Lake Arrowhead for location scenes, a Mr. Gable decided Arrowhead was a swell place for a short vacation. The mountains up that way look especially fetching when Miss L. is standing in front of them. Third day up there Gable drove to nearby San Bernardino and stopped in at a bakery to buy a birthday cake for

GOOD news

BY

LEO TOWNSEND

Carole. In five minutes the whole town was at the door, the baker rushed out for a photographer, and Clark dutifully posed with everything from corn muffins to angel cake.

■ ■ ■

Most uninteresting item of the month: Jeanette MacDonald's press agent, wilting under sustained cross-examination, reveals Jeanette's favorite swear words. They are, "Oh, flibbergibble;" and "Oh, shuttlebob!" We merely report this in the hope that Miss MacDonald will read it and blush. We've seen her on the set when, on more than one accasion, she shouted out a few good lady-like damns. And we don't give a flibbergibble who knows it!

■ ■ ■

What is this thing called Love? Tyrone Power kisses Janet Gaynor a fond goodbye and she sets forth for New York firmly believing she is the girl in his life. Next day Sonja Henie arrives in Hollywood, and Mr. P. is on hand to kiss her a fond hello. And Loretta Young, who gave up Director Eddie Sutherland for Tyrone, now goes with Producer Joe Mankiewicz, who probably doesn't give a shuttlebob about the whole situation.

■ ■ ■

Very fancy situation out at Universal. With "100 Men and a Girl" practically saving the studio from bankruptcy, orders came through to rush another Deanna Durbin picture into production. Writers went to work furiously on "Mad About Music," while the Wall Street bankers held the purse strings. To add to the situation, Deanna was growing taller almost daily, and Universal executives were growing correspondingly balder. As we go to press, the script has just been finished, Deanna is just on the verge of blossoming into young womanhood, and the bankers in Wall Street are coughing nervously.

■ ■ ■

Over at RKO they're fuming over a rotund comedian who has cost the studio over $100,000 on one production. His habit of forgetting to show up for work got very annoying, especially on days when several hundred extras had been assembled for scenes. The gal star of the picture, who was once very friendly with the guy, now treats him with icy silence. The other day the errant thespian topped everything when, after a gay night, he showed up right on time for work—but at the *wrong* studio.

■ ■ ■

Mae West, whose popularity is on the wane, invited the press to a huge cocktail party on one of the sets of her new picture, "Every Day's a Holiday." It was Mae's first party to the press, a nice social gesture as well as a chance to coax a few lines in the public prints. Affair started at five, and it wasn't till six that Mae made her grand entrance. With a regal smile she seated herself at the honor table, and George Rector made crepe suzettes on a chafing



Sonja Henie must be out of town for the evening 'cause here's Ty Power, dating Janet Gaynor, and incidentally, getting a light.

dish and over the loud speaker system. Completed, they were handed over to Mae, who devoured them daintily while the press, munching meatballs, was allowed to look on. It was all very elegant and dignified, befitting a personage of Miss W.'s background.

■ ■ ■

You probably never thought of Spencer Tracy as a male fashion plate, but wait until you see him in "Mannequin." In a fashion show scene, Mr. T. appears in cutaway, striped pants and ascot tie. The costume wasn't by Adrian, but it could have been. Spencer took plenty of kidding on his sartorial elegance from cast and crew. Just to show you what a spineless guy he is, he was afraid to wear his costume to the commissary for lunch. Each noon hour he rushed to his dressing-room and put on an old suit before appearing in the lunch room.

■ ■ ■

Well, they settled the big Bartholomew-M-G-M feud. Freddie claimed he couldn't pay his way through grammar school on the paltry thousand-a-week they had been paying him, and Metro told Freddie they made much less than that themselves when they

were a boy. But now Freddie is back at the studio, at $2,000 per week, and everybody is happy. Except young Douglas Scott, whose accent is just as British as Freddie's, and who would have had Freddie's job had the feud continued.

■ ■ ■

In a studio projection room the other day, we looked at several scenes from "The Goldwyn Follies," on which Mr. G. is spending some two million dollars. One of them was a ballet number. We don't know how you'll like ballet, but we're positive you're going to like the dancer, Zorina. She's one of the most gorgeous creatures we've ever seen on the screen, so keep an eye out for her. We also saw a scene with Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. McCarthy is funny, but we predict he won't be as popular on the screen as he is on the air. If we're wrong, pretend you didn't read it here.

■ ■ ■



Surprise! Bette Davis doesn't seem to know what to do about that lei someone gave her at the Club Waikiki opening. That's Lloyd Nolan on her right, listening very intently.



Gay doings among the stars these days, with holiday hilarity holding forth in Cinemaland

Tch, tch, Simone! We never would have suspected you of being coy. Or is that just the effect Gene Markey has on you? Yep, it's romance.



Happy, though married, Fredric March and his attractive wife, Florence Eldredge, enjoy an evening just for two.

One of the nicest young ladies either on or off the screen is Virginia Bruce (unpd. advt.). We spent a pleasant half hour recently in her dressing-room on the "Bad Man of Brimstone" set, discussing this and that and taking in the scenery. The scenery, of course, is Miss B. herself. She never wears make-up on the screen, and we tried to pry loose a few beauty secrets. Unfortunately, it seems, there ain't no secrets. The little lady just happens to be beautiful, which is a dandy trick if you can do it.

■ ■ ■

Best gag of the month is in "Live, Love and Learn." When Bob

(*Continued on page 70*)


REPUBLIC PICTURES PRESENTS
PHIL REGAN · LEO CARRILLO
ANN DVORAK
Tamara Geva · James Gleason
GENE AUTRY
GENE AUTRY
LEO CARRILLO
CAB CALLOWAY
KAY THOMPSON
TED LEWIS
JOE DiMAGGIO
HENRY ARMETTA
LUIS ALBERNI
"MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND"
Featuring TED LEWIS and his ORCHESTRA
CAB CALLOWAY and his COTTON CLUB ORCHESTRA
KAY THOMPSON and her RADIO CHOIR • JOE DiMAGGIO
HENRY ARMETTA • LUIS ALBERNI • MAX TERHUNE
SMILEY BURNETTE • LOUIS PRIMA AND HIS BAND
AND... Introducing That Singing Cowboy Star
GENE AUTRY
Directed by CHARLES F. RIESNER • Original screen play by HARRY SAUBER • Adapted from the musical revue "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" by FRANK HUMMERT
Associate Producer HARRY SAUBER
HIT TUNES...
"Round Up Time In Reno"
"Have You Ever Been In Heaven?"
"Mama, I Wanna Make Rhythm"
"I Owe You"
"All Over Nothing At All"
Republic PICTURES
CREATE HAPPY HOURS



photo by gene kornman

alice faye



photo by gene kornman

tyrone power



photo by scotty welbourne

joan blondell



photo by scotty welbourne

wayne morris



photo by william walling

mary carlisle

A LADY IN LOVE

BY NANETTE KUTNER

And as such Luise Rainer should be exuberantly happy! But is she? That question is answered in her own inimitable manner

THIS IS a story nobody knows. Neither her studio, nor its press department, nor the dozens of reporters who unsuccessfully tried to reach her. It is the story of Luise Rainer's strange vacation.

They knew she was in the East. Someone had seen her at the opening of "Dead End." Someone else glimpsed her in Connecticut. Those reporters who went down to the end of Fifth Avenue, to the beginning of Greenwich Village, to the Clifford Odets' penthouse, faced a sign neatly typed on a square of paper tacked to the door. It was a warning, a printed slap-in-the-face, brief, explicit, rude. "Unless the visitor has been announced from the desk downstairs the bell will *not* be answered." And that was that. Here is the reason why.

"They think I am not coöperating," Luise Rainer protested, to me—ace tracker-downer—as she paced up and down the wide living-room floor, tossed her black hair, gesticulated with both hands, spoke in her characteristic way—with all of herself.

"No! I was not giving interviews, having my picture taken, buying clothes on Fifth Avenue and running to night clubs. But I was coöperating just the same, coöperating by learning to be a better actress!"

"So you won't rest on that Academy Award laurel," I commented. "But what were you learning? What were you doing?"

For answer she led me out onto the terrace. "Look!" she exclaimed. "Your New York." And we stared down to the East River, to the Hudson, to the compact little streets and the skyscrapers surrounding us.

"Look!" she repeated. "I have just a few very precious weeks. I come here from Hollywood for a breath of air, for a breath of humanity, for life itself. I breathe it in, then I go back. Hollywood is like living in a tower away from reality, nothing is real there. Here it is so different, so wonderful!"

Again the speaking in superlatives, the pacing up and down, the waving of the hands, this time both arms opened wide as if to embrace the whole sky.

"You know what I did on this vacation? You know what I saw? Come, I'll tell you."

Quickly she dusted two deck chairs. "We sit here like this. Now, listen. One week I wear a white uniform like a nurse. I comb my hair back under a cap. I scrub off my make-up. And I persuade a doctor friend of mine to take me to the city hospitals. There I work. I don't go in like a star, with my arms full of flowers, my face full of smiles. No, I go and turn pillows and wash faces and smooth blankets and hold hands. They do not know who I am. But I see things—life, suffering. I see babies whose mothers were too poor to have them. I see little children, undernourished, sick. I ask where they go when they leave the hospital. They must go back, I am told, to the tenements.

"There was one little boy I cannot forget. He had tumor on the brain. I watched the operation. Afterwards he tried to tear off the bandages. He was so sick. Yet he must return to the dirt, the poverty, the drabness, the bad air. But right





Luise Rainer and her playwright hubby, Clifford Odets, lunching. Mr. O. seems to influence wifey, Luise, despite her protestations to the contrary, for while in New York City she chose to rub elbows with the sort of people he writes about.

Luise says, "I'd rather play the part of a slavey in one of those Russian pictures than star in something that is a waste of time."

outside those hospital windows is the East River, and I look and see the yachts of the millionaires. And it makes me sick."

Obviously afraid I might think she shares her husband's radical opinions, Miss Rainer hastily interrupted herself. "I am not interested in politics. I am interested in people. I want to be like them, to understand their troubles, to play to them, not to the yachting ones, who are not real, who are like Hollywood. I want the people to see me and say, 'You're one of us.' I want to take from them their mannerisms, their troubles, the atmosphere in which they live. I want to breathe it all in and give it back a hundred times!

"I went to the public library. I wore an old suit and eyeglasses. I sat and talked to the lonely people there, the city people who had nothing to do, no place to go, nobody with whom they could talk, except perhaps, the doorman. In the library I realized how great America is. One can come to it, and read and learn all for nothing. It is so well organized. In no other country in the world do you find it like this.

"I went to a labor meeting. And I visited the office where the German refugees are sent. I listened to their stories. I tried to put myself in their places, arriving in a strange land, having to speak a new language, leaving everything they love behind them, and no way to earn a living."

She sighed, then smiled as another memory flashed across that quick mind of hers. "I went to the Metropolitan Museum. There I saw too much beauty. It chokes me, so much at the same time. And I made myself only look at one thing—at the Grecian marbles, the sculpture. I wanted to carry that memory back to Holly- (*Continued on page 67*)

ROBIN HOOD THROWS



He calls her Damita and she calls him Fleen, which is just another way of presenting Mr. and Mrs. Errol Flynn.



Plenty of gals will sigh with envy over Joan Blondell when they see her teamed with Flynn in "The Perfect Specimen."

I ARRIVED at Errol Flynn's house at five o'clock to get a story from him. Mr. Flynn is a delightful host. His first thought is for your comfort. "Wouldn't you like to sit out on the terrace? Cigarettes? A glass of sherry, perhaps? Oh yes, we've got a story to do, haven't we? Well, here comes Sheffield with the sherry. Maybe that will inspire us."

Sheffield is the Flynn butler, bespectacled, grave, correct. "A gift direct from P. G. Wodehouse to us," Errol murmurs, as Sheffield's straight back vanishes into the house.

Arno gambols up and lays his gray head on Flynn's knee. Arno is the Schnauzer who once broke his leg on location. Flynn saved his life, by traveling three hundred miles through the night to have the leg set. Involuntarily, your hand goes out to stroke him. His master beams.

"You like dogs? Come on over and see the lion pups." He leads you to a far corner of the garden, where two animals, for whom the term pup seems a misnomer, rise to greet you, forepaws on the wire netting, heads overtopping yours. Flynn introduces them. "Mr. and Mrs." He turns a bland eye on you.

"Oh, but you didn't come out to admire animals. You came for a story. Right." With the utmost good will, he takes you back to the terrace and gets you settled again. He gets himself settled. He drops his hands between his long legs and leans forward, a good child, completely at your disposal. Sheffield appears at the door. "Mr. Ernst calling."

Flynn jumps up, relief written all over his face. "Terribly sorry. Will you excuse me? I'll be right back." When he does come back, he's grinning from ear to ear. He draws a hand over his face to wipe off the grin, and tries, with meager success, to look penitent. "That was Bud Ernst. He always has this effect on me. Peculiar sense of humor. Can't expect you to appreciate the joke, being kept waiting like this. But see here. Maybe I can make up by telling you about the birthday party he gave me." He looks hopeful. "Maybe you could sort of stretch it out, and presto, there's your story!

"Well, I was here all alone. Lili was abroad. Bud called up one morning and said he was giving me a birthday party that night. Up to that moment I'd forgotten that it was my birthday, and been perfectly happy in my ignorance. After he called, I began waxing sentimental, lonely, neglected orphan and all that sort of thing, one true pal in the world, who remembered my birthday. By the time we went out to dinner, I was in a fine glow. Presently, as we sat there, six telegraph boys marched in, the glummest looking sourpusses you ever set eyes on. He must have hand-picked them for hyperacidity or something. They surrounded me, serenaded me with 'Happy

A PARTY

And there's never a dull moment when Errol Flynn plays host

BY

IDA ZEITLIN



Robin Hood in the flesh! We'll bet Sherwood Forest was a popular place if the real R. H. looked like this.

Birthday to you' and marched out again, never having cracked a muscle. I began to wonder. Then in came a magnificent birthday cake, 'Happy Birthday' across the top and all the rest of it. I was so touched I could hardly talk.

"'D'you like it?' Bud asked.

"'I love it,' I told him, almost choking with emotion.

"'That's fine,' said Ernst, and called the waiter. 'Take it away. That's for Frank Morgan's birthday tomorrow. I just rented it.'" As he got to the payoff, Flynn threw back his head and roared with laughter. Sheffield puts in a third appearance at the door. "The guests have arrived, Mr. Flynn," he announces.

You have only time to throw him a look of dismay. "I thought we'd be through by now," he apologizes. "Stick around. Maybe you can get the story between takes. Hello, Sailor."

A SHORT, thick-set man, with a genial face, stands beside Sheffield and makes a low comedy bow. Enter Flynn's Musclemen, otherwise known as the "Body Beautifuls." From the house into the garden, they emerge by twos and threes until there are twenty-five in all, groups of bearded men, fresh from the day's work, in high good humor at the prospect of entertainment. All day they've been wrestling, sparring, learning how to handle swords, cudgels, bows and arrows, in preparation for their jobs as Robin Hood's merry men. Some, who worked with him in "Captain Blood," Flynn knows. Others he's meeting for the first time.

Sailor, doing the honors for the boys, confides in you the origin of the (*Continued on page 64*)

ANITA ASTONISHES!

BY FAITH SERVICE



I TOOK one good look at Anita Louise and then, to paraphrase a popular song, my preconceived ideas stood still! I had expected her to be, to speak honestly, a sort of composite Elsie Dinsmore, Pollyanna and Elaine, the Lily Maid.

In other words, I went to lunch with Anita Louise anticipating, not too eagerly, an hour with a flawlessly beautiful girl, after which I would go home again, not sadder but certainly not wiser.

From the instant Anita Louise joined me at table, from the first strong clasp of her hand, from the first stimulating, alive tone of her voice, my preconceived ideas folded up their little gossamer wings and did flip flops all over the place.

There is a stern quality to her beauty, a forthright, debunking, pungent quality to her mind which would have thrown Elsie Dinsmore into such jitters as even Elsie never could have conceived. And there is a sense of humor which includes even herself and her own problems.

The beauty, of course, cannot be gainsaid. But her intelligence, her vitality and maturity, give to that beauty a character, a compelling power, an intellectual promise which is not, I must admit, the kind of beauty I had expected. Five minutes after we began to talk I forgot how beautiful she is, because her beauty becomes a secondary matter. I said, on a sudden thought, "Your greatest problem must be your beauty."

"It is," she replied, agreeing with me as matter-of-factly, as honestly as though I had said, "that wall eye of yours must be quite a drawback."

Because she is honest. She is completely without coyness. I emphasize that, because a beauty without coyness is a lovely thing indeed. And rare. And it would have been coy of her to simper, to try to pretend that she is blind, can't see herself in the mirror.

I told Anita then, how I'd thought of her as a sort of composite Pollyanna, Elsie Dinsmore and Elaine, the Lily Maid. She laughed, her strong, clear laughter. She said, "The lovely Elaine must have been very lovely, so thanks for that, anyway. But she died before she had the chance to grow up. I didn't, you see."

"She died for love, too," I mused. "Would you?"

"Well, I doubt it," Anita laughed again. "I'm sorry to offend the poets, but I doubt it.

"It is perfectly true, however, that beauty can be, often is, a curse in this profession. Curious paradox, isn't it, when you might suppose that in a pictorial medium, pictorial qualities would be aces in the deck. But they're not. I know that when I talk sensibly, practically, even intelligently, to a producer or a director, they look at me as though they are thinking I should have my temperature taken. I have the horrid fear that they are going to say, 'There, there!' and fob me off with a lollilop or a new dolly.

I'M AFRAID I'm very deceiving, until people know me well. I'm far from being fragile. There is nothing finicky and lace paper valentinish about me, in any way. I adore big, thick steaks and fried potatoes. I never diet. I can, and often do, cook my own meals. I have no beauty secrets except soap and water, and plenty of both, on my face. I do my own nails, usually shampoo my own hair and hang out the window to dry it.

"I'm pretty economical and save my money. I am rather extravagant about clothes, not so much for reasons of personal vanity or indulgence, but because I believe they are necessary overhead in my business. I drive my own car, a Ford. I have one pet, a Scotty named Wee Thistle. I have no hobbies unless you might call my eighty-year-old piano and my two-hundred-year-old violin hobbies. I also have an ancient lute, which I can play. I'm not the languid, chaise-longue type. I play a decent game of tennis, swim, fence, ride.

"I went to the Professional School in New York and then to the Greenwood School for Girls here in Hollywood and took part in most of the school sports. And I'd like to have a part on the screen where I could look as ugly as sin and thus try to demonstrate that I can do something more than simper innocently in the pale moonlight.

"I will say that things are looking up for me. I feel much more hopeful than I did a year or so ago. Hopeful that I am beginning to convince the powers that be that I am grown up, know the facts of life, have red blood in my veins and even a muscle or two. I have the hope that I can soon say goodbye forever to the sugary, vapory, moonlight-and-roses sweet young things, like the candy Miss I did in "First Lady." She (*Continued on page 74*)

She's blonde, she's beautiful—but dumb? Meet luscious Louise

The gods were in a generous mood when they bestowed their blessings on Anita, for not only is she lovely to look at, she's smart as well! A veteran picture star at the ripe old age of twenty, she's set for bigger and better roles from now on.



Anita with Victor Jory, playing one of those sweet girly-girly roles she so abhors, in "First Lady." Some day, she vows, she'll go dramatic in a great big way.

and draw your own conclusions



Meet the gent who causes a stampede every time he ventures out in public. And fifty million women can't be wrong. This Boyer's got what it takes!

BOYER TELLS ON HIMSELF



In "Tovarich," Boyer scores again. He's shown here in a tense moment with Claudette Colbert. They make a snappy-looking couple, what?



Mr. and Mrs. Boyer, in an affectionate pose. The little woman is Pat Paterson, who has quite a fan-following of her own.

Mr. B., playing truth, tells why women are mad for him, and men, mad at him—and why he's big enough to take it!

BY GLADYS HALL

I CAME out of Grauman's Chinese Theatre here in Hollywood the other night after a preview. Stars blocked the way of lesser mortals, and as I waited for my car, there occurred a stampede. A strange monster seemed to be crawling away from the awninged entrance. It might have been a bee-hive in slow motion.

Standing on tip-toe, I managed to make out that the monster was Charles Boyer's car. In the car was Mr. Boyer. On the running boards, swarming over the roof, crowding the chauffeur from his seat, were women, girls, all sizes, ages, types, from red-lipped girls in their terrible teens to respectable matrons in their furious forties. They were, indeed, swarming like bees. And it wasn't even his preview. Something like a roar was going up from the composite throat of the fevered fans. One could make out that they were shouting, "Boyer! Boyer!"

A glimpse of Boyer's face showed that he was impressed. For the smile he was wearing was almost fatherly, very kind, grateful for their interest, slightly amused. It was a smile totally devoid of the smug look of the matinee idol who considers that he is getting no more than his just due.

This was not a new experience to anyone who has attended premieres, previews, stars' parties, stars' weddings, stars' funerals. Still, there did seem to be something extraordinarily rabid about this crowd which besieged Boyer. How does he take it? Has he become conceited about it? I wondered.

A few days later, Mr. Boyer received me in his portable dressing-room on the set of "Tovarich." He apologized because we had to talk there. He regretted that we could not have met at his home, had luncheon, cocktails. The dressing-room was so small, uncomfortable. He was so sorry. He was trying so hard to finish in "Tovarich," he went on. He was still making some retakes for "Conquest." He was eager to get away to join his wife who was then awaiting him in Paris.

In the adjoining portable, Claudette Colbert, who plays Boyer's wife, the role Marta Abba created in New York, was having her feet massaged. The soles of her feet. I know because I peeked. Claudette called out, "Hulloa! This is what comes of following in the footsteps of others. I've never done a picture before from a successful stage play. It's sort of frightening. Comparisons will be made. Very hard on the feet, or maybe it's just because I should wear orthopedic shoes, (*Continued on page 76*)



Ginger was indeed a distracted hostess one Christmas and, while her guests were amused, she was not. You probably wouldn't be either.



Warner Baxter, on the other hand, recalls a Yuletide that brought him his first real happiness after many years of heartbreak.

A XMAS THEY'LL NEVER FORGET

By DORA ALBERT

WHAT Christmas Day in your life stands out above all the others? Was it a Christmas when you were forlorn and in need, was it a glorious, joyful Christmas when, after a long absence, you were reunited with your family, or was it a Christmas when death's icy fingers clutched at someone you loved? Whatever memory stands out in your mind, there is probably some star who can match your experience.

The Christmas Warner Baxter will always remember occurred three years ago. Ever since he had begun to be successful in pictures, Warner had dreamed of the time when he would be able to build a house just exactly as he and his wife wanted it, and he had planned to have it done by Christmas, 1934. He told his wife and his mother that they would have dinner in their new home.

When he learned that the house couldn't possibly be completed by Christmas, he was heartbroken. Then he decided that regardless of whether the house was ready, they'd have their first dinner there that Christmas.

Though several rooms in the house hadn't been finished, and though there was no electricity, he saw to it that a huge fireplace was installed in the recreation room and that the kitchen was ready.

His mother, his wife and a few close friends were his guests at that dinner. He not only prepared the turkey, the cranberry sauce, the mince pie and sweet potatoes, but he also set a table before the roaring fireplace, lit the room with candles and served the meal himself.

With the candles burning brightly like gay promises for the future, Christmas came to that hearthside even more surely than if the house of dreams had been completed. For the guests relaxed, the informality of the occasion pleased them, and as Warner Baxter's eyes met those of his wife, a look of understanding flashed between them. Long ago, when Warner was a poor, struggling actor and they lived in cheap boarding-houses, where ugly designs made a monotonous pattern upon the wall, they had dreamed of a day like this.

"This was the happiest and most peaceful day of my life," Warner Baxter said. "I had my family around me. I had the home I had always dreamed of. I was happy in my work. What more could any man ask?"

Clark Gable's most significant Yuletide took place when he was only seven. It was



Clark Gable was only seven when he suffered his first big disillusionment, and no Christmas has been the same since.



Olivia De Havilland's most thrilling December 25th was a very puzzling one. She still gets a chuckle when she thinks of it.

There is a star who can match your most memorable Yuletide experience, be it happy or sad

then that he suffered his first big disillusionment.

Ever since he could remember, Santa Claus had been very real to him, and for days before Christmas he couldn't sleep, waiting for Santa Claus's visit.

Then came that eventful morning. He was prating on to their nextdoor neighbor about Santa's visit and what he expected Santa to bring him.

Not realizing how cruel he was being, the neighbor laughed at him. "I'm surprised that a big boy like you should actually believe in Santa Claus," he said. "There's no such person. It's just your parents who leave gifts for you."

When Clark, bewildered, came to his father, he could do nothing but admit the truth of their neighbor's statement.

"No Christmas was ever quite the same after that," Clark said.

There's one Christmas Ginger Rogers will always remember. It should have been a joyful one, for her mother had planned a party and dinner for eighteen people.

A few hours before the party, Mrs. Rogers became very sick. But she begged Ginger not to call it off, because she didn't want to disappoint so many people. When the guests arrived, Ginger tried to do her best, but the results were chaotic. As Ginger had been working hard at the studio, her mother had planned everything; Ginger might as well have been a guest, for all she knew of her plans. Mrs. Rogers was too sick to discuss any of the details of the party.

Worried about her mother, Ginger forgot to set up the place cards, and the guests had to scramble into whatever seats they could find. The flustered maid skipped one whole course and then served it after the coffee and dessert.

Ginger knew that a whole series of games with carefully selected prizes had been planned, but she didn't know what the games were. Desperately, she organized impromptu entertainment, but she couldn't find the prizes. She still has some of them, unearthed after her mother's recovery. The gifts for the guests were hopelessly mixed up with hilarious results. (One fragile blonde got a humidor.)

The entire time Ginger had to pretend to be happy and to enter into the spirit of the festivities, she was worried about her mother. Every few minutes she would rush frantically upstairs to see how she was feeling.

In a way, the party was a tremendous success, for the efforts of the distracted hostess were regarded as screamingly funny. But to Ginger Rogers, the whole thing was a ghastly nightmare.

Never will Ann Sothern forget one horrible holiday season before she entered pictures, when she was touring to join a road show in a small Nebraska town. Christmas Eve was spent on the train, absolutely alone, homesick and miserable.

She had never been in this particular town before and she didn't know a soul there, not even the members of her company.

On December 25th she fled from her cold hotel room and walked through the streets, peering in windows at the colorful Christmas trees, actually jealous of the happy, laughing groups on the streets. She had dinner alone in a small restaurant, where she refused to order the Christmas dinner (*Continued on page 65*)





Brian Donlevy knows that the way to get fans is to get the gal in the last reel! Above, with Tyrone Power and Alice Faye in "In Old Chicago."

Brian wants to be a good guy, but the movie moguls say "No"

MISCASTING THE MENACE

BY ROBERT McILWAINE

WHEN HEADACHES are in order for the men who solve picture problems, one of the biggest of the lot comes while casting "the menace" for those thousands of feet of celluloid and sound that go into the making of a movie.

It seems that most actors assigned to play the "heavy" feel that they are being grossly miscast. You see, while no man is a hero to his valet, every man is a hero in his heart. Also, an actor wants audience approbation, which will enable him to build up a following. The way to get fans is to get the gal in the last reel. If you don't win her, you don't read fan letters. You simply pass up the thrill of seeing, "Dear Mr. Glutz: You're so-oo won—der—ful!!"

Heading the list of that gentry who is lately foregoing a personal following, is Brian Donlevy. Not liking this one bit better than we, who sit in the theatre and, for forty cents, hiss the heck out of him as he kicks our favorite in the face, is this same Brian Donlevy. However, there was a time when things were happier and Mr. D. is prompt to recall them.

"You know, I came to Hollywood via the stage," he reminisced. "On Broadway, I played nice guys and was completely content in my work. Then, after some years, I landed *the* role in the type play that I had waited for. Perhaps you remember 'Three Cornered Moon'? After I did that, the movies came along and made such tempting offers that I accepted. Had I foreseen my fate as a 'menace' I'm afraid that wild horses couldn't have dragged me west of Hoboken."

Little do any of us realize what is in store for us and, least of all, Brian, for even as you read this, he is making "He Was Her Man" in London with Gracie Fields and Victor McLaglen. On his departure abroad, Donlevy didn't know whether he was still to be the menace or if he would get a break and a little sympathy for a change. With such a heavy hero as McLaglen, even a miscast menace must seem endowed with a few of the minor virtues.

But seriously, Mr. Donlevy likes pictures. He also likes acting in them. Besides this, he enjoys getting fan mail—lots of it. He realizes that it is one of the barometers which gauge a player's success. He used to get plenty of it; that is, until the Powers That Be insisted upon casting him as the meanest guy that ever came down the picture pike. Since he's been cinematically forced to beat the daylights out of a gent who's not only down, but also out, he has noticed a great falling off in his mail. It scares him. The public somehow fails to differentiate between the player and the role he is playing.

"Look at Lionel Stander," points out the worried Brian sorrowfully. "Since he played that skunky press agent in 'A Star is Born,' the poor fellow hasn't worked a day. And the scene that really *did* it was one he was called back to the studio to make, after (*Continued on page 71*)

BY JAMES REID



Ann Sothern and Hubby Roger Pryor have been apart so much that she sometimes wonders if he was even there for the wedding! But she keeps her chin up, does Annie, and looks forward to the day when things will be different.

BACHELOR BRIDE

Ann lives alone and loathes it. But she's got plans for the future!

I'LL SAY that the first year of married life is the hardest!"

Ann Sothern smiles, but her smile is a grimace of rebellion. From a large framed photograph across the room, Roger Pryor seems to be smiling approval. "No marriage ever had such a hectic first year as ours had.

"Roger and I went together for four years. During all that time, neither of us could see anyone else, figuratively speaking. Now, speaking literally, we can't see each other, except at brief intervals over periods of weeks, and then only after long airplane hops.

"Things started to be hectic the day we decided on marriage. I had a month's vacation ahead of me. And I was going to Chicago to make personal appearances. Roger and his orchestra were about to open at the College Inn in Chicago. But, before he opened, he had six days to spare. He flew out to see me.

"As he stepped off the plane, he said, 'Will you marry me?' I said, 'But this so sudden, after four years. I'll have to have time to think it over.'

"That was a Tuesday. Bright and early the next morning, we went down to see about a license. California makes you wait three days to get married. And it seems that the day you register doesn't count as one of the three. The clerk said we couldn't pick up our license Saturday. But we both had to be in Chicago Monday morning.

"I had always dreamed that I'd have a church wedding, be able to dress up, and look, and feel, like a bride. I wasn't going back on that dream now. We finally persuaded the clerk to make an exception, just this once, and let us have our license on Saturday, on our solemn promise not to use it Saturday. It took some doing to arrange a wedding between Saturday midnight and plane time. Especially a church wedding. But I had one, and I had a wedding gown. We were married at twelve-one Sunday morning.

"We had a three-week honeymoon. And, during that time, when I wasn't working, Roger was. Fine idea I had had, signing for those personal appearances to be near Roger! He closed at the Inn at three a. m. And at seven a. m. I had to start my day."

At the end of three weeks the personal appearances were over, but so was the chance for even a daily glimpse of each other. RKO-Radio summoned Mrs. Roger Pryor back to Hollywood to be Ann Sothern for a new picture.

She couldn't get east for Christmas, Roger couldn't get west. Both were chained to their work. And when each tried to telephone the other on Christmas Eve, the wires were so clogged with other long-distance calls that it was six a. m., December 25th, before one of them could get a call through. And by that time they were so worn out with waiting that they forgot half of what they had intended to say.

(*Continued on page 75*)

BY
GEORGE BENJAMIN

Walk if he can ride? Not clever Warren William! He'll just invent something

Warren works so hard inventing ways to save himself work that he can't find time to relax any more. Ideas come so fast, he can't even sleep nights.

He'd rather tinker than eat. His machine shop is so full of gadgets that it looks like something right out of a mechanic's nightmare. And you should see his bedroom!





THE GADGETEER

I ARRIVED at Warren William's beautiful, rambling, two-and-a-half acre estate in San Fernando Valley to investigate the strange case of Warren William. It has been whispered, confidentially, that he is a gadgeteer! Now, there are racketeers, a'plenty. There are pamphleteers. There are even muleteers. But a gadgeteer is something new. An inventor who specializes in gadgets.

Warren William doesn't invent gadgets to make money, however, but for the sole purpose of saving himself time. He has a philosophy of personal comfort and non-effort. If he can invent a device which will save him the lifting of his little finger that device is invented.

There is something new under the sun, a man with the William profile and the urge of an Edison and he is worth a little research.

Born in Aitkin, Minnesota, the young Warren longed, from childhood, to become a marine engineer. While his father longed, just as earnestly, for Warren to become a newspaper man. The war came along and, perversely, raised the flag of truce between father and son. For Warren went to war and was a soldier. And when the war was ended, reluctant to engage in further family combat, he did not go home at once, but remained in France, joined up with a theatrical troupe touring the army camps and became the white-haired boy of the soldier audiences.

If, Warren felt, he could win the war-crusted, pain-deadened hearts of the soldiers of the Allies, he should be able to win audiences, far more capable of pleasure. He came back to America, stopped off on Broadway, got Richard Dix's role in a road company of "I Love You" and, before very long, a Broadway chance in Rachel Crothers' "Expressing Willie."

So, the truest truth in the character of Warren William is what made an actor of him: his intense dislike of conflict of any kind, effort of any kind. He wants leisure. And a dash of Gandhi non-resistance. It was far easier just to be an actor than to engage with papa in further argument.

It was during his early days on the stage that Alexander Woollcott branded him for years. He wrote of Warren, "He has the Barrymore accent in his speech, and a Barrymore tone in his voice and he looks the very image of the young John Drew who played Petruchio." Thus, even after he came to Hollywood, signed with Warner Brothers, stamped his own image on many screens, the legend of the Barrymore profile stuck to him, took years to shake loose. Now, under long-term contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, one hears no more about it.

AND SO I arrived to beard a gadgeteer among his gadgets. At the gateway to the estate a telephone, on what appeared to be a flexible pulley, dangled within reach of the hand. One had only to call the house and the gates would open automatically, with- (*Continued on page 69*)

Look out, Mrs. William! The result of this wood-chopping session is apt to be a pair of roller skates for the dog, or something. You never know what Warren's going to think of next.



When this little number is completed, our Warren will be riding to the studio in a dressing-room on wheels, with every modern convenience, including a bar, twin beds and a kitchenette.







The problem of having two screen careers in a family of two won't break up the Gladys George - Leonard Penn marriage. The reason is unusual. Right, as Gladys appears in "Madame X" with John Beal.

WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HEART

Does he really love me? Haven't you ever asked yourself that? Gladys George knows how to find out

GLADYS GEORGE wears her heart on her sleeve. You bump into it, right off. She has none of the customary guile and wile of her sex. She said to her husband, not long ago, "You really love me, don't you? I've got to know." That's Gladys George. The real things she feels in her heart emerge. She did know, of course, but she had to be reassured.

She has none of the smug conceit which would make it unthinkable for the average charming woman to ask a man—let alone a husband—whether or not he loved her.

The average woman would lie like mad rather than let you think for one moment that there could be any doubt about her conquests. But not Gladys George. She has a bluntness which is brave. She doesn't consider that life owes her a living. She doesn't accept love passively, as her just due. She believes that you have to work for a living, give tenderness as well as thought to love.

She said, "Sure, I asked Leonard whether he really loves me, even though I think there are some things better left unsaid. Women talk too much and expect too much. But there are also times when you just have to take a sounding and know just what the depths measure. I'd be no good if I tried to be subtle and clever about my feelings. If I have any dusty little doubts in my mind, I just sweep 'em right out of there by talking about them. You might say that I use the broom of good strong, bristly words. I just ask what I want to know. That's the only way to find out—and, incidentally, my advice to you girls in doubt as to whether or not your beau or husband really loves you. For if a woman knows she is in a man's heart, snug and secure, nothing else matters.

"There has been all kinds of stuff written about whether



BY

MARTHA KERR

a woman's place is in the home or out in the world. Most of it has been pretty silly. A woman's place is in the heart of the man she loves! And if she knows that she is in his heart, it doesn't matter a tinker's damn whether she is in the home, in a circus, or in an office."

Gladys continued, "I was jealous. That's why I asked Leonard what I did." It occurred to her that here they were in Hollywood, both with screen careers. (Leonard Penn, you know, has been signed to a long-term contract with M-G-M following his work in "The Firefly.") Two screen careers in one little family of two takes some adjusting. Gladys, then, was jealous. Not of Leonard's career. She is one hundred per cent for that. It was what they both hoped might happen when, after "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," Gladys was a recognized success in movies. She has not a smither of professional jealousy.

Gladys George believes that you have to give tenderness as well as thought to keep love.

If Leonard's star should rise and her own star, now bright and high, should wane, it would be jake with Gladys.

She said, "I just think that every woman, if she tells the truth, will admit being jealous of other beautiful women. Women who, especially (*Continued on page 72*)

Smoothness is the



Remember Anne Shirley's scene in "Stella Dallas" concerning the artificial flower and the party dress? *There* was a tip in smoothness.



Carole Lombard has changed from a flashy blonde to a smooth, intriguing woman of the world. What started all this?

TO BE called "smooth"—that's the wistful dream of the modern Miss! Dazzling beauty, ravishing prettiness aren't nearly so desirable. Well, now, that's fine! For the achievement of smoothness is within the power of every girl, every woman. What does it mean, exactly? It has something of the meaning of the French word, *soignee*—well-groomed, smart, literally well-cared-for. But that doesn't quite cover it, for the word has a special, modern, American meaning all its own. When I hear it, I think of streamline cars, a quickness and aliveness which is typically American, a new sort of subtlety which the American girl is picking up with amazing rapidity.

The word originated, I imagine, on our college campuses, where so many words originate. It is applied to men as well as girls. When a Smith Junior says a Princeton Senior is smooth, she means, in part, that he dresses not too casually and always well, that he's a good dancer, but no professional dancing man, that he can hold his liquor like a gentleman, that he has good manners and, although he may be kinda casual about some things which would have shocked our grandmamas, he never steps over That Certain Line, and that his conversation isn't all wisecracks and amusing nonsense. In other words, the gent has a purpose in life and although he isn't tiresome and stuffy about it, he can be serious on occasion.

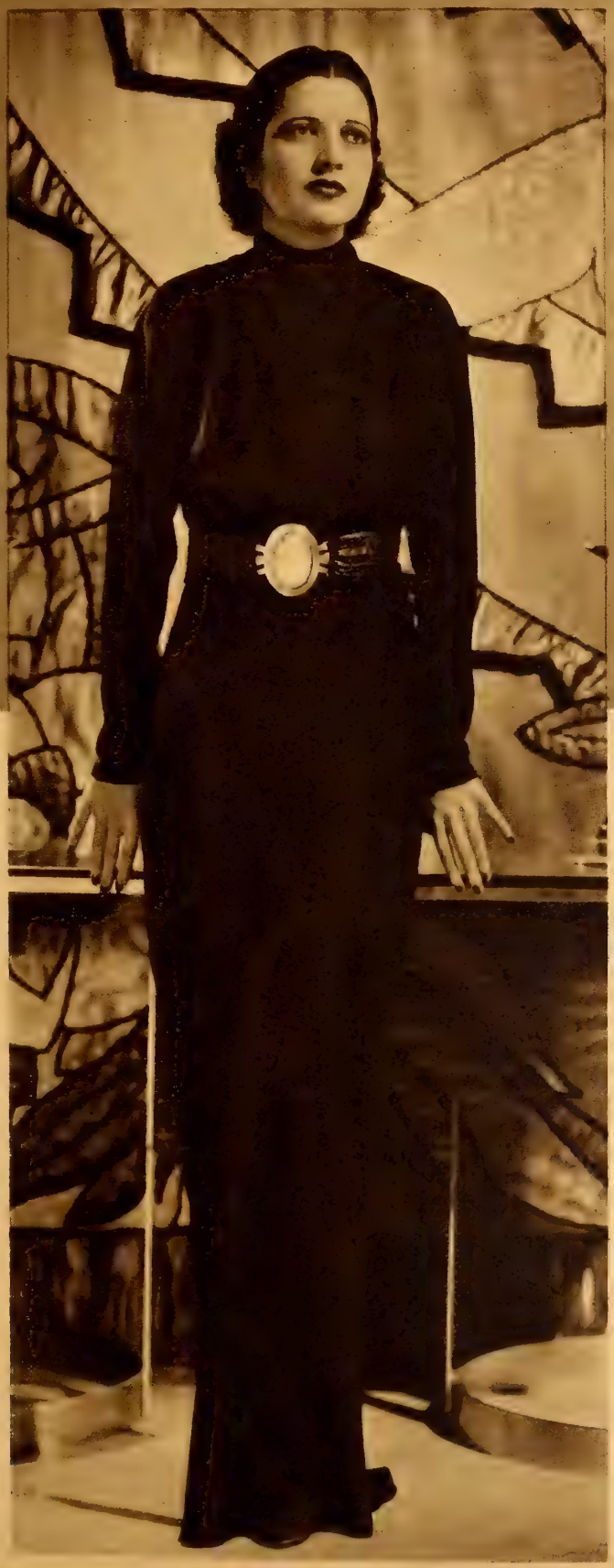
When the Princeton Senior says the Smith Junior is smooth, he means that she always looks like a million (and if she's dressing on a skimpy budget, all the more credit to her), and that her make-up is so well done that it doesn't inspire his friends to leer as they leave the grandstand, that her figure, of course, is good, that she has sparkle, zest, pep, that she's feminine to her fingertips and that, while she has her share of sex appeal (or he wouldn't be interested) she's no obvious siren who has the Cosmic Urge on her mind every minute of the time. She dances well, she talks well, she listens better. She's a companion as well as a snappy looking number to parade past the stag line. Which all goes to show what a far distance we've come since the days when the hot mama was the most desirable type of date.

A figure is the first requisite for smoothness. That's obvious. I can't go over the old, old story of sensible diet again, but here are some dietary tips which may be helpful to you. If you're only a little overweight, cut out soft breads, butter, all starchy vegetables and desserts and cream for one month. Note your improvement at the end of that time. Then go back gradually and sensibly to a little butter—half a pat on your green vegetables, a thin scraping of it on whole wheat toast. Go back later, gradually and sensibly, to the other fattening elements and cut them out again as soon as your mirror or the scales tell you that they're doing damage again. Go on the wagon—entirely—for a month.

Then, thereafter, reserve your occasional indulgence for real parties. Don't have a cocktail at luncheon or at five o'clock simply because your friends offer it or because it's around. Occasional party drinking doesn't hurt you nearly as much as one apparently harmless cocktail every afternoon. Married women, don't sit around having that friendly highball or two with the husband when he comes

Good grooming, charm and poise spell success for the stars—and you

Word for Beauty





Merle Oberon as a slant-eyed siren didn't get far, but as a lady, she's gone places. And Kay Francis (left) is the epitome of smoothness. Why?

home from work. It's pleasant, I know, but a bad idea for the figure.

If you're a little bit underweight, drink a glass of half milk and half cream every mid-morning or mid-afternoon. Lie down for half an hour after dinner. Occasionally, on evenings spent at home, sip a glass of ale, very slowly, an hour before you go to bed.

As I've said before, we all know good and well what to do to lose and gain weight. The only trouble is in doing it. If someone were only around to tell us! This old stuff about the green vegetables and lean meat and what-not sounds so dreary! True. Therefore, I'm going to include here and now a few diet recipes and ideas—some for the overweight, some for the underweight.

Overweights, did you ever think of going on a meatless diet for a month? Meat's getting so darned expensive anyway that we'll all have to join the vegetarians pretty soon. Eat plenty of vegetables and go in heavily for cabbage, which chases fat. And, say, did you ever eat cabbage soup? You think you wouldn't like it? I think you would. It's very tasty.

Take a head of cabbage, shred it as though for cole slaw, add some carrots (tiny ones whole, if you can get them), some onions cut in small pieces, a little minced garlic, if you care for it, seasoning, a can of tomato juice, two cans of clear beef broth, and let the whole works simmer for about an hour. A beaten egg thickens it and gives it more body, but leave out the egg if you're too, too plump.

Try cold beets with sour cream now and then as a salad —plenty of beets and very little (*Continued on page 78*)

BY MARY MARSHALL



Fernand Gravet returns to France each year so as not to lose that foreign flavor. You'll be seeing him in "Food for Scandal" with Carole Lombard.

An accent plays a big part in Monsieur Gravet's success, so he's protecting it

FASCINATING FRENCHMAN

BY MACK HUGHES

FERNAND GRAVET is so proud of his ancestry that he intends to remain French, no matter what! In fact, Gravet absolutely refuses to stay away from his native heath for more than twelve months at a time. Of course, it's easy to understand a man's getting homesick, but can you imagine a Frenchman who fears becoming Americanized to the extent of ducking back at least once a year to inhale a whiff or two of his favorite atmosphere? Not that Fernand doesn't like America, y'understand, but he likes France better, which is perhaps as it should be. And so, he's taking no chance on losing that intriguing accent you heard in "The King and the Chorus Girl."

This fascinating foreigner, by the way, satisfactorily explained the absence of this same accent during the moments he spends away from the camera.

"You see, when the World War broke out, my family happened to be in England," he said. "There we stayed for several years and I was educated in English schools. Naturally, I picked up the Oxford manner of speech. However, we are now back in France and I'm very glad. Not that we weren't happy in England, but, you see, returning to our native land, was like getting back from a long trip."

Speaking of war and its attendant confusion and excitement, Fernand had quite an experience while crossing the country en route to Hollywood recently.

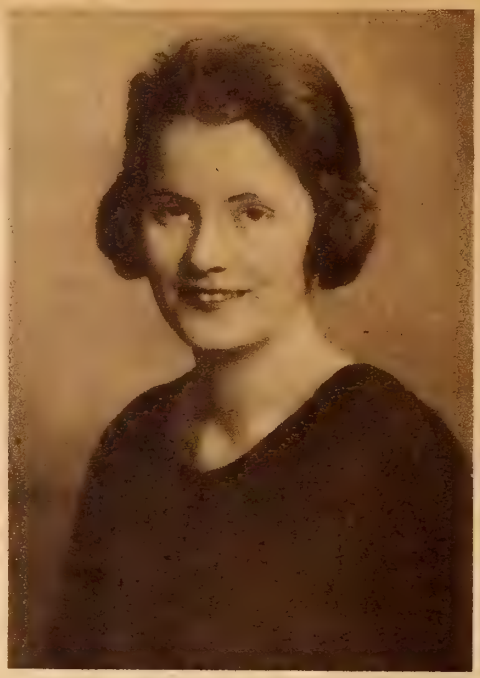
"In Europe, the newspapers don't go so far with this war scare as the American press," explained Gravet. "On my way to California, I got off the train at Kansas City station to buy the papers and, to my amazement, saw startling headlines stating that England and France were about to declare war. Well, I have a mother in France, so naturally I was frightened at the consequences that would result from such a situation. Immediately I telephoned to friends in Paris to find out how much time there was to get my family out of the country. Imagine my surprise when they informed me that it was the first they had heard of any war news!

"I was immensely relieved, of course, and returned to the platform to get my train, (*Continued on page 68*)


THE TRUE LIFE STORY OF GRETA GARBO
THE TRUE LIFE STORY OF
GRETA GARBO
BY WILLIAM STEWART



Not much allure in evidence, here. Garbo was a schoolgirl when this was taken, too tall for her age and violently self-conscious. She preferred to be alone.



Something of her elusive charm began to show itself by the time Greta was sixteen, when she was a shopgirl who dreamed of being an actress.



The Swedish equivalent of a Mack Sennett Bathing Beauty! Greta Gustafsson got her first screen role in a comedy called "Peter, the Tramp!"



ON THE morning of September 18, 1906, in Stockholm, Sweden, there was born to Sven Gustafsson and his wife, a daughter who was christened Greta Louvisa, because the little mother thought it such a pretty name. The coming of the baby was an additional burden to the already burdened household. Sven Gustafsson was a poor man, alternating meager salaried jobs with timid, unsuccessful ventures into small businesses of his own. The baby, Greta, added another mouth to be fed, another body to be clothed to his little family that already numbered four: the mother, a son, Sven, and a daughter, Alva.

Number 32 Blekingegaten Street on the southside of Stockholm, was a drab house on a drab street in a district surrounded by dingy shops, markets and cheap theatres. The long Swedish winters only added to its bleakness, but it was on its slushy, snow-banked lanes that the young Greta formed her first impressions, toddling after her mother to market, or being pulled on a makeshift sled by her brother or sister.

Greta was a long, thin baby; even in the three or four years of her infancy she exhibited none of that chubbiness so often associated with milk-fed infants in advertisements. And maybe that was due to the noticeable shortage of milk in the Gustafsson household. She was a good baby, slow to learn to walk or talk, but obedient and easily cared for. During the years that her infancy lengthened out into long-legged childhood, nothing happened to her. Greta said about this part of her life: "I do not remember anything of my early childhood. Not even those little first gifts of dolls or colored wagons, which mark the beginning of our memories. Maybe it is because nothing happened to make such an impression." No color. No warmth. Only the drabness of Blekingegaten Street and the monotony of its doings.

At seven she was enrolled in school, the beginning of active unhappiness in her life. She was, by a head, taller than the other children in her class, which gave her the appearance of being older and "backward." Nor did the hand-me-down garments made over from her mother's wardrobe do anything toward dignifying her appearance.

In her immediate family circle however, Greta was always the gay one, the ringleader of the fun. She would regale them with funny stories and act out imitations of characters of the neighborhood with a telling mimicry that kept the little family in gales of laughter. But only with those dear and close to her was it possible for Greta to express herself, a fact which is still very evident in her personality today.

Greta adored her sister. Though Alva was older, she was smaller than Greta Louvisa and the latter constantly referred to her as "my little sister," babying and serving her. It was her chief delight to make up stories for Alva in their bleak, bedroom after they had been put to bed at night. All of the people of Greta's stories were rich and daring and most of them were actresses who played exciting command performances before crowned heads.

At fourteen Greta was as tall as she is today. Sensitiveness, in regard to her height, was almost a fetish with her. Because of it, she grew less inclined to mingle with young people of her own age. Of boys, she was terrified. Self-consciousness retarded her every mood and made her far more awkward than was natural. She grew to dread the walk to her school, darting frightened eyes along the way lest there be someone lurking to titter at her pronounced ungainliness.

They did not like her at school and because of that she uttered a philosophy to which she has clung in her consciousness ever since: "All I want is to be left alone."

Out of aloneness she made up the substance of her early teens. She read a great deal, particularly stories pertaining to actresses and their rôles. Coincidentally, in view of her later ideas, the personal lives of actresses did not interest her at all. The actress was the part, the part, the actress. Only of their glamor did Greta partake, the glory of their art. Perhaps that is why Greta has never understood why people are interested in her own private life, why they are not content just to know her as Garbo, the actress.

In the early Stockholm twilights she loved to slip out



Our Greta is wearing a chic little hat which she designed herself during her modelling days in a Stockholm department store. So fetching did she look that she was often asked to pose for advertising photographs and fashion films.

And here is the "little sister," Alva, whom Garbo so adored, and who died while Greta was in Hollywood seeking American approval. Her passing was one of many personal heartbreaks which came to Garbo during her early years as a film star.



and stand in the shadow of the Southside Theatre, near her home, and watch the actors arrive for the evening performances. Once, while at such an exciting vigil, she caught sight of Lars Hanson and his beautiful wife, Karin Holander, stars of the Royal Dramatic Theatre. Greta knew them immediately from their pictures in the papers. The great Lars! The glorious lady, his wife! Such proximity to greatness almost made her faint. Probably her thin, ungainly form would have completely slipped over had she realized that not so many years in the future this same great Hanson would be supporting *her* in an American-made picture, "The Divine Woman." On another occasion, she saw Victor Sjeastrom, the great matinee idol, with equally exciting reactions. (Seastrom, as he is known in America, has directed Greta.)

When she was fourteen, still a student in the district school, real tragedy first touched Greta's life. Her adored father died. She grieved so deeply that her thin, pale face grew more wan than ever, and for months the family feared for her health. It was only with the realization that the little family was left without a protector and on its own resources that Greta was able to pull herself together. Something must be done. Someone must do it. Though both her sister and brother were her seniors, Greta seemed to feel the responsibility to be entirely her own. "I am going to work," she said. "There will be no more school."

A Swedish correspondent records the information that Greta took a job as a barber's assistant, her particular task being to lather the faces of the gentlemen patrons with soap, while the barber sharpened and prepared his razors. This was followed by several temporary positions until finally she went to work in the hat department of the Bergstrom Department Store.

Her career began here one day. Greta did not seek out fame at first. It came for her, arriving in the unsuspecting person of the advertising manager. An important person, the advertising manager.

"Bring all the hats and come with me," he instructed, and led her across the street to a photographer's gallery.

Two days later the millinery department was agog with excitement. "Look in the papers! See all the pictures of Greta Gustafsson wearing the hats," one clerk told another. Word went through the store. Clerks, from other departments, drifted by to get a look at her. It seems her pictures, modeling the hats, had been used in a big advertisement featuring the store's millinery. It was Greta Gustafsson's first taste of fame and probably the only welcome one of her entire life, as later events proved.



Glamor begins to definitely creep into the situation in "Gosta Berling," the film which won the plaudits of Europe. Gerda Lundquist is shown with Garbo.



Svengali and his Trilby set sail. In other words, the late Mauritz Stiller brings Garbo to Hollywood, not that Hollywood, in those days, cared a hoot.

THE SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD Gustafsson girl had to content herself with that first flare of publicity however, for there were no more engagements to pose in the hats. But for the moment, it was sufficient. The little spurt of publicity died down. The business of selling hats went on for a while.

It was not until six months later that one Captain Ring, who made a business of making industrial or advertising films, contracted with the store for a film feature showing some of the new fashions modeled by girls in the store. Greta was called and posed in riding habits and other models, for the film was to be shown in various and sundry Stockholm theatres.

One day the inspired film was thrown on the screen just before the preview of a comedy directed by Eric Petschler, the Mack Sennett of Sweden. "Who is that girl?" asked Petschler. No one knew. "She has personality," he said. Greta Gustafsson so thoroughly impressed Petschler that he looked up Captain Ring through his advertising agency and obtained the name of the tall, blonde, good-looking girl, and her address.

One week later he called at her home, just as Greta arrived from the store, and offered her a chance in a series of bathing girl comedies he was about to put into production.

Greta's first picture was a rowdy, slap-stick affair called "Peter, the Tramp," and it was her part to romp about in the company of several other girls much in the fashion of a Sennett bathing beauty. As an acting part, it was nothing; but so sincere was Petschler's interest in what he termed the girl's unusual personality that he kept her as near the camera as possible, allowing her to share in close-ups with the star. She was getting a real break.

One valuable friendship she made was with Frans Enwall, former instructor at the Stockholm Dramatic Theatre. To him she confided her ambitions, and he, feeling a genuine interest in this frightened but eager young novice, arranged a test for Greta at that theatre. One month before her seventeenth birthday she passed that test.

"I shall never forget that awful agony of going out before them," Greta confided to a friend. "I have always suffered in the presence of strangers, and these strangers held my fate in their hands. I felt ill and weak in the knees. I thought I was going to faint when they called my name and I realized it was my turn to speak the lines I had learned for my test. Only the thought of my mother, sitting at home, tense with anxiety and love for me, made it possible for me to move. In a trance I stepped to the middle of the stage. I heard a voice saying familiar lines. It did not sound like my own. Somehow or other, I finished. But the effort had been too much. Once I was back in the wings, I fainted away."



On your mark, Greta, the gun's about to go off! Garbo was told to pose for this publicity picture!

Greta passed that test immediately, but she did not know this for three days. They were days of agony. She was sure she had failed. Otherwise they would have notified her! Even her family could not reassure her. She spent hours pacing the floor, sipping at cups of steaming coffee, waiting for the word that meant so much. When it finally came, her shattered nerves gave way completely and she cried as though her heart would break.

For two seasons, 1922-1923 and 1923-1924, she was a student in the theatre. She worked hard, putting her whole heart into it.

The shadows were far between in those days, the sunshine abounded at every turn. It burst forth in a flood when Greta was notified that she had been engaged as a student under contract, at a salary of forty dollars monthly.

There were courses in elocution, voice training, fencing and gymnastics. She played many parts. Hermione in "A Winter's Tale" and minor rôles in important plays.



Ricardo Cortez seems to be badly smitten in this scene from "The Torrent," Garbo's first American picture. Despite misgivings, she rocketed to fame.



Nothing light and gay about this love scene from "The Temptress." Antonio Moreno means business and La Belle seems to be taking him seriously.

The most outstanding of these was called, "The Invisible Man" in which she played a derelict not unlike her rôle in "Anna Christie." Her vocal teacher, Karl Mygren, declared that Greta's voice showed "a nice depth and resonance."

Mauritz Stiller came into Greta Garbo's life through the abruptness of a telegram. She had never seen the man, although his fame was renowned through the Swedish studios. Stiller was the Griffith of Swedish pictures and to this student at the dramatic school, a girl who had never seen him, he wired: "If interested in film work please interview me at ———," giving the address of his home. This was the Spring of 1923.

Of this meeting with the man who was to be such a tremendous influence in her life, Greta said, "It was so strange. When I arrived, he was not there. I waited, full of fear in the great shadowy hall of his fine house. At last he came in, he and his huge dog. I trembled. He watched me so strangely—though he did not appear to be very interested. He questioned me after the routine fashion. How old was I? What experience had I had besides the school? I answered to the best of my ability. I did not feel I impressed him, although he said at my departure, 'At the first opportunity I shall remember you.'"

It was in February, 1924, that Stiller once again communicated with Greta Gustafsson, as suddenly and unexpectedly as before. But this time, when Greta was ushered into the presence of the great Stiller, fear had left her. She was reconciled to the idea that fate was arranging the outcome. This great, shaggy, homely man was seated behind his desk and once more she felt the power of those analytical eyes on her, which seemed to be dissecting her very being.

"I think," he said at last, "that I do not like your name. It is too long." To anyone but this shy girl, that alone would have intimated the plans Stiller had in mind for her, but to Greta it was just another proof of his lack of interest. "From now on, we shall call you Greta Garbo. How do you like that name?"

She nodded her head mutely, hardly hearing the name he had bestowed upon her, a name that was to circle the world as a synonym of romance and glamor. Thus did Greta Gustafsson become Greta Garbo!

Stiller had arranged a test for her, although he did not confide even the barest details of what she was to do. Once on the set, with the cameras set up and ready to grind, he pointed to a bed in the corner and said, "Lie on the bed, you are desperately ill. You are close to death. Let me see you do this."

She was seized with an absurd desire to laugh. She, the meek, frightened, nobody, Greta Gustafsson, no "Garbo," was about to laugh at the great man, Mauritz Stiller. Flinging herself down on the bed, she gave way to her mirth, treating the direction as a joke. Suddenly Stiller was standing over her, those fierce, piercing eyes boring into her.

"Do you not know how it feels to be terribly ill?" he demanded sharply. "Do you not know what physical suffering is?"

Because she was frightened of this man who seemed to be so fierce, her giggles gave way to physical trembling. She was subdued and receptive to his mood. She could feel those eyes as she tossed about in "illness," for his test camera. Suddenly she knew the cameras had stopped and that Stiller had left the stage. Wearily she arose and began wiping the studio paint from her face.

IT WAS an assistant who informed her that she was cast by Stiller in his most ambitious picture, "Gosta Berling," to start within the week. At eighteen, Greta had taken the first step up the ladder that later was to lead to fame as no other film player ever enjoyed it.

"Gosta Berling" was the first inkling of what that fame was to be. Europe went quite mad over the new Stiller picture and the name of that strange girl, Greta Garbo, was on everyone's lips.

In the meantime, the great friendship between the girl and her director was growing. Those who knew Stiller well have no doubt but that the morose and difficult man knew a deep love for his protégée almost from his first meeting with her. To Greta, Stiller was the first important masculine influence in her life, and for this man who discovered her and made dreams come true, she had a reverential devotion. Whether or not it was considered a grande passion on her part, I do not know. In Greta's Hollywood home there is only one framed picture of a man. It is of Mauritz Stiller, and it rests on a small table in her bedroom.

Immediately following "Gosta Berling," Stiller signed to do a picture with a Russian-Turkish background, a



Oh, Mr. Hays! Garbo and the late John Gilbert were in love off the screen as well as on while "Flesh and the Devil" was being filmed, which explains the realism displayed in this little huddle.



There's no doubt about it, she's terrific! Even Conrad Nagel, a calm enough individual, went haywire over her in "The Mysterious Lady." She was plumper in those days, you'll note.

venture that proved to be disastrous—and found his company, consisting of Greta and Einar Hansson, stranded for the Christmas holidays in Constantinople. The picture was never finished. The backers were completely bankrupt and the sorry little troupe returned to Berlin. Here Greta accepted a rôle in a German-made picture called "The Street of Sorrow."

Stiller's fame had spread to the film industry of Hollywood and Louis B. Mayer saw promise in the man who had directed "Gosta Berling." He cabled Stiller to the effect that he wanted to contract him for American-made pictures. Of the girl, Greta Garbo, he said nothing. "At least not much" is the way Greta refers to Mayer's initial interest in her. But Stiller was insistent. If he came to America, Greta Garbo must be contracted, too. Mayer was not interested in Garbo, but he was vitally interested in Stiller. If these were Stiller's terms, well and good. The girl could probably be put on a small salary, a deal which eventually went through on the terms of four hundred dollars per week the first year, six hundred dollars the second and seven hundred and fifty dollars the third, if they retained her that long.

Their boat, "The Drottningholm," sailed from Gothenburg, Sweden, in the early hours of a foggy morning. Her mother, her beloved sister (whom she was never to see again) and her brother gathered together to bid her farewell.

Greta first saw the New York skyline by night. It

impressed her, yes, but it also terrified. There was something stupendous in its outline that was foreign and strange to her comprehension.

Newspaper reporters crowded about both Greta and Stiller. The chief interest of the press was centered in the director, however.

Stiller and Garbo did not immediately entrain for Hollywood. There were several affairs concerning their contracts to be taken up with the New York representatives of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. This caused a delay of a couple of months.

Finally all arrangements were completed and Stiller and his protégée departed for Hollywood.

When she finally arrived on the coast, Greta lived in an apartment not far from Hollywood Boulevard. Then she moved to the Miramar Hotel, a huge, rambling place overlooking the bluffs of Santa Monica where for the first time she began to believe something of the beauties of her new home.

For the most part she was free to walk along the sands of the beach, lonely, unknown, unhappy. Usually she lunched at some wayside stand on a glass of milk and a sandwich.

In the evenings Stiller always joined her and they dined at out-of-the-way tea rooms, talking over what information he brought with him from the studio. Then they would walk, or perhaps visit a picture show together. The same loneliness she had known in her childhood descended on her spirit and engulfed her.

AT LAST the exceedingly slow studio wheels got into motion. It was decided that Greta's first picture should not be under the direction of Stiller, but with Monta Bell. The picture was "The Torrent," originally slated for Aileen Pringle, but given to Greta as a test of her ability. It would prove her an actress or not.

Greta was dismayed at this change in plans. Not to be directed by Stiller? To be thrown on what she believed to be the unfriendly guidance of a man perfectly strange to her, a man who did not speak her language, nor understand her abilities? She would have definitely rebelled if Stiller had not intervened. He advised her it was the best move to make.

"The Torrent" was a Spanish costume picture. It was begun in the fall of 1925 and it is hard to tell who had the most misgivings—Bell, the studio, or Garbo herself. The studio employed a young fellow from the Swedish consulate, Sven Hugo Borg, to act as interpreter so that the director might be able to tell the full meaning of her rôle. But this well-meaning attempt made the bewildered girl only more self-conscious. One thing it did, however, was to inspire Greta with a feverish desire to master the English language.

In due time "The Torrent" was released. Stiller and Greta attended the preview at a small house at Santa Monica. About her she could hear people whispering, "Who is this Garbo girl?" It pleased her, but for final praise, she awaited Stiller's word. "It is good," he said, and those three encouraging words were sufficient.

Her second picture, "The Temptress," was to be made with Stiller, as he had arranged. At the beginning it held limitless promise of happiness for them both. Before it was completed it had dealt tragedy.

The first blow fell two days after it went into production. Mauritz Stiller, unfortunately, had not yet mastered the American method of making pictures. Handling crowds gave him trouble, and his lack of English made every move difficult. Fred Niblo was put to work on the production!

Stiller was heartbroken, he was crushed, but even he did not suffer as Greta did. The story they had talked and planned over as their first American triumph together turned to ashes in their palms. For the first time in their close association, it was Greta who consoled and counseled Stiller, who listened. He was to take more time learning American methods, everything would come out all right.

Those who had the fortune to know Mauritz Stiller, in intimate friendship, say that he never drew a happy breath in America after that day. He did not fail. Later with telling success he was to direct "Hotel Imperial" with Pola Negri, "The Confessions of a Woman" and "Street of Sin" with Emil Jannings. But it was the beginning of the shattering of his spirit which, they say, brought him to a heart-broken death in Sweden a few years later.



Greta certainly got around, cinematically speaking. Nils Asther was the gent in "The Single Standard." He had a yacht and everything, to lure our heroine.



Greta in a cajoling mood. John Gilbert doesn't look as though he wanted to give in, either, in this scene from "A Woman of Affairs," one of her best pictures.

THE SECOND disaster to occur during the filming of "The Temptress" was the death of Greta's sister. It was the crowning heartache of a picture that had been ill-fated for Greta since the starting crank of the camera. "My little sister," Greta said dully when the news was broken to her. "My dear little sister."

She turned to her work for solace. She was the first to arrive at the studio, the last to leave. She remained



A gal's best friend is her mother, or so they say, and evidently Garbo believes it! No one but Ma could command such a smile as the star flashes here.

on the set even after her scenes were finished for the day, watching the other actors, discussing next day's work with Fred Niblo.

Before the picture was out of the cutting-room the studio officials knew what a prize they had in Greta Garbo. Los Angeles went mad about her at the preview, as did every other place. It was arranged that she make a personal appearance at Loew's State Theatre during the run of the picture. It was explained to her that she was to wear evening clothes and take a bow from the stage. She did not like the idea and said so. Always she has fought for privacy. But they begged. She made her final stand: "I have nothing to wear." But they would remedy that. She should appear in the loveliest gown of the studio wardrobe. At last she consented.

So it was in borrowed finery that the girl—too awkward, too badly dressed to attract attention by her natural personality—met an American audience over the footlights for the first, and last, time and swept them off their feet in enthusiasm for Garbo.

"This I shall not do again," she told the publicity men driving back from the theatre.

FOLLOWING "The Temptress," Metro directors began to vie for Greta Garbo's services in their pictures. Clarence Brown was preparing work on "Flesh and the Devil" for the screen and he wanted Garbo for the rôle of the woman. The late John Gilbert was to be the male star, and Greta's old friend from Sweden, Lars Hanson, was to play the friend. With such a cast, Brown believed he had a super-picture.

"This picture needs Garbo," he insisted to studio officials. But at first they were not sure. Brown used every argument, and at last he was permitted to have his way.

John Gilbert was at that time monarch of the movie world. A dashing, restless personality, he was more like a high-strung boy than a grown man. He was warm, impulsive, outspoken and friendlier-than-a-pup. In short, he was everything Greta Garbo was not.

At first Gilbert had not known of Garbo's existence. When she arrived on the lot she was new, awkward, not pretty in the Hollywood sense, and aloof. But soon he began to notice her. "That lady is most attractive," Gilbert once laughingly remarked to a friend, "but cold."

When the announcement came that Gilbert and Garbo were to do a picture together, Hollywood was intrigued. "A study in combustible frigid air," one wag put it and the rest sat back waiting for the explosions. Naturally Gilbert would be attentive to her. Gilbert was attentive to all women. However, it was known that Greta discouraged all attention other than Stiller's, and it was expected that their (John's and Greta's) association in a picture would prove interesting.

"Flesh and the Devil" was begun, and in place of the temperamental explosions, the two strangely mated stars got off to an immediate and surprising friendship. Gilbert was not to be put off by Garbo's show of illusiveness or her evident desire for privacy. He talked to her continually. His laugh rang out joyously and boyishly as they talked between scenes. Always his manner towards Greta was flattering and attentive.

To the lonely and heartsick Garbo, who still grieved over the death of her sister, he was a tonic. He joked where she knew no jokes. He was color and life, where she knew only depth and suppression. Soon it began to be whispered about that Garbo was laughing with Gilbert, that Garbo was lunching with Gilbert at the studio café. At that time, she said of him, "John Gilbert is a wonderful man. It is fun to be around him." It was more than fun to her. Those who know Greta say that if Gilbert had not come into her life at this time, she would have forsaken her American screen career. He was the first spot of warmth in her life since she had left Sweden.

SOON IT began to be known that Gilbert was calling on Garbo at her seaside hotel. "But what of Stiller?" mused the gossips. That is a question that has never been fully answered. No one was close enough to any of the three to know except by their lips, and the trio was silent.

John Gilbert never made any secret of the fact that he was madly in love with Greta Garbo. What might have started as an interesting flirtation, developed into a grande passion on his part. To people who came to talk to him of himself, he talked of Garbo. "A divine woman," he said; "The most amazing woman I have ever known."

And Greta, was this love to her? Who knows? Certainly she went out of her way to please Gilbert, to entertain his friends, to try to become one of the gay circle his personality drew.

The girl who had been so timid, boldly took up a new mode of living, if not for his sake, at least at his side. For the first time she entered into social life as it is known in Hollywood. Gilbert and Garbo attended first nights. Gilbert and Garbo dined together in popular cafés. Their close friends were the late Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor. With Eleanor and King and Jack, Greta played tennis on Sundays and was proud when she made a good play. "Look," she would call to Gilbert. "That was a very good shot."

Once, at a football game, Greta, Gilbert, Lilyan and Eddie Lowe sat in front of me. Greta wore a magnificent sable coat and sat like an unthroned Queen on the rough wooden benches. She did not understand a move of what was going on in the field below. But she simulated interest. It began to rain. Gilbert did not notice. He cheered hoarsely until the last touchdown. Miserable, cold and wet, Greta said no word about leaving, merely attempted to cover her coat with sheets of the funny paper.

Greta began to resent the widespread insinuation that she did not dress well. To Lilyan Tashman, "the best dressed woman" in Hollywood, she appealed for help during shopping tours. It was not an unfamiliar sight to see

Garbo laughs as though she really means it in this recently taken photograph. Only those who know her intimately ever see Greta like this, but it proves she can be vivacious enough when she wants to be.



She walks alone and likes it. Living up to all those stories you read about Miss G., here she is, big as life, all done up in mannish tweed and set for a hike. This time it's in New York City on her latest return from Europe.



Lilyan and Garbo in the more exclusive shops on afternoons they were both free from the studio.

GRETA and John quarreled frequently. Clear sailing even for a little while would be impossible to natures so radically opposed as theirs. For the most part they were nothing more than sweetheart quarrels. They would part bitterly, vowing never to see each other again. Gilbert would stalk to his home, and ten minutes later he would be talking penitently to Garbo over the telephone.

Once a quarrel assumed more serious proportions. The Beverly Hills police were electrified one midnight when Gilbert, of his own accord, but obviously acting under great excitement, strode into the jail and asked to be locked up. One story has it that he was flourishing a revolver. He spent a floor-pacing night in jail and was released the next day. The studio did everything in its power to hush the incident but gossip leaked out.

The most accepted story, but never verified, was that Greta had been dining with Gilbert at his home when they launched forth on one of their numerous quarrels. Greta telephoned Stiller to come and get her. In spite of Gilbert's violent protests she left with the Swedish director. And with all the impulsiveness of which a nature like his is capable, "Gilbert did one of his crazy things." It was soon forgotten.

"Flesh and the Devil" was a tremendous box-office smash. Everything combined to make it so. First, the high voltage power of the combined names of the stars. Secondly, the buzzing gossip that linked their names in romance. Here was drama—and the world was starved. Every whisper concerning them was spread by newspapers and magazines. It was said that Gilbert and Garbo had eloped—at least as far as a Justice of the Peace—and then Greta had changed her mind and decided she did not want to be married. Every move they made was watched lest they steal a march on the wary reporters.

In place of a marriage she supplied them with another kind of a surprise. Greta broke relations with her studio.

The company had planned a picture for her called, "Women Love Diamonds." Greta read the script and found it wanting. She did not care to become identified with vamp rôles and this picture featured a decidedly sirenish character. She argued with the studio officials, striving to make them see her point of view, but they were insistent on the story. Finally after she had said all she could, she

merely rose and walked out! Here was the source of the famous "I tank I go home" story which has been so thoroughly circulated about her.

For seven months she was taken off salary. The loss of a weekly check did not matter a great deal to Garbo. She had always been rigidly economical, keeping a record of all expenditures in a little black book and carefully checking them at the end of each week. Even now Greta allows herself just so much for household expenses, clothes, medicines and incidentals.

When terms were eventually reached through Harry Edington, her agent, and the studio lawyer, Greta drew a gilt-edged contract that was a nine day wonder in Hollywood.

TRULY Greta was glad this war was at an end. She had been restless and now she was back at work. "The Divine Woman," based on the life of Sarah Bernhardt, was selected for her first picture under the new contract. To the Great Greta, who had been that timid, ambitious student, tip-toeing into classes at the Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm, worshipping at the shrine at Bernhardt, this opportunity to interpret her idol's story was a great thing. She read avidly of the life of Bernhardt to bring into the rôle the fiery interpretation she believed it called for. Her leading man was Lars Hanson who, with his reverence of the Divine Sarah, helped Garbo immensely. They both approached the picture with almost religious awe.

"Love," based on Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina," brought Gilbert and Garbo together in another screen appearance. Rumors of their romance flourished anew. The fans wanted more of the two as a team but the effulgence of the Garbo stardom was too bright. Each new picture increased her fame. There came "The Mysterious Lady." Then, "Wild Orchids" in which she was cast opposite her friend and countryman, Nils Asther. She also did "The Single Standard" with him. In her next, Greta was again with Gilbert—"A Woman of Affairs," which was adapted from Michael Arlen's famous "The Green Hat."

In the meantime, somewhere along the road, Mauritz Stiller had completed a Paramount contract, and although another was offered, he declined to accept and gave as his reason that he was returning to Sweden. Legend has it that America broke Stiller's heart. He was a Svengali without his Trilby. He returned to Sweden a dispirited man.

It was during the filming of "The Single Standard" that news of his death came to Hollywood and Greta. Garbo's grief for this man who had meant so much in her life was genuine and touching. Perhaps for the first time Greta realized what Stiller's complete loss meant to her. She said later when questioned about him, "Everything I have in life, I owe to Mauritz Stiller."

She grew lonesome for Sweden as her original mood again descended on her. Lonesome and homesick for her own people. "I must go back," she told the studio executives. "I cannot bear it if I do not go back."

IT WAS the desire of her proud studio to make her trip a testimony, and so a triumph of receptions were planned along the way. But Greta would have none of it. "I want to go back," she begged, "as I came." She even retraced her train route, disguising herself from recognition and keeping to herself.

Her boat eventually docked at Gothenburg, the same harbor from which Greta had departed. There was no chance for her to deny herself to the thousands of admirers who crowded the pier waiting for her. She did not want to. She waved to them—threw kisses. These were her people and she was home again. Straight away, Greta flew to the arms of her mother and with a police escort they fought their way to a taxi. Before they reached



"Take it from one who knows, kid." The late Marie Dressler gives a little advice to Garbo in "Anna Christie," Greta's first venture into the talkie field.



There's nothing like the country to breed romance! At least that's what Clark Gable hopes in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise." Greta seems to like it there, too!

their destination the taxi was practically wrecked by the wild enthusiasm of the crowd. Stockholm went mad!

Reporters from every Swedish paper secured lengthy statements from Greta, and she refused herself to none of them. After several days at her mother's house the mêlée and confusion of so much attention drove her to take an apartment at Karlhergsvagen No. 52, where she remained for the duration of her visit.

The first hour she was in the apartment the telephone rang sixty times, calls from her admirers who merely wanted to hear the voice of their idol.

Greta gave herself freely to the people of Stockholm. Nightly she dined in popular cafés and attended theatres. By day she visited the film studios, renewing old friendships, making new ones. For a few days she was the guest of Count and Countess Wachmeister, at Tistad Castle, south of Stockholm.

But the real purpose of her visit was to be with her mother. Often Greta would come up behind her and fold her arms about the woman she loves so deeply. "Now I am truly happy," she would say. The tenderest memory of her visit was when she and the little mother together went over the old family album showing pictures of the beloved sister and daughter, now gone, never to know the great fame that had come to Greta.

In America the rumors continued concerning that Gilbert-Garbo romance. It was said he was cabling Garbo daily. It was said he had heard of the attentions of a Swedish Prince to the lady of his heart and that he planned to go after her and bring her back his wife. But suddenly all rumors of Garbo and Gilbert were silenced for all time. John Gilbert was married to Ina Claire, in Las Vegas, Nevada.

On March 9, 1929, Greta Garbo once more embarked



Beware, she's dangerous! Men seldom dared make passes at "Mata Hari," though to look at her in this get-up made it pretty tough to keep distant.



from Gothenburg, tearing herself from the arms of her mother and began the return trip to Hollywood. They say that before she left she journeyed alone to the grave of Mauritz Stiller and there placed a wreath.

SHE RETURNED to Hollywood and began a silent picture, "The Kiss," under the direction of Jacques Feyder. Everyone wondered what Garbo's fate was to be. Garbo was the undisputed Queen of the silent screen, but the screen was no longer silent. The Chattertons and the Jolsons were arriving from Broadway and new thrones were being erected.

As always in the times of confusion and trouble, Garbo drew more deeply within herself. She did not return to the seaside hotel, but rented a modest bungalow in Beverly Hills. She became as aloof and immune as she was in the first days of her life in Hollywood. It is said that she and John Gilbert passed each other one day at the studio and did not speak.

Here is a statement Garbo is recorded to have made: "Love is not really dramatic. It is what is behind love and romance that gives us the greatest emotions. I don't know what the greatest emotion really is . . . I wonder. It can't be hate, for hate is not a decent feeling. One should not hate. I don't believe any great thing has ever been accomplished with hate as a theme. Perhaps sacrifice is the great emotion. It is a big part of love. I guess, after all, the greatest emotion we have is just life—life which includes all the emotions there are. Marriage? That is not for me. I shall never marry—anyone!"

And if Garbo feels just a little bit confused about the greatest emotion one can experience, she is most

And here is one of Garbo's favorite portrait studies. After taking a good look at it, we can't exactly blame her for liking it.



Together again, at Greta's request, Garbo and Gilbert in "Queen Christina." No longer was Gilbert a star, while she was Queen of the Screen.

certainly emphatic in her belief that she "will never marry —anyone!"

As Greta's professional fate began to hang dangerously in the balance, and "The Kiss" was released without stirring the attention usually accorded a Garbo picture, she went seriously to work to master the English language.

It had been said that perhaps Garbo would be able to weather the storm by continuing with silent pictures. Her popularity was so great she might accomplish this. But Greta, herself, knew which way the wind was blowing.

It was decided that her first talking picture should be "Anna Christie," the most important reason being that the character, Anna, spoke with a Swedish accent.

It was a momentous occasion—that first morning on the set. The doors had been closed against all intrusion. Clarence Brown paced restlessly back and forth. Marie Dressler sat in a corner mumbling her lines to herself. Even the "props" and "grips" were imbued with the solemnness of the occasion. It was like a death hush.

At last Greta arrived. She strode briskly onto the set followed by her maid. She seemed gay, almost amused. Whatever panic she felt failed to show through. With mock sadness, she gazed about her.

"What is the matter?" she asked cheerfully. "What is so sad?"

"We shall rehearse . . ." began Brown nervously.

"No," said Greta, "we shall not rehearse. If it is to be as bad as all this, we will do the scene immediately—and get the worst over with." She stood for a moment taking one last look at her lines. Then she pulled the shabby hat of Anna to a more rakish angle, stepped before the microphone and began to speak.

"Gimme a drink of whiskey—ginger ale on the side—and don't be stingy, baby!"

On and on she talked. The scene ran almost nine minutes, an unusually long "take." At the end, Clarence Brown stopped the cameras and called for a "play back."

Everyone waited as the scratching of the loud speaker overhead presaged the coming of the "wax" or temporary check-up record of the scene. Then came the deep, vibrant Garbo voice in its first recording!

Brown smiled, a smile of mingled relief and elation. All over the set, electricians, prop boys, cameramen and script clerks looked at each other, faces beaming.

Garbo could talk! And how!

"Anna Christie" broke all records. It proved beyond a doubt that this lonely girl was still the Queen of the screen —talking or silent. Another star, another type of woman might have accepted this triumph as the signal to rightly take her place as the leading figure of the films.

But Greta remained a woman secluded. She became a woman of legend and conjecture, and so great was the demand for any bit of information concerning her, that she became the victim of a most relentless pursuit by the press.

Greta learned to fear to step out of her own front door. For two days she paced the floor madly, while a deliberate and cool photographer on the other side of the street set up his camera and trained it on her house. Often she would look from her window to behold a slinking figure of a reporter hidden behind a bush or a tree. It angered Greta. In fact, these reportorial tactics did much toward defeating their own purpose. Garbo looked on these journalists as molesting spies attempting to bully her into press interviews. She complained to the studio that the methods which reporters took were underhanded and shoddy.

Garbo's second talking picture, "Romance," adapted from the successful stage play of Doris Keane's, was started at the studio. It, too, was a dialect picture, this time the accent being Italian. "Will I never be able to speak English?" Greta asked in mock despair.

But she really loved the story of "Romance." It brought her back again to the world of illusion and grandeur, which is really the most suitable background for her personality. Greta liked the power and sweep of the rôle of "Anna Christie," but she feels her true medium is one farther removed from grim reality. Perhaps it is because Greta, herself, has from childhood worshipped at the shrine of all that is glamorous and romantic in the drama.

AFTER "Romance," Greta made "Inspiration," "Susan Lenox—Her Fall and Rise," "Mata Hari" and "Grand Hotel," in quick succession. Of this group, "Mata Hari," was the



"You're beautiful!" George Brent tells Greta in "The Painted Veil," and evidently he meant it, because he's laid siege to her heart off-screen ever since!



One of the few light moments in "Anna Karenina," with Garbo, Basil Rathbone and Freddie Bartholomew. You can bet Mr. R. is up to no good.



only picture to have any real bearing on her personal life. She met Ramon Novarro, who played opposite her in the picture, and who, during the course of its filming, became her very close friend. There was no hint of romance between them, despite the fact that Novarro sent her flowers every day, lunched with her and dined with her. Their friendship flourished, however, and she continued to see much of him even while she was making "Grand Hotel."

When "Grand Hotel" was completed, Greta returned for a second visit to her beloved Sweden. Novarro happened to know that he would be in New York just at the time she was due to stop over in the city, prior to sailing. Could they meet? He wanted to know. Where would she be stopping? Greta smiled her enigmatic smile, but she would not divulge, even to her friend, where she intended to stay while in New York, nor the day she actually expected to arrive. One afternoon, however, a box of roses arrived for Novarro at his hotel suite. There was a card, bearing two initials . . . M.H., and a telephone number. Nothing more.

He was mystified at first, until suddenly he remembered that in "Mata Hari" the same kind of roses had been used. The initials explained themselves. Greta was in town! She wanted him to telephone her! The incident was typical of Garbo, characteristic of her desire for privacy.

While abroad, Greta was not idle. Her greatest ambition had always been to bring to the screen one of the world's most colorful women . . . Queen Christina of Sweden. She did research in Swedish museums and libraries and when at last she set sail for America once more, she brought with her a vast wealth of historical material. Two years had elapsed since she had done a picture, when plans were made for the filming of "Queen Christina." The studio had imported an Englishman to play opposite her. But Garbo had other ideas.

She simply said, "Bring me John Gilbert."

It was no second flaring of a dead romance, this gesture, but rather one of supreme confidence, of complete affection and accord on Garbo's part. Gilbert was no longer at the pinnacle of his career, no longer a dazzling star. People had

A truly poignant moment from "Camille," with Bob Taylor doing all right as Armand. Between scenes, he clowned on the set and Garbo actually enjoyed it, believe it or not!



Looks like bad news from home or something, in this scene from "Conquest," with Charles Boyer reading over Greta's shoulder. This is Garbo's most recent picture.

laughed at his first talkie, had already relegated him to a past era. But Garbo remembered him as he had been in their first triumph together and believed that he could again scale those heights.

SHE KNEW how much it would mean to his screen career to be in this picture with her and, throughout its entire filming, she saw to it that he got every break. And as they worked together, day after day, as they looked into each other's eyes, as they laughed and loved and wept before the grinding camera, it was apparently, strictly, play-acting, yet surely, deep within the heart of each, the embers of that love they'd once shared, still must have glowed.

When Gilbert died so tragically, however, there was no linking of Garbo's name with his own, no reference to her in any way. Whatever personal grief she may have suffered, whatever tribute she might have offered to his memory, no one will ever know.

Garbo's next picture, following "Queen Christina," was "The Painted Veil." George Brent played opposite her. A tall, blue-eyed Irishman, George, with a slightly crooked smile and a very small-boy air about him. No one could have been more of a contrast to John Gilbert, and, for that reason perhaps, no one had a better chance to captivate Greta's romantic fancy. Once again, she was known to laugh, to be seen in public, to attend social gatherings. And always with Brent as her escort.

They drove together and walked together and Brent was known to dine often at her home, but there was no talk of marriage. Obviously, with Garbo, her career came first. After completing "Anna Karenina," with Fredric March, she again went to Sweden for a holiday and while she was gone rumors ran rampant about mysterious romances in her own land. She returned to Hollywood, however, with no explanations. But it was a new Garbo who arrived in New York. She posed for photographers and laughed and joked with reporters, thereby completely flooring the press!

She carried this same jovial mood onto the set for "Camille." She liked Robert Taylor instantly. He was young and fresh and the first actor who very definitely wasn't awed by her, or frightened by her reputation. He broke all traditions by clowning on the set and she seemed to enjoy it. When Bob brought his portable victrola on the sound stage and started playing racy ditties, Garbo asked, "May I come over and listen?" And she did.

She also went on location with Bob for the first time in her career. Up until that time, she absolutely refused to budge from the lot no matter what kind of scenery the script demanded.

Outside of the studio, George Brent was evidently still her only romantic interest and then, quite suddenly, that was terminated by his elopement with Constance Worth. At least, terminated temporarily. The marriage lasted only a few weeks and almost immediately after its break-up, Brent again began his siege of the Silent One's heart. What the future will hold for this attachment, or for any other which may come into Garbo's life, only time will tell.

DESPITE HER success and the fact that she makes one of the largest salaries paid a star, Garbo hasn't an easy life. She works for her money. Once it is in her pocket book, however, she is willing to let the studio whistle for her. Before each picture goes into production she visits dress designer Adrian, and has long conferences with him. He sketches her costumes and she approves them. She rarely opposes his judgment because she realizes she herself has little style sense.

She never meets anyone in the cast before she goes into scenes with them. Nor does she throw fits of temperament on the set. She saves those for the big producers, where it counts. Woody Van Dyke, the director, shocked her when she first met him. He called her "Honey" and "Babe."

"Stand over there, Babe," he told her, when they got ready to shoot the first scene. Garbo looked at him in amazement and then she smiled. After a little, she even liked it! When she steps on a set, she knows her lines perfectly. No one has ever seen her studying a script. If she rehearses at all, it is for the benefit of the other players and she has never been known to try to steal a scene. If there is any choice, she will invariably give another player the break.



All dressed up for an evening at the Troc! This is what the candid camera boys got, after lurking in the bushes for days—well, hours, anyway.

Garbo rarely spends money. After "Queen Christina" was finished, she gave everyone in the cast a bottle of Scotch and everyone was surprised. That was the only time, before or since, that she passed out gifts, although it is a custom in the Hollywood studios.

Her most recent picture is "Conquest," in which she plays with Charles Boyer. Mr. Boyer found her gracious and charming to work with, a beautiful and fascinating personality. The girl who was born in an humble home in Stockholm, who lathered customers in a barber shop, modelled hats and came to Hollywood a poor, shy creature who feared her own shadow, is gone. At least outwardly so. In her place is a woman of the world, cultured, famous, wealthy.

But is she happy? No one knows. Garbo will not say. Always, there is the suggestion of tragedy about her, a sort of wistfulness that is apparent even when she smiles. There are highlights and depths to her life story that will ever remain a mystery, for no one is sufficiently close to Garbo to know the emotion she has buried. Intimate friends have remained intimate only as long as they have remained discreet. The instant they flaunted their friendship with Greta, the association was terminated. She is still aloof, unpredictable. Perhaps it is because her soul can never really be free of that awkward, unhappy and timid child, who was the Greta Gustafsson of Stockholm, Sweden.



A lovely portrait of a lovely lady. Garbo, as she is today, poised, charming, but for all that, still aloof and as unpredictable as the winds.

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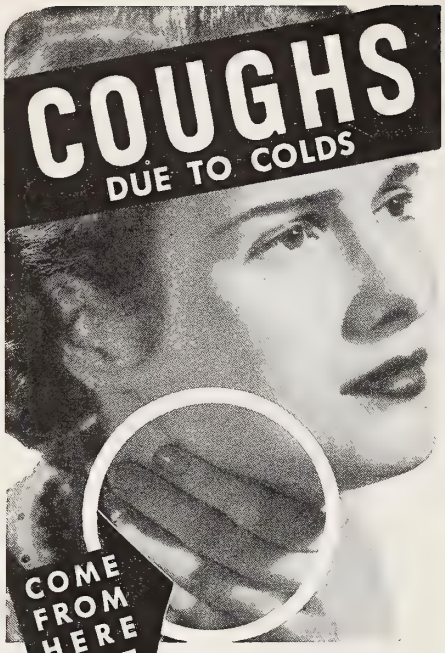
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Reviews

(*Continued from page 11*)

★★ Forty-Five Fathers

You'll have a hard time finding a show in town that can beat this for pure, wholesome fun. It's Jane Withers at her best—and even if Jane Withers in any form doesn't appeal to you, you'll find the laughs stacking up on you, anyhow. And the plot, though a completely goofy one about a little girl who is adopted by forty-five elderly gentlemen, is still the kind that holds your interest. The most entertaining episodes can be chalked up to the credit of the Hartmans, Mr. and Mrs., who are a dance team of no small merit, and good comedians to boot. They are also ventriloquists, which leads to an original and highly diverting climax, when the two voice-throwers show up the crooks in a courtroom trial.

In the cast, and giving good performances, are Thomas Beck and Louise Henry, as the romantic interests, and Richard Carle as the unfortunate "first father," who adopts the busy-body, Jane. From the time she sets foot in her new home things start popping, and though Jane gets herself and everyone else in hot water, it all works out for the best—of course.

Worthy of special mention for some high spots in the picture are the doings of Sammy Cohen and George Givot, in the respective roles of Jane's dancing and singing teachers. In short, this has enough good scenes in it to recommend it. Directed by James Tinling.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ Merry-Go-Round of 1938

In its straight vaudeville moments, this is a joy to behold, because it allows Bert Lahr and Jimmy Savo to indulge in some of their favorite tricks. Each of these stage favorites has tried the films before, but the results were so negligible that this can really be called their official screen debut.

The story is one of those things, concerning the love of an aristocratic young man (John King) for an orphaned daughter of Broadway (Joy Hodges). The young lady has been brought up by a vaudeville quartette, Bert Lahr, Jimmy Savo, Billy House and Mischa Auer, and the picture's plot has to do with the efforts of her guardians to break down the resistance of the young man's mother (Alice Brady).

Joy Hodges has a personality, excellent limbs (legs), and a good singing voice. In other words, she has a future. Mischa Auer furnishes much of the comedy in the role of a fake Swami, but Billy House, the fourth member of the quartette, may as well have remained back on Broadway. Directed by Irving Cummings—*Universal.*

★★ Lancer Spy

Just when you think spy pictures are about as old-fashioned as gangster epics, out comes a pretty good film which has everything to excite and interest a movie audience. The garrulous Gregory Ratoff, in his directorial debut, manages to keep his story plausible and his pace absorbing.

Story, with a World War background, is based on the resemblance between a captured German officer and a British naval lieutenant. The lieutenant spends weeks in a jail cell secretly observing his prototype, then "escapes" with the German's orderly, and makes his way to Berlin, where he hopes to learn Prussia's plans for a drive on Paris. In Berlin he is made a national hero, but the secret police suspect him and keep constant watch on him. Further complications are added when a night club dancer, who is also a German spy, falls in love with him.

Acting honors go to George Sanders, who plays his dual part with finesse and conviction. In his first leading role, Sanders promises a fine screen career. Dolores Del Rio, always pleasant to look upon, does well in the role of the dancer, and there are expert portrayals by Peter Lorre, Joseph Schildkraut, Sig Rumann, Maurice Moscovich and Lionel Atwill. Directed by Gregory Ratoff.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★ Breakfast for Two

Frank Capra should never have made "It Happened One Night." True enough, it was a joy and a delight the first few times we saw it, but the public—and the poor reviewers—have been paying heavily for that pleasure ever since. What we mean to say is that "Breakfast For Two" is the 3,948th version of the Capra success, and while imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, it can certainly be carried too far.

Story has to do with the ne'er-do-well owner of a shipping line (Herbert Marshall), who winds up an all-night spree with a strange gal who turns out to be a wealthy young lady from Texas (Barbara Stanwyck). The young lady, bent on reforming her new friend, buys out his shipping business and eventually makes a man of him.

Herbert Marshall looks pained throughout the film, undoubtedly having read the script, which called for him to be slapped in the face with a layer cake and submit to several other slapstick indignities. Barbara Stanwyck does well with what the picture offers her and succeeds in appearing very attractive in spite of the above proceedings. Eric Blore plays his familiar butler role, and Glenda Farrell does a small part as a gold-digging blonde. Best in the cast are Etienne Girardot, Donald Meek and an unbilled dog. Directed by Alfred Santell.—*RKO-Radio.*

★ 52nd Street

This lavish production misses the mark all around and turns out to be an unhappy hodge-podge of mediocre musical comedy with a dull and sentimental story which fails to hold the works together. Starting back in the days when 52nd Street was society's stronghold, the gradual changes in the street are depicted—through the days of prohibition, speakeasies and its final return to "respectability."

Snobbiest of the 52nd St. snobs is Dorothy Peterson, who with her sister, Zasu Pitts, sticks to the family brownstone through the years. She has ruined Zasu's life, having forbidden her to fulfill her stage ambitions Then she breaks the heart of her brother (Ian Hunter) by refusing to recognize his show-girl wife, Marla Shelton. Nor will she have anything to do with their daughter, Pat Paterson, who also finds the lure of the footlights more exciting than the prospects of being a lady. Bolstering up the story is a succession of song-and-dance entertainments. Directed by Harold Young.—*Walter Wanger.*

There's Glamor in Glitter

(Continued from page 8)

themselves in placing accents of brilliancy not only on evening gowns, but also on formal afternoon frocks or on the accessories to be worn with them.

Betty Jaynes and Lynne Carver, two of Hollywood's younger starlets, knew when to stop when they selected the gowns they show you on the opening pages of this article—Lynne's for afternoon and Betty's for evening formal wear. You will see at once what I mean when you note that while they glitter, they do it in a quiet way, so that their personalities and beauty are not overpowered by the brightness of their costumes.

Green mirrored ornaments decorate the blouse of the black crêpe dress, shown on Lynne Carver, whom you saw in "Madame X." This is the perfect type of dressy afternoon frock, which can be worn to luncheon, and on through the cocktail and dinner hours. The criss-cross treatment of the high neck is interesting, as is the shirring at the center front of the skirt, bringing all of the fullness forward, to descend in a panel of loose drapery down the front in Grecian style. The bodice of the dress is closely fitted, corselet fashion. Her pencil-slim skirt is quite short, for we are going to be wearing them thataway for quite a while yet. The small black velvet turban has a flattering veil trim, another style feature which spells allure. The bright ornament on the side carries out the glitter effect of the dress. Black accessories—a smart zipper, suede envelope purse, suede shoes and gloves—complete the ensemble. The touches of brilliance on this frock are toned down, being confined to the blouse only. Also, Lynne wears no jewelry with this costume, the mirrored ornaments doing a very satisfactory job of providing just enough flash without being flashy.

Betty Jaynes is still in her teens, but doesn't she look grown-up and sophisticated in her long dinner gown? Betty is a comparatively recent arrival in Hollywood, having enjoyed the distinction of being the youngest prima donna ever to star in Grand Opera, when she astounded music-lovers last winter in Chicago by the beauty of her voice. She has a seven-year movie contract, so you'll be seeing lots of her. Among the gowns she has chosen for her first Hollywood season is the black wool crêpe dinner dress, embroidered with silver leaves, which she models for you.

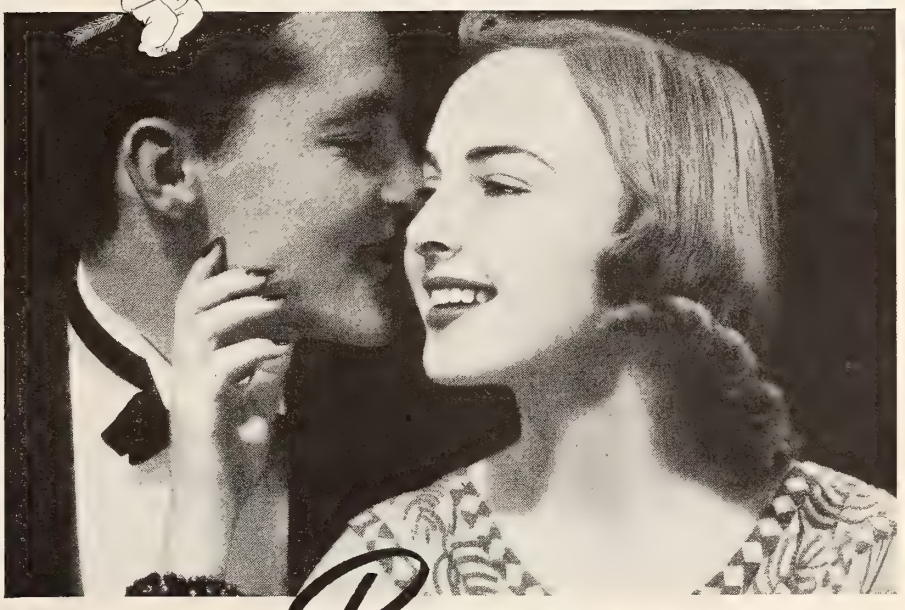
ALTHOUGH black with silver brocade might be too much for a young girl to carry, the clever lines of this dress keep it from being too sophisticated, too "old" for our Betty. The youthful, shawl-like drapery at the shoulders forms quaint little-girl sleeves and continues across the neck to be tied in a fetching knot at the center. The fullness of the skirt is pulled back to form a small train, thus giving the much-desired sheath-like silhouette across the hips, and fashionable willowy slenderness to the lines of the skirt. An important style note in this dress is seen in the fact that wool crêpe, formerly a purely sports or utilitarian fabric, is now being used for formal gowns, dressed up by luxurious embroidery.

Betty's accessories with this costume are very simple. Her shoes, which you can't see because of the length of her gown, are black strap slippers, cut out at the toes and trimmed with silver. She carries a simple pouch bag of white brocade shot with silver, and wears a silver fox cape. But don't let the silver fox frighten you, for a cute "chunky" coat of white lapin would be just as appropriate and becoming.

Rough, old looking HANDS REGAIN YOUNG SOFTNESS



HOW MUCH OLDER your hands look when water, wind and cold have robbed the skin of moisture! Jergens replaces that important moisture, because this lotion goes *down into the skin better* than other lotions tested.



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AREN'T YOU TROUBLED when your hands begin to roughen and chap? They look unromantic—like old hands.

Why let this happen? Relief is quick when you use Jergens Lotion, which overcomes the drying effect of water, wind and cold upon your skin.

Not just an outside "coating"—Jergens *sinks in* and carries in beauty-giving moisture to the thirsty skin. By actual test, Jergens *goes in more effectively* than any other lotion tested. Two of its ingredients are used by many doctors to make horny, discolored skin white, soft and smooth.

Apply Jergens even once! Immediately it starts to heal chapping, smooth out roughness. Do you want silken, tea-rose hands to hold a man's heart for life? Then use Jergens faithfully. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—or $1.00 for the special economy size of this fragrant lotion—at any beauty counter.

HEAR WALTER WINCHELL—Sunday nights—National Broadcasting Company Blue Network—Coast-to-Coast.

JERGENS LOTION



FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE OF JERGENS

See for yourself—entirely free—how effectively Jergens *goes in*—softens and whitens chapped, rough hands.

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WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD



IF YOU'RE nursing a cold—*see a doctor!* Curing a cold is the doctor's business. But the doctor himself will tell you that a regular movement of the bowels will help to shorten the duration of a cold. Remember, also, that it will do much to make you *less susceptible* to colds.

So keep your bowels open! And when Nature needs help—use Ex-Lax! Because of its thorough and effective action, Ex-Lax helps keep the body free of intestinal wastes. And because it is so gentle in action, Ex-Lax will *not* shock your eliminative system.

EX-LAX NOW SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED
1—TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!
2—ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!
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Ask for Ex-Lax at your druggist's. Comes in economical 10c and 25c sizes. Get a box today!

Now improved—better than ever!
EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

"My little girl had a bad cough. Results from Foley's wonderful. Cough gone. Chest clear. She's busy playing again." — Mrs. Harold Steinbach, Michigan City, Indiana.

Mommy, I've Quit Coughing *ALREADY!*



FOLEY'S RELIEVES COUGHS ALMOST INSTANTLY WITHOUT NARCOTICS OR STOMACH-UPSETTING DRUGS

Check your child's cough, due to a cold, before it gets worse! Over one million mothers find Foley's ideal for children. It's delicious! It never harms or upsets children's stomachs no matter how often given to afford continuous relief. Quick-acting: promptly soothes raw, irritated throat and allays tickling, hacking, coughing. Speeds recovery by loosening phlegm and helping break up cough. Spoonful on retiring promotes cough-free sleep. Unsurpassed for adults, too! For quick, pleasant, safe relief from coughs and a speeded up recovery. Get a bottle of Foley's today without fail.

FOLEY'S *Honey & Tar* **COUGH SYRUP**

BETWEEN YOU

$5.00 Prize Letter

Taylor—A National Laugh?

I have been thoroughly disgusted with the way M-G-M has and is allowing everyone to humiliate Robert Taylor. I think it is ridiculous that the poor man can't even go on a vacation without having such unpleasant experiences. I think that shows poor protection on the part of his studio. They're always hollering about not being able to get desirable leading men. Is it any wonder?

If I had a hand in piloting the career of Taylor, I certainly would soft-pedal the "Beautiful Bob" stuff in a hurry. And as for hiring girls to hide in his cabin before he sailed for Europe! Well, to call that shoddy is an understatement!

No doubt, Bob appreciates the applause and praise for his work by the public, but at the same time he, too, would like to come and go as he pleases without being trampled underfoot by a wild mob at every turn of the road. It is a shame to see such a well deserved favorite as Robert Taylor turned into a laughing stock. He has talent, and if he would only land a he-man role where he can show his ability, we would get a different—and the right—viewpoint of him.—Guy Stanton Ford, Minneapolis, Minn.



Cheap studio publicity tends to make a national laugh out of Bob Taylor, instead of a national hero, says one fan.

$2.00 Prize Poem

A Guess Whosit

There's a blonde and sprightly starlet on
the shadow stage today,
Who is busy going places in a sure and
certain way.
From her first attempt in talkies to her
last breathtaking hit,
There's no singing star who's like her,
even just a little bit.
She's improved so unbelievably in looks
and screen technique,
We are sure she's irrevocably on top of
the movie heap.

Once I thought her only asset was a
sweetly throbbing voice
And I doubted George White's judgment
when he made her leading choice;
But today her varied talents leave us no
more room for doubt
That this clever little actress knows just
what it's all about,
For she copped a role in pictures once
assigned the Plat-num Jean,
Female lead "In Old Chicago," yearned
for by each movie queen.

When her screen plays are presented, full
of dancing, singing fun,
I would rather lose my pay check than to
miss the poorest one.
Though I'm sure you must have guessed
it, I had better tell the name
Of this most attractive player whom you
know by face and fame,
Tuneful singer, nimble dancer, up-and-
comer, here to stay,
The delightful, lithe and lovely, one and
only Alice Faye.
—Elizabeth Hantzman, Alexandria, Va.

$2.00 Prize Letter

What Say, Managers?

Due to lack of funds, school terms in several communities hereabouts were cut considerably, so that the children had extra long vacations. I don't know what we harried mothers would have done without the movies. They were the ideal place to send restless boys and girls, when inactivity began to pall on them. Picture houses were clean, cool, safe, and the movies this summer seemed especially excellent, far above the usual output. There were a number of return showings of such fine productions as "The Good Earth," "The Lost Horizon" and "Romeo and Juliet."

The biggest handicap was always having the money necessary for a large family of children, most of whom had to pay adult prices. I suggested to our favorite movie house manager that there be issued a special holiday season pass for school children. Really, these young people are Hollywood's most enthusiastic and loyal supporters, and often through their insistence the whole family group goes to the movies.

Children's ages for paying adult prices are usually set at twelve years. If this were raised to fifteen or sixteen, I believe a larger, more regular attendance of youngsters would increase theatre receipts considerably, and would educate the children into millions of loyal adult fans.—Mrs. G. M. Jackson, Ludlow, Ky.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Questions Without Answers

The following questions have been puzzling me for a long time.

1. Why is it that lovely young heroines always have fathers but seldom mothers?
2. Why are the fathers of these lovely young things always senile men with one foot in the grave?
3. Don't movie folk ever start to raise families until they are over fifty? If not, why not?
4. How many people in real life do this?

'n' me

Our special Christmas offer brings your cash prize to you before the holidays

**WRITE A LETTER—
WIN A PRIZE**

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism.

Special Christmas offer: Seein' as how the gift-buying season is just a couple of weeks off—and a bit of extra money is not to be sneered at—we'll send out cash prizes to the lucky winners by December 18th. So, have your letters here by the 15th.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, $5; 2 second prizes of $2 each; 6 prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You and Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.



"Why are the heroine's Mama and Papa always middle-aged" is the question that's bothering an Ohio Miss.

It's rare and you know it—'cept in films.

I'm a mother of a sweet young thing in her twenties and I'm not only not dead, but I have no gray hair, no false teeth, weigh under a hundred pounds, look and feel young! Her dad is no bewhiskered grandpa, either. He is along around the age of Warner Baxter and Buck Jones. We're average people! Gosh, give us something more like real life!—Helen Heide, Springfield, Ohio.

$1.00 Prize Letter

A Just Complaint

Please allow me to use your forum to give vent to an angered opinion of a very nasty and uncalled for remark in the script of "Between Two Women." I mean the scene in which Virginia Bruce, portraying an heiress wife of a doctor, calls Maureen O'Sullivan, playing the role of a graduate nurse, "a glorified chambermaid."

Were Miss Bruce, the script writers, producers or any of the clan in need of medical care, they would welcome the care and experienced services of a registered nurse, whom they so casually call a chambermaid. It has taken years of hard work and untold patience for those in charge of hospitals to elevate nursing to its present high standard. Even the type girl Miss Bruce portrayed would hardly stoop so low as to utter a remark about a character so far above her.

I believe the producers of "Between Two

(*Continued on page* 80)



Lovely is the word for Merle Oberon as she studies her lines for "The Divorce of Lady X," between takes on the set. She looks as though she might have stepped right out of an old-fashioned Valentine, doesn't she?

Lady Lillian

Introduces

NEW BEAUTY

With the new smart creme polish in her introductory kit for only 10 cents. Revel in the glamour of the fashion-right shades of Rose, Rust and Tawny Red. Kit contains a bottle of nail polish, polish remover, nail white, manicure stick and cotton—all for 10 cents. Lady Lillian's Introductory Kit is on sale at 5 and 10 cent stores. Approved by Good Housekeeping.



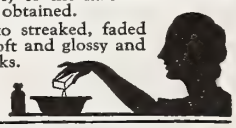
Special 3c Trial Offer

For single generous trial bottle send this ad and 3¢ stamp to LADY LILLIAN, Dept. M-8, 1140 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Specify shade you prefer.

The Best **GRAY HAIR**
Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.





Many Men and Women Now say

STUART'S
Laxative
COMPOUND
—the vegetable and mineral laxative often helps to

QUICKLY CLEAR THE SKIN

of the aggravated conditions due to improper elimination from the intestinal tract.

Would you like to clear your skin of embarrassing, exaggerated eruptions that may be aggravated by improper elimination from the digestive tract? Attention from the inside is often needed to do this. Anything less may prove ineffective. If your skin isn't cleared up remarkably and looking far better after using Stuart's Laxative Compound for a short while, your money will be refunded. Buy a package at your druggist today. Or, if you prefer, send for

FREE SAMPLE

Simply write your name and address on a penny post card and send to—
F. A. Stuart Co., Box H-109, Marshall, Michigan

Prove by test how gentle and efficient these tablets often are to help clear the skin of this type of embarrassing, aggravated eruptions.

STUART'S LAXATIVE COMPOUND

Robin Hood Throws a Party

(*Continued from page 27*)

party. "We was sittin' talkin' the other day. And Errol says, 'Sailor,' he says, 'I'd like to get acquainted with the boys. I don't know most of 'em. Bring 'em over to the house, and we'll start 'em off with a headache,' he says. So when we got through work today, we took a bath and here we are.

"Some stars throw you a party when the picture's over. Errol, he's the only one that throws it first. He don't want to be no star. And again, he don't do it to be a good fella, see what I mean? He don't go 'round slappin' people on the back, and then when they leave, call 'em bum. He does it because he likes to be friends with the boys and have fun. He likes to laugh. Damn if I ever see such a guy for laughin'."

"What's he blathering about?" inquires Flynn, coming up behind us. "Did he tell you he was champion boxer of the Navy? Did he tell you he's been fired more times than he's been on his back in the ring?"

"Errol," stage-whispers Sailor, "what about them carrots?" Errol wheels and disappears into the house. A few minutes later a procession issues forth. Sheffield and a Japanese boy bear laden trays. Behind them stalks Flynn, a lordly salver poised on the fingers of his right hand, on the salver two carrots. Left hand at his hip, he changes his rhythm and swings, a là Salome, toward one of his guests. Dropping his head demurely, he presents the carrots.

"Thanks, slave," says the guest, picks up the carrots and starts crunching.

"Gentlemen," calls Flynn. "Three cheers for the company horse."

"He ain't no horse," Sailor whispers kindly in the midst of the uproar. "Only a vegetarian." The garden is full of talk and laughter. A slim, dark-eyed girl slips through the door and stands watching the scene for a moment before she's spotted.

"What ho! Damita!" calls Flynn. But Sailor gets there before him, arm gallantly crooked. "Boys!" he booms proudly. "Errol's Missus!"

LILI'S clear laugh rings out as she spies the carrots. "Did Fleen put a joke on you? When Fleen puts a joke on me, I geeve it right back to heem. Like this. You pair-meet?" Eyes dancing, she takes a bit of carrot from the vegetarian and offers it to Fleen. He nibbles at it gravely from the palm of her hand, then lifts his head and nickers. Wild applause. Damita's struck a homer, first crack. She's in.

"Fleen darling," begs Lili. "Show them Sheff and the captain."

"Well," Errol complies, "I must first explain that Sheff is a landlubber and gets seasick on the boat, which fills the old skipper with disgust. So he takes every chance he can get to show Sheff up. Now here's the captain, bringing the boat along the wharf. Sheff's standing in the bow."

"Dual role impersonated by Muscleman Flynn," someone announces.

Muscleman Flynn bows, then cups his hands round his mouth. "Hi, there! Take a line! Get a line ashore!"

Now he's Sheffield, shoulders hunched, standing miserably in the bow. He turns his head. "Line?" he quavers.

"Don't you know a line when you see one?" he bellows as the captain.

"Not so loud," giggles Lili. But by now Flynn is immersed in his art. A nimble step this way or that turns him from Sheff to the captain, and back again.

"Oh, you mean this thing," says Sheff. He stoops and picks it up gingerly between two fingers, lips curled in distaste.

"It's a rope," shouts the captain, "not a bloomin' caterpillar. Throw it ashore."

With the silly movement of a girl throwing a ball, Sheff casts the rope. It drops into the water. Flinging up his arms, he lurches this way and that and comes to rest with a thud on the deck. The captain strides past him. "Want a lollypop?" he snorts.

"Fleen, you're making it up!" squeals Lili.

"And here's Sheff getting his own back on the skipper when he comes to the house."

He shuffles in, twiddling his hat brim between his fingers, a straight old man, self-respecting, a little stiff, a little uneasy in alien surroundings.

Enter Sheff, looking down his nose. He speaks with his lips pursed. "Mr. Flynn is in the garden. You may put your cap there."

The captain lays his hat warily on a chair, and starts out. Sheff's eyes dart downward. "Perhaps you'd better wipe your feet," he suggests impersonally.

"Fleen! Sheff would never be so rude." protests Lili, into the gale of mirth that sweeps the audience.

As darkness falls, lights gleam from within the house.

"Mrs. Flynn, do you mind if we turn on the radio? There's a program some of the boys would like to hear."

"But, of course. I like to hear it, too." She leads the way in, surrounded by boys. A dozen hands move to get her a chair, but she plumps herself down on the floor, laughing, "Here I sit best."

AT the other end of the lamplit living-room someone strums "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody," on the piano. They start humming it. There is a gradual drift from the canned to the living music. One by one the masculine voices join and swell in the song. Sailor nudges Flynn. "Sing, Errol." The others take it up. "Sing, Errol." Obediently, he lifts up his voice

At last they've had enough. Or so Sailor thinks. Sailor doesn't believe in hints. "Time to go home, boys."

"A stirrup cup in the garden," suggests Flynn. They troop out into the garden, filled now with the chirp of crickets. The moon sails overhead. They lift their glasses. "To Robin Hood. And Mrs Robin Hood."

"And all of you," amends Flynn, his arm round his wife, tiny and childish-looking beside his tall figure. "Thank you. Goodnight. We've had a lovely time." It's the formula of well-mannered children. This is no crowd of Hollywood sophisticates, but a group of simple men whose mothers taught them long ago how to take leave of their hosts.

Damita and Flynn trail with them through the living-room and out to the front door. Motors start, purr, drive away into darkness. Flynn drops a kiss on his wife's head. "Tired, darling?"

"Oh, no. They are such grand boys." Her eyes turn mischievous. "I theenk I go weeth you to location, Fleen." From far away, its rollicking note undimmed by distance, a singing voice floats back. The two on the lighted threshold break into laughter as they go in, closing the door behind them.

A Xmas They'll Never Forget

(*Continued from page 33*)

because she wasn't up to the travesty of a Christmas feast. That night she cried herself to sleep.

CHRISTMAS, 1934, when Jane Withers got her first big break, was the happiest and most eventful one in her young life. She and her mother had been in Hollywood for a year and a half, and were making no headway. Jane worked as a model in a department store, entertained at newsboys' dinners, appeared over the radio and played extra parts in sixteen pictures, but the big break they had been waiting for never seemed to come. Finally, Jane got a chance to appear with Shirley Temple in "Bright Eyes," but the picture hadn't been previewed yet, and she and her mother weren't any too hopeful. They remembered how once before they had written their friends to watch Jane's acting in "Handle With Care," only to discover after the picture was released that Jane's bit had been cut.

Mr. Withers kept urging them to come home, and they agreed to come back for Christmas. Jane's contract with the Los Angeles radio station would be over by then, and there would be nothing to hold them in Hollywood.

Though Jane looked forward to seeing her father and grandmother, she and her mother hated to come home to Atlanta defeated and discouraged, for they had once been so sure that Jane would get somewhere in pictures.

At the preview of "Bright Eyes" in December, the preview audience went wild about Jane. There was no longer any doubt about her future, and Jane signed a long-term contract, a few days before the twenty-fifth. Over the phone, Mrs. Withers, her voice glowing with happiness, told her husband what had happened, and persuaded him to fly to Hollywood.

That Christmas it wasn't a defeated family that met in Atlanta, Georgia, but a happy one, rejoicing in Jane's good fortune, that met in Hollywood. Jane's father arrived in time for Jane's broadcast, and was present at the farewell party given for her by the radio station. He discovered how many real friends Jane made in Hollywood; and he was happy to see that even though the family had been separated and Jane hadn't had her father to discipline her, her mother had seen to it that she remained unspoiled.

Claudette Colbert believes she will never have so memorable a Christmas as was hers in 1935, for she was married during the Yuletide season to Dr. Joel Pressman.

"We had known each other for some time," she said, "but we didn't discuss the possibility of marriage until a few weeks before the wedding took place. I had a short vacation and Christmas seemed an appropriate time, so we were married. I shall always think of Christmas, 1935, as the beginning of the happiest part of my life."

Marlene Dietrich remembers most vividly December of 1934 when her husband, Rudolph Sieber, and her daughter, Maria, were reunited after a separation lasting several months. Maria was eight years old at the time and had written Santa Claus that she wanted a doll house and a whole doll family.

Marlene, who had been sick with longing for her daughter all those months, asked nothing more of life than to make Maria's holiday a happy one.

It required a special trip for Santa to respond to Maria's letter. The doll house

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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR



Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Frank Griffin, step out for a little night life during one of hubby's visits to the coast. He does all the commuting now that Irene has a young daughter to look after.

was a twelve-room affair, so large that Maria herself could enter it to cook meals on a real electric stove, clean the floors with a miniature vacuum cleaner, and fill small closets with complete outfits of clothing for her dolls.

Parents seem to feel pretty much the same, even when they're parents by adoption. More than anything else, Wallace Beery had looked forward to becoming a father some day. But years passed, and he had no children. When other parents celebrated Christmas with their children, he couldn't help feeling a pang. Finally he realized that there was very little chance that he'd ever have a child of his own. His only hope was to adopt one.

When Beery heard that his wife's aunt had died, leaving little fifteen-months-old Carol Anne, motherless, he adopted her.

His happiest Yuletide came when she was three years old, for it was the first one that she was old enough to appreciate. For days Wally went on shopping sprees. He bought all kinds of toys and dolls. The big goof didn't even know which toys were right for a girl of three, and he bought some she wouldn't be able to use for years. Then he sat back and watched her play.

He counted himself hardboiled, but the tears almost came to his eyes as he watched her. He knew that a great thing had happened to him—the greatest that can happen to any human being. He was no longer denied the privilege of fatherhood.

After that when things went wrong, he just sat back and laughed. Through one bad investment after another, he lost the comfortable fortune he'd piled up through the years. One day a reporter came to see him to find out how he felt about losing all that money. Wally just laughed and called Carol Anne over. He asked her to sing, and she sang a few notes off key. He asked her to laugh and she laughed. He fed her candy.

Then he said, "You know, that kid's nuts about me. And she's mine—all mine. Who in h—— says I'm unlucky?"

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND says her most memorable Christmas was a most bewildering one. She doesn't remember how old she was, but she was just a tiny child. She and her mother and sister were at Pebble Beach. They arrived on December 25th in a pouring rain and found their tree and presents and Christmas fixings all ready for them. Even though it was raining they had a grand time, for Olivia, born in Japan and raised in California, had never known a white Christmas, so she really didn't miss snow.

But the incident that made this particular one stand out was amusing. They got up in the morning and looked out over the Pacific and saw hundreds of seals lying on the rocks. With a laugh, Olivia's mother pointed to them and said, "Look, girls, Christmas seals!"

For a long time she puzzled over it, and because she was so puzzled, remembered it. To this day, whenever she sticks a Christmas seal on a package, she thinks of the Christmas seals at Pebble Beach.

Olympe Bradna's dark brown eyes glowed as she said, "The Christmas I'll never forget came when I was six years old. To understand it, you have to know that I always loved fairy tales. I was always dreaming of having dolls dressed like the princes and princesses in the fairy tales. This particular time I got three dolls, one dressed like a prince, another like a princess, and still a third doll dressed like a page boy, to hold the train of the princess."

"How nice," I said to Olympe, "but how did your parents know?"

She smiled tenderly. "Don't parents always know what their children want?"

Anne Shirley's happiest Christmas came when she was eight. When Anne was an infant, her father died, and left her and her mother unprovided for. Their life was a constant struggle against grueling poverty, with Mrs. Shirley working as chambermaid, elevator operator, housekeeper—anything to keep them from starving.

Santa, somehow, always passed her by. It was on her eighth birthday that he came for the first time.

"All my life," she told me, "I had wanted a doll's carriage, a real-honest-to-goodness doll's carriage made of brown wicker. And Santa brought it to me. The top of the carriage was adjustable and it had real glass windows in it, exactly like real baby carriages. And it was brown and the right kind of wicker. I actually cried with joy when Mother said it was for me."

DOUGLAS FOWLEY, whom you see playing gangster roles, has an unusual Christmas to look back upon. It was during the depressing year 1929 when, broke and out of a job for three months, penniless and hungry, he lived in the slums of New York. He had sunk lower and lower, until he seemed no different from the other down-and-outers who infested the Bowery, eager for a hand-out. He even ate with the bums and hobos at the Hobo Mission in the Bowery run by Mr. Zero, a famous philanthropist, who would feed anyone who was hungry.

This Christmas Mr. Zero asked if any of the men could entertain at their Christmas dinner, and Douglas offered to sing.

To these unkempt, discouraged men he sang "Jesu Bambino" and as he sang, his mind went back to another Christmas when he'd sung this very same song with the famous opera singer, Giovanni Martinelli. He was thirteen then and head of the boys' choir of the St. Francis Xavier Church in New York. How proud he'd been then of the distinction he had won! And the quiet, respectable churchgoing people had been impressed by the boy's clear young voice leading the choir.

But they hadn't needed that song or any song as these men yearned for something to awaken them from the lethargy, the hopelessness into which they had fallen. Somehow he must lead their thoughts away from the bleakness of their present situation. He sang as he never had before. When he began "Onward Christian Soldiers," the discouraged men joined in.

To Douglas Fowley that was the grandest day of his life.

The Christmas which Jeanette MacDonald recalls most readily was the first one after her father died. She and her mother were in Chicago, where Jeanette was appearing on the stage.

"I remember," she said, "that we were both downcast most of the day, even though we tried to be gay. As we were in a strange city, we had our dinner in a restaurant. I ordered a ham sandwich. Mother ordered a turkey sandwich. We both pretended to enjoy our food, but we barely touched it. That day stands out, because all my others have been so joyous."

Don Ameche's happiest Christmas was that of 1936. Don said, "It was the first time in all my life when I could get just exactly the gifts I wanted to give every member of our big family. I had bought the ranch in the San Fernando Valley near Hollywood for my mother and father. All my brothers and sisters, my wife and my two babies—all of us gathered at the ranch for the holidays and did we have one grand time! We had a big tree—lots of fun trimming it—presents for everyone, the big yule log in the fireplace. It was our first family reunion in years. Well, I can't recall any happier Christmas than that in my whole life."

A Lady in Love

(*Continued from page 25*)

wood.

"But," she leaned forward, "what I did last was the most interesting. I borrowed the oldest clothes, and on the hot nights I walked in the slums on the East Side. I walked by myself and sat on the stoops with the poor young girls. I sat right with them. I talked with them and became one of them. Now I know how they feel, how they act. I can go back to Hollywood hearing their voices, remembering their lives, and I hope that someday I can return it all to them.

"The taxi drivers!" She jumped up again. "They are the nicest. I talk to them. And they talk to me. They are the most colorful people in New York.

"Oh, there is so much I want to do. I want to go to the children's courts. No child is bad. I want to know why they are sent away to reformatories. I want to know everything. I want to see everything. This is New York to me. I told that to Clifford," she said. "He has been here his entire life. He was brought up on the East Side. They think he influences me. He doesn't. He holds me back."

I couldn't believe that. Somehow it seemed a case of my lady protesting too much. There had been so many references to Mr. Odets.

First, our luncheon date. "What will you say," she asked over the telephone, "if I tell you I cannot have lunch with you? My husband, he wants me to meet him and some friends. It is very important."

Later, when we did meet, and after she had said in that cordial continental way of hers, "Take off your hat. Let me see how your hair looks."

And I had remarked the length of her own hair, now hanging to her shoulders.

And she had said, "I'm letting it grow. Cliff wants it so."

Or pointing to the photographs of herself on the bookcase. "You must excuse all those pictures of me. This is my husband's apartment."

Sometimes she refers to him as Cliff, sometimes Clifford, often just Odets, but always his name creeps into the conversation.

His new play. "It's wonderful. 'Golden Boy' is the title. It is about a boxer, but it is more than that. It is very deep."

And "I must tell you what happened in Connecticut. If you don't believe me, ask Odets!"

What happened was very interesting.

A LITTLE boy heard I was there. He came to the door and inquired if I really lived in that house. When the maid told him 'Yes' he walked away. The next morning on the beach he came up to me. 'Are you Luise Rainer?' he asked. When I told him I was, he moaned, and fell into a dead faint." She stopped, dramatically. "I took him in my arms. After he came to, I said, 'Look, look at me. I am like your mother. I am like your sister. I am no different.' From then until I left, he sat everyday quietly by my side.

"But you see, that's the effect of Hollywood. They don't want you to be like anyone's mother or sister. They want you to be something that makes people faint! I don't want that. I'd rather play the part of a slavey in one of those fine Russian pictures than be a star in something that is a waste of time. I feel I have so much to give. Here they won't let me give it. I don't want to be in pictures people see



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Simply massage VapoRub on throat, chest, *and back* at bedtime. Almost before you finish rubbing, it goes to work *direct* through the skin like a poultice. At the same time, its medicated vapors, released by the warmth of the body, are carried *direct* to the irritated air passages with every breath.

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because they haven't anything else to do. I want to show them something worth while. I don't want to be a star! That's why I want to leave the screen and go back to the stage."

"Then you're not happy?" I asked.

"I am very unhappy," she answered.

"But I thought things would be different," I said, recalling our last conversation, one year before, in Hollywood. "You hadn't won the Academy Award then, you hadn't married Clifford Odets."

Just mentioning his name made her face shine, as if a light had been focussed upon it. "He, he is wonderful. We are like sweethearts, not husband and wife."

Her voice grew tense. "Hollywood is the same. I get the same salary as when I first came there. I have two and a half more years with my contract. I have no choice of pictures, nothing to say about anything. I go back now and do not even know what part they give me to play.

"It is like prison, Hollywood. It makes me think of the books I've read about Siberia where they thought up a terrible punishment. The worst prisoners are forced to pour buckets of water into a river. They spend their lives this way, pouring water into a flowing river, there is no end, no purpose. That is what Hollywood is to me. It is all so useless, so futile." Her voice trembled. I thought she was going to cry. She controlled herself and went on.

"They do not understand me. Not any of them. They call me 'the shrewdest girl in Hollywood.' That is because I am honest with them. I go to them and I say, 'Listen, I think you are the best motion picture company in the world, but I do not want to make motion pictures. I want to go back to the stage. I promise I won't work for any other company. I give you my word. Just let me go back. So they offer me a lot of money with a new contract for seven and a half years. When I refuse they say, 'Rainer, she is the shrewdest girl in Hollywood.' They think I refuse because I want still more money. But it is the seven years. I'd rather stay two and a half years at my old salary. But it seems so long, such a waste. If I leave, if I go on strike, if I go back anyway to the stage, they can stop me by law.

"Sometimes I like the work. I liked 'The Good Earth,' but not 'The Emperor's Candlesticks.' When I wanted to be dramatic, play the one good scene in the whole picture, they said, 'Smile, you look better that way.' My last 'The Big City' is all right, but my best scenes are cut out with a scissors. What good to do work if they cut it away?

"And they fight with me. They want me to do a gangster picture. I refuse. For every week I refuse to work they add a new week to the two and a half years, just like a prison, a Siberia.

"I have given up my California house. I don't want any feeling of permanence in Hollywood. Between pictures I will fly East to join Clifford. While in Hollywood I will live in one big hotel room. That will help me forget the two and a half years. It will make me feel like I am leaving any minute. That is the way I want to feel."

"Maybe your husband could help straighten out those contract problems," I suggested.

"Oh, no." She shook her head. "Clifford is too busy to bother about me."

The sentence was a revelation. It plainly showed who was the star in her family. The name, Odets. And it reminded me of another actress-playwright combination, Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur. Helen Hayes tip-toeing around a large apartment, whispering in an awed voice, "This is Charlie's study." Charlie likes this . . . Charlie likes that, a worshipping chant throughout her conversation.

And I watched Luise Rainer, who appeared absurdly schoolgirlish in her simple Navy blue serge, tailored blouse and skirt, whose face had a kind of glow about it, about the eyes and the tremulous mouth. I remembered Helen Hayes who had that same look. They are both, I thought, women in love, terribly in love. They both really give. So I stared at Luise Rainer as long as I politely could, stared in the hope that I, too, could carry away a memory, that of a beautiful, little, live face. For a woman in love is a lovely thing to see.

Fascinating Frenchman

(*Continued from page 42*)

only to find it had gone. My wife and all my baggage was on that train. Worst of all, my wife speaks no English and couldn't get along without me! Finally, the station men decided that we could take a little car that is propelled along by pushing up and down on a handle bar effect. It was freezing cold and, with nothing but a medium weight coat and plenty of nervous energy, we started out. Luck was with us, for the train was delayed for an hour about forty miles out, and so we caught up with it.

"This experience taught me never to rely on what I read in the papers. In fact, nothing short of the rumble of guns could make me believe a war was on again."

IN answer to our query as to why some French stars are often disappointing in American pictures, while in French films they're good, Fernand replied, "You see, in France the film industry is run so entirely differently from America that it is hard to draw comparisons. Over there they don't have the facilities that are open to the companies here.

"For instance, here, everything necessary to make a good movie is at a company's disposal; while there, it is hard to do much because the limitations are so great. It is difficult to get together the necessary props for a scene other than a most usual one. So French actors are used to doing without and depending on the story to carry them through rather than correct and luxurious settings and costumes.

"In America, everyone is so movie-conscious that the studios will do anything to coöperate toward making an authentic picture. Making movies in France is just another trade, like the furniture or butcher business, and so they don't especially put themselves out. Another unusual thing is that only a third of the population of France supports the films. The rural districts are practically disinterested in them. Their inhabitants are stay-at-homes and seldom see the cinema. So, you see, it is not too easy to make pictures, what with the government limiting the cost of production to a couple of million francs, which, in American money, is equal to around two hundred thousand dollars."

We wanted to know about French players.

Fernand smiled, and with a sparkle in his eyes, remarked, "Of all the people who come to America to make movies, I'm sure that Danielle Darrieux is the most likely to succeed. She has talent for the screen as well as chic. She is a very shrewd young woman, too. That counts for much in this business.

"Simone Simon? Yes, she is good. But she is of the type that should be given a special sort of story. Otherwise, she is at a loss. In French films, she was a wild little thing—all appeal, who always gave a very tender interpretation of a role. That is Simone."

M. Gravet is in Hollywood making a movie titled, "Food for Scandal," which fact reminded us to ask him why there was resentment displayed in England over his latest picture, "The King and the Chorus Girl." To our surprise, Fernand seemed completely taken aback that any comparisons to recent historical events were drawn which might have offended the English.

"Oh, were there objections?" asked our French visitor, with a twinkle in his eye. "As a matter of fact, though no one will probably believe it, I had had that script for over two years. Had it not been for commitments abroad, the story would have been done long before the Duke's marriage. They changed the title in England, you know, to 'Romance in Paris.' Even so, it wasn't too well received and I can't imagine why, can you?"

"Yes."

"Now aren't you ashamed of yourself?" returned Fernand. "But, really, it is so hard to please everyone. In England, they fuss with me about my accent, saying, 'Fernand, be French, not English!' In France, they say, 'Fernand, where is *le bon* French?' Even in America, my director continually asks for more of a Continental accent. I thought they would want perfect English here, so I worked very hard to learn. But no, eet mus be ziss, oui?" mimicked Monsieur. "I am one of those unfortunate people who takes on the color of his surroundings—how do you call it—a chameleon?"

The Gadgeteer

(*Continued from page 37*)

out visible human agency. At the entrance to the house, a man-servant said he would take me to Mr. William. We were joined by a small white dog wearing, around his neck, a round ruffle of tin!

Skirting the long blue swimming pool, we came at last, to a workshop, wherein the profile compared to Barrymore's was bent above a bench. On this bench were a drill-press, a bench-saw, a jointer, a grinder, a water-stone, a buffer, a sander and a flexible shaft outfit. The hands of Mr. William were moving deftly among these appurtenances.

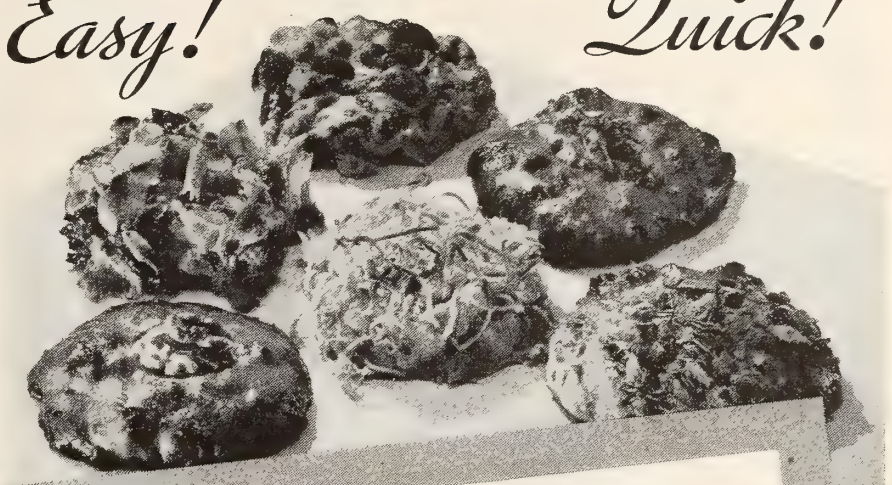
I said, clearing my throat, after the first greeting was exchanged, "The—ah—the little dog here, what *is* that around his neck?"

"Oh," said Mr. William, wiping the grease from his hands, "that's just a little gadget I rigged up to check his wanderlust. It keeps him from burrowing his way through hedges and gaps in the fences and things. He can't do more than get his nose through any aperture with that on."

"So you are a gadgeteer."

"You've caught me with the goods, Vance," smiled Mr. William, strolling back

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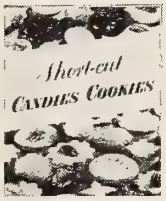
1. Two Cups Raisins
or
2. Two Cups Corn Flakes
or
3. Three Cups Coconut
or
4. Two Cups Bran Flakes
or
5. One Cup Nut Meats, Chopped

1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Magic Milk
½ cup peanut butter
Any *one* of the five ingredients listed at left.

Thoroughly blend Eagle Brand Magic Milk, peanut butter and any one of the five ingredients listed at the left. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered baking sheet. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 15 minutes or until brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes about 30.

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Tea for two. Rosemary and Lola Lane take time out for a little relaxation on the "Hollywood Hotel" set.

toward the pool. "Yes, I am a gadgeteer. I sometimes wish I weren't. They keep coming at me all the time, ideas for new gadgets, you know. I really never get a full night's sleep. I have to get my rest in cat-naps. I wake up by fits and starts to find one of the little gadgets parked on my chest begging to be born. It's all very paradoxical. Because my one aim in life is to save myself the slightest unnecessary exertion, to do everything in moderation. And I am excessive about my gadgets. They defeat the very purpose for which they are conceived.

"You see, I believe in short cuts. Here, in this business, in Hollywood, we all live at high emotional tension. We might not suffer so many tragic and premature deaths if we took things more in moderation. I have made it a point, all my life, to read all of the great philosophers. And I have found that they are all agreed on the need for moderation.

"Well," said Mr. William, "I believe that to save time for leisure is the one way to reduce pressure. We have no social life at all to speak of. I'm afraid I am anti-social. I spend all my spare time in the workshop, doing things around the place. I level the orchards. I doctor all the trees. I invent devices. That affair there by the pool is one of 'em."

That affair appeared to be a mammoth table of yellow painted planks mounted on white painted, white-tired wheels. The whole was covered with a yellow and white awning. And it is, Warren explained, the chassis of an old Chevrolet, stripped bare, painted, mounted with a vast top (the original flooring), and electrified so that there are plugs for percolators, grilles, hot plates. And there you have a perfect gadget for the serving of large supper parties, out-of-door luncheons, etcetera. A movable cuisine.

"Then," said Warren, "I've invented a dog house. A sort of duplex, as it were. The whole affair is mounted on a central shaft. It revolves at will. The value is that the dogs can run, every day or so, on new grass. The usual dog house, being stationary, allows the dogs only one stretch of grass for a run. In no time at all, the grass wears down to the dirt. In this way, the grass keeps fresh and clean and green all of the time.

"The phone at the gate is one of my little notions. I think of the non-effort of my fellow men as well as my own, you see. The phone is on a pulley made of an old broom handle. It works on a counterweight. It precludes the necessity of climbing out of the car to call the house for admittance. I also have a small box by the gate, ingeniously concealed, in which I keep my key. So that, when I come in late, I can admit myself. I'm given to being rather careless about keys, watches, pencils, good intentions and other gewgaws. What I haven't got with me, I can't lose.

"At the back gate, I've invented a sort of a drawbridge. It works on a counterweight, too. It's a huge piece of timber, and it bars tourists from backing into my gate and, frequently, taking parts of it away with them."

I VE heard that you drive onto the set in your dressing-room. Is that true?"

"Oh," said Mr. William, rather reluctantly, "well, I don't like to talk about that very much. It's beginning to be recognized on the road. But if you already know about it, come along."

On the way to the garage, he said, "I hope I'm not giving you the impression that I believe in stinting on life. I don't. I believe in giving and giving generously, everything in you, to what is worth while."

He stopped talking, because, all at once, there it was! It is a truck to all outward appearances. Inside, however, it is a complete dressing-room. In fact, it is a complete apartment. The walls and ceilings are done in a light tan lastex. The floor is carpeted in rich dark brown. Beige curtains separate the apartment from the driver's seat.

Along one side of the truck stretches a couch, upholstered in ivory leather. Beneath the couch are compartments for storing bedding, books, anything. Along the other side are, first a copper wash bowl, with running water, rods for towels, below it a small basin. Next, a panel lets down and there is the bar, complete with bottles, a rack filled with bar glasses and openers. Below this is the kitchen, a small gas range, a cubby hole for china and cutlery. There is the library, a deep shelf, holding books.

Another panel lets down and becomes the dressing table. It is faced by a mirror. Electric lights frame the mirror. Behind this, is a deep well in which are hung the star's costumes. There is a desk, even a calendar. There is a radio, an electric fan and a ventilator in the roof. The wall lights are covered with pieces of picture film. In the dressing-room there is a plug for an electric razor. The whole effect is luxurious and all done in tones of copper and ivory and brown.

Warren said, "All this serves the purpose of saving time and effort. I can sleep an hour later on the mornings when I am working. Because, you see, I do not have to allow time to dress and make-up after I reach the studio. My houseman drives me. And I dress and shave and make-up as I'm going to the studio. When I arrive, we drive right onto the set, and I step out of the truck, ready for work!

"On my way home at nights, I remove my make-up and get out of my costumes. I do not have to have a dressing-room on the lot. Which means that I am saved the unnecessary exertion of walking from the set to my dressing-room, to change costumes, to have my luncheon. We bring food from home and it is prepared and served right in the truck."

WE STEPPED down from the truck and strolled toward the house. Mr. William led the way to his bedroom. Originally an attic room, it has been converted into a long, irregular and fascinating chamber of unexpected angles and proportions. It is painted a blue-green and the wide bed is covered with tangerine velvet. He showed me his tower closet. The tower is a revolving rack on the principle of the old revolving book shelves. It is set in an angle of the wall which would be, otherwise, wasted space. On the round shelves repose thirty pairs of shoes and thirty hats. There are compartments in between for numerous pairs of socks.

In the wardrobe proper, all of the William suits, robes, etcetera, hang from the ceiling. And instead of those shelves over the clothes hangers which are always too high for convenience, he has devised cupboards under the clothes for his shirts and other accessories.

On either side of the bed are tall electric lights enclosed in small cupboards. There, lights are on levers and can be raised or lowered at will, so that, when Warren feels like studying his script flat on his back, the lights can be arranged appropriately.

We walked back to the driveway. I said, "Do you think we should walk? There should be some gadget devised for . . ."

"Don't!" laughed Mr. William, "you may start ideas coming! I simply must have moderation, even as a gadgeteer!"

Good News

(*Continued from page 17*)

Montgomery and Rosalind Russell, living in Greenwich Village poverty, are faced with the problem of what to do for breakfast, Bob asks his pal and confidant, Robert Benchley, for a dollar. "Don't talk like that, Bob," says Mr. B. "It makes you sound hard."

■ ■ ■

The other day when Joan Blondell came home from the studio, young Norman Barnes' nurse met her at the door. She looked grief-stricken. Joan had immediate visions of Norman's falling out of second story windows and such. "What in the world is the matter?" she screamed. Almost overcome, the nurse managed to gasp out, "He's just said his first swear word." Joan let out a yelp, tore to the nursery and began yanking down all the curtains with the Mother Goose designs and throwing out all the pale blue furniture. Now Junior has he-man furniture and crossed baseball bats on the curtains, and Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell are that proud of their son.

■ ■ ■

Myrna Loy was late for work the other morning. So when she finally showed up the whole cast and crew decided to hide. She came on the set, very chagrined, looked around, consulted her watch, looked puzzled and finally her expression changed from guilt to great relief. Up went the retroussé nose and she sailed to her dressing-room looking pretty smug. Then the whole cast and crew popped out at her. Some fun.

■ ■ ■

J. Edgar Hoover came on the set one day with the sole intention of meeting the screen's Public Enemy No. 1—Joseph Calleia. He caught Public Enemy No. 1 in a rather precarious situation. In his dressing-room, Joseph was standing around without any pants. He had just given them to his stand-in.

■ ■ ■

Hugh Herbert went out on a spree the other night. About dawn he began thinking of life and all its attendant vicissitudes. Chaos, he was convinced, was just around the corner. Movies were but fleeting fame. After an hour or so of serious talk with himself he decided that the back-to-the-land movement was the only safe course. So he took himself right out to the San Fernando Valley and bought up 240 acres of land. Next morning he went over to see what he'd acquired. It turned out to be just 240 acres of worthless land. But on a hillside, he found a spring bubbling. Taking a drink he shouted, "Wo *woo*, wotta drink." Called Francis Lederer over—he owns the next place—and Francis was equally impressed. Now Hugh's making plenty of pin money. He's bottling the water and selling it all over Hollywood. Calling it "Herbert's Wo Woo Water."

■ ■ ■

Cowboy and Indian, 1938 version: In the old days, cowboys pursued Indians over hill and dale, and vice versa. But times have changed. Take Gene Autry, for instance. Gene is at the moment the nation's Number One Cowboy. The Indian, in his case, is George Goodale, half Cherokee, who happens to be Autry's press agent. So every time the present-day cowboy saddles Old Paint, his redskin medicine man goes on the warpath and sees that the item gets in the papers. Heap big change!

(*Continued on page 81*)

Miscasting the Menace

(*Continued from page 34*)

the picture had been finished. It seems to me Freddie March had enough sympathy at the end of the story without giving him more by making Stander lower than low. But, once a villain, always a villain and the dirtier the deed, the more virtuous the hero is by comparison."

Nothing seemed to cheer Mr. Donlevy. There wasn't a picture prospect in the world that could lift the gloom from around his handsome head. We reminded him that William Powell was once a villain and that until a year ago that fine actor, Spencer Tracy, was a thorough-going bad character. And look at those two today!

The reminder didn't lift Donlevy from the doldrums. "A mere fluke," he opined. "A coupla mere flukes. If Tracy hadn't been lucky enough to land that role of the priest in 'San Francisco,' he'd probably still be stabbing men in the back—in the movies, of course. *That's* what gets me! It takes an accident to make them discover that a convincing villain makes a superb hero.

THAT'S ancient history though. Go back to the Rudolph Valentino days. There was a man who went unrecognized as a menace and no one since has made the success in romantic leads that he did when, by a mere chance, he was cast as the hero in 'The Four Horsemen'."

Well, there seemed to be no answer to that one and little to do but wish that the picture Donlevy is making in England will turn out to be *his* "fluke," since that seems to be what he is looking for.

Pessimistic as Brian was, the visionary Mrs. Donlevy could see a silver lining around his darkest clouds. "Basil Rathbone gets six thousand dollars a week, dear, and for just playing villains," she reminded him.

"Let him," replied her spouse.

"Who did you say—Jack Dempsey?" inquired Victor McLaglen, who had just come over from the adjoining suite.

"No, not your hero," returned Mrs. Donlevy. "You know, Vic is so fond of Dempsey that he spent his four days coming east on the train, preparing to meet him. In fact, all we heard from Hollywood to New York was Jack this and Jack that! Well, last night was the night, our first in town, and what a night!"

"Yeah, wasn't it great," enthused McLaglen, drawing his dressing-gown tightly around him.

"That's Vic, understating everything," interrupted Donlevy. "You know, Vic wouldn't leave Dempsey's to go to the theatre! Well, he did settle for meeting us later at the Stork Club. And when he arrived he was so surprised at seeing us, he inquired, 'Well, fancy seeing *you* here!'"

"That reminds me, I've got to call Jack. Will you excuse me, folks?" So saying, the mountainous McLaglen made for the phone in the next room.

"To get back to our discussion," commented Donlevy, "the only reason my producers will give for casting me as an undesirable citizen is that I have the face and physique of a heavy. Ability doesn't enter into it at all. And is it my fault that I have big muscles? I guess my brawn is really due to a roommate I once had.

"We were in a show here in New York and, to cut expenses, took an apartment together. Well, this guy used to pick me up bodily and throw me against the wall."

"What were you doing, trying to break a lease?" we wondered.



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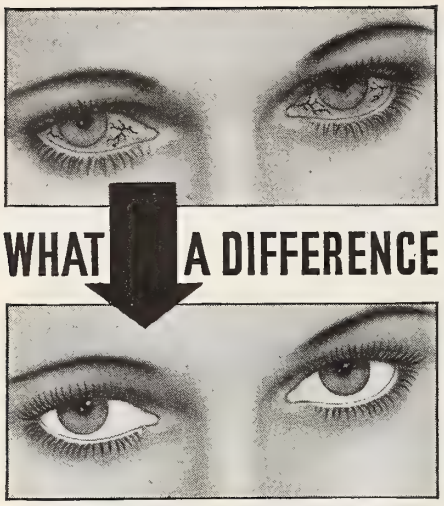
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Mr. Donlevy let that go and continued, "When the wall began to tremble, I suddenly realized my strength! It struck me funny at the time. But, he who laughs last, begins latest or something. Little did I realize that I was in training for a mess of movie menaces."

And very good ones, too, in case you remember Brian's elegant performance in "Come And Get It," the Edward Arnold picture. In fact, *that's* what did it. For, no sooner was he marched down a muddy street, by the vigilantes, to a waiting noose, than his own company woke up to the fact of his potentialities as a bad man.

"As a matter of fact," Brian remarked, "it was right about then that I first met Dick Arlen. You know he always plays my parts on the screen—the ones I created on the stage. There was to be a broadcast over the radio between us about one of the pictures and I was due at his house to rehearse. I had never met Dick and so, when I walked in we mentally squared off, and were ready for anything to happen. You know professionals! They're touchy!

"Anyway, by the time the radio people arrived we had become such pals that the rehearsal had to be called off 'til the next night. He's swell and I'm glad to see him play the roles, even though it means I can't. At this point I've become resigned to the fate of always kicking nice guys and they might as well toss me a few babies to pinch, because the public has come to think I'm that kind of a guy. I even get a letter now and then telling me what bad news I am, and why! I'm really not a mean gent, and don't like to hurt anyone. If only people would understand that it's my job and I have to do it to the best of my ability, I'm sure they would be more tolerant."

Well, in closing, let us say that, even though it may be small satisfaction to Brian Donlevy, as a menace he is one of our very best actors. And so, we who have the last word wish to remind him of this salient fact, even as Mrs. Donlevy pointed out to him—Basil Rathbone's salary!

Woman's Place is in the Heart

(*Continued from page 39*)

in this business, flatter a handsome man, offer him the one thing his wife cannot give him — novelty. Although," smiled Gladys, amused, "Leonard does fare better than most when it comes to novelty! For I am the type actress who lives my parts, even at home. Leonard had Carrie through all of her phases, for breakfast, lunch and dinner. More recently he had Madame X pouring his coffee for him, with hands growing increasingly shaky.

"Anyway, I just wanted to be reassured, that's all. Kind of like a child, I guess, who knows there is nothing hiding in the dark but wants to hear someone say there isn't. So I just sat down with Leonard and we talked it all out. And then I felt all right."

Gladys paused for a moment and then she said, gravely, "You see, for the first time in my life I am really in love. Maturely in love. I hate to say that we are 'adults living in an adult world,' but certainly ours is an adult love. And it's silly for adults to go about being scared of bogey-men or women."

SHE is slim, golden-haired, amber-eyed and chic. She is restless, nervous. She uses her hands when she talks and she talks a great deal, and rapidly. Tears come into her eyes with the same frequency and lack of self-consciousness as do smiles on her lips. When she feels like crying, she just cries. In the course of our conversation she smiled, laughed, cried, dried her eyes, laughed again. Most persons laugh naturally enough. Few weep naturally. Gladys does. No wonder that she is able to draw tears from her audiences when her own come as naturally as showers alternating with sunshine.

Hers is a heart which has been hurt. You can tell that by looking at her eyes. It is a heart which has been hilariously happy, too. It is the heart of a child. Easily hurt. Easily healed. Made happy by small things. She can't resist charity appeals, whether to her purse, or her heart.

Only the other day a little girl from the studio filing department had occasion to go to Miss George's dressing-room. Gladys noticed that the girl, a stranger to her, looked down-at-the-mouth. She asked what troubled her. The girl broke down and admitted that her beau had given her the gate, that she was going crazy. Gladys George let the girl talk her heart out for two solid hours.

The girl said, later, "It was like taking a warm, soothing bath, talking to Miss George. I just knew that she understood. She didn't say much, but she was feeling with me. I just kind of talked myself back to sanity again. She is awfully wise."

The next day a box of white gardenias was delivered to the girl's home. The box was wrapped with white satin ribbon and tied into the knot was a generous bottle of gardenia perfume. "I'm not subtle," Gladys says of herself, "but it seemed to me a lovely way of reminding her that the world is full of a number of things, many of them lovely.

"I'm no beauty," this astonishingly honest woman also says. "Far from it." And she's making no bid for contradiction. She means it.

She reads, with curling lips, specious stories alluding vaguely to her "unhappy childhood." She has heard it rumored that she starved, suffered; that her face was mysteriously injured and remade by plastic surgery; that her life was "saved by a surgeon's knife." "What do they mean?" she asks.

GLADYS' parents were theatrical people. Her father, Sir Arthur Clare, English, well-known Shakespearian actor, was knighted by Edward Seventh. Her mother, a Boston girl, very much in the social circles, became a leading lady on the stage. Gladys, her mother and father travelled all over the United States and Canada. She didn't have what is known as a normal childhood, true. They never stayed long enough in one place for her to go to school regularly. She never had any girl-friends. Her playmates were character men and women, tired juveniles, disillusioned ingenues. Her nursery was backstage. Her doll's cradle was the tray of a theatrical trunk.

Her Dad was, and still is, "a darling." But like most men who are "darlings" was impractical, a dreamer, so that there were what her mother refers to as "reverses," and what Gladys calls "our ups and downs." There were times when she had to wear hand-me-downs, had to make over last year's frocks. What of it? She never went hungry. She never felt sorry for herself. Her whole life was lit, brighter than any

Christmas tree, by her ambition to become a great actress.

She never had her face remade by plastic surgery. In 1920, when she first took a very young flier into pictures and played in "Red Hot Dollars," with Charles Ray, she suffered severe burns on one arm and was forced to remain off stage and screen for a year. The burns left a faint scar, which she showed me. They didn't require the surgeon's knife, and they are the sum total of those mysterious injuries.

She said, "I've been rich. I've been poor. I've worn hand-me-downs. I've worn sables. And I've been just as happy one way as the other. No one would want to play the role of Lady Clara Vere de Vere all the time, would they? So, no one should want life to be all one pattern either. I don't. I've had almost every experience there is to have, good and bad."

Gladys deliberately acquired a hard-boiled manner and way of speaking when she was first on the road alone and on the stage in New York. She found it to be her best defense against unpleasant advances. She is the despair of her mother, who will say, with a little despairing laugh, when Gladys is in one of her calling-a-spade-a-spade moods, "My daughter, she's a little peculiar, you know!"

"Mother," laughs Gladys, "lives on a whipped cream cloud, tinted pale pink. I don't."

NO, she doesn't. Gladys and her husband live in a mad manner and love it. Their home life, insists Mrs. Leonard Penn, is nuttier than a Marx Brothers comedy with the Ritz Brothers thrown in. It is not, certainly, the home life of a star, popular version. For they live in a little rented house, this two-years-married couple. Until recently Gladys kept no maid at all. She did all of her own work, cooking, cleaning. When she was working and Leonard was not, he would get her breakfast. When he was working and she was not, she would get his.

"Money won't change us, nor our way of living. We've had money before. It's never been any special fun for me to have it. I can't save, anyway. I give everything away, fur coats, bags, dresses and things. Know what Leonard does now? He locks my cupboards and keeps the keys!"

They never have meals on time. They have no schedules at all. They eat dinner at six if they feel like it, at ten, at midnight or not at all. They care nothing about going to parties or giving them. They have no close friends among the picture people.

Gladys said, "There was one friend when I came to Hollywood this last time, one person who was kind and helpful to me, who didn't look down her nose at me and seem to resent my being here—Jean Harlow. Jean had too many big warmths in her to have any room for petty rivalries. She offered to show me the ropes. All of them. And did. I miss her here . . .

"It's funny, though," she continued, "how differently I used to live when I was on the road, in New York, playing in 'Queer People,' 'Milky Way,' 'Personal Appearance' and the others. My dressing-room was always jammed with people, phones rang constantly. My life was a mad whirl. I was considered dizzy, I'm sure. I know that Leonard didn't feel, at first, that he could keep his finger on me. He knows better now. I've earned his faith in me by deserving it. I've said that women expect too much. They do. We're always wondering whether a man loves us, how he can prove it. Woman's place is in a man's heart. But she's got to make him know that his place is in her heart, too. Everything in life should be fifty-fifty. So should love."



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Anita Astonishes!

(*Continued from page 29*)

made me so ill I couldn't look at her!

"On the other hand, the role I played in 'That Certain Woman,' though small, did give me the chance, I feel, to show that given a chance, I can be more mature. I've been told that I looked different in that part. That cheered me up. Because I didn't change my make-up. I've used the same make-up for years. I didn't do things to my hair. Physically, I was as I always am. Yet people felt, even saw a difference in me. And what encourages me is that whatever that difference was, it came from within. It was just that I was playing a character who had more mature thoughts, more mature emotions. And I hope they came through.

"You see, I'm not a sweet young thing. Matter of fact, I never have been. I've always been old for my age. I've always gone with older people. I've been so much with Mother that, naturally, I've always been a great deal with her friends.

"And I think that, thanks to Mother, I've had a very intelligent bringing up. Mother is French, you know. She had all the conservative ideas and ideals of a French childhood and girlhood. Then she came to America just when the modern age was at its richest and raciest. And she has managed to be a very balanced blend of the old-fashioned mother and the modern mother. She never treated me as a child, intellectually speaking. We always discussed everything as equals. I read everything. Mother took me to France, to Alsace-Lorraine, to visit my grandparents and there I assimilated some of the older, quieter tradition.

ON the other hand, she did keep me closely guarded until I was sixteen. I never went out alone with a boy until I was past sixteen. And so, when I did start to go out I knew pretty thoroughly what things were all about, what to do, what not to do.

"I can certainly say this, too, that a girl growing up in Hollywood, in the studios, in the movies, is every bit as safe, as protected, as a girl can be anywhere. I am wise, I think, we all are, because we have seen so much, so many phases of life, so many kinds of people. But I am most certainly not disillusioned. I am certainly not cynical. If I doubt very much that I could die for love it is not because I don't believe in love, it's because I think that, in the days of the Lily Maid, love was all a woman had to live for as well as die for. Today, there are so many things. Love may be still the most important, certainly the most precious, but it is not all.

"I was a member of what was called Hollywood's youngest set. I'm not a member any longer because," laughed Anita wickedly, "because I don't care to go roller skating any longer! No, seriously, I'm no longer a member because, for one thing, there is no younger set any longer. Most of the old, young crowd are married; Anne Shirley, Tom Brown, Astrid Allwyn; and Paula Stone is engaged. I am about the only one still unmarried or unattached. They are the younger married set now.

I began, "Everyone thought that you and Tom Brown would be . . ."

"I know," said Anita. "So did Tom and I, for that matter and I don't honestly know, even now, why it was that we didn't get married then. Certainly no two youngsters were ever happier together, had more fun together, than Tom and I. Now, I am sure that it is better as it is. I think I am older than Tom now, even though he is older in years than I. A girl in her twenties is older than a boy in his twenties. I feel more mature. I have an idea that when I do marry I should marry a man quite a few years older than I am.

"And I do want to get married, of course. I hope that I won't fall in love for another two years. I have so much work I want to do, so much I want to accomplish. But it's ridiculous to make statements or prophecies about love and marriage. I may tell you that I won't get married for two years and walk out of here and fall in love within the hour and elope to Yuma tonight. Unlikely, but possible. I can only say that I hope I won't want to get married for two years.

"I am so ambitious, I often think that if, before I die, I can do just one scene as Katharine Cornell or Helen Hayes would do it, I would be content.

"And I have my other career, too, my harp. I work quite as hard, quite as conscientiously at that as I do at my work in the studio. I think it's bad business to put all of your eggs into one basket. I believe in balance, something on this side, something on that. I balance my personal life, too. I mean, I have friends among the picture people. I know every one of them, of course. I also have friends who have nothing to do with pictures. One of my best friends is a girl who is studying to become a designer. Others of my friends are musicians, still others are just girls who stay at home. I have a very just-girl life at home. Mother and I have a pleasant house, rented. I have my own room. I have my girl friends in to spend the night with me. All that sort of usual, conventional thing. We talk about pictures at home but we also talk about music and the Russian flyers and the new books and Aimee Semple McPherson and new recipes and patterns of linoleum for the kitchen floor.

SO, I am not only not a sweet young thing but I am, also, a veteran. I have been in pictures, in Hollywood, since I was seven years old. I grew up in Hollywood, I went to school in Hollywood. I almost learned to talk in pictures. Long," laughed Anita, "before pictures talked themselves!

"I made my first picture, 'The Sixth Commandment,' with Neil Hamilton when I was five. I played in 'The Music Master.' I did such pictures as 'Millie,' with Helen Twelvetrees, 'Our Betters,' with Constance Bennett, 'The Most Precious Thing in Life,' 'Are We Civilized?' 'Swan Song' and lots of others. Later I did 'Madame Du Barry,' with Dolores del Rio, 'The Firebird' (in which, oh goody, goody, I played a girl murderess!), and then was given my contract with Warner Brothers. And here I have been ever since. At the moment I am being another sweet young thing, well, rather sweet and very young in 'Tovarich,' with Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer.

"Now, this being a veteran at twenty-one is, so to speak, a two-edged sword. There are assets. There are, also, liabilities. The assets are that I know what it is all about. But all of it. I can't ever get the big head. That is a sudden disease. I can't ever be impressed. I can't be flattered, frightened, disillusioned. I should, and I think I do, avoid many of the mistakes others have made. Because I have been able to watch those others and profit by their mistakes.

"I have watched the results of dissipation, little heads that grew too big, too much money made too fast, overnight successes. I have lived through the lives and times of Valentino, Wally Reid, Barbara La Marr, John Gilbert, so many others. I have seen ingenues come and go, before I was out of my teens. And I am still here. I have lived through the silents and came into the talkies naturally, as a child who is at first inarticulate and then learns to speak. Those are the assets. I am not in danger of being spoiled.

"The liabilities are, that they know me too well, have known me too long, at my age! And because they knew me as a child actress they cannot outgrow my childhood! They are still thinking of me as the little tot in patent leather slippers. Also, there are those who do not like to be reminded that they worked with me when I was little enough to sit on their laps! Grown up, I can be an unpleasant reminder of the passing of time.

"And so, although I have all the weapons in my hands, experience, familiarity with my medium, I have to fight double strength, to be allowed to use those weapons.

"I do see signs of progress, as I said. I imagine that within the next three to four years I'll be given the things to do I should be doing right now. That's another problem, because three years from now I will have outgrown (I hope) the things I should be doing now. Not because my looks will have changed, women today look about the same from sixteen to sixty, but because I will have changed inwardly. I seem to be always five years ahead, emotionally, of what I am given to do. With one or two exceptions.

"I should like to do the sort of things Loretta Young has done, is doing. If I could sort of parallel her career, the progress she has made, that is as nearly the way I'd like things to work out as I can tell you."

Charles Boyer, across the Green Room, beckoned Anita Louise. She said, "I must go now and do a little 'Tovariching' in my best sweet-young-thing manner."

I said goodbye to the lovely Louise and to all of my preconceived ideas about her. She had slain them, every one, not with her brains but with the even brighter weapon of her honesty.

Bachelor Bride

(Continued from page 35)

Knowing that they would be apart on their first Christmas, both of them had started propping up their chins weeks before. Each, unknown to the other, spent hours in planning, getting and wrapping scads of gag gifts, to try to inspire smiles on a lonely Christmas morning. One example: In a large and handsome frame, Ann sent Roger the last thing he would want underneath his Christmas tree. A photograph of an ex-sweetheart of his.

They did manage to be together for New Year's, bad flying weather or not. She had eight days off. She used one of them to fly east, six of them to be with Roger, one to fly back. During their six days together they had, for the first time in their married life, more than a speaking acquaintance with each other.

FINALLY, late in the spring, Roger had a chance to do some of the connubial commuting. A week between orchestra engagements. A week during which, to see Ann in the daytime, he had to sit on a movie set, watching someone else make love to his wife. The same maddening thing

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happened a couple of months later, when he had another week between engagements.

Then, at last, Ann managed to get six consecutive weeks off. And during two of those weeks, she had the world's worst cold.

"But this trip, Poppy (that's what I call him) almost had time to decide whether or not he liked the way Mommy (that's what he calls me) squeezed the toothpaste. I almost had time to decide whether or not I liked the way he used both of our towels, not just his. We almost had time to start making some of the adjustments to each other, and to married life, that all newlyweds have to make.

"That's the most hectic thing about this hectic first year. We haven't had the chance to be normal newlyweds, sharing everyday life. By the end of the first year, most young married couples know all of each other's faults and virtues and habits and thoughts. They have either adjusted themselves to life together, or they've found out that the only adjustment they will ever have is maladjustment.

"But we've had so little time with each other, and at such erratic intervals, that we haven't been able to settle down and discover what day-after-day life might be like. Every time we've been together, we've felt as if we were on a stolen holiday. People on holidays aren't down-to-earth. They're up in the clouds.

"We haven't had a chance to find out if we could have a happy homelife, because we haven't shared a home except on Roger's two very brief visits here. We've shared hotel suites, instead. We've sat across from each other at breakfast tables, and luncheon tables, and dinner tables, but the tables haven't been our own, and the food hasn't been from our own kitchen. We've always been surrounded by hordes of people. We've never really been alone together, day after day, evening after evening. We haven't had any real test of our love. Separation isn't a test for love. Not our kind. And brief holidays aren't, either.

"I live the same kind of life now as I did before I was married. Do all the same things, go out with the same people, order the same meals, have the same habits. Roger, likewise. We haven't had to change. We haven't had to make allowances for anybody but our respective selves.

"Perhaps that's the best possible state of affairs, as long as we can't be together except at irregular intervals. We aren't brooding about our separations. Both of us are too busy. Roger has the orchestra to lead, and new numbers to arrange and rehearse. I have acting to do, and lines to learn. I've had to make six pictures this past year. That's too many. I'm going to put up a fight to do only three next year. There's a possibility that Roger may be out on the Coast with his orchestra, but wherever he is, we're going to have more time together!

"I don't know what the solution will be. If Roger went back to acting, and he's a grand actor, the solution would be simple. Automatically, he'd be here in Hollywood. But he has given up acting for keeps, he says. Music is in his blood and there's no telling where he'll be from year to year, from now on. We both hope that it will be on the Coast, where I'll be until this career business gets out of *my* blood. I've worked to come this far. I want to go a little farther before I stop.

CERTAINLY, ours isn't an ideal arrangement or a happy arrangement. Sometimes I feel pretty violent about it all. Other times, I'm philosophical about our separations. Most of the time, I don't feel either violent or philosophical. Just static. Waiting for the future to catch up with us. It isn't much fun.

"I think I've always been lonely. All my life, I've always done things by myself. It used to seem natural. Now it doesn't. I'm conscious of loneliness. I've never felt close to anyone, really, except Roger. And I've had so little opportunity to be close to him this first year.

"But," she shook off her moodiness, "don't think I haven't acquired domestic impulses. I have an insane urge now to own a home, a real home that will be permanent. I have my eye on a little early American house, crispy and white and secluded. But I think the people know how badly I want it. They're asking a fabulous price.

"Yes, *I* am buying a house. Not we. Roger may be living in Hollywood eventually, but I'm sure I'll be living here, at least for a few years. And that being the case, it isn't fair for him to share in the buying. As long as we have separate lives, and separate incomes, we ought to keep our expenses separate, too, I feel. That will give us both a chance to save for the children.

"Oh, didn't I tell you? I'm planning to have a baby, late in 1939. A boy. It must be a boy. I'm going to be particular about that." She smiles. And her smile has nothing of rebellion or irony or wistfulness in it. She says: "I must tell you what Roger said when he called last night. He said, 'Here I've been married a whole year, and I'm still in love with my wife. Stuffy and old-fashioned, don't you think?'"

"I'm all stuffy, too," Ann added. Which doesn't speak so badly for that hectic first year!

Boyer Tells on Himself

(Continued from page 31)

who knows!"

I said to Boyer, "Let's play a one-sided game of Truth. You tell me about yourself. It's sort of blunt, the game of Truth. If you pretty it up it's no good. So, if you will forgive my credulity, are you conceited? If not, why not? And especially, how not? How do you prevent conceit from enveloping you like a fungus?"

Mr. Boyer smiled, that quiet smile which is in his dark eyes as well as on his lips. He said, "But if you will reason a little, you will realize how little all that sort of thing has to do with me. They do not know me in the least, you see, the people who ask for autographs, crowd about me and the other picture people, at premieres, in the cafes. They do not know what I am really like. How could they? Therefore, they cannot really know whether they like me or do not like me. If it is my screen appearance they are attracted to, I can say only this. If I were a doctor or a lawyer, looking just as I look now, I would have come out of the theatre and no one would have turned a head to look at me. So, with a little reasoning, there is no place for conceit. It comes, the attention, only because I am a public character, publicized. It has nothing to do with what I am.

"And for me, there could be no excuse to be conceited. I have worked for

quite a long time. I have known some success in Paris. (I remember Maurice Chevalier saying of Boyer, "He could have had any woman in Paris, any woman in France. They were mad for him, all of them, everywhere." And when a man says that about another man!) I have come to Hollywood before," Boyer continued, "and I have known no success at all. I have gone back to Paris, more than once, thinking that the screen was not to be for me. With me it has been a series of sips, not the one sudden draught to go to the head. I would not blame those who become stars overnight for getting the big head. That is understandable and forgivable. I admire young Taylor very much because he has remained unspoiled and natural when, in one year, with no theatre behind him to prepare him, he became the tops. With me, it has been different."

"How do you rate yourself as an actor?"

Mr. Boyer shook his head. He said, "To say that I play all types, as an actor should be able to do, would sound too pretentious. I can say that I like best to play dramatic parts. I consider that I have the face, the build, the personality best suited to dramatic parts. Not that I dislike the comedy. It is the most difficult to do of all things. But I am more at home in drama. Most of us are limited by our physical type. So am I. I could not play the fat Falstaff, I could not play Henry the Eighth, or one of the Louis. It is not only a matter of the make-up. It is a matter of the man. I could not be those men."

"Have you a Napoleonic complex?" was my next query.

"No," said Boyer again, "I am one actor who never wanted to play Napoleon, on stage or screen. Mr. Thalberg asked me to play the part well over a year ago. I begged, then, to be excused. I did not want to play a character about which there are so many preconceived ideas. It was too difficult an undertaking.

"And it is by far the most difficult part I have ever played. In every way but one—Garbo! She made it delightful on the set because she is delightful to work with. She is easy to work with. She is stimulating. She is generous. She is unbegrudging about everything. I had, of course, no fear of working with her. We had met before. But the experience was even more worth while than I had thought it would be. She has a face upon which the least thought, the least emotion, is written.

"Everything went so well, so without hitch, or temperament or upsets of any kind that there are really no anecdotes to tell about it. I am very bad, anyway, at telling stories. I am not successful as a raconteur. I would never do," laughed Boyer, "travelling in your club cars with your travelling salesmen. I would not have the stories to swap with them. So, it was a happy time. Very friendly and very much fun. Miss Garbo likes to retire to her dressing-room between scenes, at the luncheon hour. But I do not find that strange or unfriendly, for so do I. When the day's work is done, she does what you call 'scram,' as you know. But so, again, do I. While she is working, she is sociable, friendly, and there is no more to be expected.

"It may interest you, the way we arrived at my make-up for Napoleon. We took a death mask of Napoleon and the studio then had made a mask of my face. From the death mask to my face the transition, after many experiments, was made. A very slight transition. The producers felt that the fans should be able to recognize me, that Bonaparte should not completely obliterate Boyer! And so we did very little, really. We changed my nose, not very much. We lengthened my chin.

"I carried my head like this for the five and a half months we were in production" —and he illustrated by ducking his chin into his collar and holding it there— "and I have now," he laughed, "to use shadows to take away the chin I worked so hard to get! I keep forgetting to hold the chin up.

"I have eliminated, in the picture, some of the more famous Napoleonic poses. I do not stand with arms folded on my chest. I do hold my hands in back of me and flip my coat-tails, but that is because it is a natural gesture for any man wearing those costumes—there are no pockets in them. I did a great deal of research, read many books on Napoleon, especially on Napoleon, the man. Because, in 'Conquest,' you see him much more as the lover than as the soldier."

"Do you consider that you have any one outstanding quality in your work? Almost every actor suggests one quality, one emotion. Gable, for instance, suggests virility; Spencer Tracy, a rugged, rock-of-ages strength, and yours?"

"Sadness," laughed Mr. Boyer (his laughter is low, muted, in key with his speaking voice and with his personality). He seemed amused at the question, more amused at his own answer. "I think, perhaps, I express sadness better than I do any other emotion."

"What is your greatest virtue?"

MR. BOYER thought and thought. He said finally, "I suppose I may say that I try not to cause inconvenience to others if I can possibly help it. I try not to have little annoying habits at home, whistling to myself, things like that. I try, always, to be punctual. I am always punctual on the set. I know my lines. I just try to avoid irritating others. I suppose that is my best virtue in private life and in my work."

"Your greatest fault?"

"As an actor," smiled Charles Boyer, "or as a man?"

"Well," I floundered, thereby losing the chance of a lifetime, "as an actor?"

"There is a very large selection to choose from. I am not pausing now because I am the perfect man, without faults, but because I have so many. I think my worst fault is my very annoying habit of always rehearsing over and over the scene we have just shot. Instead of rehearsing the scene which is to come, which I should be doing, naturally, I go crying over spilt milk. I am worrying over something which is done and cannot be done again. I make myself and those about me very unhappy. I cause the very trouble I try to avoid. I cannot seem to correct this vice.

"This very morning I have gone over and over the first of the day's scenes of 'Tovarich.' It is all in the box but I keep going over it, adding bits of business, tormenting myself. I have a faculty for torturing myself. My other vice," said Boyer, lighting his tenth cigarette in as many minutes, "is that I am what you call a chain smoker, as you may have noticed. I am an endless chain of cigarettes, especially when I am working. I smoke less when I am at home. But that is because, perhaps, I am more active with my hands at home. We play a great deal of tennis, ping pong. Yet I am happiest when I am working. I feel less nervous then. I am healthiest when I am working, always."

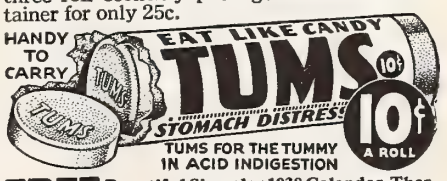
"Are you temperamental?" the questions continued.

"Not outwardly," Mr. Boyer said. "If you mean do I have flare-ups, fits of rage



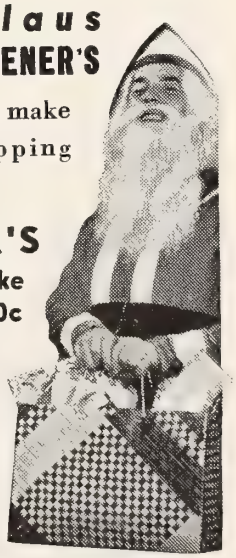
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when I lose my collar, walk off sets, make scenes not called for in my scripts, no. No, but it might be better for me if I did. I would then get things better out of my system."

"Are you the modern or the old-fashioned husband? You know what I mean."

"I am not sure what you mean," Charles Boyer said, smiling, "but I think you mean how do I feel about my wife, about whether she should work or stay at home. I think I am the modern husband. I have no objection to my wife working if she wishes to work. I believe it is better for a woman to be busy with some work than to be busy only with her thoughts. There are many Satans glad to find mischief for the idle thoughts of idle women. I am perhaps old-fashioned in believing that when children come they should be the work to keep the woman busy. I should like to have children."

"Would you call yourself, well, domesticated?" (I hesitated because it did sound so ridiculous, asking that question of Boyer —in evening clothes, very smart, smouldering dark eyes seeming almost to burn the wreathing smoke away.)

HE said, "Half-and-half. I like to spend time at home, but not all the time. I am not anything of the recluse. I like to give dinners at home for our friends. I like also to go to dinners occasionally, at the homes of friends. I like to dance, occasionally. My wife likes very much to dance and so we do, now and then.

"I am not, what you call in America, a good mixer. I grow to know my friends rather slowly, carefully. I believe that a friendship, to be real, requires time. I name my real friends only among those who were my friends before I came, the last time, to Hollywood. People I meet now, people who are very kind and flattering and congenial, I cannot say are my friends. Yes, I am of a cynical turn of mind. I do not take people on faith. I realize that there are many of my acquaintances today who, if they thought I might be visiting them to ask for a job, would not be at home to me.

"But I am a social animal, or do I say a sociable animal? I have no desire to go back to the land. I like cities. I like noise and excitement. I like life and to be a part of life."

I said, "Have you any special fear of anything?"

"Sickness," said Mr. Boyer, "and old age. I am not afraid of death. That is finality. I cannot concern myself with what cannot be helped. But I am afraid of sickness and of old age, which is physical humiliation."

"Are you," as the shadow of the assistant director loomed, "clothes-conscious?"

"For myself, I should not say that I am exactly clothes-conscious. I like good clothes. And I am conscious, I should say I am observant, of clothes. Particularly," smiled Mr. Boyer, "observant of women's clothes. I notice them very much. I always know when my wife wears something new, a gown, a hat, a wrap, even a pair of shoes or a jewel. I have trained myself to this. It is one of the ways to be a successful husband."

"Are you particular about food? Fussy?"

"Yes. Very much. But we have at home a French cook. She knows what I like and how I like it and so there is no difficulty."

"Are you musical?"

"I have played the violin," laughed Charles, "but that is, fortunately, past. It sounds too pretentious, perhaps, to say that I love Chopin. But I am, also, very fond of modern American music."

The hovering assistant director hove right into the dressing-room. He said, "They are ready, Mr. Boyer."

Smoothness Is the Word for Beauty

(*Continued from page 41*)

sour cream. Slice the beets thinly, sprinkle with a little salt and pepper, and add one heaping teaspoonful of the cream. The results are far from dreary, if you like tasty foods.

That's another thing which seems to keep plump folks from dieting. People who like flavorsome, highly seasoned foods declare they'd rather not eat at all than go on any sort of plain, drab, unseasoned diet. Most diatribes on diet tell you to cut down to almost nothing on seasonings for two reasons: tasty things tempt you to eat more. And seasonings do stimulate the gastric juices and make you hungry. But can't we be reasonable about this thing? Haven't you enough will power to stick to one moderate serving of a thing, no matter how good it tastes? Leave the table a little bit hungry. That's the first rule for losing weight.

These seasonings are harmful to neither fat or thin, if used in moderation: celery salt (in fact it's good for you), curry, grated onion, garlic, bay leaf, cloves, horse radish, mint, lemon juice, paprika and pimiento. Salt and black pepper should be used in strict moderation.

Tips for the underweight: you should have a big serving of two starches a day. Hot cereal, often with bananas or figs and sugar and cream in the morning. Potatoes, rice or noodles at dinner. Don't go in for fried potatoes, however. Have them boiled, creamed, mashed, baked. Fried foods, though fattening, true enough, are also hard to digest. So are the very rich sweets.

Corn is a fine, fattening vegetable and, of course, here it is winter and no corn on the cob. But you can have a corn pudding, which is simply delish and which I don't need to tell the southern gals about. However, northern, eastern and western girls, you take two cups of corn kernels. Get the dry-packed canned corn. Two eggs, lightly beaten. Two and a half cups of cream or rich milk, scalded. And two tablespoons of melted butter. Add the cream to the butter, then the eggs, then the corn, stir well, pour into a buttered baking dish and pop into a moderate oven. Cook till a nice pudding consistency.

I can't spend much longer on the diet part of this effusion, because I wanta say something about make-up and clothes, but first let me give you a trick for dolling up that despised green, spinach, and then I'm through.

IF you get a kick out of taking some homely greens and making them tasty, you'll not find this any trouble. Get about three pounds of fresh spinach—more wouldn't matter. Wash it. Did you know that it's much more efficient to wash spinach in hot water, with a spray, and it doesn't hurt the spinach? Try it. Cook the spinach as you ordinarily would. Then pass it through a sieve—that's the boring part of

the recipe. Take three eggs, beat them well, add half a pint of cream or rich milk, a stick of melted butter and the puréed spinach. Turn it all into a buttered baking dish and set the dish in a pan of hot water to bake in the oven. It takes about twenty minutes. When it begins to look puffy on top, it's done. Sprinkle generously with grated cheese and run it in the oven another moment for the cheese to brown. It's good.

And now, by golly, that's enough about eating. If you wish to be a smooth-looking person, you know the skin must be good and well-tended, the hair likewise, the nails never neglected and all the rest of it. I'm not going over the fundamentals again. However, there are many tricks of the beauty trade that one needs to know.

About powder, now. Have you ever tried using two shades, treating one of them as rouge? To experiment in the least expensive way, get two ten-cent boxes of a good powder from the dime store—one in the shade you usually wear, the other in a dark shade. If you're unattractively prominent where you wish you weren't (like around the nose), try using the darker powder on the nose, the lighter powder everywhere else. If your chin has a tendency to slide away, try a lighter powder on the chin. In general, let me warn you against using a too-light powder. In the summer, we are all pretty careful about this. But come cold weather, we think it's okay to go back to the pale rachels and flesh tints. As a matter of fact, a light powder plus cold weather will make one look blue around the gills and mauve around the nose.

Eyes, now. An awful lot can be done about eyes in the quest of smoothness. You know about plucking eyebrows—only the tiny stray hairs underneath, and most judicious pruning if your brows grow too close together. Heavy brows are fashionable, so except for the above two points, don't pluck. Very heavy brows should be brushed up, and then brushed into line with a touch of brilliantine. Thin, scraggly brows should be made up thisaway: Instead of drawing a hard, unnatural line on them with pencil or dabbing futilely at them with mascara, put a little cold cream or vaseline in the palm of your hand. Into it rub quite a lot of soft eye pencil or mascara. It's messy, but you'll find that a brush very delicately dipped into this oily substance and gently feathered across your brows will make them look more natural. For brows which are light, but thick enough for practical purposes, mascara is the most helpful coloring agent.

For gala occasions, experiment with blue, green, or the mascaras with a bit of gold or silver in them. If you're lucky enough to own a gold or silver evening gown, mascara to match, judiciously used, and a touch of brown or green eyeshadow should have enough smoothness, not to mention sex appeal, to knock the male sex all of a heap.

THE smoothness of your hair depends upon you. If you're handy with the bobbie pin, the water-wave comb, the curling iron, the waveset lotion—well, you can do anything you please with your hair. You can have it page boy, banged, rolled up here and there in fascinating swirls and curls. Some people have this knack. Others struggle and slave and come out looking as if they'd combed their hair with an egg beater. They must do one of two things: stick to the simplest of coiffures that is becoming to them, or be prepared to spend money and time at a good beauty parlor as often as they need attention. And no putting it off till next day or next week because you'd rather go to the movies or have spent all your dough, either. Not if you want to look smooth.

Personally, I'd take the simple hair-do. First, because it saves money which can be put into good-looking clothes. Second, because you won't have stickum put on your hair when you don't want it. And third, because very few hairdressers have individuality. Most every gal that depends upon the beauty parlor for hair smartness looks pretty much like every other gal.

The chief secret of being a smooth person "all over"—make-up hair and clothes—is, once again, simplicity. Never clutter up your effects. One detail of your costume (in addition to its cut and fabric) is all that's necessary to command attention. Do you remember, in "Stella Dallas," when Anne Shirley was trying on the party dress? Barbara Stanwyck wanted to put an artificial flower at the belt—"to give it a little snap," she said. "Oh, no, Mama! Not with all the lovely handmade ruffles." Stella thought her daughter "just as plain as an old shoe, like her pa." But daughter was right. No one can tell you exactly when a bit of trimming or accessory is right or wrong and why. You've got to learn it yourself. A safe rule to follow is, "When in doubt, don't."

Another time-worn rule for smoothness is that one about buying the best you possibly can instead of as many as you possibly can. Kay Francis declares she doesn't care a great deal about clothes. Yet, there she was last year, with her picture in all the papers as one of America's best-dressed women—certainly the best-dressed woman in pictures, both on screen and off. Kay Francis buys almost all her things in Paris. Sure, she can afford it, you say, and what's that got to do with me? Well, even though Kay doesn't want a lot of clothes and cares not one whit for fancy things, when she does buy a suit or gown or hat, something instinctively fastidious in her makes her want it just right. If she isn't dressed in the very best, she'd just as soon be comfortable in old slacks and sweater. You can't jaunt to Paris for something to cover your bones, and you needn't. But you can choose the good rather than the showy and sacrifice a yearning for variety for the sake of one good suit or a black dress that is really sumpin'.

Merle Oberon is a lovely thing. American fans aren't nearly as warmed up to her as they might be if she didn't have to keep jumping over to England every now and then. However, we do like her much better, now, as her own self— a nice English girl with lovely eyes and soft dark hair and a sweet manner, than we did as a phoney Oriental type. She was perhaps more sexy and alluring, in her earlier pictures, but she wasn't natural, and we knew it. And that, my dears, is just another example of the other rule for smoothness: be yourself. Don't try to change your external, physical type in any radical way.

Well, what about Carole Lombard? Do you remember the Lombard of less than five years ago? She was a clothes-horse. She was darn near a dizzy blonde. Then came the change. Carole made "Twentieth Century" with John Barrymore and ever since then she's been a personality—a steadily improving, interesting actress—and a sure-fire comedian. Her clothes are elegant, her appearance is always smart, sure, trig and trim instead of being slightly dizzy. What gave Carole her boost along the road to being a more intriguing, smooth individual? A good break and a chance to do something that no one thought she could ever do. That's what did it. Nowadays Carole gets first crack at good stories and her salary has soared sky-high.

It's not too much for you to hope that you'll get a change, and a break and a chance one of these days. But be ready for it when it comes. If you've got what it takes, you'll get your break—or make one for yourself, never fear!

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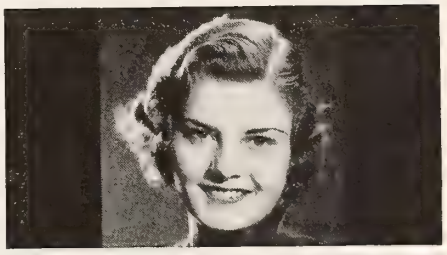
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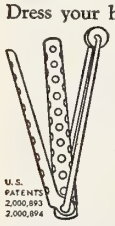
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Between You 'n' Me

(*Continued from page 63*)

Women" owe the entire nursing world an apology.—Frances Adley, R.N., Pittsburgh, Pa.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Plea for Real-Life Pictures

I didn't just sit and watch "Dead End" for the fun of it—I lived it. Just as surely as if I'd been one of them, I felt the terrible, mocking contempt that those poor kids felt for the idle rich who were continuously flaunted before their eyes. I, too, knew the awful bitterness of the gangster, Baby Face, who came back to the place of his birth to find some trace of the love he once knew, and found instead only hatred, disappointment and death. I, too, felt the weariness and the heartaches of his old mother who had given him birth, but who had grown to despise him.

I take off my hat to Hollywood for producing the most realistic, honest-to-goodness human vehicle I've ever witnessed on the screen. Let's have more pictures like this. In other words, let's have more life as it really is.—Marie Walker, Trenton, N. J.

$1.00 Prize Poem

Taylor Talk

Someone mentions Taylor,
My face turns very grim.
"Find someone else for gossip,
Anyone but him."

He's pasted on the billboards,
His name's on every tongue,
The girls' hearts go much faster,
Because he is so young.

Then people look disgusted,
When I say I hate him so.
"He'll do me no good anyway,
With Barbara on the go."

But when no one is looking,
My magazines come down.
My fingers turn to Taylor's page
And then I go to town.

I look at all his photographs
And stare into space and sigh,
There's not a better man on earth
I to myself say I.

So no one knows the honest truth,
Or will ever get the chance
To dream of what I'd ever do
If he asked me for a dance.
—Thelma Peterson, Bayside, Long Island, N. Y.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Scarlett O'Hopkins?

Why all the to-do over who's going to play Scarlett O'Hara? Why not give the movie fans a treat and show us a new face that we can think of as Scarlett—not an actress who stamps every role she plays with her own personality.

If a new actress were chosen and no advance ballyhoo spread about her, think what a sensation the picture would cause. Curiosity about the unknown, if nothing else, would draw people to see it. Everyone has his own idea of Scarlett, but putting someone like Miriam Hopkins or Paulette Goddard (she seemed to be "it" once) in the role, we all know how either one of them would play it and some of us just hate to see how right we are.—Carter Harrison, Hopewell, Va.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Star Doubles

I wonder if other fans ever indulge in the thankless but amusing whimsy of keeping an ever-searching eye open for people who resemble movie celebrities? Why, I often roam through the five-and-ten just to get a gimpse of the clerk who is so much like Ann Harding that customers stand and gape in awe. I have two dear friends who resemble Katharine Hepburn and Connie Bennett, respectively. I could rave on, but after all you wouldn't be interested in local doubles whom you've never seen, so I'll limit my mental comparisons to the screen:

Jane Bryan favors the Nancy Carroll of earlier days.

Julie Haydon reminds me of Ann Harding.

Andrea Leeds is a lot like Olivia De Havilland.

Frances Farmer could be Madge Evans' sister.

Helen Mack is another Frances Dee.

Dorothy Lamour could "stand-in" for the Duchess of Windsor.

Doris Weston, thanks to Warners' "substitution" department, was chosen to look like Ruby Keeler, which she does—and to take Ruby's place, which she doesn't!—Mary Padgett, Quincy, Ill.

A Corner on Xmas Pie

(*Continued from page 12*)

juice and rind of 1 lemon
1 tablespoon butter
rich pastry for large 2-crust pie

Place raisins and cranberries in saucepan. Add sugar and boiling water. Cook together five minutes. Mix flour, cornstarch, salt and spices. Add to beaten egg and beat well. Combine with a little of the hot fruit mixture, then add slowly to remaining fruit mixture in saucepan. Continue cooking five minutes longer, stirring constantly. Cool. Add lemon juice and rind and turn into pie plate lined with unbaked pastry. Dot with butter. Moisten edge of lower crust with a little cold water. Lay top crust over filling. Trim off surplus pastry around edge of pie plate. Press and flute edge with floured fingers or tines of a fork. Cut slits in a fancy pattern in top crust to let steam escape. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) fifteen minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake ten to fifteen minutes longer or until crust is delicately browned. If a shiny top crust is desired, brush crust before baking with egg white slightly beaten with one tablespoon water. A lattice crust may also

be used instead of an entire top crust.

THAT combination of fruits sounds intriguing, doesn't it? And the recipe as outlined, step by step, if followed in the same orderly fashion (measure accurately, mix as directed and don't cheat!), is really a cinch.

By the way, if you're looking for a perfect fruit cake to have on hand when company drops in, here's a grand recipe that Dorothy's mother—from Alabama, suh—raved about. It's not one of those cakes that you have to make up 'way ahead of time either to let it "ripen." No, you can eat this one the day it's baked, a fact which sounded so good to me that I tested it forthwith with most gratifying results.

Here 'tis:

TODAY'S FRUIT CAKE

2¼ cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg, beaten
1 cup strained unsweetened apple sauce*
1 teaspoon soda
¼ cup water
½ cup seedless raisins
¼ cup finely cut pitted dates
¼ cup finely cut candied pineapple
¼ cup finely cut candied cherries
¼ cup finely cut candied lemon peel
½ cup chopped nut meats

Sift flour, measure. Add spices and salt and sift again. Cream shortening thoroughly with the sugar. Add beaten egg. Add apple sauce. Dissolve soda in the water and add to apple sauce mixture alternately with the flour mixture. Just before adding the last of the flour mixture stir into it the fruits and nut meats. Turn into two small, greased loaf pans and bake forty-five minutes in a moderate oven (350° F.).

*If sweetened apple sauce is used, then cut down slightly on amount of sugar.

Good News

(Continued from page 70)

We dropped into Adrian's studio recently to witness his latest fashion show. There were cocktails and twelve gowns, all with titles, ranging from "Where's the Moon?" to "Don't Like Parties." We don't know much about fashions, but we suspect that the most admired gown was one called "Second Wife." It was sophisticated and quite decolleté, and when a model came forth with it we detected a low, masculine whistle in the row behind us.

■ ■ ■

With but three or four days work left on "True Confession," Carole Lombard phoned the studio that she was ill and would need a couple of days rest. "Okay," said the studio. That afternoon someone saw her out riding with Clark Gable. So the studio phoned her, told her about the incident, and asked her how she felt. "Okay," said Carole. Next morning she was back at work.

■ ■ ■

The Children's Corner: The other evening, come praying time, Mrs. Dick Arlen was having trouble with her offspring. "If you don't say your prayers nicely," she warned him, "you'll never be a great man." "That's all right," said young Mr. Arlen, "I only want to be an actor, anyway."

■ ■ ■

Aren't the Stars Wonderful? Dept: Over at Paramount there's a foreign importation, Isa Miranda, for whom the studio has great hopes. First step in the career of a great hope is publicity, and the publicity purveyors forward this about Miss Miranda. Recently she was shown a selection of portrait pictures which had been taken of her a few days before. Miss Miranda destroyed them all. "They are too beautiful," she said. "I want the public to love me for my characterizations." Ho hum.

■ ■ ■

Ronald Colman, along with Herman the Hermit, has a Hollywood reputation of being something of a recluse. He is seldom seen around and he practically never attends parties. His romantic interest has remained constant, however. The young lady is still Benita Hume, and of late they've been stepping out a bit. . . . Their favorite haunt is Ted Snyder's, the musician's hangout. Snyder's is a private club, membership being restricted only to those who have the price of a pair of highballs.

■ ■ ■

Interesting to note the recent change in Nelson Eddy. A year ago, Nelson was the coldest and most aloof baritone you could shake a candenza at. On the set he kept to himself, and visitors went away feeling he preferred his own company to any other. But today, all that is changed. Mr. E. is friendly and affable, and even takes time out to have himself some fun. One evening, for instance, he made the rounds of the night spots with Woody Van Dyke and Frank Morgan. At the last spot, strictly a joint, Nelson got up and favored the customers with a couple of songs. So now everyone wonders who gets the credit for the defrosting process. We say it's a toss-up between Director Van Dyke and Charlie McCarthy, whose radio hecklings have done plenty for Nelson's popularity.

■ ■ ■

Speaking of McCarthy reminds us of W. C. Fields, whom we visited on the set of "The Big Broadcast" the other day. Watching Fields is always a pleasure because no one, including the director, knows what he's going to say. Scripts mean nothing to him. If he thinks of a better line in the middle of a scene, he uses it. Incidentally, the real reason he dropped out of that radio show was that he was dissatisfied with the material provided for him. You've got to be good to follow Master McCarthy.

■ ■ ■

Now that "Women Have a Way" is finished, Miriam Hopkins can sit back and relax. For one scene in the picture she spent three days in a bathtub. The gentlemen of the press evinced considerable interest in the picture during that period, but Miss H., unaccustomed to public bathing, had the set closed to visitors. For other scenes, when she plays an arty young lady in Greenwich Village, she had to spend two hours every morning having her hair









de-curled into a straight bob. But now it's all over, Miriam's hair is curly once more and she's gone back to her old hobby of bathing by herself.

■ ■ ■

Gracie Allen vigorously denies the slurs on her sobriety which popped up at a recent party. Gracie showed up at the affair with an orchid perched in her hair, and people began to talk. Gracie says she knew the orchid was there all the time, in fact, she put it there and considered it very stylish. And Gladys Swarthout will back her up, because Gladys started the fad herself over a year ago. So there.

■ ■ ■

Out on the "Bad Man of Brimstone" set there's a group of men who call themselves the Old Timers' Club. Most of them have been in pictures since pix first started. They work only when a chance comes in the movies, and mostly in western pix. Never shave, but they do wash occasionally. Have a club house downtown, upstairs in a dirty room on Main Street. Never have more than two dollars in the treasury and spend their meetings just talking about old times.

■ ■ ■

When Bing Crosby was coming through Texas not long ago on the train, the conductor remarked to the engineer. "We've a famous personality on the train today. It's Bing Crosby!" "Who's that?" asked the engineer. "Him?" gasped the conductor, "Why, Bing's that famous movie lover." "Well, won't make any difference in Texas," said the other, "this is a Gable state."

■ ■ ■

While visiting the set of "Accidents Will Happen," we talked to William Hoover, who has a role in the picture. William wasn't feeling any too happy, since he'd been getting bum breaks all through the day. Hoover looks enough like Edward Arnold to be his twin brother, so Director Clemens would say in every scene, "Sorry, you'll have to move to the background, Hoover. We can't have it assumed that Edward Arnold's playing an extra in this picture." The likeness does him good, of course, in that he's Arnold's stand-in, when the star is working, but Hoover would also like a career of his own.

■ ■ ■

Isa Miranda, the lovely Italian gal, was going to be interviewed by a reporter from the East. They met for the first time on the set, and the newspaperman, speaking slowly and distinctly, in deference to Isa's limited knowledge of English, told the star that he had come all the way from Philadelphia just to interview her. "Ah," said Isa, smiling graciously, "but you must not let that embarrass you. Not with me, please. For to me, you speak the English very nicely."

■ ■ ■

Rosemary and Priscilla (Pat) Lane are buying a big home out in the valley right near Lola's place. They'll live there with their mother, who's a combination mother-secretary-confidante and general amuser. Cora is such fun that the beauteous Lane gals don't care whether they go out or not at night, they have such a swell time just sitting around at home. Jack Warner, Jr., incidentally, has given up that cute USC co-ed for Pat's sake.

■ ■ ■

Is Martha Raye burnt up? It all started when she saw that diamond ring on Lana Turner's finger. The diamonds spell out "Dearest," and Buddy Westmore gave it to Lana. But they say Martha had given that ring to Buddy as an engagement present.

■ ■ ■

Marlene Dietrich is due back in town the first of next month. And here's a tip to the fashionable femmes of the movie colony. Marlene is prepared to give you a big run for your money. She's arriving with eighteen trunks full of Paris clothes and not a pair of trousers in the lot! Most interesting note, however, is that Marlene will be wearing her own eyebrows.

■ ■ ■

Ralph Bellamy's always been one of the most dependable screen actors, but he's never won star ranking. But in the business field, Bellamy's leading every man in town. You know what a success he's made out of that Palm Springs Racquet Club, which he and Charles Farrell jointly own. And now he finds himself owning major interest in a Louisiana oil gusher. He was approached with an offer to buy in on the proposed oil well while working on "The Awful Truth." In the picture, Ralph plays a millionaire oil operator, so thinking it a good omen, he invested in the stock. When a wire arrived saying the well was actually brought in, he obtained a four-day leave from being a screen oil tycoon and flew to Louisiana to enjoy being a real one.



Meet Zorina, Europe's loveliest ballerina and one of the eyefuls to entrance you in "The Goldwyn Follies." She first won fame as star of the famed Ballet Russe.

■ ■ ■

Madge Evans is scared stiff of autograph hunters these days. The situation wasn't so bad in Hollywood, but when a girl gets out of town she's in dangerous territory. At a theatre in New York, for instance, enthusiastic fans followed her right into the ladies' room, a situation which proved more than startling to a group of gals engaged in powdering their noses. In Chicago, on her way back to Hollywood, fans chased La Evans onto the wrong train. Fortunately, it wasn't going anywhere, and Madge was able to sneak out another door and catch the Chief before it got away without her.

■ ■ ■

It looked like Old Home Week on the set of "She's Got That Swing" the other day. Ann Sothern, for instance, was sitting in an old-fashioned rocking chair, knocking off a bit of knitting. We asked her how come, and she told us the rocking chair was her personal property, she uses it on every picture. In fact, she pointed out three more rocking chairs on the set. Seems the rest of the cast liked the idea, so Annie bought up a supply.

■ ■ ■

When she appeared on the radio recently, Anne Shirley asked for her check during rehearsal instead of waiting to have it mailed to her. Thinking the poor gal was broke, they gave her the check and Anne rushed out between rehearsal and the show and bought her mother a new car.

■ ■ ■

Have you heard about that movie star who loves to spread on culture at the slightest provocation? Dropping in at the script department the other day to see how things were going on her new picture and give a few helpful suggestions on the writing, she found the scenarist deep in a Roget's Thesaurus. "I don't blame you for reading that on studio time," she gurgled, "a beautifully written book!"

■ ■ ■

Some of the fans have peculiar ideas on autographs. At a preview the other night, Clark Gable was painstakingly writing his name on a girl's handkerchief, which she was going to embroider. And the nurses at the hospital where Grace Moore recently spent some time, had the star autographing hospital towels for them. Anita Louise got the surprise of her life at the Cocoanut Grove the other night, though, when a gent approached her table and requested her autograph. When she started to sign her name, the guy kissed her on the forehead and rushed away.

■ ■ ■

More Kiddie Stuff: Don Ameche's four-year-old son, Donnie, doesn't go to the movies very often, but one afternoon recently his nurse took him to see "Fifty Roads To Town," in which papa stars. Everything was lovely until Don came on the screen, at which moment Donnie yelled out: "Daddy, when you coming home?" Junior is being kept home with his toys now.

■ ■ ■

Alice Faye and Tony Martin had to move out of their new apartment because of the neighbors. It wasn't that the neighbors were noisy, it was because the neighbors complained. They're both working in "Sally, Irene and Mary" and they had to practise their songs at home during the evening. The neighbors decided they'd rather wait and hear them in the picture, which is why Alice and Tony moved.

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If your hair has become dark and dull, take a tip from me! Use Marchand's, as I do, to keep your hair naturally light and radiant.

Gloria Rich

appearing in
"MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND"
a Republic Picture



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If you know that a man really enjoys pipe smoking, you may be sure that Prince Albert will suit him to a "T." More men buy Prince Albert for themselves than any other smoking tobacco. It's the "National Joy Smoke"—mild and rich tasting—and beautifully dressed up to say "Merry Christmas" for you! Being so mild, P. A. is a delight to the fussiest pipe-smoker.



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(left) *A pound of mild, mellow Prince Albert—the choice, "biteless" tobacco—in the famous red tin humidor, plus an attractive Christmas gift package wrap!*

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MYRNA LOY'S INTIMATE FAMILY ALBUM

Modern Screen

EBRUARY 38

10

CENTS

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

JAN 26 1938
CAL DIVISION



SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Earl Christy

OVER 150 PICTURES IN THIS ISSUE



KARO is more than a delicious syrup. It is a vital, energizing *food*. It is rich in Dextrose, the great food-energy sugar. These facts are known to millions. The Dionne "Quints" are served Karo regularly. It is one of their most important foods. Their glorious physical condition testifies to the efficacy of their daily diet. Karo is sold by grocers everywhere. For energy, for enjoyment, serve Karo every day.

remember—
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the vital food-energy sugar...

Dextrose is called "muscle" sugar by doctors. It is the natural "fuel" of the body. Practically all physical energy comes from Dextrose.

READING FROM TOP TO BOTTOM:

YVONNE *is serious. She "mothers" her sisters.* "BABY MARIE" *is the smallest of the five little girls. But what she lacks in bulk she makes up in sympathetic personality.* CECILE *is the mischievous Quintuplet. Alert and curious, she is the most active of them all.* ANNETTE *is bold, daring. In "Follow the Leader" she is the leader.* EMILIE *is shy but independent. She captures everyone's heart.*

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LIGHT-PROOF FACE POWDER!

The greatest make-up improvement in years



THIS is what happens when your make-up reflects every ray of light.



SEE the difference with light-proof powder that modifies the light rays.

Luxor Powder is *Light-Proof.* If you use it, your face won't *shine.* We will send you a box FREE to *prove* it.

● At parties, do you instinctively avoid certain lights that you can just feel are playing havoc with your complexion? All that trouble with fickle make-up will be overcome when you finish with powder whose particles do not glisten in every strong light. . . . Many women think they have a shiny skin, when the shine is due entirely to their powder!

Seeing is believing

With a finishing touch of light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night. Nor will you have all that worry over *shine* when you use this kind of powder.

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How to get light-proof powder

Luxor light-proof face powder is being distributed rapidly and most stores have received a reasonable supply. Just ask for Luxor light-proof powder, in your shade. A large box is 55c at drug and department stores; 10c sizes at the five-and-ten stores. . . . Or if you prefer to try it out before you buy it, then clip and mail the coupon below.

Don't postpone your test of this amazing improvement in face powder; sooner or later you will be using nothing else.



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Please send me a complimentary box of the new Luxor LIGHT-PROOF face powder free and prepaid.

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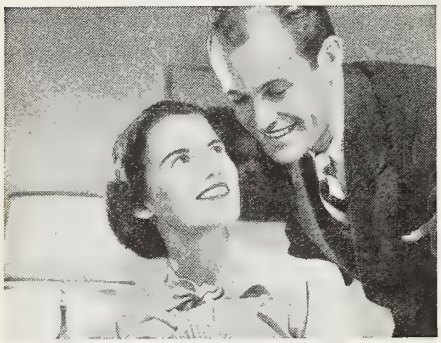
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THERE WERE 7 LITTLE DEVILS ON HER HEAD



Ugh! How she loathed that pepless, logy, irritable feeling—those headaches that seemed like 7 little devils pounding on her head. It was hard to realize constipation could cause so many troubles.

YET HOW QUICKLY THIS NEW IDEA BRIGHTENED UP LIFE!



A friend recommended FEEN-A-MINT—and how quickly the sunshine came back into life! She found, as you will too, that no other type of laxative CAN do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does! Try this chewing gum laxative. It's delicious, but more important still—

You get ALL THREE of these important benefits in FEEN-A-MINT

1. **NO STOMACH UPSET**—With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there is nothing to burden digestion.
2. **CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION**—The chewing stimulates the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.
3. **ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT**—FEEN-A-MINT's tasteless laxative ingredient does not affect stomach action. It passes to the intestine and works where it *should*.

You'll *enjoy* taking FEEN-A-MINT—there's no griping, nausea, or weakening after-effects. Ideal for children—they love its flavor. More than 16 million people have already changed to FEEN-A-MINT. Make it *your* family laxative! At all druggists, or write for generous FREE trial package. Dept. 64, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.



DELICIOUS
Tastes like your favorite chewing gum

MODERN SCREEN

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Abril Lamarque, Art Editor

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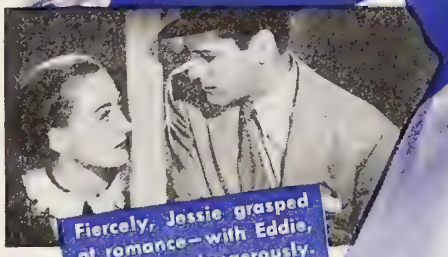
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Shopgirl's Millions . . .

Through the doors of that workshop ceaselessly flowed girls, girls, girls . . . each with a dream and a hope beyond reaching. Here is one shopgirl who lives a drama so amazing, so rich in deluxe living, that it will fascinate and excite you. And Jessie might have been you, or you, or you!



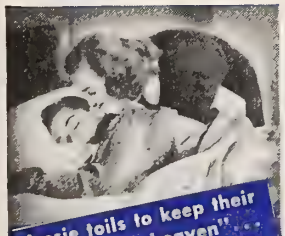
This is Jessie—a shopgirl—just like millions of others . . . "Some day I'll wear ermine," she said.



Fiercely, Jessie grasped at romance—with Eddie, who lives dangerously. Can she win happiness?



The wedding party interrupted by the wealthy Mr. Hennessy. Drama enters her innocent life!



Jessie toils to keep their "three-room heaven" . . . while Eddie gambles—with their love at stake!



"I've only come to you for advice, Mr. Hennessy. Your yacht and penthouse don't interest me!"



JOAN CRAWFORD
SPENCER TRACY
IN
Mannequin

WITH

ALAN CURTIS · RALPH MORGAN

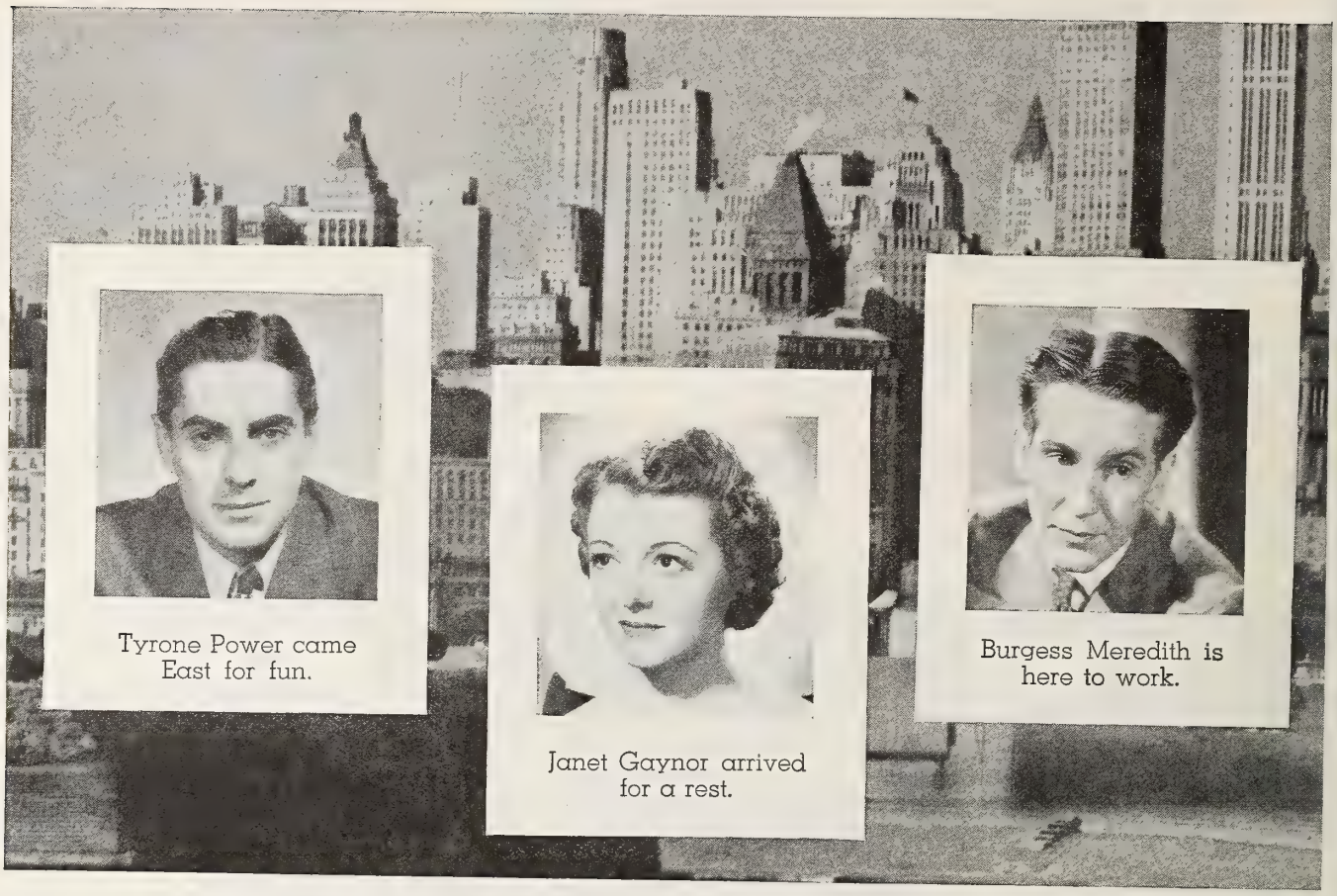
A FRANK BORZAGE Production

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Screenplay by Lawrence Hazard

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz



Tyrone Power came East for fun.

Janet Gaynor arrived for a rest.

Burgess Meredith is here to work.

MANHATTAN MOVIE-GO-ROUND

By MACK HUGHES

OUT OF the hills of Hollywood come Movieland's glamorous to join in Gotham's big parade of merry-makers. Whether their leave from the cameras is for a week or a month, they invariably travel across the continent for a whirl in Manhattan.

One of the most recent visitors to create a mild furore in New York was Romance Boy No. 2, Tyrone Power—Bob Taylor still, according to fan mail, holding top honors as a feminine pulse-beat-quickener. However, Ty did all right for himself. In fact, so mobbed was he that the poor lad found it necessary to register at one hotel and live at another. Now, you'll admit that's doing a Gum Shoe Pete on the public! Of course, everyone wanted to ask him about Janet Gaynor. That, he certainly must have anticipated, for he had the answers down pat before the questions were even invented.

"I came East to see about my radio program," remarked Mr. P. with a very straight face. "Janet happened to be here. We're just good friends. We've taken walks in Central Park and visited unostentatious places. That's Janet—a simple girl. None of this night life stuff for her. She's too shy to be the center of a mob scene."

A meanie reminded Ty that he had already been on the radio for three weeks and that he had also been snapped dancing with Janet Gaynor at the Hotel Lexington's Hawaiian Room. Didn't *that* mean romance?

"Ah, can't you skip it?" he laughed. And when Ty Power becomes ingratiating you're apt to grant a request. However, we'd like to venture that the Honolulu dance locale was instigated by the Gaynor, who has a great fondness for that island.

AT THIS point, Alice Faye drew up a chair. "Now don't heckle Ty," said she. "I like him. We both have the same birthday, which makes us twins or pals or something. I had a telegram from Tony this morning. Tony Martin. He's my husband—remember? It said, 'We've been married two months today and to think that some people said it wouldn't last!'

"Gosh, he's good for me. Always in a swell humor and taking things easily, as they should be taken, while I'm tying myself up in knots. I've done nine pictures in a row—too much for anyone—and when I was rehearsing for 'In Old Chicago', I slipped and sprained my back. Was in the hospital three days and the only thing that worried me was that they might give the part to someone else."

Alice poured herself a cup of tea, for we were all Orange Pekoe-ing at the Waldorf Towers, way up on the fifty-eighth floor, far, as the saying goes, above the maddening crowds.

Speaking of Janet Gaynor, we later encountered her backstage at the Empire Theatre. She was standing in a corner, a little figure in brown, waiting to congratulate Burgess Mere- (*Continued on page* 101)

Pictureland's top people come to Gotham to work and play

GENTLEMEN obviously prefer...



"Every Day's a Holiday" all right when you can see the one and only Mae West herself in a roaring comedy-romance-with-music set in the hail and hearty days of New York's Gay 90's—a gala and glittering picture featuring the antics of five of the greatest screen comics of our time... a picture with the dash of Mae's Schiaparelli gowns—it'll have your boy-friend in hysterics and you in a gale of giggles.

MIDSEASON PICK-ME-UP

BY ANN WILLS



Dorothy chooses a grey cape suit with furred vestee and muff for these brisk winter days. She has a practical tip for you regarding winter suits.



Paris predicts dashes of color on solid backgrounds for early Spring. Dorothy Lamour's dark wool daytime dress, with its loose, wide sleeves, lends itself beautifully to this smart touch.

I'VE BEEN working up to an awful letdown!"—so goes the old song. Is that the way you are feeling, now that the hectic holiday excitement has died away? Is your wardrobe suffering from a terrific hangover as the result of frantic Christmas shopping crowds and too many parties?

Do you feel that you've worn each dress just once too often, and hope you won't have to go anywhere, just so's you don't have to wear one of those tiresome old frocks that have become too, too familiar?

Don't let this mid-season slump get you down, girls! It really doesn't take much to cure those wardrobe blues. A small pick-me-up does the trick every time! One new mid-winter frock, a few new accessories for the old ones, will make you feel like a new woman till it's time to go to town on your Spring outfit. And it won't be long now!

F'rinstance, take a glance at the smart, dark wool daytime frock worn by Dorothy Lamour. It's our guess that anyone seeing Dorothy stroll past in this little number will take more than a casual glance, for when this lovely star appears in public, people don't just say, "Oh, look, there's Dorothy Lamour," and let it go at that. Far from it! "Isn't she stunning!" they gasp, and then they sigh deeply, the men in admiration, the women in envy. For Dorothy's taste in clothes is impeccable. She knows exactly what is becoming to her, what will complement her beauty most perfectly, and she wears it with the assurance of the woman who knows she's well dressed.

Her becoming wool frock proves how smart a simple, straight silhouette with a loose wide sleeve can be this season. The second showings in Paris predicted dashes of color on solid backgrounds for this Spring's fashions. And here's our Dorothy, right up to the

(Continued on page 89)

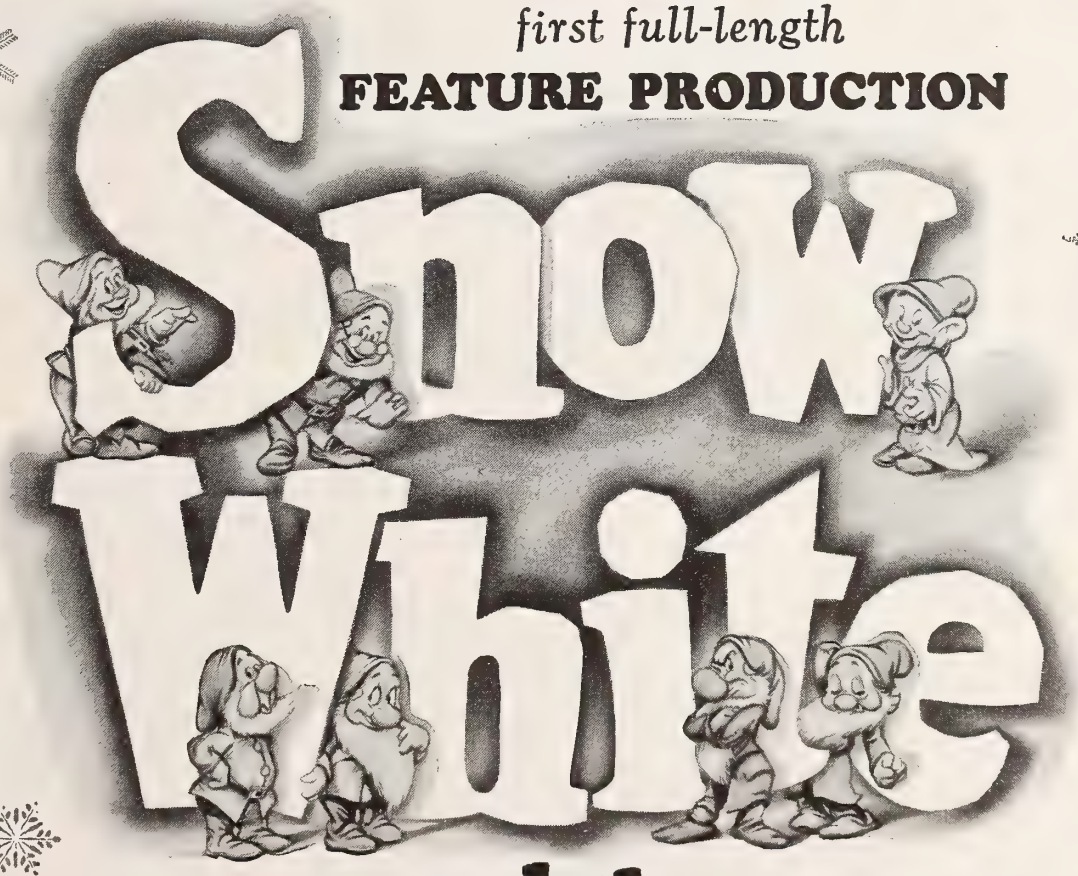
It took 1,000 ARTISTS THREE YEARS *to make it!*

The most anticipated picture in 20 years will be the show sensation of 1938—and for years to come!.. The most amazing advance in screen entertainment since the advent of sound!.. You'll gasp, marvel, cheer at its wonders as you thrill to an experience you've never lived through before!.. Without a human actor, it's more human than all the dramas that ever came out of Hollywood!.. Power to make you laugh, cry, throb with excitement!.. Music to fill your soul—8 big songs, several as good as "The Big Bad Wolf"!.. Romance, adventure, mystery, pathos, tragedy, laughter and beauty such as you must actually see and feel to believe!.. Truly the miracle in motion pictures—the new wonder of the world!

WALT DISNEY'S

first full-length

FEATURE PRODUCTION



and the Seven Dwarfs

in the marvelous

MULTIPLANE TECHNICOLOR

Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES, Inc.

EDDIE KIDS MR. HORTON

BY LINDA STORM





Here's smiling at you, and it's a rare picture that catches Mr. Horton off his guard to this extent. He usually smirks.

Despite the startled expression, Eddie thinks Louise Campbell, with him in "Wild Money," has what it takes.

WHEN I found Edward Everett Horton on the set, an overcoat was draped 'round his shoulders, and he was drinking a cup of hot milk.

"You're not playing a hypochondriac, are you?" I asked him.

"*Playing* one? I don't have to. I'm a very tragic man," he said, drawing his brows together to stimulate pained earnestness. "I'm always sick or dead or dying or something. Didn't you know? Just dying this time," and he lifted the cup to his lips and eyed me over its rim.

His face wore that faintly harassed expression which is part of his stock in trade. He assumes it off-screen at times for his own purposes, mainly ribbing purposes. His voice with its plaintive overtones goes meandering on, underscoring words in typical Horton fashion, making outrageous statements about himself. You may be taken in for a moment, since the mask is perfect. Then you'll detect the vaguest quiver of an eyelash, or an expression too seraphically bland, or he may pile it on just a shade too thick. At which point you begin really enjoying yourself and him.

He actually had been ill for three days while at work on the picture. He'd been put on a diet and the coat was necessary protection against a draughty set. Which didn't prevent him from poking fun at the one butt of which he never tires. Edward Everett Horton is a never-failing source of humor to himself.

He had just finished rehearsing a scene for "Wild Money" with Louise Campbell, a stage actress who is now making good on the screen. The girl leaves the room and he stands gazing fatuously after her through the plate glass door, droll and pathetic at once.

"Cut!" called the director.

"Just a fool," sighed Horton. "And the funny part of it is that I get the girl in the end. I sometimes wonder why people stand for it, with a face and a baby-blue voice like mine. And such a girl! First crack at the screen, and with all the poise of a hardened trooper. Not hardened, that's not the word I want. Something to do with salt, seasoned, that's it. Though it's not much better. Makes you think of a dish of stew," he grumbled, "while the girl looks like flowers with the dew on them. Dear me, I *am* waxing poetic."

He was applying make-up, preparatory to a take with Miss Campbell. "I don't know why I do this," he said, busy with brush and powder. "Can't make any possible difference to my face. Kind of like a circus horse, going out to the ring with a rose behind his ear. Knows it won't do him any good, but sticks it in just the same, through force of habit and feels, 'Well, now I'm prepared.'"

His performance of the scene brought. (*Continued on page 102*)

Being goofy's a business with him—and he loves his work

HOO-RAYE!

BY ALICE GORDON

Is it true that Martha Raye has gone high-hat? Here's what she says



Martha Raye, minus those facial contortions for which she is famous, can hold her own with the glamor girls.



Martha, being very informal between scenes of "The Big Broadcast of 1938."

MARTHA RAYE has recently become one of the most discussed women in Hollywood. Unknown to movies two years ago, her name is now on the tip of everyone's tongue in Hollywood. She is the center of some of the most unpleasant, the cruelest gossip that has been heard in a long time in Movietown.

They say that Martha Raye's sudden success has been too much for her, that she is stand-offish with reporters, that she has gone on wild spending orgies, and that she isn't saving the smallest portion of the excellent salary she earns.

Well, I met Martha Raye for the first time when she was in New York on a personal appearance tour. The first thing you notice about her is that she is ever so much prettier than she appears in pictures. Yes, her mouth is large, but off the screen her face is not that of a comedienne at all; it has character, and her blue eyes are enormous. She has a svelte figure that would do justice to a glamor girl.

She had just come off the stage. She sprawled on a couch barefoot, while a colored maid massaged her aching feet. She wasn't wearing maribou feathers and beads, as you might expect from some of the stories about her, but a simple blue and white pair of lounging pajamas.

She said to the publicity woman who was in the dressing-room with us, "Did ——— (naming a famous New York columnist who had been panning her) come to the cocktail party? I had to slip out to make my appearance on the stage."

The answer was "No."

"I don't understand it," said Martha Raye. "I've never done anything to offend him. Yet, when I called him up to invite him to the party, he wouldn't even answer the phone. I had to extend the invitation through a servant.

"What hurts is that we knew each other before I went to Hollywood. We appeared together at Loew's State Theatre in New York. I keep trying to think what I could have done to antagonize him, and I can't think of anything.

"Once he was at the Club Casanova in Hollywood when I was doing my act there. I came over to him and (*Continued on page 105*)

REVIEWS • A TOUR

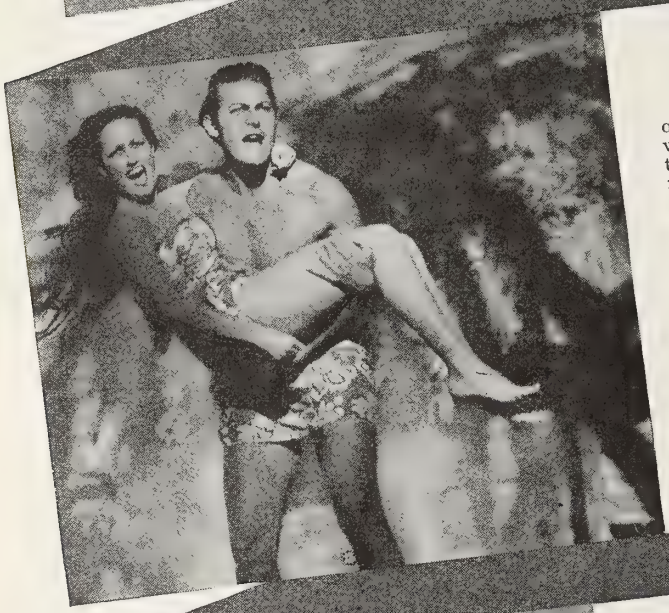


★★★ Thoroughbreds Don't Cry

Here's a picture you won't want to miss. But a word of warning—it will probably cost you plenty! For this horse-racing story will undoubtedly get you right in mind to tear out to the tracks and bet your all. "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry" can be recommended not only for an excellent story that never lets you down, but for the fine acting of everyone concerned.

Though supposedly Judy Garland's picture, this turns out to be a draw for honors between Mickey Rooney and Ronald Sinclair, M-G-M's newest find. Judy's cute as can be, of course, but Mickey's characterization of a tough jockey and Ronald's handling of the charming English lad's role would be real competition for the most seasoned actor. And there's Sophie Tucker, too, who deserves three cheers herself for coming across with a grand performance.

Though the plot of the story is simple, concerning an Englishman and his grandson, who bring over their horse for the American races and all their subsequent griefs in connection with the venture, the dialogue and situations are all so fast-paced and entertaining that there's never a dull moment. Directed by Alfred E. Green.—*M-G-M.*

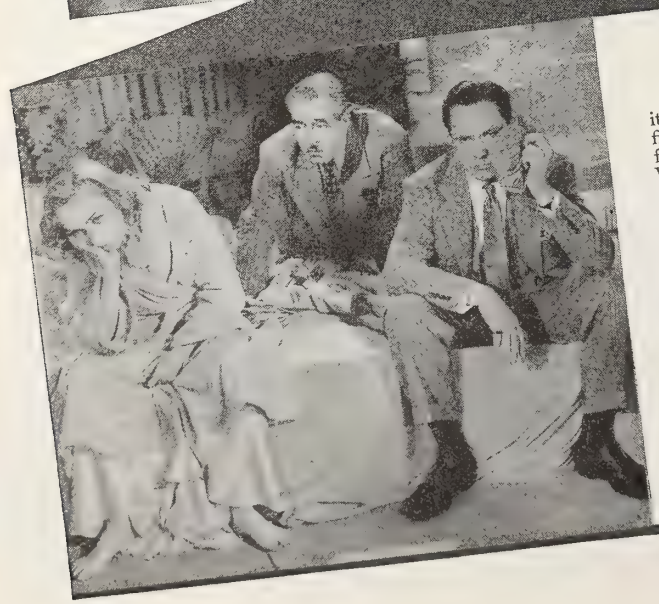


★★★ The Hurricane

Although Jon Hall and Dorothy Lamour are announced as the stars of this picture, it is the elements, supplied by the technical department, which furnish the film's real entertainment. When the wind blows and the hurricane rises to demolish an entire island the film offers twenty minutes of wild and pulse-quickening excitement.

The picture tells the story of an island in the South Seas, and of the tribulations of a native, Terangi (played by Jon Hall). Terangi, imprisoned for striking a white man, tries to escape, and with each attempt his capture brings an added sentence. After eight years he makes his way back to his own island and his wife (Dorothy Lamour), arriving just in time to be on hand for the picture's climax, the hurricane.

Jon Hall is a striking figure in his sarong, and will undoubtedly cause considerable flurry among the ladies. His acting needs much polish, but it is forgotten, as are the performances of the rest of the cast, in the terrific onslaught of the wind and the sea. Dorothy Lamour is also attractive in her flimsy garb, and there are good performances by Thomas Mitchell, C. Aubrey Smith, Raymond Massey, Mary Astor and Jerome Cowan. But the wind and the sea are the stars of the picture — in fact, they're the picture. Directed by John Ford. — *Samuel Goldwyn.*



★★★ Nothing Sacred

This seems to be Carole Lombard Month in the nation's theatres. And it's an excellent idea, too, for, as in "True Confession," Miss Lombard finds herself in very good company. This time she has Fredric March for romantic interest, a script by Ben Hecht and direction by William Wellman, whose last effort was "A Star Is Born."

"Nothing Sacred" will especially please the more sophisticated audiences, but it has enough rough-and-tumble in it to win favor with those accustomed to more simple screen fare. It is a satire on New York's love of the sensational and the maudlin. In this case a gal, allegedly dying from radium poisoning, is escorted to New York as an exploitation stunt by a Manhattan newspaper, and paraded around the night clubs while New Yorkers publicly weep as the brave little girl enjoys a "final fling." The fact that her radium poisoning is a hoax is known only to the gal and her doctor, but the two of them go through their paces in Manhattan with considerable gusto, until the truth leaks out.

"Nothing Sacred" is smart comedy, played superbly by Miss Lombard and Mr. March with much aid from Charley Winninger, Walter Connolly and a supporting cast headed by Maxie Rosenbloom and Sig Rumann. Photographed in Technicolor, it is also a directorial achievement for William Wellman.—*Selznick-International.*

BY LEO TOWNSEND

OF TODAY'S TALKIES



★★★★ True Confession

Adult comedy entertainment of top calibre, "True Confession" is, like "The Awful Truth," a prime example of what happens when a first-rank director, a smart scenarist and a good cast get together. In this case the director and writer are Wesley Ruggles and Claude Binyon, the team largely responsible for the success of "I Met Him In Paris." Headliners in the cast are Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, John Barrymore and Una Merkel, and each of them delivers a superb performance.

Story has to do with a well-intentioned wife addicted to lying. Her propensity for fibbing leads her to tell her lawyer husband that she has murdered a man. The little woman believes—and firmly hopes—his defense will free her and win him everlasting fame. The lovely Lombard scores a decided personal hit as the wife, playing her role to the hilt for smart comedy, at which she is tops in Hollywood. Fred MacMurray's lawyer role is the best thing he's had in some time, and he turns in an excellent job.

Una Merkel, as Miss Lombard's girl friend, manages to be attractive and funny at the same time, which is a nice trick if you can do it. And John Barrymore, as a magnificent crackpot who wanders majestically through the whole affair, almost steals the picture. His screen comeback is definitely assured. Of the supporting players, Porter Hall, Lynne Overman and Edgar Kennedy are outstanding.—Directed by Wesley Ruggles.—*Paramount.*



★★★ A Damsel in Distress

It isn't Fred Astaire's fault that "Damsel in Distress" doesn't quite measure up to his previous films, nor can it be blamed on the absence of Ginger Rogers. The fact is that while Astaire and several other capable performers furnish highlights with their specialty numbers, the proceedings are slightly slowed down by too much story.

Story has to do with an American dancer who falls in love with a daughter of the English nobility. The damsel—in distress—is a virtual prisoner in her family's baronial castle, and the plot concerns itself with our hero's efforts to woo and win her.

Many of the picture's bright moments are supplied by George Burns and Gracie Allen. Most entertaining scene is a dance number performed in a Fun House by Astaire and Burns and Allen. Indeed this alone is worth the price of admission. Finest dance number is a complicated and expert novelty tap number by Fred Astaire, with the aid of a set of tap drums. Astaire himself turns in a first-rate light comedy performance, and there are excellent supporting roles by Reginald Gardiner, Ray Noble, Constance Collier and Montagu Love. Joan Fontaine, in the romantic lead, is too self-conscious to be termed one of the picture's assets. Directed by George Stevens. —*RKO-Radio.*



★★★ Portia on Trial

Here is a "Madame X" type of tear-jerker played with such restraint and skill by a good cast that it results in fine entertainment which never allows itself to go overboard on the maudlin side. Main credit is due to Frieda Inescort's sincere and expert playing of the woman lawyer, the film's chief character. With a good script to aid them, Miss Inescort and her fellow players manage to keep the picture interesting and compelling throughout.

The picture's theme is mother love, and the plot is built up around the doings of a weakling son of a powerful newspaper publisher. When the young man is about to become a father, the publisher allows him to marry the girl only on condition that she sign immediate annulment papers. The girl (Miss Inescort) signs them. Years later, a famed lawyer, she is called upon to defend in court another victim of circumstances paralleling her own.

In addition to Miss Inescort's intelligent performance, there are fine portrayals by Neil Hamilton, Walter Abel, Clarence Kolb, Heather Angel and Ruth Donnelly. Directed by George Nicholls, Jr. —*Republic.*

More Reviews on Page 99

Let our reviews be your guide in selecting movie "musts"

PART OF LILY'S *Past*

BY VIRGINIA T. LANE

Madame Pons tells on her famous daughter—and she knows

THE WORLD knows her as a voice. A lyrical half-pint, who has made a million dollars with her high C's.

Hollywood knows her as a hard-working young woman, followed around by a retinue of servants, dogs and trunks.

But of the Lily Pons who had the courage to sing to hundreds of suffering men when her own heart was breaking, who risked her life in order to keep her word, they know nothing at all.

The whole story came out quite by accident, and because Lily happened to be an hour late. The secretary who met us at the door offered profuse apologies. They were doing retakes on this new picture, "Hitting A New High," and Miss Pons was detained at the studio. Would we wait and have tea with her family?





"He is a nice boy," Mama Pons has said of Andre Kostelanetz. "I hope he and Lily will soon find time to marry."

Success and happiness have not always been Lily's, though few know of the times she has sung with tears in her heart.

Sunshine flooded the patio. It fell in bright patterns on Madame Pons sitting near the swimming pool, on Nanette, the younger daughter, playing with her five-year-old Viviane. They have never talked for publication before. They were not conscious of doing so now. But one memory crowded another as they began to talk of "Lilee."

SHE WAS the miracle child of Cannes, because she lived, after being the tiniest baby ever born in that city. "But look, Madame," said the nurse excitedly. "She has a caul on her head. She will be famous!"

But the mother was frightened. She was only eighteen. She couldn't lose this first baby. And so began a desperate fight for the child's life. Every day she covered her with the warm, life-giving sands of the beach and as a result she was walking before she was a year old.

Other children came. Christianne, who has auburn hair like her mother, and blonde Nanette, with her flair for dancing and laughter. But Lily, there was no explaining her!

At four, two widely separated but significant events occurred. Lily heard her first opera. And she discovered the cherry confiture.

They hadn't meant to take her to the opera. As they pulled up in front of the opera house however, something wiggled under the auto robe in the back seat and there she was! She still had her play dress on but she'd carefully tied a yellow ribbon around her waist. Mlle. Pons was dressed for her debut. Twenty-one years later, she was to make her real debut at the Metropolitan in the same opera she heard that night, "Lucia di Lammermoor."

The next day she created another stir. But for quite a different reason. Lily found the confiture. It was good French confiture, fermenting in proper fashion on the sideboard when she stuck an exploring finger into it. Such bliss! Without more to-do, Lily took the whole jar and literally went under the table. The dining room table that was covered with a voluminous cloth after the custom of those days. Hours later they found her, sound asleep. She slept for three days.

And that is why Lily Pons, internationally known diva and motion picture star, grows faintly ill at the mention of alcohol today!

She was as unpredictable as April weather. Dolls? Pouf! Let the leetle girls play with them. She had her music and her animals. "Nom de Dieu!" Poppa would say, jumping out of his favorite chair. "What is this?" And it would be Lily's pet ferret that she'd taught to sit (*Continued on page 106*)



We've had the nastiest row. I'll never, never forgive him for saying his mother used to get his shirts whiter than I do.

Jane

Dear Jane,
Ted's a nitwit and so are you!
His mother's washes had the meanest case of tattle-tale gray till I told her what ailed them! Her soap was so lazy it left dirt behind. Change to Fels-Naptha like she did — and go on with your honeymoon!
Mother

Dear Mother,

That little guy, Cupid, has nothing on you! I tried your Fels-Naptha and I'll say those marvelous suds of richer golden soap and lots of naptha take out all the dirt. Ted's simply tickled about his shirts. And glory, but it's swell to have him tossing bouquets at me again!

Jane

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

P.S. *You'll like the new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!*



TALKING THINGS OVER

BY ROBERT McILWAINE

Fredric March as the dashing Jean Lafitte in "The Buccaneer," Cecil B. De Mille's latest, and some say greatest, spectacle.

FREDRIC MARCH has a habit of picking picture plums. When a nice fat role comes along, he has a way of reaching for it and firmly placing it in his repertoire of nice fat roles. He isn't avaricious. He isn't even aggressive. He is, to hear him tell it, just plain lucky. However, our guess is that it takes more than mere chance to place a man at the top of his profession and certainly more than good fortune to keep him there.

Before Freddie became a movie star, he played in the theatre. Before he trod the boards he was Howard Chandler Christy's most experienced model. Indeed it was Mr. Christy who was the first to congratulate him on landing his first job in the theatre. It was also Mr. Christy, Mr. March avers, who came to see the play opening night and, because he picked up his handkerchief sometime during the second scene, missed seeing his m.e.m. You see, Fred had a big thinking part in "Deburau" with one line somewhere during the evening to make him feel like an actor. He also served as assistant stage manager, script-holder and in any impromptu capacity which might arise. He was determined, you see, to become an actor.

"If studying and watching everything was going to get me there," said Fred, "I was going to study and watch and nothing else but. I'm not so quick on the uptake when it comes to learning lines," he confessed a bit sheepishly. "I've got to go over and over them. And so, even



today, when I run up against some of those directors who like to 'shoot scenes with spontaneity,' I'm thrown for a loss. Some players like it though. Carole Lombard claims she does her best work when she is playing the scene for the first time. Bill Powell never used to like the 'shoot before you learn' method, but even he has come around. That leaves little Freddie holding out for plenty of study and lots of rehearsals."

According to C. B. De Mille, who knows a thing or two about movies, you'll have to admit, Fredric March is one of the best actors it has ever been his privilege to direct. This pair "met up" some years back while making "The Sign of the Cross" and recently during the filming of "The Buccaneer."

IF I SOUND like a circus barker, forgive me," pleaded Mr. March, "when I tell you that this picture is the tops. Remember, I'm not talking about me, I'm telling about it. The color alone is marvelous. It's so subtle. They are certainly getting the process down pat. No more of those vivid prints that get on your nerves. The story matches the print in color, adventure and romance. It's about the swashbuckling pirate, Jean Lafitte, who did his stuff in 1812 and never had a dull moment doing it. Now, I'll step down off the soap box.

"Seriously, I like to work with Mr. De Mille. He does a painstaking job and never calls a thing finished until it actually is. Just having it do, won't do for him. It takes patience to do the things he does, but he has plenty of it and to spare, and if an actor is poor in a (*Continued on page 102*)

Fredric March tells what makes the movies tick and why

The Marches enjoy one of their infrequent evenings out.

No man thrills to the touch of Chapped Hands



Dusty jobs, chapping weather, household heat . . . all spoil the looks of dainty hands. Tender skin gets red, dry, grimy-rough. Not thrilling to any man! What your hands need is Hinds . . .

Hinds is extra-creamy, extra-soothing to sore, chapped hands. And now, Hinds contains the "sunshine" Vitamin D that skin absorbs!

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Even one application of Hinds helps chapped hands feel smoother. Every creamy drop goes right to work...soothing "skin cracks" that sting and burn, easing that dry, drawn feeling...putting back softness. Used faithfully, Hinds gives you *Honeymoon Hands*...dainty, feminine, thrillingly soft! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream comes in $1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c sizes. Dispenser free with 50c size ...fits on the bottle, ready to use.

"NO CHAPPED SKIN FOR US. WE USE HINDS!"—*THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS*



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Hinds Honey and Almond Cream for Honeymoon Hands

"I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT KISS!"



Her Rosy Lips, Smooth and Tempting

Different from ordinary "paint" lipsticks, Tangee intensifies your natural coloring—never coats lips with ugly red grease...nor leaves smears on teeth or handkerchiefs.

Looks Orange—Acts Rose

In the stick Tangee looks orange. But put it on and notice how it changes like magic to a warm blush-rose shade, blending perfectly with your complexion. Only Tangee contains this famous Tangee color-change principle.

Made with a special cream base, Tangee stays on longer...keeps lips soft and smooth...free from chapping, cracking, drying. Get Tangee today. 39¢ and $1.10. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use.

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Greasy, painted lips—Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.

Tangee lovable lips—Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.



World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*



4 PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and FREE CHARM TEST

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" containing miniature *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). Also send FREE Tangee Charm Test.

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

*Name*_____
(Please Print)

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____ MM28

OUR PUZZLE

Solution appears on Page 91



Up on movies? Well, solve this one!

ACROSS

1. Star of this puzzle
6. She last made "In Old Chicago"
10. And recently married this man
16. Actress named - - - - - - Lynn
17. Film-winding device
18. ZaSu Pitts' teammate in "40 Naughty Girls"
20. Person afflicted with leprosy
21. A second sale
23. Winged
24. Nana in "The Life of Emile Zola"
25. "Dead - - -"
26. Femme star's sister in "Double Wedding"
28. Charge as a debt
29. Group of nine
31. Reed-like Mediterranean grass
33. Cut in pieces
35. Foot-like part
36. Country gallant
38. Talleyrand in "Conquest"
40. Roumanian coin
41. Showed mercy to
42. French city on the Loire
45. Real name of this puzzle's star
48. Heroine of "Danger—Love at Work"
52. A commission
53. Boil
54. Assam silkworm
55. "- - - Brother's Wife"
56. "Wife, - - - - - - and Nurse"
60. There's an Eddie, J. C. and Elliot by this name
63. Hardie Albright's wife
65. Furnishes with a new sole
66. Gravel-voiced comedian
69. Journeyed upon water
71. LeGallienne's her last name
74. "Adam and - - - -"
75. Irregular
76. "- - - of the Law"
79. Able to be dated
82. Kind of Dutch cheese
84. Large hawk
86. Glitter: Scot.
87. "- - - - of the Dragon"
89. Possess
91. Move
92. George Burns' better half
93. Jeers
95. Advantageous position
96. Disembark again
99. Monster of folklore
100. Producer of "Big City"
101. Ancient Jewish monastic order
102. Clarice in "Merry-Go-Round of 1938"
103. Sacs

PAGE

DOWN

1. "The Great Garrick"
2. French rabbits
3. Femme star of "The Awful Truth"
4. The heart
5. Printer's measure
6. The boy in "Captains Courageous"
7. Roman bronze
8. Periods of time
9. Star of "Annapolis Salute"
10. Marcia Trent in "Fight for Your Lady": initials
11. Ruby Keeler's husband
12. Peruses
13. Stories
14. Leading lady in "He Wanted to Marry"
15. Theatrical news write-up
16. Slumber
19. Netted
21. Hero of "The Sheik Steps Out": initials
22. Initials of star of "Ali Baba Goes to Town"
25. Male star of "Blossoms on Broadway"
27. Paradises
30. Poplar
32. "Clive of - - - ia"
34. Preposition: pl.
37. "- - - ists and Models"
39. Hero of "Portia on Trial"
41. Mineral spring
43. Summer: Fr.
44. "- - -'s No Lady"
45. Kaye Hamilton in "Stage Door"
46. Hero of "The Perfect Specimen"
47. "What - - - - - Glory?"
49. The Barrymores' sister
50. German river
51. Snug retreats
57. Powell's manager in "Varsity Show"
58. Open: poet.
59. Mack Gordon's song-writing partner
60. Male star of "Maytime"
61. Those for whom a thing is done: law
62. "The Man Who Played - - -"
64. "- - - - - of Missing Men"
65. Last third of name of star in "Lancer Spy"
67. Chemical symbol
68. Dancing whirlwind of "Broadway Melody of 1938"
69. "Souls at - - -"
70. "- - - - - - - Car"
71. Charlie McCarthy's papa
72. He gave our puzzle's star her start
73. Coral islands
76. "- - - - - - s and Models"
77. Rules
78. Leading lady of "Double Wedding"
80. Regions
81. The sesame
83. A mixture: var.
85. Tend
88. Bone
90. Initials of brunette torch singer
94. Age
95. "Thoroughbreds Don't - - -"
97. She starred in "As Good as Married": initials
98. Initials of heroine in "Highway to Hell"
100. Initials of stage actress whom Norma Shearer imitates



But were they?... It's a girl's own fault when she offends with underarm odor...

Poor Marion—to have overheard such talk! Ann had said: "Heaven knows why Marion *thinks* she doesn't perspire. Wearing a woolen dress should put *anybody* wise!" And Jane added, "Mr. Wilson's bound to notice, and he won't stand for underarm odor in *any* of us girls!"

Poor Marion? *Lucky* Marion, really. Otherwise she might have gone on for years thinking that a bath alone could keep her safe from odor.

It's no reflection on your bath that underarms need special care. Even when you don't *visibly* perspire, odor quickly comes. But not if you use Mum. Mum prevents odor *before it starts,* makes it impossible to offend this way.

MUM LASTS ALL DAY! Winter's hot rooms and warm clothes hold no worries if you always use Mum. A dab in the morning, and you're still fresh at night.

MUM IS SAFE! Even after underarm shaving, Mum actually soothes your skin. Mum does *not* stop healthful perspiration.

MUM IS QUICK! Just half a minute to use. Mum will not harm fabrics—apply it even *after* you're dressed. With Mum, you'll never risk your job...never risk offending those you want for friends.

SMART GIRLS NEVER TRUST A BATH TOO LONG



Avoid embarrassment—*Thousands of girls use Mum for SANITARY NAPKINS because they know it's SAFE, SURE.*

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

"I'M 100% FOR THIS FLAVOR!"

"It's brisk — it's tangy! Refreshing as a hasty shower! And good? You never tasted anything smoother, more luscious! Beeman's flavor has something mighty special about it, if you ask me!"

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM GOOD FOR DIGESTION

"But naturally! Cast your eye over that Beeman's package. See that triple wrap—that airtight foil? Perfect protection for Beeman's delicious freshness and flavor! No wonder Beeman's always tastes superbly fresh and luscious!"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

BETWEEN YOU

Cash prizes for your original letters on the stars, the movies—anything at all concerning the screen



One fan fervently hopes that Barbara Stanwyck will marry Bob Taylor soon, so that he can get back his gal.

$5.00 Prize Letter
Dog-Gone With the Wind

What with all the hullabaloo over "Gone with the Wind," it seems to me that Hollywood is killing any adaptive charm which it may possess by delaying production until suitable players can be selected. Hollywood has a way of doing that to some of its most promising possibilities.

I am afraid that the forthcoming version of "G. W. T. W." will bear all the earmarks of a dud. Miscasting is probably Cinematown's most grievous error, due perhaps to its insatiable appetite for best-sellers, most of which present themselves to the box-office gentry as "best-smellers." I do not agree with those who contend that there is enough talent available in the film colony to render anything from Moses to Mussolini. I feel certain, however, that a closer scrutiny of the nation's legitimate stage would yield more than an equable return of suitable acting material for stories of such scope.

Unlike most pessimists I am hoping for the best, but Heaven help Hollywood if it finally gives us Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck as Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara. It's an ill wind, etc.—Oscar Shynook, Rochester, N. Y.

$2.00 Prize Letter
Marry Him, Babs!

Yes, yes, go right ahead, Miss Stanwyck, we understand. Yell out your intentions to commit marriage. Yes, you may wear anything. Take fifty mermaids for bridesmaids, the king of kings for best guy, and me for publicity squealer. Of course, not. I don't mind. I'll spread the news from pole to pole, from Jupiter to Mars. But marry him, or kidnap him, if you wish. Do something! Then you can go over to China and show Bobby genuine fireworks or to an island—anywhere—but keep him there! Tell him he's been a bad, bad boy. That big bad wolves bite bad boys like him. Do anything in creation to amuse him. Read Mother Goose, sing him Hawaiian lullabies. Tie the knot hard. And Miss Stanwyck, you'll be doing us mugs, who escort the dames to Taylor shows a great favor.

And, believe you me, this country will register a decrease in heart pressure in Taylor-mesmerized femmes. Yes, Margie will be a nice little girl then. Yes? Good!

Boys, write Miss Stanwyck and tell her that she is sole heir to the Taylor mans. We'll get our gals back—back to normal with heart in place.—S. C. Hernandez, Mesilla Park, N. M.

$2.00 Prize Letter
Re: James Cagney

What I am about to say has been on my mind for two or three years. So here goes.

James Cagney is my subject. I have read in the movie books for ages about the temperament of this star and that, and after all the ballyhooing, I still have the pleasure of gazing on the lovely and handsome countenances of Hepburn, Moore, Lombard, Gable, Rogers, MacDonald, Powell, both of them, Dick and Bill.

Now, if the Big Moguls kowtow to these lovely females and handsome males, why in blazes, didn't they do a little bowing to a fellow like Cagney? Of course, we are glad that Grand National has him under contract, but somehow they don't seem to have the stories or the ability to produce like, say, M-G-M or Paramount. The way I feel now I could go right out to Hollywood and tear the studio up by the roots because I feel they have done him an injustice. I suppose if he were one of those handsome devils who was always kissing his leading lady or loving and leaving his leading lady, they'd have him tied lock, stock and barrel.—Jean Stewart, Chicago, Ill.

$1.00 Prize Letter
To G. A.

I love Gable's way with the feminine gender,
And his he-mannish manner—so strong and yet tender;
And wonderful Tracy, best actor there is,
From humor to pathos is always a whiz!
And I'm really quite fond of the man of the hour,
Talented, handsome, and charming young Power;
And, like so many others, I, too, must agree
That Ameche's as cute as one person can be!
I can even bear Taylor, Nebraska's best crop,
Though he's cold as an iceberg, and his acting's a flop!

But who is your favorite?
You may have every one!
They're all shining stars,
But Gene Autry's the sun!
—Grace Dugan, La Crosse, Wis.

'N' ME

$1.00 Prize Letter
Distressed

In response to Dorothy Reilly's letter in December MODERN SCREEN, which grieved me greatly, I am writing in defense



An Oregon prize-winner offers some advice to glamorous Marlene Dietrich.

of Errol Flynn's, Clark Gable's and Don Ameche's mustaches, which she so unfeelingly called misplaced eyebrows.

Errol Flynn and Don Ameche are my favorite actors and when they appear in a movie without their mustaches, it greatly decreases their appeal and spoils my expectations of seeing them as I like them. I saw Ameche on "The First Nighter" program a few years ago and think that since he has acquired that certain something on the upper lip, it has made a decided change for the better in him. I never paid much attention to Gable until he grew his "eyebrow" and I am sure that if it were shaved off I and many others would lose interest in him.

Small mustaches, indeed! What do they want, handlebars?—Janice Mae Davis, W. Hartford, Conn.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Plain Talk

Since when has the American public taken to adoring a wooden statue? I'm not speaking of Charlie McCarthy, but of another piece of driftwood called Marlene Dietrich, who has the nerve to call herself an actress.

She is given the best roles to play and yet ruins them all. She should really be cast opposite Ned Sparks, two dead-pans are better than one. It's just plain lack of acting ability, which she tries to cover up by looking ghastly. Also, it's a lot of plain darn laziness. She's too lazy to open her eyes and mouth at the same time. And they call it glamor, and her beautiful!

The only remedy I can suggest for such a pitiful subject is (1) see a good doctor. (2) Hire someone on the set to stick pins in her every two minutes, or oftener and (3) embalm her and put her in a circus sideshow.—Ruth Loury, Portland, Oregon.

WRITE A LETTER— WIN A PRIZE

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, $5; 2 second prizes of $2 each; 6 prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You and Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.

$1.00 Prize Letter
A New Partner for Nelson Eddy?

Grace Moore is one of my favorites, but I do wish that she'd have a suitable leading man in her pictures. Not that I have anything against Franchot Tone, Cary Grant or any of the others, but somehow they don't seem to belong there. She should have a screen mate who can sing, and I can think of no one better than Nelson Eddy. Their voices would blend beautifully. (*Continued on page 87*)

Bright lights sharpen your face

"Glare-Proof" Powder

Reflects softer light rays— makes face soft, glamorous...



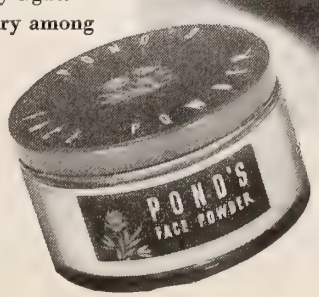


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Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder will see you through that test triumphantly! Blended to catch and reflect only the softer rays of light, Pond's shades soften your face in hard bright light—give it a lovely soft look in any light.

Doesn't show up . . . In an inquiry among 1,097 girls, more singled out Pond's for this special merit than any other powder!

Use Pond's for daytime and evening lights. Special ingredients make it soft, clinging, make it stay fresh looking for hours. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars—35¢, 70¢. Big boxes—10¢, 20¢.



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Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PO, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test. (This offer expires April 1, 1938.)

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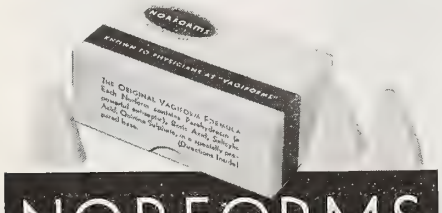


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Want a letter from a star? It's easy!

Sonja Henie

Dear Information Desk:

Just a note to tell you I think your Barometer is a grand idea! I am more than proud to have my name included among "those present."

Through you, I wish to thank, with all my heart, the friends who have made that possible.

All of us in pictures, I believe, keep an eye on how we are rated. We like to know if we are giving performances that appeal to our fans.

We are conscious of the interest shown in our work and endeavor to express our appreciation through "bigger and better" performances.

Yours sincerely,

Sonja Henie

MICHAEL WHALEN (second printing) When Mike Whalen, who was born in Wilkes-Barre, Penn., was thirteen years old, he was well on the way to becoming a concert pianist. At seventeen, he announced this as his ambition and his father, a well-to-do mining contractor, was horrified. It was all very well to play the piano for pleasure, as a pleasant sort of hobby . . . but become a professional? Never! Michael must be a business man. Through family connections, he became associated with the Woolworth stores and fared very well. At one time, he managed three different stores simultaneously and successfully. Then his father died and Michael lost his incentive to continue in business. He turned again to the piano for consolation and began reading the theatrical sections of the newspapers. One day, he took his savings, resigned the managership of his three stores and quietly left for New York. He had suddenly and definitely made up his mind to become an actor. In New York he was given an audition and made such an excellent impression that Eva Le Gallienne gave him his first parts with the Civic Repertory Theatre. After a year in various roles, Michael decided to try the radio, and being the possessor of a good baritone voice, he was kept constantly employed. In 1932 he made his decision to go to Hollywood. Once there, three years of near-starvation followed. He joined the International Players of Vancouver, Canada. Engagements in Shobe and Bell's "Girl Of The Golden West" company and in Los Angeles in "Love And Chiselers," helped keep the cupboard from being too bare. Then, talent scouts from Darryl F. Zanuck's office spotted him when he played in "Kitty Dooley of Times Square." They further observed him when he rehearsed in five Shakespearean plays at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. When he finally got the lead in "Common Flesh," a play produced by James Timony, everything began to break at once. J. J. Shubert bought the play and planned to take Michael to San Francisco and New York under a three-year contract, while Samuel Goldwyn took a silent test of him, right on the heels of the Shubert offer. Michael now found himself



ATTENTION FANS!

How would you like to have a personal letter, written especially to you and signed by your favorite star *in person?* Think how grand it would look, mounted on the page of honor in your scrap book! And how proud you'd be to show it to your friends!

Well, you can receive one, with just a little effort and perseverance on your part. Here's the idea: Each month, the fan who sends in the most votes for one particular star, will receive a personal letter of thanks from that star. The letter will be published in this department and the original sent to the lucky winner. In case of ties, each winner will receive a letter. Votes must not be sent in by groups or clubs, but by individual fans and each vote must be printed on the Modern Screen coupon found in this department. That is the only rule to the contest, so get your friends to help you by letting you clip the coupons from their copies of the magazine. No personal-letter votes, written on postcards or in letters, will count and all entries for each month must be in our offices by the twenty-fifth of the month. Mail your coupon to the Screen Star Letter Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. This contest in no way conflicts with your sending additional votes by letter or postcard for stars whom you want to receive Barometer mention.

in an interesting situation, when Darryl Zanuck sent for him. Three offers to choose from and exactly twenty-seven cents in his pocket! This was due to the fact that the actors in "Common Flesh" received no salaries and Michael had been financing himself. He signed with Zanuck and his first picture was "Professional Soldier." Since then, his picture career has advanced steadily and his fan following has increased. His current picture is "Headline Huntress," with Gloria Stuart. Michael is six feet two, weighs a hundred and seventy pounds and he's a bachelor, girls!

SONJA HENIE (second printing) Blonde Sonja was born on April 8, 1913, in Oslo, Norway. There had already been a son before her, so the advent of a daughter was cause for great rejoicing in the household of the Wilhelm Henies. Her father asked friends what he should call her and an artist acquaintance said, "Call her Sonja, it will sound well to the public." And so, that became her name . . . a name destined to blaze in lights around the world and to find fame at last in Hollywood. Sonja started being Sonja at the tender age of three. She never walked, but danced. She loved to wrap herself in draperies and pretend that she was a dancer. At four, she began to study this art and it was not until she was eight years old that she was ever on ice skates. She learned just as other beginners, with many a hard bump tossed into the bargain, but once she'd found her legs, so to speak, she began to show definite talent for skating. At nine years old she won the junior competition of the Oslo Skating Club. She won it again the following year and at eleven she won the Norwegian championship and went to the Olympic games in Switzerland, just for the experience. She knew, at that time, that she had too much to learn before she really began to skate seriously. She began a gruelling routine of practice, staying on the ice as much as six hours a day and when she was thirteen years old she placed second in the world championship matches in Stockholm. The following year she moved from second place to first. Since then she has been thrice winner of the Olympic figure-skating championship; seven times winner of the European championship and ten times winner of the world's championship. She owns enough silver cups, gold medals, placques, certificates and testimonials to fill a small sized truck. In 1929, she decided to join the ranks of the professionals. Her first professional appearance was in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden and the house was packed to the rafters.



Her beauty and grace won her a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox and "One In A Million" was the result. "Thin Ice" came second and her third and current picture, "Happy Landing" finds her ranking with the top stars of the industry. She's five-feet-two, weighs a hundred and ten pounds, has pale gold hair and deep brown eyes and is one of the most popular belles of Hollywood. (*Continued on page 75*)

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print, in this department, a brief life story of:

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If you would like our chart with weights, heights, ages, birthplaces and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.

A Dazzling "Camera Skin" like Alice Faye's, need not be just a dream for You!



Because it's Germ-free and Guards from Blemish, the Beauty Cream used by Hollywood Stars will give you, too, a Lovely "Camera Skin"!

LOVELY Hollywood stars adhere to a double program for skin health. Simple diet and daily care of the skin with a germ-free cream which cleanses, softens, stimulates and helps protect from blemishes. They know that blemishes are often caused by germs, that germs may aggravate other complexion ills, as well.

Alice Faye follows this program and her lovely "Camera Skin" is proof of its success. She chooses Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream because it discourages germs, keeps her skin supple and smooth, stimulates it. Woodbury's contains skin-stimulating Vitamin D. This brisks up the skin's youthful breathing.

For dazzling "Camera Skin" follow the stars' two rules. Sensible diet. Daily care with Woodbury's. $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

Helps guard from blemishes
Cleanses the pores thoroughly
Stimulates—Contains Vitamin D
Overcomes dry skin



Woodbury's Germ-Free Cold Cream



Alice Faye and Tyrone Power in the 20th Century-Fox picture, "In Old Chicago". She says: "I guard my skin from infection with Woodbury's Cold Cream. This cream is all I need to keep my skin protected from blemishes, invigorated, fresh and fine."

Send for trial tubes of Woodbury's Creams

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Please send me trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap; 7 shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover mailing costs.

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MOVING DAY



All is woe for Jimmy Stewart as old debbil moving day arrives.



He likes books, but wishes he didn't when it comes to packing 'em.



From the looks of things he's probably forgotten more than he's packed.



What a piker! You should be carrying something in your teeth, Jimmy!



All in. The trunk did it, but with Ma and Sis on hand, he'll be okay.



6-13



How healthful Double Mint Gum makes you *Doubly Lovely*

To *be lovely, charming, attractive to both men and women you must look well and dress well. Now Double Mint helps you to do both. Helps make you doubly lovely.*

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Discriminating women who choose becoming clothes, naturally chew Double Mint Gum...Every moment you enjoy this delicious gum you beautify your lips, mouth and teeth. Beauty specialists recommend this satisfying non-fattening confection. It gently exercises and firms your facial muscles in Nature's way... Millions of women chew Double Mint Gum daily as a smart, modern beauty aid as well as for the pleasure derived from its refreshing, double-lasting mint-flavor. Be lovely the Double Mint way. Buy several packages today.

Dress Well

Style, what you wear is important. Double Mint Gum asked one of the greatest designers in the world, *Elizabeth Hawes*, New York, to create for you the smart, becoming dress that you see on this page. It is easy to make. Double Mint has even had *Simplicity Patterns* put it into a pattern for you. It's the sort of dress that brings invitations along with the admiration of your friends. So that you may see how attractive it looks on, it is modeled for you by Hollywood's lovely star, *Joan Bennett.*

Thus you see how Double Mint Gum makes you doubly lovely. It gives you added charm, sweet breath, beautiful lips, mouth and teeth. It keeps your facial muscles in condition and enhances the loveliness of your face and smile. Enjoy it daily.

Joan Bennett — beautiful Hollywood star now appearing in "I Met My Love Again," a Walter Wanger production—modeling Double Mint dress...

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SIMONE SIMON
She sings! She sings!
in
LOVE AND HISSES
and LAUGHS AND KISSES!
and MUSIC AND MISSES!
BERT LAHR • JOAN DAVIS
DICK BALDWIN
RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET
RUTH TERRY • DOUGLAS FOWLEY
Directed by Sidney Lanfield
who directed "Sing, Baby, Sing" • "One In A Million" • "Thin Ice" • "Wake Up and Live"
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Screen Play by Curtis Kenyon and Art Arthur
From a story by Art Arthur
Seven hot-and-hissing songs including GORDON & REVEL'S LATEST HITS:
"Sweet Someone"
"Be A Good Sport"
"Broadway's Gone Hawaii"
"I Wanna Be In Winchell's Column"
Darryl F. Zanuck, in charge of production and the maker of your biggest musical hits, gives you THE GREATEST 20th CENTURY-FOX MUSICAL YET!
20th CENTURY FOX


FRANCES
Dee

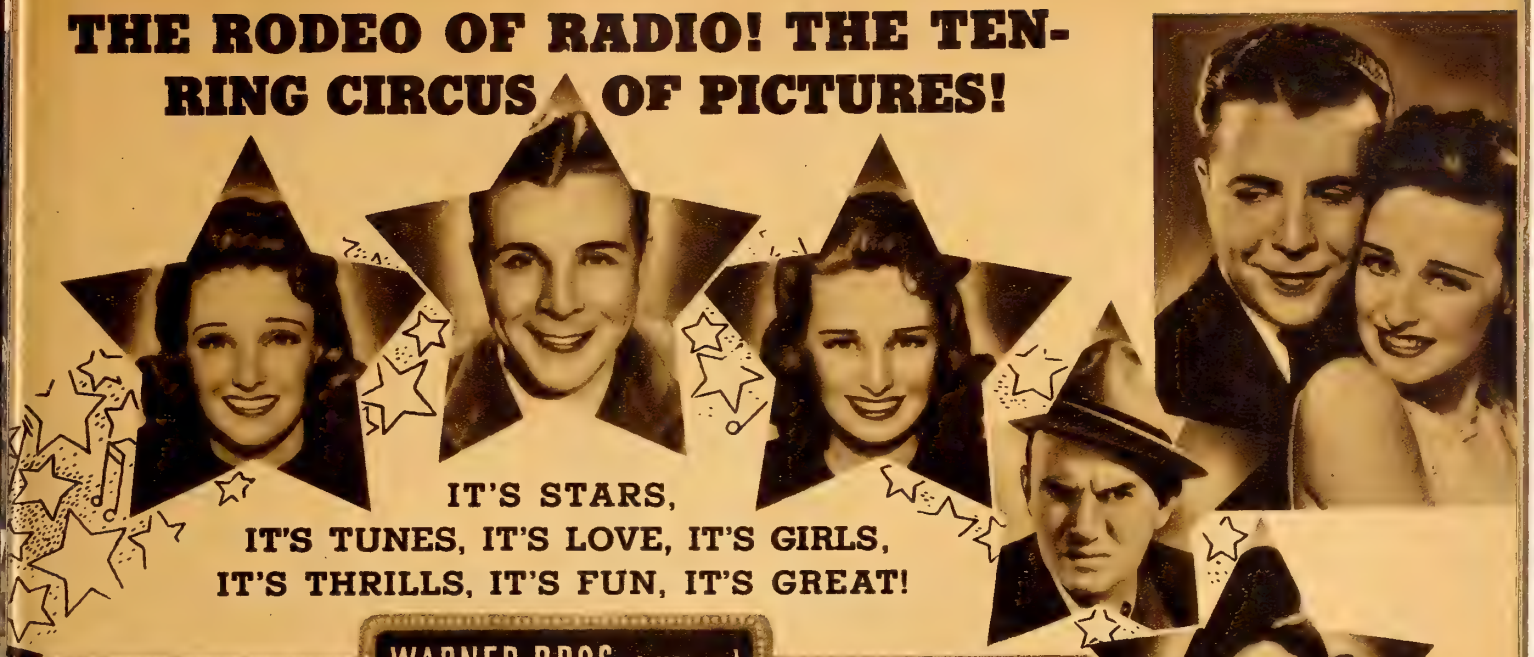

ROBERT
Taylor


MARGARET
Lindsay



Screen play by Jerry Wald, Maurice Leo and Richard Macauley · Original Story by Jerry Wald a

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IT'S TUNES, IT'S LOVE, IT'S GIRLS,
IT'S THRILLS, IT'S FUN, IT'S GREAT!

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and

BENNY GOODMAN & HIS ORCHESTRA

Directed by
BUSBY BERKELEY



Maurice Leo · Music and Lyrics by Dick Whiting and Johnny Mercer · A First National Picture

TONY'S *wife*

She's Alice Faye to you, Mrs. Martin to hubby and tops at her studio

BY MARY PARKES



Tony says, "Alice did all right before I came along, so I'm not going to 'improve' her." A good tip for husbands.

SOMETHING over a year ago, a dark young man stood in an office on the studio lot, staring up at the picture of a fair-haired girl.

"That's Alice Faye, Tony," said the office's occupant. "Do you know her?"

"Just to say hello. But how I wish I knew her well enough to date her."

"Well, you've got a spot in her next picture."

"Yes." He turned and grinned. "I think I'll get me a sandwich sign and parade around the set. 'This is Tony Martin. He thinks Alice Faye is swell'."

Tony managed to convey his admiration by less drastic measures. Alice thought he was fun. Her youth and gaiety responded to his. They were both movie fans. They both liked to go to Ocean City and ride the roller coasters. They both liked to laugh, and the same things made them laugh.

It wasn't long before Tony knew Alice, not merely well enough to date her, but well enough to date nobody else. Of course, speculation grew rife. Here were Alice and Tony going out together week after week, month after month, smiling blandly at questions, keeping their own counsel. Like all young people, they had their tiffs. In spite of tiffs, neither ever sought to punish the other by appearing in public with someone else. When they didn't go out together, they didn't go out. Would they marry? Wouldn't they marry? Were they married? The columns rang the changes on that theme.

Logical or not, the impression you get of your screen favorites is moulded by what they do on the screen. Because you've seen Alice sing and laugh and banter her way through picture after picture, you think of her as a happy-go-lucky youngster, more likely to plunge headlong into marriage than to waste much reflection on what marriage entails. You were never farther from the facts.

"First of all," she says, "I didn't fall in love with a bang. I thought Tony was grand company, and I knew I was having lots of fun with him. But I'm no schoolgirl. You don't marry a man just because he's good company. I knew there'd come times when life wouldn't be a merry-go-round. I knew—" her eyes looked into space, "because I'd been through them. Then, little by little, I began to know him better. I saw how kind, how thoughtful he was—"

She was stricken with the flu and had to spend two weeks in the hospital. The nurse came in the first morning with a box from Tony. It contained a single gardenia, Alice's favorite flower, and folded in tissue paper beside it, a blue hair ribbon, just long enough to go round her yellow head, with a perky bow on top. Next morning the ribbon was rose-colored, next morning orchid. Every morning while she stayed in the hospital, the little offering arrived—a white gardenia and a fresh, satiny ribbon, that was never twice the same color.

"That may seem like a little thing, but to me it was a sign of something not so little. Any man might send a girl flowers. Any man wouldn't realize what a kick she'd get out of a yard of ribbon for her hair. Or if he did, he wouldn't go to the trouble of picking a different color each day. Every morning, before we opened the box, the nurse and I would guess what color the ribbon was going to be. That was the day's chief excitement, and you can't imagine how exciting it was unless you've been in a hospital. Then she'd tie it round my head, and then she'd bring me the mirror. And I'd lie there, feeling as dressy as a queen."

"It's good for my morale," she told Tony when he came to see her.

"You're good for mine." He said it lightly, but he meant it deeply. Almost from the first, Tony had known that he wanted to marry Alice. It was she who felt she must make sure. Little by little (*Continued on page 82*)



So happy, Alice and Tony Martin have a neat philosophy on how to stay that way.



Alice Faye as Belle in "In Old Chicago" with Don Ameche and Tyrone Power.

MYSTERY WOMAN NO. 1

KATHARINE HEPBURN, American-born, is Hollywood's most baffling enigma. As a riddle, not one foreign exotic can compare with her.

Garbo is a woman of mystery only because she lives a secluded life behind a high wall, because her thoughts are carefully guarded secrets, never told.

Marlene Dietrich has said that she envied Garbo her mystery. The inference was that she wouldn't mind being mysterious herself. And Marlene has amassed a fair reputation for mystification not by shutting herself in an ivory tower, or going into a great silence. Marlene simply does the unconventional, indifferent to any rumors that will attempt to explain why. She is baffling because of her bland aloofness.

But, without trying, Hepburn is mystifying.

Upon her arrival on the cinema scene, Garbo was a normal young Swedish girl whose outstanding trait was self-consciousness. She didn't have much to talk about, but she was eager to be friendly. And Dietrich was an average German woman, so un-exotic that she wore a blue frilly dress and a pink picture hat to her first Press party. She was obviously awed by Hollywood. Garbo and Dietrich, easy to know at first, have changed. Hepburn hasn't. She never was easy to know. And, as she was in the beginning, so she is now—even more so.

As a dual personality, Katharine Hepburn is the all-time champion. Today, you may have one impression of her; tomorrow, a contrary one. She is an amazing collection of contradictions. For every trait that you find in Katie, you will also find its direct opposite. She is both bitter and sweet; courageous, yet craven; short-tempered, yet patient; pennywise, yet generous.

A few months ago, her contract came up for renewal. Her studio wanted to sign her again, and she was willing. But there was one discordant note in all the harmony. They couldn't get together about salary.

The Hays Office bans publication of stars' salaries. There was no need of anyone's knowing what Hepburn received. If she signed for less money than she asked, there was no danger of her losing prestige. But she wanted that increase. And she held out until she got it.

Getting that extra salary mattered to Katharine Hepburn. Not only because it would make her a high-priced star, who wouldn't be given minor pictures, but because it would mean more in the bank.

And most of Katharine's money is in the bank. She isn't a girl who starved once and is saving desperately to avoid ever starving again. She is a girl who has never had to worry about money. Her family has always been well-to-do. Yet she saves more than any other feminine star and has a good business head. She is characteristically frugal.

She lives in an unpretentious rented house. She has a big limousine for her rare evenings out, but, most of the time, she drives the station wagon she has used for years. She is not famous for her off-screen wardrobe. She seldom entertains. She is, according to the well-known Hollywood standards, pennywise. (*Continued on page 96*)



Unlike Garbo and Dietrich, Katharine Hepburn never was easy to know. Whereas they have changed, Katie is the same now as she was when she first went to Hollywood.

While those predicted fireworks didn't come off when Ginger Rogers and Hepburn got together for "Stage Door," their performances certainly hit a new high.



Katharine Hepburn's so unpredictable that she must, at times, puzzle herself!

BY JAMES REID

BY IDA ZEITLIN



COMPLAININ' CARY

claims he'd give up his career in pictures before he'd do without love

STRIDING toward me where I waited on the sidelines of the set, came a negligee, pink as a cloudlet at dawn, delicate as a cobweb, the kind of negligee that calls forth visions of dimples, rosebuds and golden ringlets scented with Chanel No. 5.

From the wide, maribou-trimmed sleeves emerged a pair of muscular arms. Under the swirling skirts two large feet, encased in disreputable slippers, bore their owner onward. From the cloudy fluff at the throat rose the lean head of Cary Grant.

"Go ahead. Laugh. I dare you," he said, flopping into a chair and disposing his skirts so the dust wouldn't catch them.

The negligee is part of a curious wardrobe wished on him by the plot twists of "Bringing Up Baby." Pursued by a dog, a leopard and Katharine Hepburn, he's bereft of his garments and forced to parade in whatever choice bits of apparel the lady doles out to him.

"Item," he said, marking them off on his fingers. "One swallowtail, without tails. Item, one pink hunting coat with Japanese slippers. The first time I go out on the set, they whoop. The tenth time it's funnier than ever. I hope the cash customers' reaction is half as good. In 'The Awful Truth' they rigged me up in a midget's nightshirt that came to here. A bloomin' clothes horse, that's what they're turning me into. What the well dressed loon will wear. How I suffer. Lord, Bergen, how I suffer." He crossed his long legs, drew his chiffon draperies tenderly about them and turned conventional. "Want to hear how I suffer?

"A friend of mine went to Africa. I was worried about him, you know, sometimes the lion sees you first. 'Cary,' he said, 'you face more occupational hazards right here in Hollywood than I'll see in a month of jungles. Think it over, old chap.' I liked the sound of that occupational hazards, made me feel like something. So I thought it over and saw he was right.

"For instance, we work with a leopard in this picture, Miss Hepburn and I. She's the baby we bring up. She's a tame leopard. We take that on faith. Baby won't make any statements. She's a movie star and she doesn't have to. She's got as many spots as a wild leopard, and she's got as many teeth and she's got as many claws. But all right, she's tame. In this country a leopard's innocent till she's proven guilty.

"Still, she's kept in a cage when she isn't working, just in case. When she is, her owner stands by with a whip, just in case. We don't probe any farther than just in case. We don't pry into its implications or take it apart to see what makes it tick. A leopard's entitled to her private life. Katie may say: 'Who's your closest relative, Cary, just in case?' I may reply: 'Strew buttercups o'er me, just in case.' We're merely being whimsical. We're not afraid of the leopard. She's tame. Her keeper said so.

"So here comes a scene with the leopard. She's supposed to have formed a fatal attachment for me. She loves me, in the story. About the time I'm left alone with my feline love, I begin to wonder whether she's read the story.

"We're supposed to be strolling lightly through the woods. I'm strolling lightly all right, on eggshells. The girl friend rumbles. I don't understand leopard double talk. Besides, there's another complication. We've got a second leopard. She's not so tame and she doesn't love me. Suppose I've got the wrong leopard by the tail. I find myself throwing her sickly smiles, the kind you keep for influential producers, 'nice producer, smart producer,' that kind of thing. She rolls her eyes at me. Maybe it's passion and maybe she's hungry. How should I know? All I know is, I've got a new job on my hands, yes-man to a cat.

"Which brings us to dogs." His eyes glinted as he warmed to his theme. "I played with a dog in 'The Awful Truth.' I play with the same dog in this picture. You probably know him. He was Asta in 'The Thin Man.' His real name's Skippy. That's neither here nor there. A dog by any name's the worst occupational hazard an actor can face. Yes, worse than a leopard. After all, what can a leopard do? Take a chunk out of your leg. What's a pound of flesh between friends? You go to the hospital and you're a *(Continued on page 84)*



It won't be long now! In fact, by the time you read this, blonde and beautiful Phyllis Brooks may be Mrs. Cary Grant, so fold up your sighs and heart throbs, gals.



Here we have Cary in one of those light comedy moments he's rapidly making famous. Katharine Hepburn is in this scene from "Bringing Up Baby."

her COMEDY OF ERRORS

BY KAREN HOLLIS



IF I started out to tell you about the exasperating bore I met last week, he'd turn out to be your brother or your best beau.

"When a delightful man I met in London offered me the use of his Rolls Royce, two of my not-so-respectful fans climbed on the running boards and broke the practically-priceless handles off the doors.

"I always plan more than I can possibly do, and I live in a state of chaos. Our house is a madhouse where the servants fight all the time. Just when everything calms down momentarily and big preparations are under way for a dinner party, my little sister decides to make fudge. And if she wants to make fudge, I maintain that everyone else in the kitchen can just stand aside.

"There is a candid picture of this Loretta Young with no retouching, but there is lots more if you want the morbid details."

LORETTA'S throaty voice starts out all vibrant and musical and then swells up into fireworks of exuberance. You wonder where all the gusto comes from as you look at this exaggeratedly-slim, exquisitely-clad young woman reclining at languorous ease in a big armchair. Questioning her most casually is like gently touching a pearl, only to find that the pearl controls an electric light switch that sets bells to pealing, lights to flashing, and thunder rumbling in the distance.

Looking at her was a pleasure, if somewhat difficult. I had to find an opening where I could peer between the huge vases of flowers that were massed on tables and desk all over the living-room of her suite. From her sleek and shining hair, simply coiffed in page-boy style, to her slippers of leopard skin, she was a picture of unruffled elegance, except for the gamin-like freckles on her nose. She was wearing a house-coat of dark brocade gleaming with bronze figures, that hugged her waist, then billowed out in great swirls of fullness.

How does it feel, you wonder, to have people gaze at you quite awe-struck and write on and on about your beauty?

If there's a nifty to be pulled, lovely Loretta's there to do it



No, not a romance, just Loretta and Ty Power in a scene from their fourth film together, "Second Honeymoon."

"Whatever is written about me today," says Loretta Young, "I hope won't be true by tomorrow."

"Oh, I was terribly touched and grateful the first few times anyone said that I looked beautiful on the screen," Loretta pointed out in a most matter-of-fact way. "Then I got to wondering why I should be taking bows. After all, if I were beautiful, it was no credit to me. It isn't even anything I can control or keep up. I've seen myself in the mirror mornings when I'd frighten you. Anyway, after you have seen your face projected from a few hundred thousand feet of film, it is just a shape, no better, no worse than any circle or triangle or trade-mark.

"I have seen photographs of myself where I really liked the expression, but all the credit for it can be divided among the photographer who caught what may have been just momentary, a scenarist who may have given me an intense emotional background for a role, or some friend whose thoughtfulness and compassion for others touched me deeply. What did I have to do with it but try a little, be receptive?

"Having beauty on the screen doesn't count for much. I've seen women who are actually ugly photograph exquisitely. So if anyone says I'm beautiful, I think now, 'What of it?'

"Speaking of beauty," she resumed, "you should have seen my first test. I was a fright. All bones and angles and clumsiness. I don't know how I ever got into pictures even though they weren't so particular then.

"But the picture I made when I was fourteen, 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh,' that was something wonderful. I had the most divine figure that ever walked in front of a camera, courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It was all pads—false hips, false front, false behind." She illustrated eloquently with her hands.

"Don't you roar over old pictures? If I didn't, I'd be miserable. Minnie Loy sent me some the other day that were unbelievable. Sorry I can't show them to you, but I've already sent (*Continued on page 77*)



George Raft insists that every time he opens his mouth he gets into trouble, which explains why he's shy of reporters.

ON THE SPOT

He's a middleman

By NANETTE KUTNER

WHEN GEORGE Raft speaks of Virginia Pine he calls her "the girl I love." When he mentions that ten-room French Colonial house he is building in Coldwater Canyon, he frankly labels it "a love nest."

Then he hurriedly contradicts himself. He says he shouldn't talk. He says, "No matter what I say it's held against me. I'm the middleman between two women."

And he seems pretty unhappy. According to his own confession, he is not only in a spot, but on the spot. This is how he came to tell me about it. The hour was eleven in the morning, the place, George Raft's apartment on the twenty-fifth floor of a hotel in New York City.

The Killer opened the door. The Killer is Mr. Mack Gray, combination secretary-valet-bodyguard-ambassador-to-the-press-and-pal-extraordinary, who has stuck close to the Raft side since it first embarked upon a public career.

In the living-room, the Killer apologized. "He's in bed. Would you mind seeing him that way? Do you think it's all right?"

When I reassured him, the Killer, ever one for the proprieties and Emily Post, said, "I'll go first." With that he went. Presently, he beckoned.

And sure enough, his head resting on two pillows, his usually sleekly

between two women—and tells about it!

combed hair touseled a la Skeezix, his dark face pale, George Raft lay in bed. He looked miserable.

"I'm sick," he announced with a sheepish smile. "I don't know what's the matter. I'm just sick. Tired all the time, ever since we got here from the coast. That was last week. I came East for the ball games. I never went to the finals. I never went any place. I just stayed in bed. I'm going back to California tomorrow."

While Raft spoke, the Killer had pulled out a chair. Then he quietly disappeared.

"Why have you been avoiding interviewers?" I started right in.

He denied the accusation. "I see everybody," he said.

"Oh, no, you don't! You gave me the run-around last winter, and a reporter I know on the coast, and another one here in New York."

HE EXPLAINED last winter. "My mother, God rest her soul, had just passed away. I had to settle her affairs here. I didn't feel like seeing anyone.

"This year, well, to tell the truth, every time I open my mouth I get into trouble." He leaned on one elbow. "I know you writers have to live, but why don't you print my side?" he demanded. "Why aren't you like the sports reporters? They don't beat about the bush. They come right out and ask what they want to know, just as if you would ask me whether my wife will give me a divorce, and am I going to marry Virginia Pine?"

"I'll bite. Are you?"

He ran his hands through that rumpled hair. He smiled again, this time little-boy-like.

"What do you want me to say?" he asked. "Naturally, I'd like to say I'm going to marry the girl I love. I want to, but . . ."

There was a world of unspoken trouble in that but.

"It's been a mess from the beginning," he told me. "I never wanted to keep my marriage a secret. That was the studio's idea. Then, three years ago, after I met Virginia, and my wife started suit, we were on the train from Chicago, and when the reporters asked Virginia whether I was married, she, trying to be loyal to me and my screen contract, said 'No.' In the meanwhile, they had asked me the same question, and I, trying to play fair with Virginia, said 'Yes.' The story came out and the studio gave me Hell.

"From then on, every time I gave an interview, whatever I said was used against me by one or the other, my wife, Virginia, the studio. You don't know, you have no idea, the arguments continue for hours.

"And I'm tired," he said flatly, "tired of fighting. This can't last forever. I wouldn't blame a girl if she did anything she might be sorry for, if she felt what's the use, where am I heading for, what am I getting out of this? As for myself, I can't ruin a girl's life, take the best years," he sighed.

"Virginia's a wonderful girl. She was married to a millionaire's son and wouldn't take money because she didn't believe in it. But everybody's different. You know how it is, some people like spinach."

Then I spoke. "I see by a rival fan magazine that you have deposited one hundred thousand dollars in a bank as a settlement for your wife."

He fairly sprang from the pillows. "That's not true!" he cried. "You mean, she *wants* one hundred thousand. I haven't got one hundred thousand. How could I have it, with all the time I've been suspended, and the two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-week salary I was paid in my early picture days."

He leaned back again. "I used to fight more than any of them," he admitted. "More than Cagney. But not now. I'm beaten. You can't win against a big company. I was a little boy trying to pit myself against a large corporation. They've licked me. All I ask is an even break—and peace. My next picture is 'Spawn of the North.' I don't even know what part I'm to play. I'll do anything now.

"I liked 'Souls At Sea,'" he added. "At least I wasn't a heel. I went down with the ship. You can't blame me for having put up a fight. I just wouldn't play heels like that part in 'The Story of Temple Drake.' No heel lasts on the screen. The public won't stand for them.

LAST SEASON, Samuel Goldwyn sent for me. He was in bed, like I am now. He said, 'George, I'm a sick man, but this is a swell part for you.' And he offered me a fourteen-week contract to play the heel in 'Dead End.' I turned it down. If they had let him point a moral, if they had let him tell the street boys his life was all wrong, I might have played it, but not the way it was, never! And he offered me top billing!

"Still, no matter what they say about me, the answer is there, the studio keeps on employing me. That fact should speak for itself."

I stared at him. And my mind

(Continued on page 81)



George went he-man in a big way for his role in "Souls At Sea." Here he is, protecting Olympe Bradna, who played his trusting gal friend.

When he speaks of Virginia Pine, George calls her "the girl I love." Virginia's posing here with daughter, Joan to whom Raft is simply "Daddy."





Frances Farmer is one star who refused to be glamorous, which decision didn't hurt her a bit for, after a brief career as an ingenue, she was soon in the star class.

NOBODY'S YES-GIRL

BY DORA ALBERT

When Frances Farmer speaks her piece, things begin to happen



The Hollywood men didn't appeal to Frances either. But Leif Erickson fixed that.



"Ebb-Tide," in color, is Miss Farmer's latest, and Ray Milland her leading man.

HOLLYWOOD always tries to fabricate a super-personality for you," Frances Farmer said. "If you're the sweet type, it presents you as being a hundred times sweeter than any human could be. If you're independent and speak your own mind, you're described as a fantastically rebellious person."

We were sitting in her dressing-room at the Belasco Theatre in New York. Just a few moments before, Frances Farmer had seemed glamorous on the stage in "Golden Boy." Now as she stripped off the dress she'd worn on the stage, as she brushed back her shining hair, she seemed to be stripping from herself all the habiliments of glamor and emerging as a human being.

Looking at her, you knew that her features were beautiful; that no miracle of makeup had supplied the glow on her cheek, the strange, almost fascinating directness of her hazel eyes; that no fake glamorizing process had anything to do with the intelligent forehead, the wide, sweet mouth.

Few Hollywood women would have dared to face an interviewer as Frances Farmer was facing me, wearing just scanties; but her figure is lithe and lovely, and she has nothing to fear from the most critical eyes. She stood up for a moment and then began to pull a pair of gray slacks over her legs; she slipped on a beige jacket and a blue neckerchief and slipped her feet into low-heeled tennis shoes.

SHE SAID, "Hollywood makes such a fuss over the things you naturally take as a matter of course. Then, if it runs out of stories, the studio publicists and the writers get busy and invent them. I used to feel chagrined when I read things about myself that were not true, but now I don't mind. I was annoyed, I'll confess, when an interviewer said that I ate raw vegetables exclusively and stood on my head to get thin. Anybody'd be annoyed at a statement like that, I think. It sounds ridiculous.

"In Hollywood, any number of methods of conduct were outlined to me, but the most frequent advice I got—both from people in Hollywood and from people who'd never even seen the town—was to keep up a front. Well, I can't do that. No matter how much advice I got, the only thing I could do was to be myself. I'd feel like an ass trying to be glamorous. I'm not the type."

Suddenly, I remembered why I had come. I had heard so many rumors about Frances Farmer, that she was a poseur, a fake, a rebel; that she had been a thorn in the side to interviewers and a pain in the neck to her own publicity department; that she had put plenty of do-re-mi into "Golden Boy"—just for the privilege of appearing on Broadway. I decided to investigate those rumors.

Frankly, I was prejudiced against Miss Farmer. I thought of the slacks she wore and the faded green car she drove and the fact that she had only one evening gown. All these antics seemed to be part of a carefully calculated pose.

When Frances sprang that old line on me about wanting to be herself, I couldn't resist asking, "Why do you keep on driving around Hollywood in a dinky, second-hand car? Isn't that keeping up a front—in reverse?"

"I was broke when I got to Hollywood, so it was the only kind of car that I could afford," she answered. "Now I wouldn't dream of getting rid of it because it suits my needs; it still runs and it has room enough. When it stops running, I'll get a new one, but not before that. I don't think there's any affectation there. I'd be uncomfortable if I had to sit in a long, shiny car. Besides, I'm trying to save money."

Checking up later, I found that there was a reason for her modest way of living. In spite of the fact that she has played in two of the very biggest (*Continued on page 93*)

Don't come to Hollywood, warn the Glamor Girls, if you—

WANNA WEDDING RING

THINGS ARE at a low ebb as far as prospective bridegrooms in the Hollywood actor quadrilles are concerned.

Just when we thought things were picking up in the matter of eligibles. Just when we thought that, besides Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, Clark Gable, the new heart-throb Wayne Morris, the perennial Ronald Colman and the ever-gallant swain, Brian Aherne, there are dozens of good-looking romantics to be had for the taking.

But, it isn't so. Any old meanie with a fact-and-figure mind can show you that, actually, there is a terrible scarcity of matrimonially available and matrimonially intentioned men in Hollywood, today. That even the Glamor Girls have to do a lot of scrambling to get their men.

Let's review the situation, male by male.

In the first place, there's George Brent. We mention him first because, although he is not the most handsome nor the most desirable of the Hollywood assemblage, he is certainly the most outspoken in his attitude toward wedding rings.

Mr. Brent is or was considered thoroughly eligible as a prospective bridegroom. Good-looking, independently wealthy (he is canny about spending money), with an adventurous past and ranking well up among the leading men, he has been the secret heart ambition of any number of girls. Of course, almost everybody knew he was in love with Garbo, but then isn't Garbo the unattainable and wouldn't eventually Mr. Brent's ardor be worn down? Wouldn't he be a good catch when he arrived at that state known as the rebound?

Came some sort of a crucial moment in Mr. Brent's life—we wouldn't know just what happened



Of all the eligible gents in Movietown, there are really only a handful who are matrimonial bait. Michael Whalen is one of them.



Even those movie queens chances of marrying handsome and successful Tyrone Power are pretty slim, they've discovered.



Bob Taylor, the catch of the season, has no time for anyone but Barbara Stanwyck, of course, so we'll just skip lightly past him.

to inspire him to action—but there was a marriage in Mexico with Constance Worth, a pretty lass from Australia who was smitten and swept right off her feet by Brent's charms. Well, you know the rest. We needn't go into details but the recent divorce action would definitely remove him from the eligible category. Wanna wedding ring? Don't look to George Brent.

For Case Number 2, let's take Clark Gable. What, he's in love with Carole Lombard? Huh, mebbe he is—he isn't saying, because he can't. He's still a married man. No divorce has ever been obtained by his wife, Rhea, and what is more, some people say there never will be one, that she will never give him one.

Meanwhile Carole Lombard, one of the wittiest of the glamor girls, is supposedly eating her heart out over him. Carole, you say, could capture the affection of any one of a half dozen men fully as charming and fully as handsome as Clark. Mebbe so, but as is the way with women, she seems to prefer a Gable.

Digressing for a moment from case histories, let's face the fact that because of the scarcity of Hollywood men, the glamor girls themselves don't have the easiest time in the world.

Remember when Joel McCrea, a blond, bronzed youth from Pomona, first flashed upon the Hollywood horizon? Joel was as nice a lad as the girls had seen pop up for quite a while. He was unspoiled, mannerly, fun, handsome and on his way up the ladder. He created a terrific heart flutter in the best circles.

Now that Joel is safely married and completely happy with Frances Dee, the inside story can be told of how two of our leading belles went for him openly. They were Lili Damita and Constance Bennett. They were standing by the swimming pool—somebody's pool in Beverly Hills—parrying conversational thrusts, when Joel, looking like a young Greek god in his bathing trunks, hove into sight and dived into the azure waters. The girls' eyes automatically fastened upon him. Then a discourse, something on this order, ensued:

"H'm, I like that," from one.

"And so do I. I tell you I get heem," from the other.

"Ye-es," with rising inflection, "we'll see about that," from the first.

They settled the argument as to which was to have first crack at Joel by flipping a coin. Miss Bennett won the toss. You may remember that Mr. McCrea did fall for her and was her constant escort for some months.

Lili? Well, I suppose she is enjoying her revenge now. Didn't she spot Errol Flynn long before he became a star of the first magnitude? Didn't she clinch things by an elopement in the time-honored Hollywood wedding conveyance (an airplane) before he flashed on the screen in "Captain Blood" and the other girls realized what sort of a handsome, romantic Irish daredevil had been let loose in their midst?

Getting back to case histories: Robert Taylor. Generally conceded the No. 1 heart-throb of the screen today. He's taken quite a lot of ribbing on the grounds that he is too "beautiful," which doesn't keep him from being a top box-office bet, idol of thousands of fans, and a pretty nice guy in the bargain—level-headed, sweet, gentlemanly, loyal.

However, in considering Bob's eligibility in the terms of being free, you'll have to remember that Barbara Stanwyck has him (*Continued on page 95*)



Matrimonially speaking, John Howard is okay—young, attractive, ambitious—but, alas, he hardly gives the girls any time.



Ronald Colman? Swell, if anyone can hook him. Outside of those dates with Benita Hume, he seems to prefer his pipe and books.



This blond six-footer, Wayne Morris, could probably marry any girl in Hollywood or out of it, but the Kid is in no hurry.

BY MURIEL BABCOCK

His marriage "took" and no one is more surprised than Melvyn Douglas



In spite of being Helen Gahagan's hubby for seven years, however, Mel knows five good reasons for killing the little woman.

HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

A LONG ISLAND husband may want to embroider his helpmeet with lead because she uses the wrong shade of lipstick, undercooks the filets mignon, winks at a polo player.

In Hollywood, nine times out of ten, the cause is less trivial but more abstract. Invasion of personal privacy is one motive, and a good one, says tall, good-looking Melvyn Douglas, late of Diva Grace Moore's newest opus, "I'll Take Romance."

Hurling invectives at each other in the presence of assembled guests is another reason for using the ax, opines Mr. Douglas, who, incidentally, is very happily married to Miss Helen Gahagan, singer, actress, and all-around grand person. They have been married seven years, come April 5th. "And it looks as though we might stay married," says Douglas, the daring, defying the gods with his voiced prediction.

"We have a community of interests. We are both devoted to music and the theatre. I have a healthy respect for my wife's abilities as an actress and a singer, and she looks with professional pride upon whatever success I make in my career. It isn't just a matter of sitting around Hollywood drawing pay checks, which I am glad enough to receive, but we have the future. When things shape themselves so it is possible, I, for instance, would like to return to Shakespeare, as an experiment," says this ex-interpreter of the Bard, "playing Macbeth to Helen's Lady Macbeth. I've always thought she would be perfect in the role.

"But before we get into this other ticklish subject, let me make myself clear. I don't want to do a Rollo boy around the place and make people think that I know all the answers for happy marriage. I don't. And don't let them think that all these things couldn't happen to me.

"What I know is what I practice, and it has worked in my present marriage. You've got to have mutual interests, love and respect, and you have to remember to think of your wife as an individual, not as a personal possession. She, too, has to remember that you are a living, breathing, independent-thinking mammal, and not her slave. Each party to the contract must allow the other mental, spiritual, but not necessarily physical, freedom. Then marriage begins to amount to something.

"I'm not an authority, like Russell or Ellis, on marriage and the relations between the sexes, but if you really want to know what I think destroys the unity of marriage, it is trying to remodel the other fellow's personality. It's a first-rate reason for divorce, or, if you want to make it stronger, homicide.

"A man usually falls in love with some lopsided characteristic in a woman," continues the tannish-haired Douglas, "and then proceeds to (*Continued on page 79*)

EMANCIPATING MADGE





Madge Evans is through being pushed around. No more blondined hair, no more gaga roles for her. And she's not going to pose for any more tennis pictures like this one, either. "I've always played a better game before the camera than on the court!" she'll tell you.

Blonde and blah? Not anymore, declares Hollywood's latest rebel—and she means it!

BY MARTHA KERR

MADGE EVANS is going through what she thinks is one of the most interesting periods in her movie life, an era of emancipation. For the first time since she signed on the dotted line at Culver City, headquarters for glamor girls (M-G-M), six years ago, she is being herself.

You have seen Madge on the screen as a demure blonde, the sweet, pleasant heroine of light comedies and of innocuous romantic cinemas.

Only twice have you seen Madge put her teeth into a role and give it what is known as "umph." Once in "Piccadilly Jim," with Robert Montgomery, when she frolicked through a comedy role which was the talk of Hollywood. Again in "David Copperfield," when she played Agnes, the English girl.

The rest of the time she has had blah parts and she has given, if not blah performances, at least nothing to write home to mother about.

Her hair was artificially lightened so that she was just another blonde. Part of the publicity build-up on her was to establish her as the college boys' ideal. She's been talked about and cast in pictures as that sweet, sweet girl, Madge Evans.

Miss E. is all washed up with such nonsense. She's determined to be just herself for a change and see what comes of it.

"I always did play a better game of tennis in front of the camera than in real life," she told me frankly, as we sat and talked about her past and her future over luncheon at her New York hotel. "And it seems to me I look a trifle half-witted when I smile in what is the accepted demure fashion. And, I despise having my hair artificially blondined. It's naturally light brown and that's the way it is going to be from now on."

Now what happened to Madge that she has never really had but two chances at good pictures and then, when she walloped the tar out of them and won ringing praise, never got any others? What's this emancipation all about?

"The studio tried to make me into something I wasn't," she answers. "I don't think that ever works, in life or on the screen. If you're going to be a glamor girl, all right. Emphasize your own real qualities for glamor, but don't let them give you synthetic ones, don't let them give you tennis rackets and smiles and artificiality. And you must be consistent.

"The studio was inconsistent about me. I don't think I was ever given a real thought. For instance, I was called into Irving Thalberg's office one day and told I must cut out that English accent. It sounded affected, Irving told me. 'People don't want to hear English girls on the screen. Be American,' he told me.

"I was a little puzzled, because, of course, I am an American and although I've always tried to speak good English and have good diction, I wasn't conscious of aping British accents.

"When they were casting 'David Copperfield,' they were searching frantically for an (*Continued on page 86*)

Beauty

BY MARY MARSHALL

When lovely Norma Shearer was trying to get a foothold in pictures, she had two insurmountable handicaps to overcome. She advises all young girls to do, early, what she didn't.

An expert answers



Bette Davis, until fourteen, was a plain, pale-looking kid with not a single distinctive feature. 'Tis personality force which makes Bette the intriguing person she is.

Problems of "In-Betweens"

THOSE in-between years are very trying, when you're out of the little-girl class and not yet to be ranked with the debs. Your figure is straight-up-and-down, with not a curve to grace it; or it's lumpy with what your mother tells you is "just baby fat, dear—it will disappear;" or it's entirely too skinny. You don't quite seem to have grown up to your hands and feet. Your skin is spotty. Or if it isn't, your features are downright plain (you might as well admit it, you think). Your hair is straight as a string and mama won't let you have a permanent. Or if it isn't straight as a string, it looks dumb anyway (thinks you) and not the least bit like Ginger Rogers' or Claudette Colbert's. And—oh, well, what's the use! You might as well resign yourself to a beau-less, beauty-less fate.

Come, come. Cheer up. I have a thing or two to tell you.

First of all, prove to me that you have plenty of courage by taking the following statement without wincing: the in-between years are a period of readjustment, physically and psychologically, and you're not going to be the all-fired wow you'd like to be right off the bat. It's going to take a little time for your figure to iron itself out, for your skin to clear up, for your features to form and mature —in other words, for you to become the attractive person you're going to be. That doesn't mean that you can't do plenty right now to start the good beauty work. The more you do now in the way of eating right and living right and following sensible beauty routines, the better looking you'll be later on. So, let's get busy.

That skin, now. You have just recently begun to notice that you have a skin. A couple of years ago, you were just a kid, and what did you care whether it was clean or dirty, so long as you were having fun? First step in the right direction: make sure it's one hundred per cent clean, not just superficially clean. Please don't gouge at blemishes on your face. Touch each affected spot with alcohol. And then leave them alone.

I grant that a spotty skin makes one very self-conscious. But look here! Don't you know plenty of boys—about the same age as yourself—whose complexions would never win any prizes? Does that keep them from having a good time? Don't they manage to snag a gal to take to the local dances? Aren't they pretty well liked in spite of their temporarily unattractive pelts? It always makes me a little mad that boys can (*Continued on page 90*)

cries for beauty advice from anxious girls in their early teens



At the age of fifteen, Jeanette MacDonald had a pair of legs that were first cousins to pipestems. Jeanie vowed she'd have pretty limbs. An exercise did it.



Deanna Durbin, sky-rocketing on two pictures, may be a misses' size prima donna on the screen, but at home she's still told, come ten p.m., "Time you were in bed."

You didn't know them last year, but today they're the tops!

CREAM OF THE CROP

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

IT'S AN old movie custom, at the close of each year, to pass around the medals for the best this or that of the past twelve months. Best pictures, best performances, best direction each comes in for its award of merit. Let us, therefore, deviate just a step from the beaten track and nominate the young players who were unknown to movie-goers just a short year back, the successes of 1937, the cream of the cinema crop.

First of all, there is Sonja Henie of the flashing smile and twinkling personality. True, Sonja has cut a big figure eight in the hearts of sports advocates since she was a child. She had a way of winning the Olympics year after year, if you remember. But until the astute Darryl Zanuck saw her as a picture possibility, very few movie fans knew of her special talent.

Sonja headed a troupe of skaters who appeared in an ice carnival on the coast a year ago. Every producer in the business was among those present the night of her debut. When it came to praising her talents, there wasn't a dissenting voice, nor, until Mr. Zanuck appeared on the scene, an offer of a movie contract. To prove that he had great confidence in her, this man put the little Henie into "One in a Million" as the love interest. He could have spotted her in a revue you know, where only her prowess as a skater would have been revealed. The picture hadn't been released a month when the producer knew that he had one of the biggest box office bets in the business. "Thin Ice," which followed, further proved that Sonja Henie was one of the year's biggest successes.

When it comes to taking a short-cut to the top, the youthful Wayne Morris has it over all contenders. Not only did Wayne score in one year, but in one picture. "Kid Galahad" put this youngster on the movie map. His performance in the title role stood out like the proverbial beacon light, despite the fact that he was in such expert professional company as Bette Davis and Eddie Robinson. Yes, Morris may be short on years and experience, but he is decidedly long on ability.

Before the traditional movie scout caught up with him, the lad's only claim to dramatic fame was as a "bit" player in the Pasadena Community Playhouse. He couldn't believe that he was actually wanted for pictures or that he could possibly pass the test. Well, you know the answer, for your

(*Continued on page 98*)

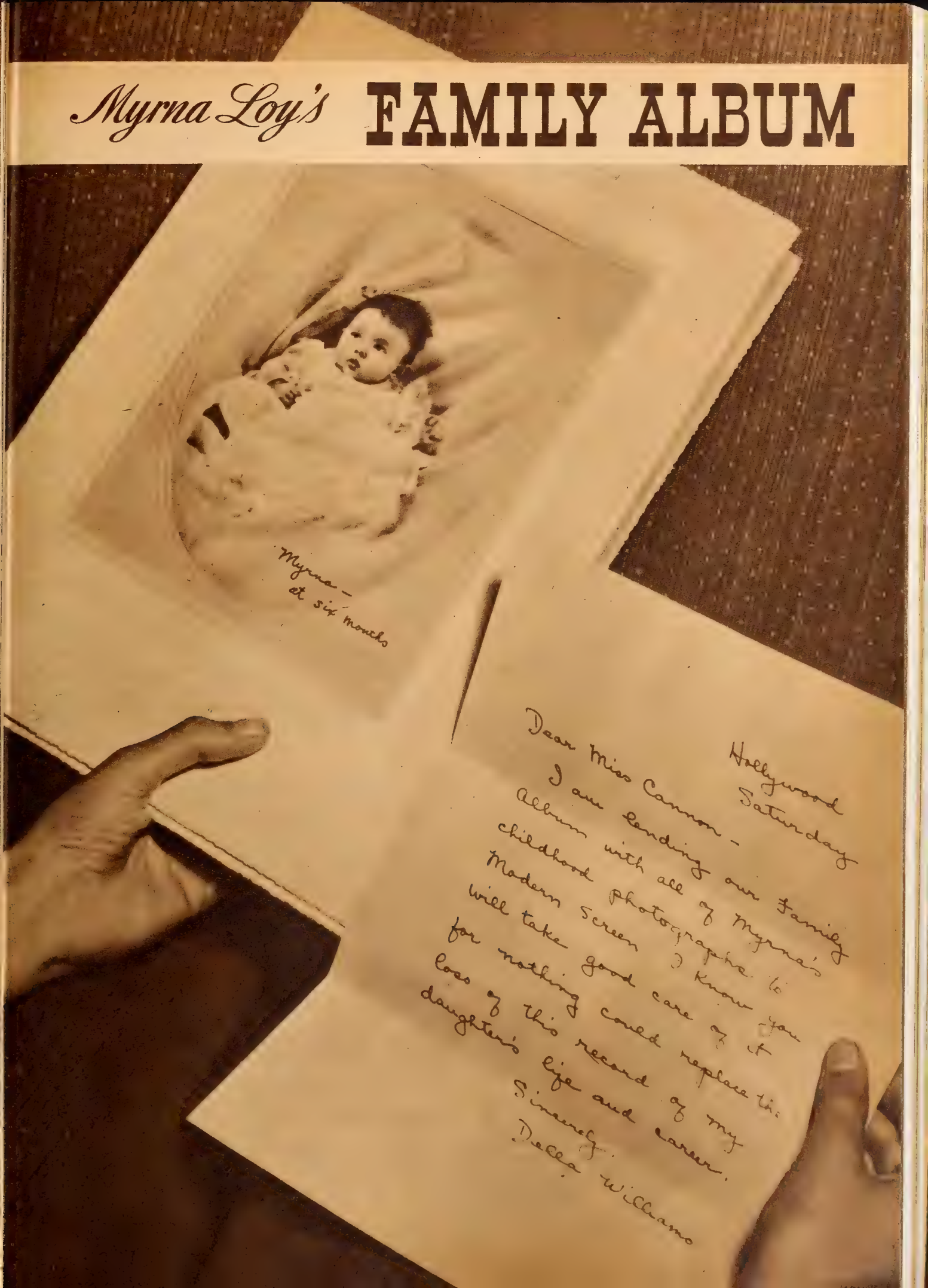


With little experience but plenty of talent, Wayne Morris has clicked.



Sonja Henie can park her skates, for her acting ability has been proven.

Myrna Loy's FAMILY ALBUM





Myrna was five when we took this. Cousin Laura Belle gave her the locket and the bracelet was a present from Dad.



When the family comes to dinner the children have their own table. Myrna's on the right. Below, Laura Belle and Myrna on Grandmother's porch.





At the school picnic. Myrna had on her favorite hair bow and ate too much ice cream that day.



Myrna, with Dad and me at home in Helena. It was Myrna's sixth birthday and she is wearing her first ~~blue~~ lace dress.



Myrna visits Grandfather's farm. She was nine and away from me for the first time.



Myrna's twelve here and stage struck after dancing at the church bazaar.



Myrna and two friends in our backyard. She liked that tree better than the others because it was so easy to climb into.



With Brother David.
Myrna is very much
the "big sister" here.



This is the picture Myrna
sent home when she visit-
ed Cousin Alice in Calif.



We are living
in California
ourselves now.
Myrna is sixteen
here and still
so interested
in dancing that
she has her own
school.

I must confess I felt a little shocked when I saw this but Myrna's on the stage, dancing at the Chinese Theatre! I never would have dreamed it.





Rudolph Valentino saw her like this and arranged a screen test. No results yet.

This is one of those silly publicity pictures Myrna tells me every beginner has to pose for. I think she's supposed to be showing off her muscle.





Myrna's big moment. She's all made up here for that screen test.



Now this is how I like to see Myrna, looking herself without all that make-up.



Myrna done in marble. Between shows, Harry F. Winebrenner made this head which I think is a very good likeness.



Myrna's in pictures in "Pay As You Enter." Louise Fazenda and Clyde Cook are with her here.



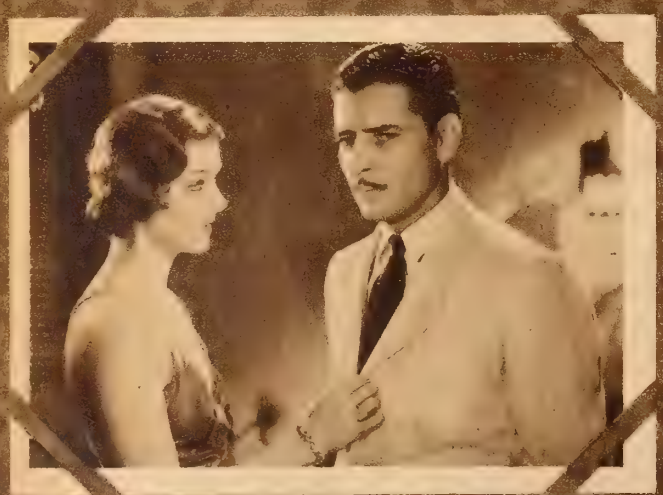
As State Street Sadie, Myrna is with Conrad Nagel. The other man is Archie Mayo, director.



This Flora Dora picture is one of my favorites. Myrna is the third from the left.



Myrna was thrilled when she played with Will Rogers in "A Connecticut Yankee."



I'm glad Myrna had a part in "Arrowsmith" with Ronald Colman. She did real well.



The picture people think Myrna makes a wonderful Oriental so she's in "The Mask of Fu Manchu."



Myrna with Ramon Novarro in "The Barbarian." She says he's a very big star.



This looks more like my Myrna in "Topaze" with John Barrymore.



Myrna, with Max Baer and Walter Huston in "The Prizefighter And The Lady."



Myrna's a star herself now and she's making "After The Thin Man" with William Powell.



I am proud of Myrna in "Parnell," she acted her part so well. Clark Gable is with her.



This is from Myrna's latest picture, called "Man-Proof," with Walter Pidgeon.



I forgot I had these. Myrna will die laughing when she sees herself in this creation



This was artistic when it was taken but Myrna's so different today.

We all laughed when Myrna brought this one home from the studio. I remember David said he couldn't see her for the hair.





This was a publicity picture, I guess, but Myrna really likes the water.



I'm glad I saved this because the costume is so beautiful and Myrna does look nice in it.



I can hardly believe that this was Myrna's favorite hat when she posed for this picture. It was really the latest thing at the time though.

I must have mislaid this too, so I'll put it here. I'm glad Myrna doesn't wear costumes like ~~kiss~~ this anymore.





Here's another picture I'd forgotten. Barry Norton was Myrna's first beau. He was a nice young man, but she was only in love with love in those days.



Myrna today. I don't blame the fans for being crazy about her.



Myrna and Arthur in their garden. It seems funny to think of her as Mrs. Arthur Hornblow. They are both so happy.



Ginger Rogers is a cinch for a bicycle ride and when Lee Bowman coasted by on a studio messenger's bike, she was right there to beg a spin.

GOOD NEWS

BY LEO TOWNSEND

Gaiety, glitter and glamor hold forth in Cinema City as film folk welcome new year

Ginger Rogers is a cinch for a bicycle ride. Between scenes for "Having Wonderful Time" the other day, Ginger was sunning herself in front of the sound stage when Lee Bowman coasted by on a bike belonging to a studio messenger. "Hey!" yelled Ginger. "How about it?" "Okay," said Mr. B., very much okay, since Mr. B. has a romantic interest in Ginger, so the two of them went for a spin around the lot. Stopping long enough, of course, to pose for our cameraman.

■ ■ ■

That blonde with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., at the premiere of "The Hurricane" turned out to be, of all people, Norma Shearer. Norma doesn't go out much, so catching her at a premiere with a handsome young gent was a double scoop for MODERN SCREEN'S cameraman, who happened to be the only bulb clicker present when the blonde Norma made a late entrance with her escort. Others in her party were Michael Brooke and Doris (Mrs. Mervyn) LeRoy.

■ ■ ■

In "Romance in the Dark" you'll see Gladys Swarthout getting smacked in the face—and here and there—with a barrage of ripe tomatoes. Paramount's alert publicity boys decided (publicly) that California tomatoes lacked the proper squish, so they wired New Jersey, whose tomatoes are renowned for that quality, and got a shipment airmail from an obliging Jersey Chamber of Commerce. When the zero hour arrived, Miss Swarthout was jittery and insisted that the principal tomato heaver be her husband, Frank Chapman. They shot the scene, Mr. C. scored a direct hit, and Paramount and New Jersey joined hands to rejoice.

■ ■ ■

Bette Davis slapped herself out of two days'

That blonde with Doug Fairbanks, Jr. at the premiere of "The Hurricane," is Norma Shearer. Norma doesn't go out much, so catching her like this, below, is a real scoop.





In "Romance in the Dark" you'll see Gladys Swarthout getting smacked in the face with ripe tomatoes. She insisted that Hubby Frank Chapman be chief heaver (top).



Bette Davis slapped herself out of two days' work in "Jezebel," when she bruised her cheek with a hairbrush. It's an old Southern custom, instead of using rouge.

Flash! Connie Bennett helps a friend in distress. When Tennis Star Kay Stammers had her screen test Miss Bennett helped her through her fright.



work in "Jezebel." For a scene in the picture, she was required to indulge in an old Southern custom. It seems that the belles of the Nineties, instead of using rouge, brought color to their cheeks by the simple procedure of slapping them with the back of a hair brush. La Davis, never one for half-way measures, slapped herself so hard she bruised her cheek and won herself an involuntary two-day vacation.

■ ■ ■

Flash! Connie Bennett helps a friend in distress. Kay Stammers, English tennis star (the most beautiful tennis player in the world, to be exact) was scheduled for a screen test for a role in the new Bennett picture, "Merrily We Live." Miss Stammers was frightened at the prospect, so Connie talked her into it, and even worked in the test with her, doing the role Bonita Granville plays in the picture. The test was successful, and the studio offered Miss Stammers a contract. But the English gal was still frightened—of pictures, not of Bennett—



Three's no crowd in this picture. Dorothy Lamour, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy attend the premiere of "Hurricane" together.



Sonja Henie and Cesar Romero were another gay duo. Doesn't look as though Sonja's worrying over Ty Power much these nights, does it?



Spencer Tracy and Paulette Goddard spent most of the evening in each other's company the night the Racquet Club opened in Palm Springs.

so the deal's off and she's gone back to tennis.

■ ■ ■

A fellow visitor on the "Robin Hood" set was Wayne Morris, so we asked him the question everybody's asking him these days. "I'm settling down," says young Mr. M. "Eleanor Powell is the only girl I've been out with in two months. And here's a gag for you. You can say it's so serious the studio is planning to star me in a song-and-dance picture."

■ ■ ■

After finishing her work in "Man-Proof," Rosalind Russell returns to the set for retakes, only at her studio they're called "additional scenes." Miss R. is genuinely popular with the prop men and technicians on the set. She calls them all by their first names, and they love it. A non-prop man on hand to greet her was Jimmy Stewart. She calls him by his first name, and he also loves it. In fact, he and Rosalind are very much interested in each other. Their big romance got under way when they co-starred for four weeks in a radio serial. Name of the dramatization was "First Love," if you want to make anything out of it.

■ ■ ■

A Hollywood paper recently reported that after taking Sonja Henie to a preview, Cesar Romero sent her home in a taxi and went on by himself to the Trocadero. What happened was this: Sonja, who had an early studio call next morning, suggested Cesar take her home and go on by himself, which he did. Next day at the studio, Cesar complained loudly to his pals about the item, and brought Sonja over to deny it. "I can't," kidded little Miss H. "Because it's true." So now all of Cesar's friends are calling him Romero the Rat.

■ ■ ■

And here's a diet hint from La Belle Temple. We were with a group lunching with her at the studio commissary recently when one of the women at the table complained that she'd been trying unsuccessfully to put on weight. "You should give up cigarettes," announced Shirley. "Well, that's what the doctor told by brother," she explained.

(Continued on page 70)

They know the thrill of playing the game and playing it well!

Pasadena...
Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III (*below*)

This charming California woman excels in sailing, skiing, badminton...and is active in charity work. Here Mrs. Spalding pauses for a moment on her husband's sloop, "Hurulu." Like so many distinguished women, she is enthusiastic in her preference for Camels. "Their delicate flavor suits me perfectly," she says. "Camels are so mild!"





Philadelphia... **Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr.**

Although of an old and conservative Philadelphia family, Mrs. Warburton has many interests besides society. She has a marvelous fashion sense, is an excellent cook, and ranks high—both in Palm Beach and Southampton—as a tennis player. As for smoking, "All I want to smoke is Camels," Mrs. Warburton says. "Camels give me a lift!"

New York... **Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr.**

Young Mrs. Rockefeller's time is crowded with hunting, polo, aviation. She pilots a low-wing monoplane...takes frequent hops along the Atlantic seaboard to attend perhaps a meet at Aiken or a Long Island match. "Flying as much as I do," Mrs. Rockefeller says, "takes healthy nerves. So I prefer Camels for steady smoking. Camels never jangle my nerves!"

A QUESTION OFTEN ASKED:
Do women appreciate the Costlier Tobaccos in Camels?

THE BEST ANSWER IS THIS:
Camels are the Largest-Selling Cigarette in America



A few of the women of distinguished position who prefer Camels:

BOSTON:	Mrs. Powell Cabot
	Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd
CHICAGO:	Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr.
BALTIMORE:	Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III
NEW YORK:	Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr.
	Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Jr.
	Miss Wendy Morgan
	Mrs. Howard F. Whitney
PHILADELPHIA:	Mrs. Nicholas Biddle
	Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd
VIRGINIA:	Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne
LOS ANGELES:	Mrs. Alexander Black

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C

Costlier Tobaccos in a Matchless Blend

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic.

TO MY VALENTINE



Jane Withers has decided to make us readers of Modern Screen a valentine.



It's a ticklish business, as you can see here, but Jane remains unperturbed.



When it comes to pasting on the lace, Janey knows just where she wants it.



But this heart, now, is something else again. Jane has to puzzle it out.



Is that a beauty? We'll say so, and it looks as if Jane likes it, too.



Everything's done but the address. Look closely and you'll see Jane's own writing.

This New Cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

Brings more direct aid to Skin Beauty

"Smooths lines out marvelously—makes texture seem finer,"
Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr.



Mrs. Roosevelt with her hunter, Nutmeg.



Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr.
famous for her beauty here and abroad. "Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream is a great advance—a really scientific beauty care. I'll never be afraid of sports or travel drying my skin, with this new cream to put the 'skin-vitamin' back into it."



(Right) On her way to an embassy dinner in Washington.

A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing new aid to women's skin!

Women who use it say its regular use is giving a livelier look to skin; that it is making texture seem finer; that it keeps skin wonderfully soft and smooth! . . . And the cream they are talking about is Pond's new Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin."

Essential to skin health

Within recent years, doctors have learned that one of the vitamins has a special relation to skin health. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking!

Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams for over 3 years. In animal tests, skin became rough, old looking when the diet was lacking in "skin-vitamin." But when Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in 3 weeks! Then women used the new Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. In 4 weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it the usual way. In a few weeks, see if there is not a smoother appearing texture, a new brighter look.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM! **TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS**

Pond's, Dept. 9MS-CO, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

Why DO XXX'S SIGNIFY KISSES?



• When people could not write, they used to "make a cross"—and often kissed it as a sign of good faith. Hence the cross (on paper) came to represent a kiss.*

Today, Campana's label on a bottle of Italian Balm is a "mark of good faith" with you. Close inspection has safeguarded your confidence in Italian Balm from the moment the "raw materials" enter the Campana laboratories until the bottled product has been shipped to a store in your community.

Many physicians, dentists, nurses and other professional people will tell you that with Campana's equipment for making a skin protector—plus scientific analysis and control of manufacture—there's no doubt that Italian Balm is a superior skin preparation. Why not try it—FREE? Get a Vanity Bottle—use Italian Balm for several days. Compare results.



(*Authority: "Nuggets of Knowledge" —Geo. W. Stimpson, Pub., Blue Ribbon Books.)

Campana's
Italian Balm
An Exclusive Formula—A Secret Process

FREE

CAMPANA SALES CO.
212 Lincolnway, Batavia, Illinois
Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____
In Canada, Campana, Ltd., MG-212 Caledonia Rd., Toronto



Loretta Young and David Selznick seem to be having themselves a time at the Rainbow Room during a recent visit to New York. Mr. Selznick, you should know by now, is producing "Gone With the Wind."

Good News

(Continued from page 66)

Questions without Answers: What singing star, for a time a favorite guest at the home of one of Hollywood's top glamor girls, is no longer asked to drop in? Reason: She wore out her welcome and too much effort making a play for the glamor girl's gentleman friend.

■ ■ ■

On a set recently we were discussing with a young actress the trials and tribulations of another performer in the same picture. It seems production had been held up considerably by her continual bungling of her lines, and some of her co-workers were complaining. But not our young friend. "I think she's wonderful," the gal said. "Every time she speaks a line we get an extra day's work."

■ ■ ■

Talked to Carole Lombard on the "Food For Scandal" set the day it went into production. Said Miss L.: "I think I'm still wet from being dunked in Lake Arrowhead for dear old 'True Confession.'" She must have been right, for she spent the next few days at home with a severe cold. Incidentally, Carole and her co-star, Fernand Gravet, are getting along fine. On the set the first day Carole, in a prankish mood, slipped up behind M. Gravet and administered a surprise prod in a most sensitive section of his anatomy. Several days later, Gravet solemnly returned said prod.

■ ■ ■

Know where Barbara Stanwyck keeps her telephone? Well, she keeps it in her stable. Miss S., out on her new ranch, wanted to go really rural, so she decided a phone in the house was too modern a touch. All of which means that all those transatlantic calls from Bob Taylor, when he was in London, were overheard only by Barbara's horses. Taylor, incidentally, is the only person who has the phone number. When Barbara's studio wants to get in touch with her, they have to do it by wire.

Now that the air is full of movie commentators, listeners are able to get seven or eight distinct and different reports on everything that goes on in Hollywood. The other night, for instance, one gossiper informed her listeners that Jeanette MacDonald attended the opera in a chinchilla wrap. An hour later another news dispenser, who probably couldn't afford chinchilla, told the waiting world that Miss MacDonald was lovely in a silver fox cape. Confidentially, she came as Scarlett O'Hara, wearing an old Southern colonel for a neckpiece, and carrying a bouquet of mint leaves.

■ ■ ■

There's an old saying that blood is thicker than water, or scotch and soda, or something. However, old sayings sometimes take a beating in Hollywood. For instance: When the Hollywood Hotel program prepared a radio version of "Second Honeymoon," Loretta Young was in New York, so Sister Sally Blane was asked to do the job. Sister Sally jumped at the chance and spent many long hours rehearsing her role. She particularly wanted it to be better than Loretta could have done—for she knew Loretta would be listening.

■ ■ ■

Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow celebrated their first wedding anniversary in London, and Maureen's entire family came over from Ireland to watch her emote with Bob Taylor in "A Yank At Oxford." In a letter to a friend in Hollywood, Mrs. F. stated that during the winter months most of the English picture actors live at the studios—the fog's too thick to make driving home practical. Well, that's what she said.

■ ■ ■

George Raft, who doesn't drink, will have a bar in his new home, but it will be turned over to his guests. George, in fact, isn't even calling it a bar. To him it's a Memory Room. Reason is that the walls will be lined with pictures, tracing the Raft career from nightclub dancer to the screen.

(Continued on page 107)

Daintiness is IMPORTANT
This Beauty Bath Protects it...



STAR OF THE
20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION
"Second Honeymoon"





LORETTA YOUNG



IT'S Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather that makes it such a wonderful bath soap! It carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Skin is left smooth, delicately fragrant. No risk now of offending against daintiness—of spoiling romance! You feel refreshed, *sure* of being sweet from top to toe—and you *look* it!

9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP

LET 'EM EAT CAKE



Fay Wray's favorite dessert is this Derby Sponge Cake, topped with Marshmallow Swirl Frosting.

WHEN COMPANY is expected and you're wondering what to serve them for dessert, well, let 'em eat cake," advises Fay Wray, giving us a modern version of Marie Antoinette's famous speech.

The French Queen made her historic suggestion when told that the poor folk of Paris were rebelling because they had no bread. Fay, on the other hand, does not suggest cake as a bread substitute but simply as the ideal sweet with which to top off any festive meal, be it lunch for the girls, bridge for the club, a social for the church, a dinner for the in-laws or a lavish buffet supper for the crowd.

"Yes, it's a wise hostess who has a first-class repertoire of cakes," Miss Wray assured me. "Out here many famous folk are as proud of some special dish that they serve at parties as they are of the notices they received on their last picture.

One star is famous for his barbecue suppers, a couple of others argue over the respective merits of their Chile Con Carne, each one demanding top billing for his own pet version. Many foreign importations bring their national specialties with them, with which to astound, and frequently delight, the natives. And so it goes, one trying to outshine the other, in a culinary and party sense, through some one or two original dishes not served elsewhere. Or at least, not found in such perfection!

THEN FAY went on to suggest that many a clever hostess in the film capital as elsewhere, makes a bid for party popularity by acquiring a couple of good cake recipes together with two or three frostings, which can add so much both to their appearance and taste. Once you've mastered these directions, advises Fay, don't feel for a minute that you must serve "a new cake" every time you have company. Just trot out the old standby, and if it's as good as it should be, you'll hear only appreciative exclamations from your guests.

Here are a couple of cake recipes for you to experiment with—on the family first, until you have mastered the technique and until you've decided which of the three frostings that I'm giving you goes best with each cake.

The first recipe is for a Sponge Cake. At Fay's suggestion I collected directions for making this from the Brown Derby, where Miss Wray invariably orders it whenever it appears on the menu. It's a good bet for anybody's money, for though the "odds" are a bit high where the eggs are concerned, the omission of butter evens things up considerably.

The second is a layer cake, another favorite of Fay's, who varies the frosting but never the ingredients and the mixing. Let me add a word of caution here. Do follow directions carefully for best results.

You can use any of the three frostings given here. And if you're looking for novelty and don't shy at a little extra work, then fix the cake, as I did when testing it, with the chocolate frosting between the layers and the swirling marshmallow frosting on the top and sides.

DERBY SPONGE CAKE

5 eggs, separated
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
1 cup orange juice
1½ cups sugar
1½ cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon baking powder (scant)
¼ teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon cream of tartar (scant)

Separate the eggs. Beat yolks with rotary beater until thick. Add orange rind and juice. Beat with rotary beater until thick and foamy. Add sugar gradually, beating well after each addition. Sift flour, measure. Add baking powder and salt and sift twice. Add flour mixture to egg yolk mixture. Blend thoroughly but lightly. Whip egg whites until foamy, add cream of tartar and beat until they will hold up in peaks, stiff but not dry. Combine with egg yolk mixture, folding together gently until thoroughly blended. Turn into ungreased tube pan. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) until done and golden brown (approximately 1 hour). Invert in pan to cool. Remove from pan. Cover with Orange-Coconut Icing.

LAYER CAKE

2 cups sifted cake flour
¼ teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, beaten
¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour, measure. Add salt and baking powder and sift together twice. Cream shortening thoroughly. Add sugar gradually, creaming together thoroughly after each addition. Beat eggs, without separating, with rotary beater, until light and spongy. Add eggs to creamed butter mixture and blend thoroughly. Add flour mixture alternately with the milk, in thirds. Blend thoroughly, quickly and lightly. Stir in vanilla or other flavoring. Turn into 2 greased 8-inch layer pans. (Covering the bottom of the pans with waxed paper and greasing again prevents sticking). Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 30 minutes or until cake shrinks from sides of pan and a cake tester inserted in cake comes out clean. Turn out onto wire cake rack to cool. When cold put together, and cover with Swirl or Chocolate Frosting.

ORANGE-COCONUT ICING

2 tablespoons boiling water
1 tablespoon butter

BY MARJORIE DEEN

Fay Wray says a wise hostess has a large repertoire of cakes

2 cups confectioner's sugar
¼ teaspoon orange extract
orange juice, shredded coconut

Melt the butter in the boiling water. Add the confectioner's sugar gradually, beating well. Add orange extract. Add a little orange juice (approximately 2 tablespoons) very gradually, until icing is of right consistency to spread. Cover entire cake, then sprinkle immediately with shredded coconut.

GLISTENING CHOCOLATE FROSTING

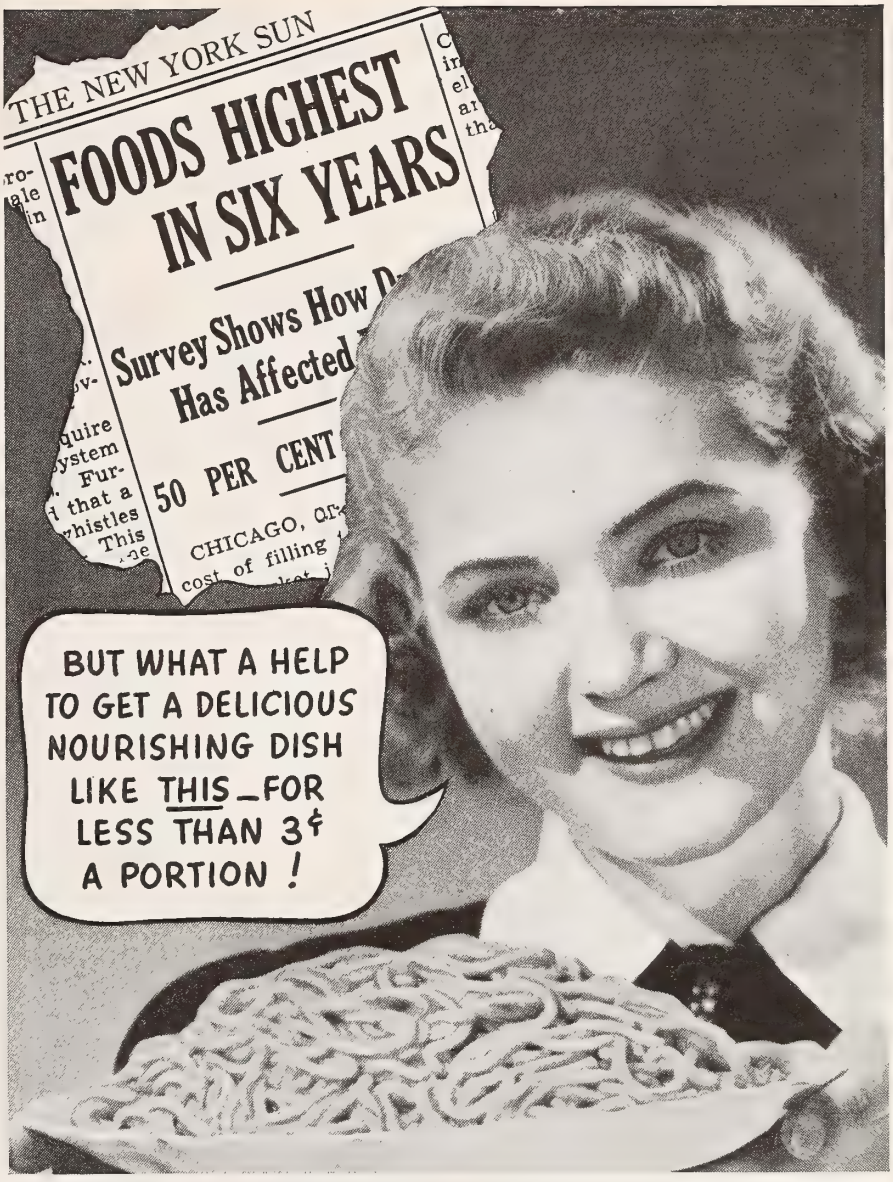
1 cup sugar
6 tablespoons flour
4 squares unsweetened chocolate
1½ cups milk
2 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon glycerine

Place the sugar and flour in top part of double boiler. Add chocolate, shaved or cut into small pieces. Add milk slowly. Cook slowly over direct heat, beating constantly with rotary beater until chocolate has melted and mixture is smooth and blended. Place over boiling water and cook for 15 minutes, stirring constantly until thickened and then occasionally. Remove from heat, add butter, salt and vanilla. The addition of the glycerine will give a smoother frosting—one that spreads easily and has an excellent appearance.

MARSHMALLOW SWIRL FROSTING

1 egg white, unbeaten
¾ cup granulated sugar
½ teaspoon baking powder
3 tablespoons cold water
2 teaspoons white corn syrup
¾ teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons marshmallow whip

Place unbeaten egg white, sugar, baking powder, water and corn syrup in top part of a double boiler. Mix thoroughly with rotary beater. Place over boiling water and cook for 7 minutes, beating constantly with rotary beater. Remove from heat. Add vanilla. Continue beating. While still warm add marshmallow whip and beat until mixture is thick and holds its shape. Spread evenly between layers and on sides of cake. Spread on top of cake in swirls. This is sufficient for a small 2-layer cake. For 3-layer cake double the recipe.



HERE'S a great way to beat these rising food costs! Have delicious Franco-American Spaghetti several times a week. Serve it as a main dish for lunch or Sunday supper, or as a side dish for dinner. It's marvelous to make left-overs go further — it turns them into nourishing, attractive dishes.

But be sure you get Franco-American. This is no ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti! Just wait till you taste that appetizing cheese and tomato sauce, made with eleven different savory ingredients! Your family will never get tired of Franco-American. It's a great work-saver, too! You just heat and serve—it's on the table in a jiffy. A can holding from three to four portions is usually no more than 10¢—that's less than 3¢ a portion.

Free recipe book gives 30 different appetizing ways to serve delicious Franco-American that will save you time and money. Send for it now.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

The kind with the Extra Good Sauce—Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups



MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE RECIPE BOOK? SEND THE COUPON PLEASE

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. 62
Camden, New Jersey
Please send me your free recipe book:
"30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print)_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____



"Raw" Throat? Here's Quick Action!



Zonite Wins Germ-Killing Test by 9.3 to 1

If your throat is raw or dry with a coming cold, don't waste precious time on remedies that are ineffective or slow-acting. Delay may lead to a very serious illness. To kill cold germs in your throat, use the Zonite gargle. You will be pleased with its quick effect.

Standard laboratory tests prove that Zonite is 9.3 times more active than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic!

HOW ZONITE ACTS—Gargle every 2 hours with one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. This Zonite treatment benefits you in four ways: (1) Kills all kinds of cold germs *at contact!* (2) Soothes the rawness in your throat. (3) Relieves the pain of swallowing. (4) Helps Nature by increasing the normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. *Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is!*

DESTROY COLD GERMS NOW—DON'T WAIT

Don't let cold germs knock you out. Get Zonite at your druggist now! Keep it in your medicine cabinet. Be prepared. Then at the first tickle or sign of rawness in your throat, start gargling at once. Use one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. Gargle every 2 hours. We're confident that Zonite's quick results will more than repay you for your precaution.

Always gargle with Zonite at the first sign of a cold



STARS' BAROMETER RATING FOR 1937

We salute the top twenty stars who ranked highest on Modern Screen's Barometer for the past year. They are pictured here in the order of their rating


1. Nelson Eddy


2. Gene Autry


3. Errol Flynn

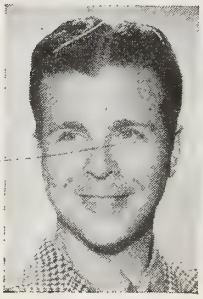

4. Tyrone Power


5. Robert Taylor

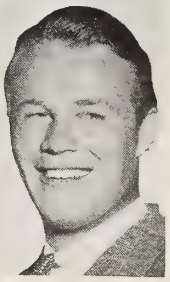

6. Don Ameche

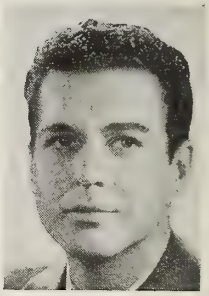

7. Deanna Durbin


8. Clark Gable


9. Dick Powell


10. Ray Milland


11. Wayne Morris


12. Michael Whalen

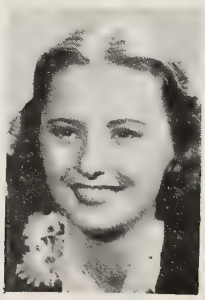

13. Sonja Henie


14. James Stewart


15. J. MacDonald


16. Loretta Young


17. Simone Simon


18. B. Stanwyck


19. Janet Gaynor


20. Ginger Rogers

Information Desk

(*Continued from page 23*)

TEX RITTER (First printing) No drug store cowboy, Tex Ritter. In fact, he was born and reared in Murvaul, Texas. In those days, he was known as Woodward Morris Ritter. It was during his school days that he adopted the nickname Tex, which has stuck to him ever since. During the years when he was acquiring an education he was not the least concerned with acting or singing, except for his own enjoyment. But while attending the University of Texas, from which he was later graduated, he began to sing his cowboy songs in public, making appearances throughout the Southeast and giving lecture-recitals on the Texas Cowboy and his songs. It was while Tex was attending Northwestern University in 1930 that he left to come East and appear in the Theatre Guild's "Green Grow The Lilacs," in which Franchot Tone was also featured. During the run of this production, he also gave similar lectures to the students of the Washington Square Branch of New York University. After the Guild production closed, Ritter appeared in a revival of the old melodrama, "The Roundup," in which he played the role of Sagebrush Charlie and received the best notices of the play. He then appeared in "Mother Lode," a play which ran for two years. But Texas was in his blood and after spending a summer at home, he returned to New York and became a featured star of the annual Rodeo at Madison Square Garden. As a result of his singing with the Rodeo, he entered radio, writing, singing and acting in his own program entitled "The Lone Star Rangers." His radio characterizations brought him to the attention of Edward Finney who signed him for Grand National pictures. He is six feet tall, weighs a hundred and sixty-five pounds, has sandy hair, grey-blue eyes and an ingratiating smile. He isn't married.



Elizabeth Morris, Haversbill, N. H. Gene Autry's latest picture is "Springtime In The Rockies."

Lawrence Carter, Norfolk, Va. Robert Montgomery has two children. His most recent five pictures include: "Trouble For Two," "Piccadilly Jim," "Night Must Fall," "Ever Since Eve," and "Live, Love and Learn," which is his latest release.

Lucille Barbe, Greenville, S. C., Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is very much in Hollywood these days, where he is making "Having Wonderful Time." His latest completed picture is "Prisoner Of Zenda."

Beverly Como, Lake Charles, La. Ask as many questions as you like and we'll do our best to give you the right answers! Kenny Baker was born in Monrovia, California on September 30, 1912. He's six feet tall and weighs 161 pounds. His eyes are blue, he has a nice disposition and no pet aversions. His favorite hobby is woodchopping and his favorite sport golf. He's under contract to Warner Brothers but is now making a picture for RKO-Radio, titled "Radio City Revels." There, now, how's that?

Robert J. Atten, Irvington, N. J. Sorry, but we cannot give you Franklin Pangborn's home address. However, if you will write him in care of RKO-Radio Studios, Hollywood, California, he should answer your letter, particularly if he remembers you as an old friend.

John Basile, Chicago, Ill. "Too Many Parents" was the title of Frances Farmer's first picture. Dorothy Jordan gave up a promising picture career for marriage. She is now Mrs. Merrian C. Cooper.

Louise Redfern, Williamsburg, Penn. Kermit Maynard may be reached in care of Monogram Studios, Hollywood, Calif. He is thirty-five years old.

M. J. Cairns, Naugatuck, Conn. You will find a complete life story on Barbara Stanwyck, answering all your questions,



NEWS FLASH!



Men Look First at a Woman's Eyes; Women Notice Masculine Nose



NEW YORK, N.Y.–(U.P.)–When a man looks into a woman's face the first thing he notices are her eyes.

When a woman scans a man's face she pays most attention to his nose. These conclusions were drawn by the beauticians of America after a three-month survey in which 25,000 men and women were asked to explain what interested them most in the facial features of the opposite sex.

Forty-three per cent of the women said they looked first at a man's nose, 19 per cent at the mouth, and the remainder scattered votes for the eyes, hair, ears and appearance of the skin.

Approximately 51 per cent of the men said they looked first at a woman's eyes.

Courtesy: United Press and Milwaukee Journal





Maybelline Solid-form Mascara, in gold metal vanity. Black, Brown, Blue. 75c. Refills 35c.

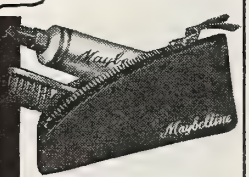


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in the November issue of Modern Screen. If you cannot obtain this through your newsdealer, write directly to our subscription department, enclosing ten cents and a copy will be mailed to you.

Jack Royle, Woodbridge, N. J. None of the stars give their photographs to fans free of charge. They'd go broke if they tried it! You must accompany your request with twenty-five cents for each picture you desire.

Ella Kapelar, Irwin, Penn. Sorry, but we cannot furnish the home addresses of any of the stars. However, if you write Gene Autry care of Republic Studios, Hollywood, Calif., he will receive your letter. Attention, Margaret Clevenger: This also answers your question.

Freda Karlin, Elizabeth, N. J. Send us a list of the specific stars whose studio addresses you want, together with a self-addressed, stamped envelope and we will oblige.

Bettie Ann Rippe, Tuchahoe, N. Y. Too bad you've had to wait so long for this, but better late than never is our motto. Don Ameche is twenty-eight years old, is six feet tall, has hazel eyes and his hair is dark brown. We do not answer questions concerning religion in this column.

Collis Duncan, Tompkinsville, Ky. Leah Ray was the girl who sang the song, "One In A Million," in the picture of the same name. She used to be with the Phil Harris orchestra before going into pictures.

Grace Mary Farnan, Troy, N. Y. Johnny Downs was born in Brooklyn on October 10, 1913. He began his movie career as a child, working in Winkler comedies as well as Glenn Tryon and Charlie Chase pictures.

Jane Park, El Dorado, Kan. "Beams End" is the title of the book which Errol Flynn has written.

Margaret Alexander, Clarksville, Texas. You will find a directory giving you the information you desire in the June, 1937 issue of Modern Screen. Send ten cents to our subscription department and the magazine will be mailed to you.

Her Comedy of Errors

(Continued from page 39)

them on to the family. There was Minnie in the picture, Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert and myself, taken five or six years ago, and we all looked appalling. We had our hair done in dips like scallops around our faces, and we looked too stupid. Minnie—that's Myrna, of course—wrote on it that she guessed that would take me down a peg, as it had her."

I CANNOT imagine her brooding over anything, because she laughs too easily. The sudden crash of anything from a perfume bottle to a budding romance would soon be just an item in her reflections that life is dizzy, unexplainable, swiftly-paced, and just too wonderful if you have friends to bolster up your confidence and can learn to laugh at your mistakes.

The qualities she most admires are revealed when she speaks of people she most admires. The words "gentle" and "sensitive" recur most frequently. Otherwise, she is worldly with a nice, lustrous polish over her private emotions. She seems able to add all the experiences of all the roles she has played to her own in real life. The answer, she finds, is, "Anything can happen, and probably will." She will try to take it in her stride, never let anything catch her off balance.

"Whatever you write about me, today, I hope won't be true by tomorrow," Loretta called back gaily as she rushed into the next room to answer the phone. "I want to be subject to change without notice. I can't stand the thought of getting in a rut, any rut," she continued briskly as she sped back. "For a long time the studio thought of Young whenever a part came up that was pathetic and downtrodden. That was all right for a time. After all, 'Man's Castle,' where I was a waif, is by all odds my favorite picture. I loved every minute of it. I adore Spencer Tracy.



It's not hard to tell that Clark Gable is still Carole Lombard's favorite boy friend! As for wedding bells, Mrs. Gable is supposed to have said Clark can have a divorce any time he wants. Mr. Gable says nothing.

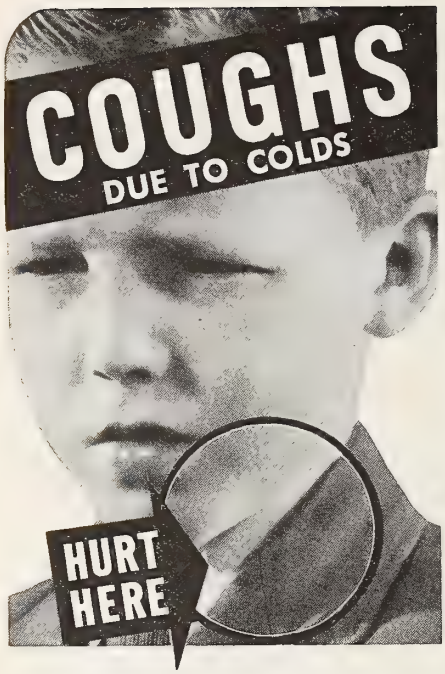
"Lately, I have had a lot of lavishly-dressed parts. 'Second Honeymoon' is a good picture, I think, but I don't want to do another dizzy comedy for a long time. I want to do a heavy costume picture—all big, tragic emotion. The studio officials point out to me that they have been in the business a long time and know better than I do what the public wants, but nevertheless, I want to go dramatic in a big way, and I'll keep harping on it until they let me have my way."

"Don't you ever worry about being typed as a clothes horse?" I asked, in memory of the tears that have been shed in my presence over the mean, old producers who wouldn't let gals wear rags and show their art.

"No," Loretta exclaimed explosively. "I adore clothes and I think people like to see me luxuriously dressed. I've had a string of pictures with lots of costume changes and my only regret is that I made some perfectly awful mistakes in selecting the clothes. In 'Wife, Doctor and Nurse' I thought my hats were grand and the clothes awful. The blame is all mine. I selected those outfits. But a lot of letters have come in from people who were crazy about the clothes I wore, so where am I? No matter how you look at it, I was wrong. Either in choosing those clothes in the first place or in later thinking they were atrocious.

"How could I be expected to guess right all the time? In the past five months in 'Love Is News,' 'Cafe Metropole,' 'Wife, Doctor and Nurse' and 'Second Honey-





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moon,' I've had altogether about eighty outfits that were all supposed to be knockouts. That's more than the best-dressed women in the world expect to find in three seasons. And they do very little else."

"Shopping for my personal wardrobe is a simple routine. I go to the best shops and say, 'Have you anything so extreme, so bizarre that no one else will take it as a gift? I'll probably buy it.' I'm so young and so skinny that extremes seem natural to me. Just wait until I show you what I am going to wear to the Horse Show."

Off she swooped to the next room, returning an instant later with the most spectacular coat you ever saw. A long princess affair of black duvetyn, soft as satin, heavily embroidered just to bolero length in heavy gold and jewel colorings. It looked very Persian, very like something a maharajah's favorite might wear.

"Everyone else seems to be wearing furs," she pointed out shrewdly, "so this should be different. I love furs—particularly monkey fur—but I've been wearing furs so much, I'll enjoy a change. And the monkey fur hat I got to go with a cape I have is so divinely mad, you just wouldn't believe anyone would wear it. That's where Young comes in.

OH, I don't see why you interview me," Loretta wailed in mock despair. "No one could learn anything useful from studying my career. I'm a freak attraction. Got into pictures when I was so young and studios weren't sold on years of training and experience. I've never had a voice or dramatic coach. I'd be afraid of growing stilted and unnatural. The fewer tricks of expression you have, the better I think. I never have to fight for my rights at the studio. If I read a part and don't like it, the directors out at the studio just say, 'All right, Loretta, go ahead and do anything with the part that is simple and natural, just don't ham up the script.'

"Most of my pictures have been mistakes, I think. When I look back at them, I think I never should have made them.

"My only complaint is that people are always harping on my youth. But that's my error. I suddenly realized a while ago that I've let myself be pampered, depended on others, my mother particularly, too much. Until I came East alone this time I had never bought a railroad ticket, or tipped a porter, or attended to any of those little details that children can cope with.

"I can't expect other people to look on me as grown up when I do such awful things. You should have heard me being every inch the gracious hostess, lording it over Minnie Loy and Arthur Hornblow and four others I didn't know nearly so well. I told them my cook didn't mind staying in Thursday night, so wouldn't they dine with me? Then when Thursday came I was simply dead when I left the studio. Went right home to bed and had the second maid bring me supper on a tray. Of course, the cook was out. I'd forgotten to tell her there were guests. I'd forgotten it completely.

"But the guests came, probably just as tired as I was and much more hungry, and there was I as comfortable and relaxed as could be. All I could do was try to laugh it off and phone the Brown Derby to send over spaghetti and things that the guests ate in my room. All very uncomfortable for them.

"Oh, I'm the considerate guest, too. Sometimes I accept an invitation with real enthusiasm and then when the day comes sit around the house completely serene with never a recollection of having made a date.

"Maybe I should have a secretary following me around like a shadow making notes all the time, but I'd feel encumbered. Connie Bennett has someone do that for her and people adore her because she never fails them. It wouldn't be natural to me, as it is to Connie, to carry an entourage with me.

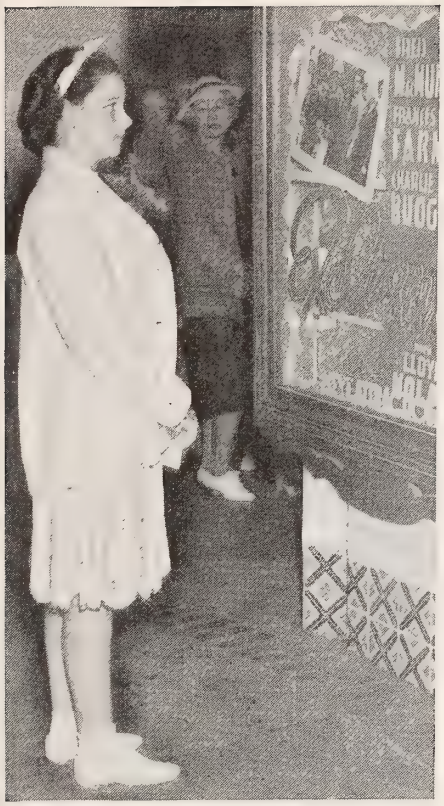
"I have a marvellous secretary, brought her over from England three years ago. When I have her phone someone to make a date, say for one o'clock, she gives the message, then adds, 'But you'd better not expect her before one-thirty or quarter of two.' That's how people protect me from my shortcomings."

Loretta's secretary also keeps her supplied with clippings announcing her engagement to one person or another. She can work up a fine, white-heat fury over that because often she has never even met the man mentioned. But it evaporates in laughter shortly.

"Every once in a while," Loretta assured me, as we prepared to dash in different directions, "I think I'd like to be a part that I'm playing or someone I know who is greatly loved, but if it came to a decision, I'd rather be me."



Between scenes for "The Goldwyn Follies," Andrea Leeds likes to dash around in her speedboat.



Just like you and you, Judy Garland likes to look over the movie bill before she goes inside.

Happy Though Married

(*Continued from page 46*)

make her over after he marries her. A man falls in love with a woman because she is never on time and this distracting habit, with its implications of helplessness, is what wins her a husband. As soon as they are married, he discovers that he wants an efficient wife who has dinner ready on time, meets him for the theatre at the exact hour, gets his laundry back on the dot. He decides to reform her. He does, but he finds he has lost the traits that he fell in love with, and is married to a stranger The same thing happens to a woman in marriage. She reforms her husband and falls out of love."

Theoretically, he told me, he and his wife don't believe in marriage. Not as an Institution.

THE answer is that the young Douglases weighed their problem well before they decided to wed. Did they want marriage? A lot of parental advice went into the decision. Miss Gahagan comes from a large and solicitous Irish family. Father was an engineer; mother, Lillian Mussen Gahagan, came from a musical family. So, for that matter, did Douglas. His father was Edouard Hesselberg, Russian pianist and teacher. Actor Douglas was christened Melvyn Edouard Hesselberg, but bobbed it to Melvyn Douglas for marquee fitness. He comes by his last name honestly. On his mother's side of the house, the Kentucky Shackelfords were descended from the Scotch Clan Douglas.

As for marriage, Mother Gahagan wasn't so sure about the permanence of her actress daughter's feelings for her new stage leading man in Mr. Belasco's "Tonight or Never." This was in 1930. She knew Helen was Irish and tempestuous. About the young man, she was more sure.



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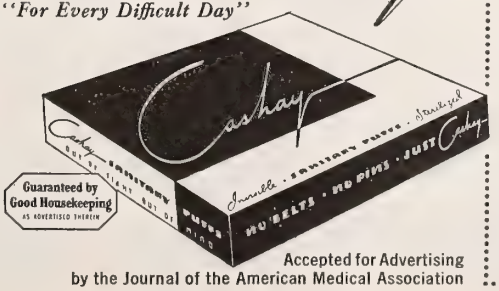


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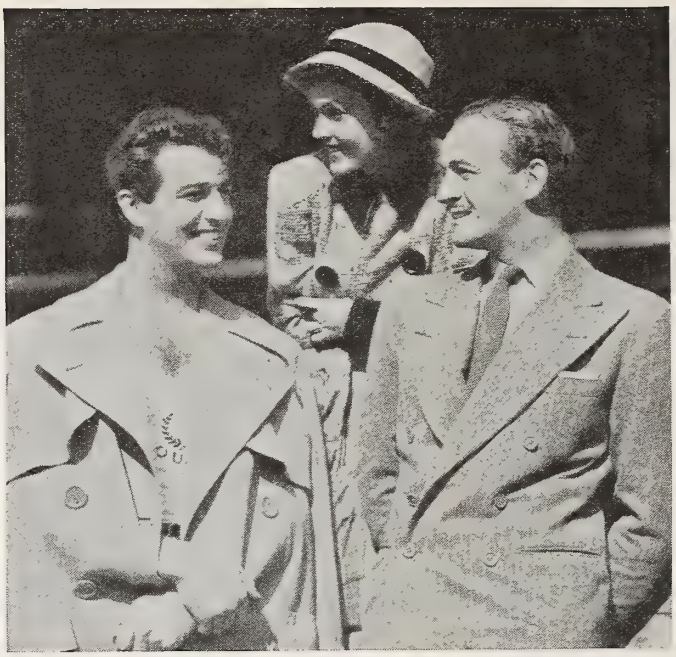
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Old home week in England. Bob Taylor, Maureen O'Sullivan and David Niven get together on location for "A Yank at Oxford."

He was thirty-ish, had been married once before, had knocked about in stock and touring Shakespearean companies, was educated in Canada, a year in Germany, and the various American United States. She liked his topaz eyes and the blend of features left him by his Russian-Scotch ancestry. He had a substantial air about him. He knew what he wanted. He wanted Helen.

The Gahagans, romantic and Irish, worked themselves into a fine lather about Helen and Melvyn. "It's a big family, and given to conclaves," says Douglas, remembering. "Half of the relatives were very splendid about it, in the English drawing-room fashion. They declared a heavy romance would be better and if our love survived, then we should marry." It was Mother Gahagan, the reactionary, who turned the tide toward marriage. Well, it was a grand wedding, on Easter Sunday, 1931. Dr. S. Parks Cadman performed the ceremony in Helen's Brooklyn home."

Quite unorthodox in his thoughts, Douglas surprises by being a staunch supporter of old-fashioned conventions. But not for the reasons which the reactionaries might want. He is all applause, for instance, when it comes to formal manners and customs, standardization of the routine things of life. He'd like to see America with an accredited set of manners and modes, as, say, France and Japan have. There would be no bother about a lot of things, like wondering if social custom dictates white tie or black on certain occasions, and whether formal dinner rules couldn't be stretched to include butter and a hunk of bread.

"If we only had a set rule of conventions," says this otherwise unconventional male, "we could devote much more time to the free functioning of our personalities and getting more out of life."

Coming back to the subject of when is a husband justified in batting out the brains of the missus, he says that too many professional marriages hit the reefs when an actress-wife dictates her mate's career policy instead of maintaining a friendly interest on a strictly hands-off basis. The same thing applies to the man of the house if he tries to steer his actress-wife's career.

The Douglases are remarkably civilized in this respect. When Mrs. Douglas had an opportunity to sing at Salzburg in Austria this year, Douglas let her go with regret, of course, because she had already been absent from their Hollywood home for months to appear in a Theatre Guild production in New York. But he accompanied her to Paris (and immediately returned for picture work) without an argument. If she thought her career would gain lustre by a summer in Europe, he'd be the last one to complain. And when a certain Grade A cinema charmer asked him to accompany her to a premiere, in her husband's absence, and Douglas went, Mrs. Douglas understood. It's part of their marital blue print. Besides, Mrs. Douglas actually likes it when her husband admires beauty in concrete or abstract form.

It's probably this tolerance in his wife that makes Douglas set so high a value on personal privacy. It's not the privacy of the bath or the joint use of his pet razor that he thinks of when he speaks of privacy, but a mental and spiritual freedom. Like most humans, he treasures that secret spot in his consciousness to which he and his thoughts can retire. Mrs. Douglas understands that, and demands no explanation.

"What I don't like to hear," says Douglas, reverting to an earlier theme, "is husband and wife insulting each other across a dinner table in the presence of guests, and sometimes hosts. I can't understand it, unless it is that they have grown so bored with themselves that it doesn't make any difference what they say to each other. And they don't care who hears. But why can't they reserve their comments for their home? Why do they have to inflict their boredom on others? They think it's amusing and smart and modern, I suppose, but to me it's bad manners, any way you look at it."

Another reason, and the last, for sharpening the meat cleaver, is when mutual interest dies, thinks Mr. Douglas. He doesn't mean when the joys of the honeymoon wane, but in those later months and years, when double harness trotting becomes a routine. Music and the theatre, as he has said, should keep the Douglases from knowing the dry-rot of mutual disinterest, but if the large winged house, or the new rambling Mexican farm-house they intend to build, becomes too small for them, Douglas can always borrow a boat and spend a few days on the bounding main. And though he and his wife don't think marital vacations are necessary, they *do* feel there's nothing like a little absence now and then to make the heart grow fonder!

On the Spot

(*Continued from page 41*)

raced back to the two other meetings we had had; the first, five years before, in Chicago, when interviews were new to him and it was difficult for him to talk; the second, about two years later, when news of his marriage plus his wife's threatened suit had crashed the headlines.

His initial screen success had gained such momentum that, due to the pressing crowds of autograph seekers he was literally held prisoner in his dressing-room at the theatre where he was making a personal appearance. Then, too, he had been uneasy with words, uneasy and nervous and strained.

Now all the tension was gone. He spoke well. He has gained poise. He has developed a sense of humor. He laughs at himself. For example:

"When I left on this trip, the studio said, 'Will you do us a favor?' And I answered, 'Well, I won't kill myself!'

"But the favor practically killed me anyway," he said. "It was to make a personal appearance in Boston, two performances. Little did I know what I was in for.

"At Worcester, while I was still in my berth, a group of reporters boarded the train. No one had told me in advance, or I would have been ready. I had to dress hurriedly and see them. This meant skipping breakfast.

"In Boston, instead of two personal appearances, I was obliged to make six, for which work I didn't receive a nickel. Between appearances, I was guest at a luncheon, and as I prefer milk and raisin cake to a lot of fancy food and cocktails, this meant more starvation for me. In the late afternoon I had to do an impromptu fifteen minute radio broadcast. On the way to the station, our police escort bumped into another car, and he is *still* in the hospital with a fractured skull. In spite of the shock of this accident, we went right on to the broadcast.

"That evening, instead of letting me rest and have dinner, they drove me to the hospital to have my picture taken with the hurt policeman. I thought this was ridiculous. I hate forced publicity. It looks silly. And does no one good. Anyway, I was on the go for nearly twenty hours straight and without food. I've been in bed ever since."

But Raft had been out for awhile the previous day. To a Fifth Avenue toy store to buy a clown suit for Virginia Pine's little daughter. There he was mobbed by the delighted shoppers. We talked about the Pine child.

"I suppose," he said, trying to be fair, "anyone is crazy about a kid he sees all the time, but honestly she has such personality. You never saw anything like it!"

VIRGINIA'S daughter calls him Daddy. She saw "Souls At Sea," and told a friend that she cried and cried because Daddy died. But she added quickly, "It was only make-believe."

And George Raft's friendship with this little girl certainly proves that in spite of his hard-boiled, Broadway night club training, there is a warm sweet side to him, a side that is developing more and more.

Take the house he is building. "I hope they won't fire me before it's paid for," he said with a wink. "It's a love nest. I wanted to give it to my mother, but the very day the builders started, she died."

There was a frantic signaling from the doorway. And an abrupt, "Excuse me." The Killer was once more in our midst.

"You gotta get up," he said. "You got an appointment."

So I said goodby. And I wished him luck. "Maybe things will smooth themselves out. You deserve a break."

"I hope so," he groaned. "This trip was certainly a flop." And suddenly remembering the Yankees' sweeping baseball victory, "You see, besides everything else, I bet on the Giants!"



Can Rosemary Lane be poking fun at Dick Powell? It's an off-stage moment on the "Hollywood Hotel" set.

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FOUR years ago, doctors learned that a certain vitamin *applied direct to the skin* healed the skin quicker in burns and wounds.

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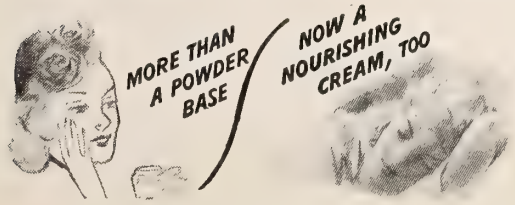


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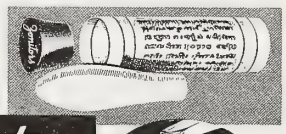
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As advertised therein

ALICE FAYE PUTS PLENTY OF "UMPH" INTO HER RENDI-



"Who Killed Maggie?" Alice Faye takes the stand!



"Sure, I'll speak the truth and nothing but."

Tony's Wife

(*Continued from page 33*)

she did. Little by little, her dependence on him grew until one day it was borne in on her that, with Tony away, she felt lost. It came as a kind of original discovery.

"I guess that's how you ought to feel about your husband," she told her astonished self, and for the first time entertained the notion that this friendship might end in wedlock.

They were invited to spend a week-end at the beach home of a friend. That night they walked along the shore in the moonlight, and Alice said "Yes."

Then the exultant Tony refused to be put off.

"We ought to wait till I finish the picture," said Alice.

"You don't even start till next week. Then there'll be another and another and another—let's do it now."

"Mother's in New York. We ought to wait till she gets back."

"She won't mind if you're happy. I'll make you happy, Alice."

There was something in the way he said it, that made further resistance unthinkable.

Back in town, Alice phoned East to her mother.

"Are you positive and sure?" Mrs. Faye asked her.

"I'm positive and sure."

"Then go ahead—and bless you both."

They boarded the plane for Yuma, landing under a sun that blazed as the sun can blaze in Arizona. Alice was frankly indignant. "I wanted to look so nice at my wedding," she wailed, "and I'm all withered."

As for Tony, he was probably unaware of heat, clothes or the ground under his feet. Standing before the judge, his legs shook like a couple of saplings in a gale. "Repeat this after me," said the judge. And Tony, in a daze, repeated it after him and forgot to stop.

"In the name of the state of Arizona—" intoned the judge.

"In the name of the state of Arizona," said Tony obediently, blind to the judge's violently negating head.

"I now pronounce you man and wife—"

"I now pronounce you—" Then Tony recovered a measure of consciousness, and slipped the ring on Alice's finger.

"I don't feel married," she laughed a little shakily, engulfed in her husband's arms. "It went so fast—"

They had only time for breakfast before catching the plane back to Los Angeles. On Monday, Alice was to start work in "You're a Sweetheart." They took an apartment. With no time for domestic duties, Alice gratefully left the menage in charge of Tony's Filipino boy, and reported to the studio. Tony wasn't working at the moment, so a normal day ran something like this.

The bride would leave the house at 6:30. Tony would generally drive out to the studio to lunch with her. Sometimes he'd spend an hour or two on the set. Sometimes he'd watch for a moment, call, "So long, honey," and disappear. With movies, a radio program and recordings on their minds, they were both under something of a strain. Alike in intensity, drive and absorption in work, Tony's sixth sense would tell him when his presence would help and when it would distract Alice. Sometimes, after she'd done a particularly difficult scene, he'd drop down on the arm of a chair without saying a word; or let fall a casual, "We'll go out to the beach tonight and just sit." She'd go into her next scene, refreshed by the prospect of a restful evening ahead.

Always he'd call for her at night and drive her home. "Would the Mrs. like to dine out?" he might inquire.

"No, if the Mr. doesn't mind."

This method of referring to themselves they've taken over, with secret delight, from the household staff. To their Filipino and to Alice's maid they became the Mr. and Mrs. by common consent on their wedding day.

"The Mrs. likes your cooking," they overheard the maid say.

"I am glad," the Filipino replied. "If I please the Mrs., the Mr. will also be pleased."

"That's us," whispered Tony in high glee.

With no honeymoon and little leisure, they haven't had much chance for that adjustment to marriage which the books tell us is so necessary. They have instead, a sober awareness of the problems of marriage, rare in two so young.

"I married Tony," says Alice, "because I liked the way he was. I suppose I can go so far as to say the same for him. We share enough interests to give us plenty to talk about. If he likes some things I don't, and the other way round—well married or not, we're still two separate people."

So when Tony goes off on Sunday morn-

TION OF "WHO KILLED MAGGIE?" BIG PRODUCTION NUMBER IN "YOU'RE A SWEETHEART"



"I was home with Ma that night, so there!"



"I'll have you know I'm an honest working girl!"



"So now you know as much as I do about it."

ing to play golf—a game Alice has no interest in—she settles contentedly down to being a golf widow while he's away. "After all, I spent Sunday mornings without Tony for a good many years. Why should I let him give up something he enjoys just to hold my hand? That's kid stuff. And it sounds as if I were handing myself an orchid I don't even rate." A gleam of laughter flitted across her face. "Because I don't miss him. I sleep till he gets back."

And if Tony views with alarm his wife's habit of going breakfastless to work, he doesn't nag her about it. "Sure I think she ought to eat more. But I figure it this way. She did pretty well for herself before I came along. Why should I barge in with improvements? My ambition's to be a husband, without being a pest."

They made one other agreement—never to read the gossip columns.

As Alice describes it: "Suppose I'm working, and Tony's off for the day. Suppose I have lunch with someone in the commissary. I might not even think to tell him about it, any more than I'd think to tell him I had my nails done. One's just as much a matter of routine as the other. Then suppose it appeared in the paper. Tony might get sore—not at me, but whoever put it in. So we just don't read the columns."

If this sounds far-fetched, consider an experience Alice had when she visited New York after her marriage. A reporter approached her in the lobby of the hotel, his face drawn in sympathetic lines. "Too bad about you kids," he sighed. "Too bad it couldn't have lasted longer."

"What couldn't last?" cried Alice.

"Oh, come now. I know you're here for a divorce."

She gasped, opened her mouth, then closed it tight and turned away. "Two months," she commented drily, "and they're after us already. If I'd denied it, he'd have printed the denial. This way at least, there was nothing to print."

Neither she nor Tony is making any large statements. They refuse to be photographed in ecstatic attitudes, they refuse to burble, "This is for life, this marriage."

"Too many people have said that and then gone on the rocks. We're not asking or making promises. We're not singing, 'Will you love me in December as you do in May?' We love each other now. If we make a go of it now, December will take care of itself. We're trying, and that's the best we can do."

Joan Bennett with Henry Fonda in Walter Wanger's success, "I MET MY LOVE AGAIN".



"CULTIVATE CHARM IN YOUR HANDS" says Joan Bennett (Walter Wanger Star



"IF A GIRL wants to play romantic parts in the pictures," says Joan Bennett, "she finds soft, smooth hands a great help. I think every girl should cultivate charm in her hands for the sake of her own real-life romance." It's easy to have charming hands—if you use Jergens regularly!

Hands need not Chap and Roughen ...when Lotion GOES IN

IT'S WORTH WHILE to care for your hands—prevent ugly chapping, redness and roughness that make them look so old.

Constant use of water, plus exposure to wind and cold robs hand skin of its beauty-preserving moisture.

But Jergens Lotion replenishes that moisture, because this lotion sinks into the skin. Of all lotions tested lately, Jergens proved to *go in* the best. Leaves no stickiness! Contains two famous ingredients that many doctors use to soften and whiten harsh skin. Jergens is your shortest cut to velvety, young hands that encourage romance. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ —or $1.00 at any beauty counter.



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See for yourself—entirely free—how effectively this fragrant Jergens Lotion *goes in*—softens and whitens chapped, rough hands.

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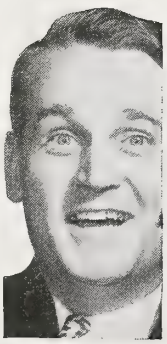
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The Information Desk

Oh, Boy!

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Dependable relief for sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation.

Without Risk try NR. Geta25c box from any druggist. Use for one week, then if you are not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Try it.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

FREE—Beautiful Six-color 1938 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of **NR** and **Tums**. Send stamp for packing and postage to Lewis-Howe Co., Desk 124-B, St. Louis, Mo.



From the look of things, Cary Grant's lighting up for a session.



Now that he's all set, anything can happen, and probably will.

Complainin' Cary

(*Continued from page 37*)

hero. But a dog can cock his head and make a sap out of you.

A dog sticks out his paw or waggles an ear, and he brings down the house. A man sticks out his paw and who the deuce cares? He waggles an ear, and they tell him, don't be silly. Silly, my foot. When a man waggles an ear, he's really accomplished something. It's unfair discrimination against the two-legged. By the time you're through, that dog's given you an inferiority complex and a split personality and a couple of hydrophobias.

"And that's not all he does. He's one of these blinking reformers. He's not satisfied to let you be yourself. He wants you to be Bill Powell. All right, if you don't believe me, ask Leo McCarey. Ask Irene Dunne. Ask Skippy.

"We had to do a close-up together in 'The Awful Truth.' An emotional close-up, looking into each other's eyes. Well, that pooch wouldn't look me in the eye. We coaxed him, we reasoned with him, we fed him peanuts. He kept staring straight at my upper lip. This went on for days. Finally, you know how it is, you start getting self-conscious. I'm not one to go round bragging about my upper lip, but it's no worse than others I've met. I certainly didn't see why the dog should get personal about it.

"One day McCarey claps his hand to his brow and yells: 'I've got it. He's lonesome for Bill Powell's moustache.'

" 'Maybe I could borrow it,' I said.

" 'No, Bill's in Europe. Looks like you'll have to grow your own, Cary.'

" 'That's easy,' I said, 'compared with what you'll have to do. Just shoot the whole picture over.'

"So they go into a huddle with the dog, tell him I'm really Bill Powell with the moustache shaved off. He doesn't believe it. Finally McCarey whispers something in his ear. That does the trick. He bounds over, looks me in the eye and they shoot the close-up.

"McCarey wouldn't give the secret away. But one day when Skippy was off-guard, I asked him suddenly: 'What did McCarey say?'

" 'Harry Cohn,' says Skippy." (Harry Cohn, be it mentioned, is the boss of Columbia, at whose nod mountains tremble.)

"That covers the wild-life hazard. I haven't had time to classify the others yet. So with your permission, I'll lump them under miscellaneous.

"I was never seasick till they rocked a boat under me on dry land in 'Sylvia Scarlett.' They had to make sure it was realistic enough. That's where the ocean scores. She doesn't have to worry about the box office take.

"I never fainted till a fellow breathed garlic into my face in 'When You're in Love.' Realism again, plus the director's idea of a sweet little rib. Or maybe he thought I hadn't temperament enough to *pretend* I smelled garlic. My head reeled, but the boy stood on the burning deck through the reek of fumes. In other words, I fainted standing up. Try that on your bazooka some time.

"I never had rigor mortis till I went into 'Topper.' I don't know how they worked that disappearing act. All I know is that Connie Bennett and I had to stand like a couple of flagpoles in the wind for twenty minutes at a time while something happened. If we breathed, they had to do whatever it was they were doing all over again. So we didn't breathe. When it was over, they cut us down and carted us off in barrows to be thawed out.

"There's also the danger of being identified with a part you play and can't live up to. Pick me a choicer occupational hazard than that one. Some day when I can afford it, I'm going to hire a writer to supply me with off-screen dialogue. You go into a picture that crackles with brilliant lines. Then you go to a party. 'Oh, there's that clever Cary Grant. He pulled off some of the cutest cracks in his last picture.' So they stand around and wait for you to crack cute. You yell, 'Author, author,' but he's at some other party. You pull your own cracks or you don't pull any. Either way you lose.

"Of course, you can argue that my being an actor doesn't make me any dumber than I'd otherwise be. But if I were the milkman, the contrast wouldn't be so marked. As long as I outsmarted the cows, they'd think I was terrific.

"And that brings us to the final danger." His lashes lifted, and a curiously level glance shot from his bright brown eyes. "The danger of getting your values wrong."

BY THIS time you're geared to a mood where you're likely to look behind his soberest statement for its comic intent. I was startled to find that there wasn't any.

I was in for a second shock. "I'd give this all up for peace of mind," he was saying. "Money's important to peace of mind,



Whatever goes on, Cary isn't just sure whether he likes it or not.



But it's all right now and Mr. Grant can let go and smile.

I grant you. A moderate amount. More than that doesn't matter. What do you do with it? Buy a bigger car. But that doesn't steady the ground under your feet.

"Doubt away," he said. "Sure, I'd rather have both. But if I *had* to choose between all this on the one hand, and on the other, a home and children and someone to love and love me, I'd choose the home, et cetera, without thinking twice. There *is* no choice. One way your life's full, the other way it's empty."

"Do you plan to do something about it?"

His face turned dreamy. "That's another weakness actors suffer from. They talk too much."

The girl he refuses to talk about is Phyllis Brooks. You saw her in "You Can't Have Everything," "In Old Chicago" features her still more prominently, for her studio is grooming her for stardom.

She's the first girl whom Cary has been seeing steadily since his marriage to Virginia Cherrill went on the rocks. It's no secret to his friends that the failure of that marriage hit him hard. Being a normal young man, however, with no tendency toward anchoretism, he began going out presently with this girl and that. The point is, it was always this girl and that.

It was never the one girl, that is, not until, fresh from her New York triumph in "Stage Door," Phyllis Brooks came to Hollywood. She has been described as a blonde with a brunette personality. Fair-haired and blue-eyed, her face is demure in repose. But in smile or speech, a vein of quick humor lights it up so vividly as to give it an almost gamin quality, all the more piquaint by contrast.

For six months now, she and Cary have been inseparable. Neither dates anyone else, "They never seem to run out of fun," one of their friends commented. "They start laughing the minute they get together, and they never stop."

MARRIAGE, they decline to discuss, at any rate, where the press can overhear them. Otherwise, they're frank in their preference for each other. They hold hands at previews. They sat in the gallery to see "Dangerously Yours," in which Phyllis appears. The second feature happened to be "Topper."

"Let's stay," Phyllis begged.

"But you've only seen it three times," protested Cary.

"I don't care," said Phyllis. "I love to watch you disappear."

After her last birthday, two new rings, a diamond and a ruby, graced her hand.

"Did Cary give you the diamond?" some enterprising soul asked her.

"The diamond's from my mother," she smiled, with the faintest possible emphasis on diamond. Whom the ruby was from remained undivulged.

But there's no guessing about her new vanity case with its ruby clasp and its inscription engraved in the donor's own handwriting: "To Phyllis from Cary."

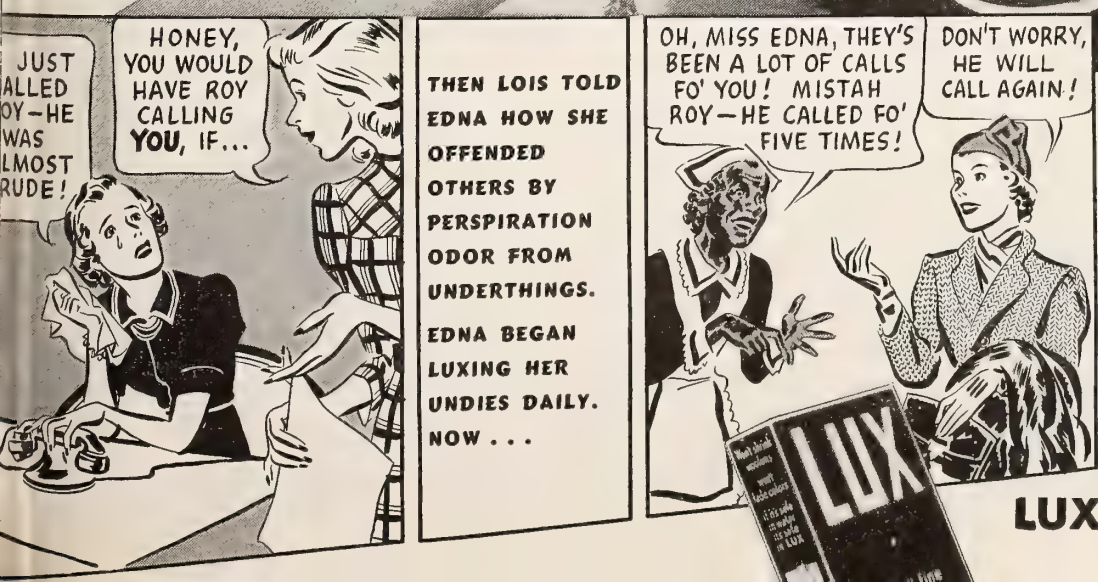
Not long ago, a radio gossiper announced that they would be married within two weeks. Asked to verify or deny the statement, they replied: "Mmmph!" Interpret it as you like.

The gossiper was wrong. Two weeks and more have passed, and they're not married. But they're still inseparable. Maybe they haven't made up their own minds. Maybe they're just not ready to tell.

Faced with a pointblank question, Cary flashed his faunlike grin, "Guess," he said, "that's *your* occupational hazard."

...ON'T BE THE GIRL WHO HAS TO ...ELEPHONE ...BOYS





Avoid Offending

Girls who want to be popular never risk "undie odor." They whisk undies through Lux after *each* wearing. Lux takes away odor, saves colors.

Never rub with cake soap or use soaps containing harmful alkali —these wear out precious things too soon, often fade colors. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

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You'll have more fun when the SKIN is clear from WITHIN

NO MAN or woman wants to have a finger poked at them or receive sympathy because of an unhealthy skin appearance.

Some skin troubles are tough to correct, but we do know this—skin tissues like the body itself must be fed from *within*.

To make the food we eat available for strength and energy, there must be an abundance of red-blood-cells.

Worry, overwork, undue strain, unbalanced diet, a cold, perhaps, as well as other causes, "burn-up" your red-blood-cells faster than the body renews.

S.S.S. Tonic builds these precious red cells. It is a simple, internal remedy, tested for generations and also proven by scientific research.

It is worthy of a thorough trial by taking a course of several bottles . . . the first bottle usually demonstrates a marked improvement.

Moreover, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite and improves digestion . . . a very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . to strengthen nerves . . . and to give to your skin that *natural* health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel . . . and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

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Emancipating Madge

(Continued from page 47)

English girl to play the role of Agnes. When I asked for a chance, they laughed and told me to remember I was the college girl sweetheart, the typical American girl.

I USED to sit in my dressing-room on the lot and hear them testing girls. Girl after girl. Practically everybody in Hollywood and many from elsewhere. Finally I went to David Selznick and said, 'Please, won't you just give me a test? Everybody else has had one. Just a test, at least.' Well, he did and I got the role, but I never could have, if I hadn't practically begged for it.

"I got the role, but do you think that changed my luck with picture assignments and I was given a chance to do anything else out of the ordinary? Others on the lot were given chances at strong roles, but not I!

"I loved doing 'Piccadilly Jim' and the reactions were good, but that, too, seemed to have no bearing on my future.

"So, a month ago, when I was called in and told I was to do a musical at Republic on loan, I rebelled. It was just another blah role and I'd had all I wanted. I bought up my contract and by so doing bought my freedom.

"What the future will bring, I don't know, but I am having a marvelous time being myself for a change. I'd like to do a play on the New York stage, if I could find one, because, of course, it was from the stage I went to M-G-M and I love the theatre."

From the publicity copy which has been released about Madge, you probably remember her best as a child star in films and as the little girl who posed for those well known soap advertisements when just two years old.

She actually was a child star and her first full length film was "Sudden Riches" directed by Emil Chautard, with Robert Warwick as the star. She also played kiddie parts with such favorites as Alice Brady, Ethel Clayton, Montagu Love and Holbrook Blinn. All these pictures were done in the East at Fort Lee, New Jersey. She continued these child parts for seven years, studying with private tutors between engagements. At thirteen she was John Barrymore's leading lady in "Peter Ibbetson" and then when fourteen, she played opposite Richard Barthelmess in "Classmates."

Then came the stage, one of the happier periods of her professional life. She did stock in the East and in the West. She remembers coping with unexpected sound effects in the form of fruit trains rumbling by the little summer playhouse at Milford, New York. Says she:

"During the harvest season, you'd get as many as half a dozen trains in an evening. The playhouse was near the railroad track and when a freight rumbled by, you couldn't hear a word from the stage. So we adopted the simple expedient of quickly flashing out the lights, leaving the house in darkness until the last fruit car pulled around the bend. I remember one night we had a dreadful time staging a shooting scene in 'The Bad Man.' Just as the leading man would pull his gun and get ready to shoot up the place, here would come a train, and out would go the lights."

She looks back with fond recollection on eighteen weeks spent at the famous Ellitch Gardens, in Colorado, where so many fine actors and actresses had their start and where it is still considered an honor to get an engagement.

She was on Broadway in such plays as "Conquering Male," "Dread," "Our Betters," "The Marquis" and George Kelley's "Phillip Goes Forth," which was the play that attracted the attention of M-G-M.

What manner of gal is this new emancipated Madge Evans, who at this writing hasn't yet a job?

Meet Madge as I did, in such a setting as a fashionable Manhattan hotel, frequented by the loveliest and best dressed women of New York, and you are struck instantly by her beauty.

SHE has a lovely, finely chiseled face, clear blue eyes, a sensitive mouth. She talks quietly but she neither minces words nor does she go overly-dramatic. She gives you a feeling of confidence in herself and her ability. As a matter of fact, Madge Evans is a whale of a good actress, is recognized as one.

Says Una Merkel, who is some shakes of a comedienne herself: "Madge is a wonderful actress. Put her into comedy and she has few peers. She has a gift for it. I love to play with her."

It is the Merkel girl, one of the real honest-to-gosh people in Hollywood, who is Madge's best friend.

Once upon a time, the studio, whooping up a little more of this synthetic aroma about Miss Evans, tried to whoop up a feud between the two girls. A whispering campaign was started which went like this:

"Watch those two dames. Sure, they are pleasant to each other's face, but there's real rivalry and jealousy between them. Two comediennes! Did you ever know it to fail?"

With less well-poised individuals, the feud and the ensuing gossip might have started something akin to dynamite. But Madge and Una laughed the unpleasant story off, and gradually the rumors died down.

Madge's boy friend is Tom Gallery, tall, quiet Los Angeles prize fights promoter and one-time husband of Zazu Pitts. They have gone together steadily for about four years and while they have never admitted an engagement or plans for a wedding, it is generally accepted in Hollywood that some day they will take the marriage vows.

Although Madge refuses to talk about her feelings for Tom to anyone at all, even her best friends, those who know her well, think that she is very much in love. She has dates with Gallery several times a week. They have been seen attending church together of a Sunday and he is at her home many evenings a week.

ONE story in Hollywood is that their marriage has been postponed because of Gallery's pride, that he wants to make his own pile and be financially independent of a movie star wife, before he asks her to be Mrs. Gallery. Another legend is that they are already married.

Whatever is true, you can rest assured that the Evans-Gallery combine is not another one of those publicity-concocted romances. Tom gave Madge a yellow sports roadster a few months ago and it was six weeks before the news leaked out and then inadvertently, as to the name of the giver. Madge has positively refused to let anything synthetic creep into her personal relations. More power to her. And let's hope the period of emancipation from gooey roles and pictures works wonders for her professional career, for that gal definitely has something on the ball.



This may just be a scene from "Love Is Where You Find It," but George Brent and Olivia de Havilland find it nice to be together, off the screen, too!

Between You 'n' Me

(Continued from page 21)

Perhaps, however, Grace does not want to share the honors with Nelson. If this is true, then she is the loser, because, although she may not realize it, there are still plenty of people who have never seen her—and many of them might be followers of Nelson's. So how about teaming them? What do you say, fans?—Ruth King, Cranford, N. J.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Putting Arkansas on the Map?

In the December issue, Grayce Higginbotham said that the "antics and so-called witticisms of Bob Burns are nothing short of treason to our state." Her beliefs are certainly unfounded. I, speaking as an out-of-state person, know that we don't look down on Arkansas because of him.

Instead of being treason to the state he has put it on the map. People didn't know anything about Arkansas but now, at least, they know it exists. Grayce, you don't seem to realize what it means to have the tourist trade Bob Burns has brought Arkansas. Appreciate him while you've got him because if and when he gives up movies, you will fall back into oblivion once more.—Marilyn Norbeck, Minneapolis, Minn.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Burnt Up

I have just finished reading "M'Lady Minus Make-up" in December MODERN SCREEN and to put it mildly, I'm burnt up.

I'd like to treat myself to a few choice cuss words, but being a lady, I won't, but who the blank blank does she think she is? I'm referring, of course, to Rochelle Hudson and her conceited remarks about what a successful actress she is, how popular she is with men and what an understanding husband she's looking for. I also resented her remarks and her poking fun at "a cottage small with roses round the door and babies on the floor." She admits that girls don't like her. All I can say is small

How to win against SKIN TROUBLE

IF YOU HAVE ANY OF THESE COMPLAINTS, DON'T DELAY, BUT START NOW TO FIGHT THEM WITH A PENETRATING FACE CREAM

BLACKHEADS?

YES_____ NO_____

These hateful little specks hide in the corners of your nose and chin, and don't show their faces until they have deep roots. Even one blackhead may prove your present cleansing method fails in these corners. To see how quickly blackheads yield to a penetrating cream, send the coupon below to Lady Esther, today.

OILY SKIN?

YES_____ NO_____

Does your skin always seem a little greasy? Does it look moist? If this is your trouble, then be careful not to apply heavy, greasy, sticky mixtures. Send the coupon below to Lady Esther and find how quickly an oily skin responds to a penetrating cream.

DRY SKIN?

YES_____ NO_____

Move the muscles of your face. Does the skin seem tight? Can you see any little scales on the surface of your skin? These are symptoms of DRY skin. A dry skin is brittle; it creases into lines quickly. If your skin is dry now, then let me show you how quickly you can help it.

TINY LINES?

YES_____ NO_____

Can you see the faint lines at the corners of your eyes or mouth? If your skin is dry, then these little lines begin to take deep roots. Before you know it they have become deep wrinkles. The coupon below brings you my directions for smoothing out these little lines *before* they grow into wrinkles.

COARSE PORES?

YES_____ NO_____

Your pores should be invisible to the naked eye. When they begin to show up like little holes in a pincushion, it is proof that they are clogged with waxy waste matter. When your skin is cleansed with a penetrating cream, you will rejoice to see the texture of your skin become finer, soft and smooth.

DINGY COLOR?

YES_____ NO_____

If your general health is good, then your skin should have a clear, healthy color. Very often the dingy, foggy tone is caused by clogged pores. If you want to see an amazing difference—a clearer, lighter, fresher looking skin, then let me send you, FREE, a tube of my penetrating cream.

Have you a Lucky Penny?

Here's how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, and all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Madam: I would like your directions for (check)

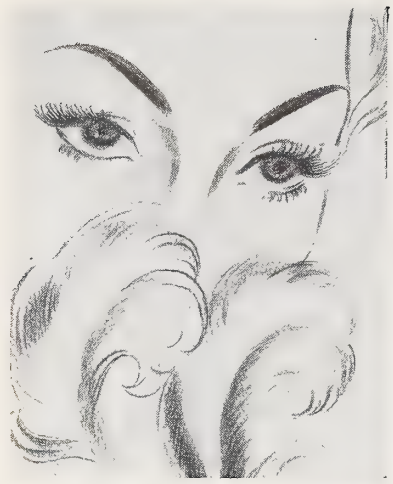
Blackheads _____ Dry Skin_____ Oily Skin _____
Coarse Pores____ Tiny Lines____ Poor Color____

Please send me a tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, and ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

*Name*_____ *Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.) (39)



DO YOUR EYES HAVE "*it*"?

● Express your personality by your eyes—reveal their size and brilliance with a frame of sweeping lashes! KURLASH in a few seconds *curls* them, without heat or cosmetics—adds to their apparent length, gives depth and glamour to the eyes. Only $1 at all good stores.



Send your name, address and coloring to Jane Heath, Dept. 5, and receive free a complete personal color chart and booklet on eye make-up.

THE KURLASH COMPANY
Rochester, New York, U. S. A.

Kurlash

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What a mighty job a little 5¢ nickel can do when a cold has you by the  throat. Cure it? No. But

BEECH-NUT
COUGH DROPS
BLACK OR MENTHOL

can give blessed relief from "throat tickle" that comes from a cold. 



Publicity romance in the making. A couple of stars happen to attend a preview together, or have lunch or go dancing and, instantly, the columnists have a news flash. It's love . . . they'll be married any edition. That's what happened to Wayne Morris and Eleanor Powell, but don't believe the rumors.

wonder they don't.

I surely think lots less of Rochelle for saying such things. Does she think all that bunk is sophistication? Phooey to her from me!—Wilma Smith, Ashland, Kentucky.

Bits From Your Letters

"Firefly" is a sad flop here, and many feel cheated at seeing the vocally restricted and uninteresting Allan Jones get a better singing and acting part with MacDonald than Eddy had in his nineteen minutes in "Maytime." How did he manage it?—*Carolyn Jacobs, Corpus Christi, Texas.* I have just had the pleasure of seeing Basil Rathbone in a picture where he wasn't a stepfather or a wife murderer. What a joy! — *Marjorie Willmott, Bridgeport, Conn.* Why all the squawking about double bills? I have been in motion picture houses in many parts of the world and have yet to see either ropes or chains on the seats intended to keep the patrons in them.—*N. Kitchler, Mexico City, Mexico.* I nominate Sonja Henie for the Queen of Masculine Hearts. So come on fellows and cast your votes for the little Norwegian froken of the ice skates.—*Talley Jackson, Liverpool, Texas.*

Boost your screen favorites by voting on the following fifteen questions right now. The results of this important questionnaire will be published in an early issue of Modern Screen. Fill in the coupon (please print) and send it to: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1. My favorite actor is.....
2. My favorite actress is.....
3. Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind" should be played by.....
4. The screen star I like best on the radio is.....
5. Most handsome man on the screen is.....
6. Most beautiful girl on the screen is.....
7. My favorite cowboy star is.....
8. Most promising screen newcomer is.....
9. My favorite child actor is.....
10. My favorite child actress is.....
11. I'd like to meet this star.....
12. I like the double feature program (Yes).....(No).....
13. I'd like to read a Modern Screen life story of.....
14. The best picture I saw in 1937 was.....
15. The worst picture I saw in 1937 was.....

My name is.....

Address.....

(City) (State)

Midseason Pick-Me-Up

(Continued from page 8)

minute, looking into the future with her dashing scarf of red-white-and-blue, which forms a sort of vestee down the front of her dress. A piece of the same fabric is pulled through the crown of her bright red sailor hat and tied at one side, in back. Bright suede gloves and a plain dark purse complete this lovely picture.

The striped scarf can be draped in several different ways, but it can also be removed and others of different fabrics and colors substituted, so that the dress may be worn for afternoon with a scarf-vest of gold or silver lame, or for less formal occasions with a gay plaid or bright suede scarf.

Now, some of you may think that the girl who goes out and buys herself a winter suit as late in the season as January or February is slightly off her base and belongs in the psychopathic ward—that she's just plain nuts, in other words. But, if you're the least bit economy-minded, you'll see that there is a smart ulterior motive behind this apparent lack of the old grey matter.

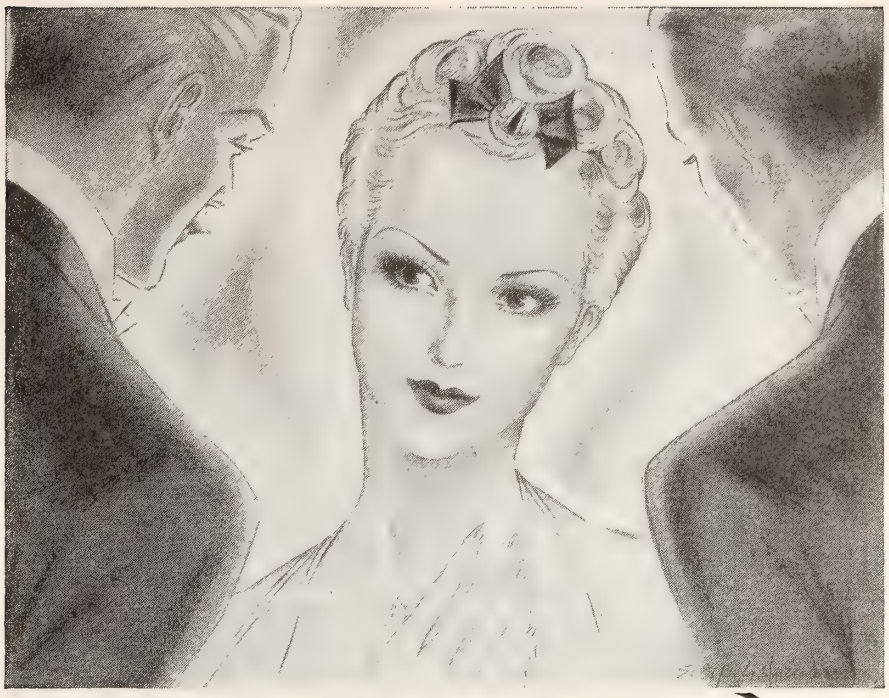
For this is the time of year when winter coats and suits are put on sale, and you can find some wunnerful bargains if you shop carefully (and have any money left over after the financial strain of Christmas gift-giving!). You can wear your new suit for the remaining weeks of winter and in the still-cool days of early Spring, and then put it away fresh and clean for next winter, when prices will again hit the top, and you'll be so thankful you got your winter suit the end of last season.

GREY is tops with Hollywood's brunette contingent. Dorothy has chosen this grey cape suit as a perfect foil for her lustrous blue-black hair, fair skin and violet blue eyes.

Made of novelty grey kasha, the cape is lined in grey crepe and trimmed in grey Persian lamb, which also fashions the smart jumper and muff. The short straight skirt is also of grey kasha fabric, and her perky hat is of grey suede. Her touches of color on this costume are found in her bright blue antelope gloves, and matching bright blue slippers.

Skirt lengths being so very important at this moment, you have undoubtedly noticed that the skirt of this smart suit is quite far from the ground. Well, it looks as though the short skirt for daytime wear is here to stay—for a while, at least. And this means that we must pay particular attention to our hose. More unforgivable than ever is the sin of the twisted seam, the wrinkled ankle, the stocking that's too tight at the knee. Your hose must fit you perfectly if you're going to be well turned out from top to toe.

So I know you'll be glad to hear that there's a stocking that's made in all sizes imaginable, for short or long, plump or thin legs. All the problems of leg sizes have been carefully studied and a very comprehensive selection of sizes has been worked out. You lazybones who hate to shop will be glad to know that your shopping is greatly simplified, for all you have to do is phone for a representative, who will call upon you at your home, take your individual measurements, and order the proper sized hose for you in the newest Spring shades! If you would like to know how to secure perfectly fitting hose this easy way, just write Ann Wills, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New



The Glamour Girl

APPRECIATES THE ECONOMY OF THE NEW

LINIT MAGIC MILK MASK



*1st STEP
Mixing takes a minute.



2nd STEP
Applying takes a minute.



3rd STEP
Resting for 20 minutes.



4th STEP
Rinsing off completely.

THIS beauty-wise girl knows that popularity goes hand-in-hand with a clear, lovely, glowing complexion.

She protects and beautifies her skin with the new Linit Magic Milk Mask. It costs her almost nothing, yet keeps her face looking soft and smooth—lively and vibrant. It's ever so easy to enjoy this marvelous new home beauty treatment. While simple to apply, it's almost magical in results!

**Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit* (the same Linit that is so well known as a Beauty Bath) *and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it generously to the* cleansed *face and neck. Relax during the twenty minutes it takes to set, then rinse off with clear, tepid water.*

HOW FIRM—how clean your skin will feel! The gentle stimulation the mask gives your skin induces the facial circulation to throw off sluggish waste matter and heightens natural bloom. This is an excellent "guide" to proper make-up, as the bloom indicates where your rouge should be applied. The Linit Mask also eliminates "shine" and keeps your make-up looking fresh for hours.



Your grocer sells Linit



ZiP
Plastik-Vapor
A PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION
RUB IN AND INHALE
FOR COLDS
Sold at good stores

ZiP
Liquid Vapor
NOSE DROPS
To relieve congestion of nasal mucous membranes. Just a few drops gives immediate comfort.
Large Bottle 10c

LARGE JAR 10¢
Don't delay At the first sign of a cold rub on the chest a liberal quantity of ZiP Plastik-Vapor. In this way you help to relieve congestion in the throat and chest. By inhaling you relieve congestion in the nose and bronchial tubes. Get your jar today. You will be surprised at the large quantity of this meritorious product for only 10c.

SENSATIONAL!
The 4-STAR HIT of the season...



RUN-R-STOP
This compact little purse-size tube is *saving* women *money*. It's halting that most exasperating enemy of attractiveness—*stocking runs*. RUN-R-STOP stops runs or snags *permanently*—carry it with you. Look for the HANDSOME RED & BLACK VANITY that protects tube in purse. *Only* 10c—ask for it at chain, department and shoe stores.
GUARANTEED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING *as advertised therein.*
RUN-R-STOP
Camille, Inc., 49 East 21 Street, N. Y. C.

TOUCH UP GRAY STREAKS



ANY COLOR
LIGHT BROWN to BLACK
Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy as penciling your eyebrows in your own home; not greasy; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. $1.35, for sale everywhere.
ADDRESS for FREE SAMPLE, Dept. M. Feb., '38.
State original hair color
Brookline Chemical Co., 79 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.
FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

York City, and I'll be glad to give you full information.

And now, to get back to the subject of pepping up the jaded wardrobe. Get yourself something new—anything will do, be it a new frock, hat or shoes, or a new set of accessories. If your new purchase is a big item like a dress, then you must be careful not to get one that is too extreme in style, for you will undoubtedly be starting out with it next Fall. See that it's your type of dress. Don't get it just because it looks well on a famous star or an internationally-known duchess.

Beauty Problems of "In-Betweens"

(Continued from page 49)

still get away with handicaps that make a girl miserable. Guess it's still a man's world. But, never mind, darlings, go on and have a good time while you're waiting for the skin to turn to satiny smoothness.

Begin right now to drink, as soon as you get up, a glass of hot water with the juice of a lemon squeezed into it and a dash of salt added.

Be sensible about sleep. That's a funny statement, but I'll explain it. In the early teens, a great number of things are apt to crowd in upon us women. We're no longer little girls who are told to get to bed by eight. If we use the honorable old excuse of homework, we can get away with staying up till all hours. Fact is, at this age, if we have a great many activities on our minds, we discover that we can get along with very little sleep. That is, we think we can. I did it. Bed at two, up at five. Cramming for an exam. Staying overnight with my best friend, talking till three. Occasional parties, but the Ancient History 2B must be skipped through afterwards. I lived on so little sleep—woof, it would kill me to do it now. And, ladies, it isn't a good idea. You don't feel the reaction right now, but you will feel it later on.

I don't believe in an out-and-out strict diet for young folks. I think they need plenty to eat and when they're hungry, they should eat. But they can't eat everything they want to. Candy, pies, etc., are out if your skin is bad or your figure fat. They're not to be indulged in overmuch even if you're thin. It would be well if ice cream were served as an occasional family dessert and candy used as an after-dinner sweet. Then allowances could be spent for movies or MODERN SCREEN or manicures, and not for magoo at the drug-store.

YOUR mama is right when she tells you plump sisters that it's largely baby fat and will, probably, go away. But there's always that "probably" which leaves an element of doubt, so you should concentrate on vegetables, fruits, lean meats and fish. Eat plenty of these sensible foods. And you can exercise all you please. Keep your stomach muscles firm while you're young, and you won't have to worry about a bulging middle later on.

There's nothing better than this exercise: lie on the floor, with your arms behind your head, or crossed on your chest—anywhere where you won't use them to assist you in doing the exercise and so ruin the effect. Bring your legs up to a right-angle position with your body, heels together, knees straight. Do it slowly. Now lower the legs, slowly, very slowly. Let them down to within a few inches of the floor. Don't let them touch the floor. Now bring them up again. Do this five times without a rest.

And do this—you and your girl-friend do it together, helping each other. Sit on a chair sideways, your legs sticking straight out in front of you. Get your pal to hold your feet firmly while you do a back-bend over to the floor. Down and up, down and up, slowly, five times. Vary it by twisting to the right side, then to the left. That's good for a lumpy waistline.

Thin young girls, who just can't seem to gain no matter what they do, and who are nervous and unable to sleep and have headaches and cannot take a happy, healthy part in young activities, should see a doctor. And whatever he tells you to do, please do. Any sacrifice now will pay untold dividends later. Suppose he says stay out of school for a year? Okay, it will be kinda too bad, being a year behind your friends and everything, but better that than feel punk the rest of your life.

Average scrawniness and reediness of arms and legs can be built up over a period of eighteen months to two years by the faithful attention to milk, cream, eggs and nine hours sleep every night, with enough exercise of the most unstrenuous sort to give you an appetite and tire you out a little. Walking is cheapest and easiest. Archery, if your school boasts such an extra-curricular activity, is a splendid chest-developer.

And here's a leg-builder-upper, offered by your friend, Jeanette MacDonald, who, at the age of fifteen, had legs that strongly resembled pipestems. Now possessed of a pair of legs which should be insured whether they are or not, Jeanette vows that at fifteen her under-pinnings were first cousins to pipestems. She began doing, every day, a tiresome and, at first, difficult exercise and kept it up for a couple of years.

This is it: stand in your bare feet as close to the edge of a big, thick book as you can get without losing your balance. A soft, bendy book is best. A thick telephone directory or a stack of magazines two inches high will serve the purpose. Get way up on your toes and then ease slowly down till your heels touch the floor. Come up again and repeat ten times. That's enough for the first two or three days, because this exercise catches you in the leg muscles and makes them pretty stiff. Increase gradually to twenty, thirty, up to fifty times each day. Do it very slowly and feel the pull in your leg muscles. Think about those muscles while you're doing the exercise. When you think you're getting results, add another inch of magazines or another book.

DO I think you should use make-up? Yes! When? Depends upon your actual age, your activities, to a small extent upon the attitude of the community in which you live. The in-between age is an elastic period. In big cities, thirteen-year-olds may be quite grown-up young ladies. In small towns, one still can find "little girls" of sixteen. But generally speaking, I can't for the life of me see why a gal, who is no longer a little girl, shouldn't use external aids to beauty, provided she uses them in the right way. Powder. A touch of rouge if she's pale. Subdued lipstick for evenings and parties. The softer shades of nail polish—natural, rose, coral. Rust and the deep reds are too sophisticated and grown-up.

Powder should be a bit darker than the skin tone—just the same as for anyone else. Use a mild astringent if your skin is

oily. Your powder should be applied by the "put it on and wipe it off" method. With a soft, clean, big puff, fluff more powder onto your face than you need. Then brush most of it off with a powder brush or a piece of clean cotton. Brush extra well over the cheeks, more gently over forehead, nose and chin. Never scrub powder into your skin and don't hastily powder a dirty face. It won't make it look a bit better, so you might just as well wait till you can clean up and start fresh.

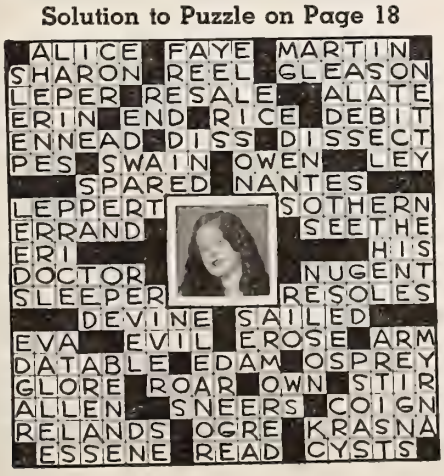
The best lipstick for most young people is the variety which changes color when it's applied to the lips. You get a soft rose, not a red, shade that's very natural-looking. If this variety happens not to suit you, get the shade which is advertised as being particularly good for redheads. The point here is that most redheads, being notoriously hard to make up, find their lips turning slightly purple under most lipsticks. So a couple of far-sighted cosmetic manufacturers have made a lipstick containing quite a dash of that panchromatic brownish shade which the movie stars use before the camera. Put on generously, then blend and wipe off until only a becoming film is left, it looks pretty slick.

What about eyes? Older in-betweens may glamorize the windows of the soul a little. When one is sixteen, say. Younger girls should wait. If your lashes and brows are reasonably dark and plentiful, leave them alone in the daytime. If they're light and stringy-looking, however, use a brown eyelash grower on them for daytime. It will darken them a tiny bit and encourage their growth at the same time. For a date or a dance, keep a nice, soft, brown eyebrow pencil in a warm place, where it will soften still more. Feather this pencil lightly across your upper lashes. Lengthen the brow line with it just the least bit—oh, scarcely an eighth of an inch. If you find this messy and difficult to do, use the merest touch of brown mascara, just on the tips of your lashes.

Eyeshadow is out for the time being, but you can put a touch of rouge on your eyelids for evening. Never for daytime, dears, it makes you look as though you'd suffered a sudden bereavement. And even for nighttime, it should be slight. Use cake rouge and take a piece of cotton and scrub it over the cake, so that it's very thoroughly rouged up. Then pat the cotton on your hand or something until all the excess is off and you're getting the very least pink tinge. Or else you can rub a little cream or oil over your eyelids. Very little, for you don't want to look greasy.

If you have a very white skin, try this some time on an evening date: get one of those white pomade sticks, ordinarily used for chapped lips. Rub this on your eyelids, then use a little of the brown eyelash grower on your lashes and, really, it does a lot for a girl's eyes and a girl's outlook

Solution to Puzzle on Page 18



LIGHTS!
ACTION!
CAMERA!



Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, Basil Rathbone, and the remainder of the distinguished cast who appear in the forthcoming Warner Bros. production "Tovarich" are typical of the group of artists who prefer this glamorous refreshing make-up created for them by Miss Arden.

The great stars of Hollywood have found their answer to the relentless cameras, the hot lights, the demand for glamour and loveliness at any hour of the day or night . . .

They have discovered the new

SCREEN and STAGE MAKE-UP

by Elizabeth Arden

A complete line of preparations are available for professional—and taking a hint from the stars—for private use too. They are priced at a dollar ($1.00) each, and sold by exclusive Elizabeth Arden distributors everywhere.

The booklet "Professional Information" M-3, containing procedure of make-up application for effective use, may be obtained by writing Screen and Stage Laboratories, 5533 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.



NOTHING is too good for the lord and master of the house—your baby! Serve him foods of the same high quality you enjoy—Heinz Strained Foods. They're cooked with dry steam and packed under vacuum to preserve flavor, color, vitamins, and minerals. And Heinz uses only the world's choicest fruits, vegetables, meats, and cereals. Make sure you're giving baby the *best* by ordering an assortment of Heinz 12 Strained Foods!



HEINZ
STRAINED FOODS

PATENT YOUR IDEA

Inventors read and profit by free **"Evidence"** form and free book **"Patent Protection"** illustrating important mechanical principles and explaining **patent procedure** fully. **Promptness, low fees, deferred payments, 39 years' experience.** Write immediately for **free copy** of our book. **VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 33-B VICTOR BLDG., WASH., D. C.**



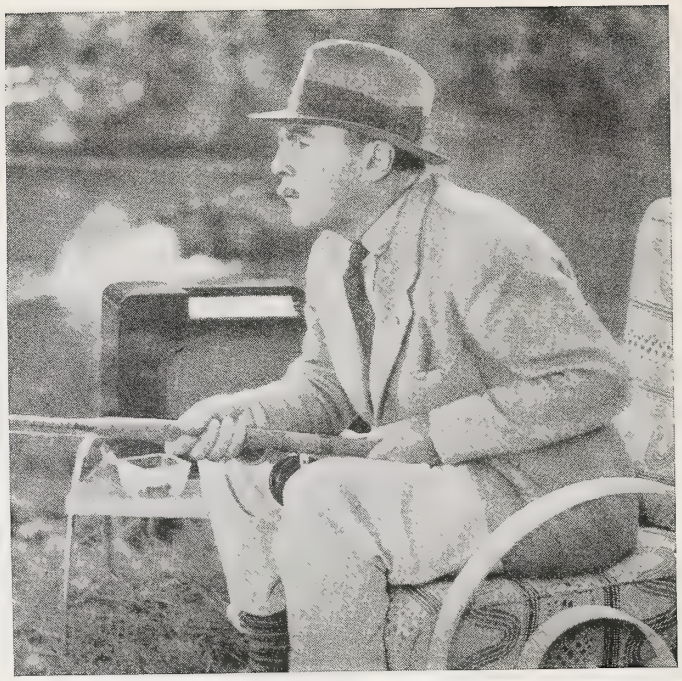
Relieves
TEETHING PAINS
within 1 minute

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved in one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS
DR. HAND'S
Teething Lotion



Roland Young seems determined that this isn't going to be the one that got away, judging from his expression.

and nobody will be able to tell a thing, if you're careful and don't use too much.

I thoroughly expect the Editor to get a flock of indignant letters from indignant mamas asking what that buttinsky M. M. means by putting ideas into their children's heads. I don't mean to run counter to parental opinion, nor do I mean to put ideas into anybody's head. But I honestly feel that a girl, during the trying in-between years, needs every bit of help she can get in order to be a happy, normal individual and if a discreet make-up makes her look better and feel better, why not use it? I've certainly tried to stress the fact in this article that she shouldn't go too far and paint herself up like a freak.

Did I say that in-between years were tough on the gals? Well, they're pretty tough on mama, too, for she must use the nicest of judgment and be able to strike the most desirable balance between keeping Missy back too much and letting her go too far. It takes heaps of sympathy, tact, understanding and love—well, Mamas, a lot of it's up to you,

I was thinking, in connection with in-betweens, about some of our younger movie stars, as contrasted with the older girls. Kids like Deanna Durbin and Judy Garland. Their in-between years are so different from the similar periods of, say, Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford.

NORMA SHEARER, when she first went into pictures, had to wear painful braces on her teeth to straighten them. When Norma was a little girl, folks didn't go in for teeth straightening to such an extent as they do now. Such dental attention was very expensive and people of average means just didn't think it essential, that's all. It isn't dirt cheap even now, but with a little plotting and planning it can and should be managed.

And then there are our two famous in-betweens again, the Misses Garland and Durbin. Nice gals both, who offscreen look just like any two attractive, chockful-of-personality young people you'd find in high schools or boarding schools all over the country. A little make-up now and then, very nice clothes of good material and excellent cut, but always simple sweaters and skirts, plain tailored coats, simple accessories and hats. Remember that simple things are good for all ages. You won't look too kiddish in something plain. And Deanna and Judy are in bed most nights by ten-thirty and in the studio commissary they're seen eating vegetable plates and lamb chops and liking it and ice cream once a week, so there.

Do I hear some in-betweens moaning that, really, they're just so hopeless that . . . well, all this applesauce I've been writing is okay with girls who stand any chance at all. But—"I really haven't a single redeeming feature—almost everyone in the world has something, but I haven't hair, eyes, skin or figure," cries another. Listen! Till she was going on fifteen, one of our best dramatic actresses—to wit, Bette Davis—was one of these pale, skinny kids, with pale blue eyes and pale lashes and pale hair which just wouldn't fix. There was no confusion about it—Bette was just drab looking. But there was a brain working all the while under that hair, a dramatic soul in the straight-up-and-down young body. Today, it isn't Bette's looks, attractive enough though they are, which intrigue you. It's her dramatic intensity, her personality force which gets you. Use the external aids I've told you about, you kids who think you're so uninteresting, but more important, develop inwardly and in a couple of years, see if anyone dares call you uninteresting.

I gotta go now. But first—I have a small present for you. It's an absolutely free crystal bottle of perfume, and you'll receive it right away if you'll just fill in this coupon. Be sure to check your favorite flower fragrance on the coupon so you'll get the one you like the very best. P.S. These perfumes are the glam in glamor. Bet, after you try one, you'll be buying all six!

Mary Marshall,
Modern Screen,
149 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me my perfume, at no cost to me. I would like:

☐ Lily O'Valley ☐ Gardenia
☐ Lilac ☐ Carnation
☐ Violet ☐ Sweet Pea

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Nobody's Yes-Girl

(Continued from page 43)

pictures of the year, "Come and Get It" and "Ebb-Tide," her salary, with bonuses, still hovers around the four-hundred-dollar-a-week mark. And that doesn't go far in Hollywood toward keeping up a front.

VERY early in her picture career, Frances' Hollywood bosses became alarmed at the unpretentious way in which she was living. One day Phyllis Laughton, who was training talented newcomers at Paramount, called Frances into her private office, and said to her, "Frances, there's something I've got to tell you. It's . . . it's . . ." Miss Laughton seemed to find it hard to go on.

"Why are you afraid to tell me?" Frances asked. "You know I've never minded when you criticized my work."

"It's not that," Miss Laughton said. "It's the way you dress on the street. Never wearing a hat and the horrible slacks and that faded jacket. You're being groomed for stardom, and the fans expect stars to be glamorous-looking when they see them on the street."

"So that's it," said Frances, smiling. "You know, Phyllis, you don't give a darn about the way I dress, so obviously someone from the front office has been talking to you. Who was it?"

Phyllis Laughton looked uncomfortable.

"Phyllis," Frances said, "do something for me, will you? Go to him and give him this message from me. Tell him if the executives at the studio paid as much attention to the parts they give their actresses as they do to the clothes they wear off the screen, we'd all make a lot more money."

Not for a moment did Frances stop to think that she was being impudent, and that she might imperil her brand-new career by being so frank. But if she had stopped to think of it, it wouldn't have checked her. For it isn't in the girl to bow and scrape and "yes" people to death.

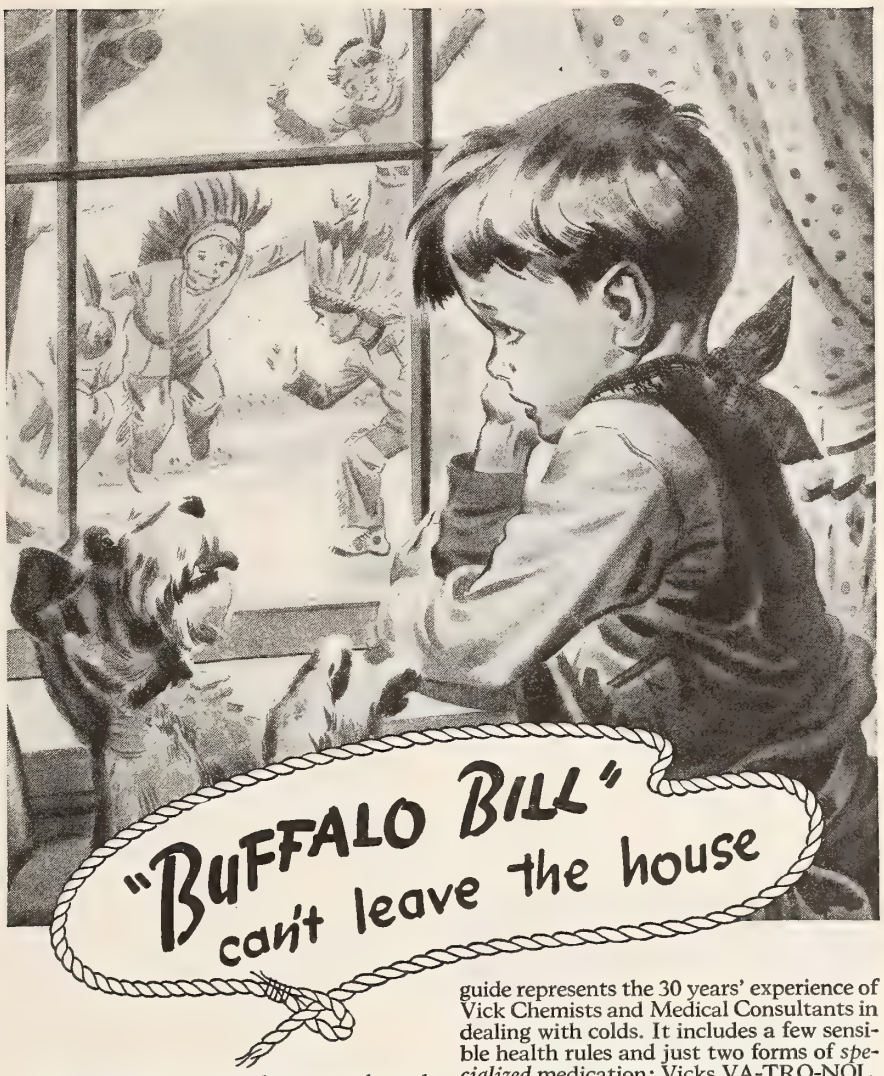
There was the time, for instance, when a very powerful columnist asked her to appear on his program, so that he could introduce her to his listeners as the most promising newcomer of the year. Into the script he had put some pretty telling lines against Katharine Hepburn, which Frances Farmer was expected to deliver.

Now Frances likes and admires Katharine, and she didn't want to deliver those lines. At rehearsals, she tried to have them changed, but failed.

When the time came for her to broadcast, she didn't know what to do. Never in her life had she said something she didn't believe. On the other hand, she knew that if she antagonized this columnist, she might make a very dangerous enemy for herself, for his broadcasts were heard and his newspaper columns were read throughout the country, and it was said that he had a million fans.

When she got to the mike, the words she was really thinking about Hepburn tumbled from her lips in a flood; instead of condemning her, she praised her. All her life, Frances has been accustomed to saying exactly what she thought, and when she was put to a test, she couldn't do otherwise.

When she played with veterans in "Come and Get It," in a scenario written by a man who had had seventeen years' experience, directed by Howard Hawks, who had been directing box-office hits while she was going to college, she never hesitated to challenge the things these veterans said. At first they wondered at the gall of this young upstart who dared to say to the director, "What you suggested



THE Indians are on the warpath and the Cowboys are ready to fight—but Buffalo Bill can't take part. For he has a cold, and Mother is afraid to let him go out of the house.

Like *every mother—every winter*—she faces the problem of how to gain greater freedom from colds for her family. The right answer would mean less time lost from work, from school, and from play. It would mean less worry and less expense. It would mean better health for every member of her household—less danger from the *after*-effects of colds.

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These results were gained by following a simple plan that any mother can easily follow right in her home—Vicks Plan for Better *Control* of Colds. This practical home guide represents the 30 years' experience of Vick Chemists and Medical Consultants in dealing with colds. It includes a few sensible health rules and just two forms of *specialized* medication: Vicks VA-TRO-NOL, the scientific aid in *preventing* many colds; and Vicks VAPORUB, the family standby for *relieving* colds.

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Just a few drops up each nostril at the first sniffle or sneeze.

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isn't right. I don't feel it. The line should be changed."

As they discovered that there was intelligence behind that wide brow of Frances, the attitude of these men changed gradually from resentment to respect.

"Did you once say in an interview, 'I have been a rebel all my life'?" I asked Frances.

"Hell, no," she answered.

"Didn't you say once that a lot of people dislike you?"

"Of course not. Even if those things were true, I wouldn't say them. You, of all people, oughtn't to believe the things you read. You're supposed to write them, not to read and believe them."

Nevertheless, she has been a rebel, ever since that day in grammar school, when she penned an essay called "God Dies," in which she tried to prove that the individual ought to fight his own battles and not depend upon a beneficent Providence for aid. Because of the sensational title of her essay, she was condemned by both students and faculty, and considered a dangerous firebrand.

IN college, she majored in drama and appeared whenever she could in the shows given at the Studio Theatre of the University of Washington. Since her parents had very little money, Frances had to earn her way through college by working at such odd jobs as typing, appearing in radio skits, assisting in a dye factory, acting as camp counsellor to campfire girls, and doubling as a waitress and a singer of Indian love songs for the guests at a Mt. Rainier resort.

More than anything else, she wanted to get stage experience, and she realized that New York was the center of the theatrical world. But the money she had earned had been just enough to see her through college. How was she going to get there?

Opportunity appeared in a strange guise. The *Voice of Action*, a radical newspaper, offered a trip to Russia to the person getting the most subscriptions for it. Frances hustled around and persuaded as many people as she could to subscribe; not because she was interested in going to Russia, but because she wanted to go to New York.

When she won, her friends in Seattle were horrified. She was considered a menace by most of the people there, and held up as a horrible example of the inroads Communism was making upon our American colleges. But it didn't matter. What did anything matter, so long as she got to New York? Now she could bombard the offices of all the theatrical producers.

That was what she thought. But she hadn't stopped to realize that it was midsummer, and that most producers were out of town and wouldn't be back till September or October. In the meanwhile, on what was she going to live?

A man she had met on the boat going to Russia introduced her to Shepard Traube, who knew Oscar Serlin, at that time head of the talent scout department at Paramount. Amazed at finding an inexperienced actress, who was as beautiful and intelligent as Frances, Serlin suggested that she take a test.

"At the time I took the test I didn't take movies seriously," she said. "I didn't think I had a chance."

When Paramount offered her a contract, she realized that she would be a fool to turn it down, since such an opportunity might never come her way again.

During her first three months in Hollywood no one paid any attention to her, and she was restless. She made an average of two tests a day with unknown young men, and told the publicity department, "I prefer my own company to that of most of the men in this town. If they want to pass me by, that's all right with me. I think all the boys in Hollywood are terrific bores. If I couldn't stand my own company, I'd be the unhappiest girl in the world, because I'm alone morning, noon and night."

If there were nights of desperate loneliness and days when even the career on which she had staked all her happiness didn't seem sufficient compensation for the emptiness of her personal life, no one knew about it. She held that proud head of hers high, and said that the only thing in the world she wanted was to become a fine actress.

Matched with her in some of the tests she made and at rehearsals in the dramatic classes was a handsome, tall young actor named Leif Erikson, who was as ambitious as she was. After meeting him, it was no longer possible for her to feel that all the young men in Hollywood were bores.

WHEN they first began to slip over to Frances' apartment for additional rehearsals, it never occurred to her that anything else motivated them save the fierce desire both had to get ahead with their careers. But the other newcomers noticed that when they were teamed together in a scene, their work took on new fire, as though each caught inspiration from the other.

One day they eloped to Yuma and were married very quietly.

She and her husband stayed away from night clubs, gaudy premieres and the usual Hollywood social gatherings and spent most of their spare time practising their roles in the old-fashioned living-room of their home.

At first Frances was put into distinctly sappy roles, in pictures like "Too Many Parents" and "Border Flight," which were Grade B or worse. Just when Frances was beginning to feel she'd never get a break, Howard Hawks saw the test she'd made and asked if he could borrow her for the role of Evvie Glasgow in "Come and Get It."

Had Frances played that role she might never have gotten anywhere in pictures, but she prevailed upon Hawks to test her instead for the dual role of Lotta and Lotta's daughter. Given a silent test as Lotta, she registered a vital, unforgettable personality. Andrea Leeds was then given the bit role originally planned for Frances.

"Weren't you frightened playing such an important part after having done just bits and ingenues?" I asked Frances.

"No," she said. "It was too much of a relief to get something I could work at. I found it twice as difficult to do the dumb ingenue in 'Rhythm on the Range' as to play the dual role in 'Come And Get It.' It takes an awful lot to be a good ingenue. I guess I'm not the type, for it drives me crazy when I'm supposed to stand around looking pretty. I feel like such a chump doing it."

Frances is intensely loyal and when she heard that a woman who had been very kind to her had been fired from her job at the studio because of politics, she went straight to the executives and said, "I think that's a very dirty trick you've just pulled."

But when I asked her about it, she said, "I'd rather you didn't use the incident. She has a job with another company now, and the story couldn't possibly do her any good."

The idea that the story might do Frances Farmer some good, that it might help to clear up some of the fog of misunderstanding that has been built round her personality, never seemed to occur to her.

That simplicity of hers—the old clothes, the second-hand car, going around hatless, all that—is not an act. Frances Farmer can't pretend about anything.

Wanna Wedding Ring

(*Continued from page 45*)

nailed. Or she has, if she'll have him. For Robert has no time for anybody else, and there have been plenty of beautiful women who have tried to capture not only his heart, but a wee mite of his attention. Strong odds are that Bob will marry Barbara which will automatically remove him from the eligibility list.

Tyrone Power. The newest skyrocket in the Hollywood horizon. Here is a catch, make no mistake. In addition to his movie salary, he has a radio contract for this year which will bring him thousands of dollars a week. Thoroughly charming, attractive, desirable, as beau or husband. He has had one of the most rapid rises to fame on record. A year ago last December, when "Lloyds of London" was premiered, marked his start.

However, Janet Gaynor seems to have "dibs" on Mr. Power now. After keeping the press—not to mention Sonja Henie—at fever heat for so long, Tyrone had no qualms about stepping out with Janet the minute Sonja took off for Europe, several months ago. And so Janet became No. 1 girl. Is Tyrone Power an eligible or does he class as out of circulation, is the question that's worrying more than one Hollywood belle.

Ho, hum. In Hollywood, as in Jones Center, New Orleans, Paris or London, eligibility is often reckoned upon the basis of what a young man has accomplished, how much money he has already or can potentially earn. Girls who want wedding rings don't pay as much attention sometimes to the struggling young punks as they do to the boys who have received the breaks.

Take the case of Jon Hall. This gent, about whose brawny chest the publicity laddies have been raving, ever since he was cast in "Hurricane," automatically blossomed as a romantic as soon as the ink on his contract was dry. His name has been linked with Andrea Leeds. Publicity, you say? Perhaps.

Wayne Morris, six foot two, blond, blue-eyed giant, introduced to fans in "Kid Galahad," has been around Hollywood most of his life. He graduated from Los Angeles High School, started his acting at Pasadena Community Theatre, his movie career and his romantic career simultaneously (by beauing alternately Lana Turner and Linda Perry) at Warners. Better work quickly, girls. He's a first-rate eligible.

Here are a few more "in circulation" names to conjure with. Cary Grant. Since divorcing Virginia Cherrill, his name has been linked with many women. Things looked almost serious once with Mary Brian. Of late he spends all of his time with Phyllis Brooks, that blonde beauty.

Johnny Downs. Alternately beaus and squabbles with Eleanore Whitney. In his early twenties, has started to collect annuities already and will undoubtedly be a good husband for some girl.

Ronald Colman. If anybody can hook him. Best bet to date is Benita Hume. However, Mr. Colman is a wary feller who likes his pipe, his books, his tennis and his European travels minus female accompaniment.

Michael Whalen. Irish, good-looking, likes fun, parties, girls, is on his way up.

John Howard. Young, sensitive, idealistic, an actor to his finger tips, ambitious to become a great artist. Good to his parents. Won Phi Beta Kappa key at college. Doesn't go to many parties.

Recently slashed from bachelor ranks and removed from eligibility classification: Gene Raymond. Withstood the blandishments and flattery of literally thousands of women before he fell and went to the altar in one of Hollywood's biggest matrimonial splashes—speaking in publicity terms.

Yeah, I suppose you know, Jeanette MacDonald was the girl who drew the lucky number.

Tony Martin. Eloped with Alice Faye after a stormy period of courtship during which it looked as if the two would never get together on account of racial and religious differences.

John Howard Payne. Captured practically before he had his feet firmly on the ground in Hollywood, by demure, seventeen-year-old Anne Shirley.

Randolph Scott. Long-time bachelor crony of Cary Grant. Wed to a Dupont of the Wilmington, Delaware, Duponts, who specialize in Society, Wealth and Horses.

Fred MacMurray. The actor who was true to his former sweetheart, his love of the days when he was just an orchestra player, beautiful Lillian Lamont and who was repeatedly urged by his studio to delay his marriage lest it interfere with his amateur standing as a romantic.

There's Henry Fonda, who married Frances Brokaw, a New York blue blood. But then we could go on and on enumerating the married gents. There are just too many of them to make it any fun for the gals who wanna wedding ring.

For my part, I am looking forward to the day when Mickey Rooney grows up a little more. I am going to grab him early—that is if Judy Garland doesn't steal my thunder. Oh, well, there are still the Mauch twins.





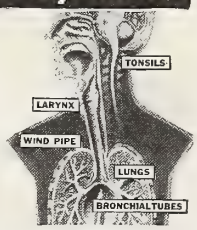
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Mystery Woman No. 1

(*Continued from page 35*)

Yet I happen to know a story that Hollywood doesn't know—that paints a completely different picture.

There is a script girl named Gertrude Wellman, better known as Trudy. She is a glowing girl who, with different training, might have landed in front of the cameras, instead of behind them. She worked with Hepburn on "A Woman Rebels."

As the picture progressed, Katie noticed that Trudy began to look haggard and drawn. Finally, one day, she said, "You look awfully dragged out. What's the matter?"

Trudy confessed that she had been ill for weeks. "I've been going to a doctor, and he says that I need an operation, but I'm afraid. Besides, I can't make up my mind that I need one."

"If you feel uncertain about this doctor's advice, would you go to mine, and see what he says?"

Trudy went. Katharine's doctor confirmed the original diagnosis. But that didn't make Trudy any less frightened of an operation. She told Katharine so. Katie talked with her, selling her the idea of the operation.

"You're probably worried about the cost, as much as anything else," she said. "But don't think of the cost. You can't afford not to go through with it."

Trudy went to the hospital, asking for the lowest-priced room. She was amazed at the size and cheerfulness of the room she was given. Katharine sent her flowers, called on her. Finally, Trudy was well enough to leave. She asked for her bill. There was none. No one would tell her who had paid it. But Trudy knew—even though Katharine has never admitted it. Pennywise Hepburn can also be generous.

Hollywood coddles its stars, but Katie refuses to be coddled. She has courage of an uncommon kind. She is the only feminine star who has never had a double, no matter how difficult a stunt the character she was playing had to perform. There still is a great deal of the tomboy in her. Any physically difficult feat is like a dare to her. She doesn't want to miss the fun of trying to do it.

In "Sylvia Scarlett," for example, it was Katharine, not a double, who swam through a turbulent sea to the rescue of Natalie Paley Everybody else called it foolhardy courage.

It was Katharine, not a double, who hung by her fingertips to a high window-ledge for another movie scene; Katharine, herself, who fought the tempestuous mock duel with Douglass Montgomery in "Little Women;" Katharine, who ran down a forty-foot flight of stone steps in high heels and a gown weighing fifteen pounds, in "Mary of Scotland;" Katharine, never in a side-saddle before in her life, who rode the spirited horse in the same picture.

WHEN she first arrived in Hollywood, Hepburn realized that she had to do something to attract attention. In a town where glamor girls drove swanky cars, she drove a station wagon. In a town where the height of informal attire was slacks, she wore overalls. In a town where poise was considered all-important, she sat on studio curbstones reading her mail. She exhibited a fiery independence new to Hollywood. She got attention.

But, having got attention, she didn't know what to do with it. She didn't know how to cope with it. She fled from it. She ran away from news cameramen, reporters, even admirers.

On her stage tour, she broke down and talked to reporters. But back in Hollywood, to co-star in "Stage Door" with Ginger Rogers, she gave no interviews.

Her independence of the Hollywood Press was no act in the beginning. She was not "trying to pull a Garbo," as the Press intimated. She was expressing a bitter resentment.

After her overnight success in "A Bill of Divorcement," she gave interviews. She was thrilled at being asked to give them. But one of her first interviewers happened to be a sob-sister, looking for sultry details of the Hepburn private life. The impertinence of her questions amused Katharine, new to Hollywood's prying curiosity. She answered the questions facetiously.

The sob-sister published, as sober facts, Katharine's facetious statements about her private life and past. "This is the finish," Katharine said, when she read the story. "If the interviewers aren't any brighter than that, why bother with them?"

Katharine is impatient with stupidity. Yet she has patience with newcomers who don't know what screen acting is all about. She hasn't outlived her memories of how she, herself, was helped.

Yet she can be unreasonable about being helped today. For example, the studio came to her for her signature on a publicity stunt that would have spread her name on posters throughout America. For some reason she refused. Yet, the next day, on her own, she took time to autograph a picture for a crippled child.

She lives alone, except for servants. She golfs alone, swims alone, rides horseback alone, goes for long walks alone. The ordinary person would suspect her of loneliness—if it weren't for the cocky perk of her chin, a characteristic of the self-sufficient. She looks confident of getting along by herself.

You would never expect such a girl to have a horror of being alone. Or, if she did, you would expect her to have too much pride to reveal it openly, publicly. You would expect her to mask her emotions, play the game to the end—if only in self-defense.

Yet she is incapable of putting on that particular mask.

She never appears in public alone, if she can help it. Alone, in public, she feels defenseless, helpless. Even on a walk across her own studio lot, she always has someone with her. Her stand-in, perhaps, or a studio maid, or a wardrobe woman. But someone. Always.

And even in the studio commissary, she will not eat alone. Along with two other women on the lot—Ginger Rogers and Jane Loring, production assistant—she has the privilege of sitting at the table around which the producers and directors gather. Katharine, unlike the other two, never sits anywhere else. Time after time, I have seen her step into the commissary, and glance quickly at the big corner table. If no one is there, she turns around and goes out, and doesn't return until someone is at the table. In private, she is self-sufficient. But, in public, she isn't.

To have a driving urge toward self-expression, a person needs great ego. Katharine has her share. She believes in herself and her abilities. She is more wrapped up in her acting, probably, than any other actress in Hollywood. Also, she is more high-strung, more short-tempered

than any other actress in Hollywood. Yet she has no Narcissus complex, no complex about having all eyes focus on her.

Other famous women stars have been known to "kill off" promising leading men, by submerging them to their own personalities. Hepburn has had only one masculine co-star in her entire screen career. But go down the list of Hepburn leading men—Douglass Montgomery, John Beal, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Charles Boyer, Fred MacMurray are a few of them—and you will discover that every one of them has gone forward, not backward, after appearing with her. For all her temperament, she gives the other fellow a break. That isn't like a glamor queen.

And, for all her ego, she abominates flattery. It is useless to try to coax her to do anything—to tell her, for instance, that if she does a scene thus and so, she will look beautiful. But try explaining that if she plays the scene thus and so, she will get an effect that she won't get otherwise, and you may have results.

Because of her fiery independence (which isn't all an act), because of her insistence on thinking for herself, she is not easy to get along with. At the same time, however, she has a sense of humor.

THE other day, on the set, she was having a verbal battle with her cameraman. He wanted her to do a scene a certain way, and Katharine, who knows something about camera angles herself, was putting up an argument. This went on for five minutes, their voices becoming louder and angrier every moment.

Suddenly, in the middle of a sentence, Katharine paused, laughed, and said, "Of course, you know you've been right all along."

"My God, Kate," he said, bewilderedly, "then what have you been going on like this for?"

"Argument is good for the soul," she retorted, "and, besides, I wanted to be sure that you were convinced, yourself."

How are you going to make out a girl like that?

She gives the impression of being a person who wants her way. Yet she also gives the impression of being a person who wants people to argue with her, if they don't agree with her. Another baffling contradiction!

Like a few other stars, she bars all visitors from her sets. Yet she erects no screens around the camera and herself for even the most intimate love scenes. She doesn't object to five hundred extras watching her. She doesn't hide away between scenes. She never goes to her dressing-room except for changes of costume. Her dressing-table is on the side of the set, in plain view of everyone.

She seems to have a passion for privacy; she doesn't want people around. Yet, once the sound-stage doors are locked, she is at ease, no matter how many people are on the set.

Still another mystifying Hepburn contradiction!

In Hollywood, success usually depends, to a large extent, upon how well you play your politics. Katharine is a sophisticate; she knows that. Yet she is persistently blunt and brusque. Despite the veneer of Bryn Mawr, New York and Hollywood, she still is New England through and through.

She is proud, yet she has little pride of personal appearance, except with her hair. She takes great care of that.

On the screen, she doesn't object to unflattering clothes. Off-screen, she usually goes around in slouchy slacks. Yet every designer who has worked with her says that she has the shrewdest clothes sense of any woman he has ever encountered. She





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She could be one of the best-dressed women in the world, if she wanted to be. But she doesn't want to be. Apparently, she doesn't even care about a reputation for being well-dressed. No woman in Hollywood can explain that. Can you?

She rates as the queen of her studio, yet her dressing-room is the smallest and plainest of any on the lot. It is in the rear of the stars' building, not the front. Recently, the studio decided that the dressing-rooms needed refurbishing, and offered to make any changes that the stars desired. Ginger Rogers, Ann Sothern, Barbara Stanwyck, Anne Shirley, all were thrilled at the chance to get new drapes and new furniture of their own choice. But not Hepburn. She left the redecoration entirely to the studio.

It's the same with the house she rents. For all her vivid personality, she doesn't strive for vivid settings for it. Her ego doesn't run in that direction. She is almost masculine in her indifference to her surroundings. Yet, at home, she is her most feminine self. There she wears satin negligees.

She is intensely interested in music, yet plays no instrument well. She travels only by plane, yet owns no plane and flies none. She is an outdoor girl who shoots man's golf (her score is in the 80's), rides, swims, walks—yet her only collection hobby is fine-blown glass figures. She has about four hundred of them.

She is provocative and unpredictable, this Katharine Hepburn—a mystifying collection of contradictions. She is Hollywood's most baffling question mark. Sometimes she must even mystify herself.

Cream of the Crop

(Continued from page 50)

approval as well as his talent puts Wayne among the cream of the crop.

Some folks don't believe in miracles, but Mr. R. H. Cochrane, President of Universal, did, once he met Deanna Durbin, Canada's young canary.

Deanna at the ripe old age of fourteen was in Hollywood, unknown to moviegoers, even though people tuned in on the radio to thrill to her lovely voice. The movie moguls had heard about this young Miss, but thought her too young to consider seriously. After all, it is difficult to cast a fourteen-year-old girl.

There was one person who believed in Deanna however, and he succeeded in getting Mr. Cochrane to listen to her sing.

"I decided to hear Deanna as a favor to this friend," said Mr. Cochrane. "We went into a rehearsal hall. What I saw was a little disheartening, for in this dismal room with a few chairs scattered around and a piano at one end stood a frightened little girl. She looked anything but movie material. Then Deanna began to sing. I forgot my surroundings. In fact, I forgot everything except that lovely voice. Needless to say, when she finished, we adjourned to my office and then and there signed her contract without so much as a make-up test."

It needed only her first rushes to show the studio that they had another star on their hands and, with the release of "Three Smart Girls," the fan mail began to pour in. That picture started her and "100 Men and a Girl" cinched the deal.

And so we present the cream of the crop, the successes of 1937, and predict that they will be big stars before 1938 ends. What do you think about it?

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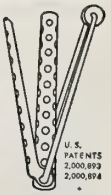
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ELEANOR FISHER... *Paramount Player*



A STARLET *Confesses*

★ Here is Eleanor Fisher, charming beauty contest winner, who came to Hollywood to play in Paramount's new picture "True Confession." Among many interesting things Eleanor discovered in Hollywood was that in the studios, in the stars' dressing rooms and in the famous beauty shops... HOLLYWOOD CURLERS are "tops"! That's because Hollywood Curlers make lovely curls that look better and last longer. No springs to pinch, crack or pull the hair. Rubber end holder... a disc, not a ball... permits free air circulation that assures *rapid drying*. Easy to remove... curler slips off readily without spoiling curls. No springs or weak elastic parts to wear out. For a beautiful hairdress of soft flattering curls... use Hollywood Curlers *in your own home* tonight. Insist on the *genuine Hollywood* Curlers.



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Reviews

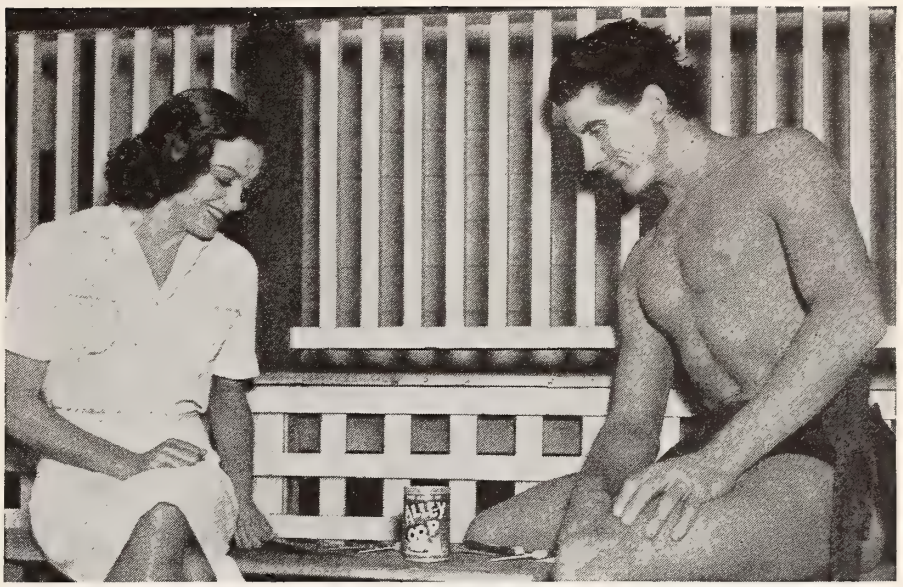
(*Continued from page 13*)

★★ Boots and Saddles

When a Hollywood preview audience applauds a horse opera, it's news. Gene Autry, however, rates the handclapping accorded him at the preview of his latest thriller, for "Boots and Saddles" is a fast-moving epic of the open spaces with a story that gets away from the run-of-the-hills stuff usually associated with westerns.

The crooning outdoor hero is foreman of a ranch inherited by a twelve-year-old young man from England. The young Briton is, of course, arrogant and high-handed, but a few weeks with good old Gene and the gang changes him over completely. In order to save the ranch from a dastardly villain, Gene must sell a herd of horses to the commandant of a nearby army outpost. The commandant also has a comely daughter, so you know what happens. During the course of events there is enough hard riding, clean living and straight shooting to warm up even the most sophisticated of movie-goers.

Gene Autry spends a good deal of his time engaged in singing, but he throws aside his trusty guitar long enough to save the ranch and win the beautiful gal, competently played by Judith Allen. Ra Hould is the young Britisher and Gordon Elliott goes to a villain's end with a proper sneer on his smirking pan. Smiley Burnette, who appears in all the Autry dramas, gets laughs with his broad comedy. Directed by Joseph Kane.—*Republic.*



Glenn Morris and beauteous Eleanor Holm, the newest Tarzan team, take time out for a little relaxation from work on their picture, "Tarzan's Revenge."

★★ Submarine D-1

Having exhausted all other branches of U. S. military service, Warners now examine the men who go down in the sea in submarines. As propaganda for the submarine service, the picture is a distinct failure—the submarine in the title does nothing but get into trouble—but as screen entertainment it has its moments of excitement and interest.

Plot is the customary one—two men in love with a girl. Pat O'Brien's rival is Wayne Morris, a personable young gent whose performance will gratify those who predicted a future for him after "Kid Galahad." George Brent is also involved in the proceedings, but he's not in on the romantic goings-on, for he's a stern submarine captain who has no time for such frivolity. Of course, everyone knows who eventually wins the girl and who (Pat O'Brien) wishes them all the luck in the world. The girl, incidentally, is Doris Weston. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.—*Warner Bros.*

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NEW IRONIZED YEAST ADDS POUNDS

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Scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat. Now you get these exact missing elements in these new Ironized Yeast tablets.

They're made from one of the world's richest sources of health-building Vitamin B—the special yeast used in making English ale. By a new costly process this rich yeast is concentrated 7 times, taking 7 pounds of yeast to make just one pound of concentrate—thus making it many times more powerful in Vitamin B strength than ordinary yeast. Then 3 kinds of strength-building iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron) and pasteurized English ale yeast are added. Finally every batch of this Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically for its Vitamin B strength. This insures its full weight-building power.

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To make it easy for you to try Ironized Yeast, we do better than offer you a small sample package. We offer you a FULL SIZE package, and you don't risk a penny. For if with this first package you don't begin to eat better and get more benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength, pep and energy—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh you need—the price of this first package will be promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today.

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Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

★★ Navy Blue and Gold

The embattled and much-photographed grounds of the United States Naval Academy once more act as a backdrop for a drama in which the traditional cocky young plebe gradually loses his individuality and emerges, stamped, sealed and delivered as standard product of the institution, while bands play and thousands cheer. In this case the young man is Robert Young, and he reminds one of the golden—or "Anchors Aweigh"—era of the screen, when Dick Powell used to win the Admiral's daughter.

The film brings several additional characters to the usual story. There is Tom Brown, a young socialite from New York, and Jimmy Stewart, an ordinary seaman, who has come to the Academy to clear the name of his father, who had been dishonorably discharged from the Navy. While Mr. Brown and Mr. Stewart are there for the glory of it all, Mr. Young, the more practical member of the trio, has come to the Academy to play football and to meet an heiress who'll be impressed by his uniform. While Robert Young maintains his incorrigible mood, the picture is lively and a bit off the beaten track, but toward the end, along about the time Lionel Barrymore says to him, "My boy, you're Navy!" everything returns to familiar ground. Directed by Sam Wood.—*M-G-M.*

★★ Second Honeymoon

Tyrone Power and Loretta Young, who achieved matrimony in "Cafe Metropole," continue their romancing in this first-rate bit of light comedy. Something evidently happened to the idyllic bliss promised them in "Cafe Metropole," for when "Second Honeymoon" opens, we find they've been divorced and Miss Y. has already signed up with a new husband (Lyle Talbot). Number Two is a hardheaded business man, who probably wouldn't have taken his wife to Miami for a vacation if he'd known Number One would be lurking about. At any rate, Miss Young and Mr. Power meet again and discover they're still in love. After a series of sometimes hilarious events, the two of them hop off on a second honeymoon, an incident which must have puzzled Lyle Talbot—not to mention Mr. Hays—since the young lady in question was still his wife.

The two principals prove themselves an engaging romantic team, both of them playing their roles with charm and humor. Stuart Erwin furnishes excellent comedy as Power's valet, and here are fine performances by J. Edward Bromberg and Claire Trevor. A newcomer, Marjorie Weaver, is a surprise hit. Playing a bright-eyed but naïve young acquaintance of Power's, she romps away with several of the picture's best scenes. Directed by Walter Lang.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ The Last Gangster

"The Last Gangster" is exactly what the title implies. Although a foreword states that all characters are fictitious, it is plainly evident that the title role has been patterned after the career of Al Capone. It follows the life of that once-eminent citizen so closely, in fact, that Edward G. Robinson, who plays the central character, is transported off to Alcatraz for the same offense—income tax evasion—that sent Capone there.

The Robinson portrayal will remind audiences of his "Little Caesar" of a few seasons ago. His role is that of a gang chieftain with a Napoleon complex. He

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marries a strapping foreign girl for the sole purpose of providing himself with a son and satisfying his ego. When he is carted off to Alcatraz his wife divorces him and marries a newspaper man who has befriended her. Robinson spends ten years behind bars plotting revenge, and when freedom comes he sets out to find his family. Climax of the picture contains its most exciting moments.

"The Last Gangster" is not up to the standard of the old Robinson mobster films, but it has much to recommend it. Robinson, of course, plays with his customary skill. A newcomer, Rose Stradner, lends vitality to the role of the wife, and there are good performances by John Carradine, as a vengeful prison inmate, and Lionel Stander, as Robinson's aide. Jimmy Stewart, as the newspaper man, does what he can with a weak assignment. Directed by Edward Ludwig.—*M-G-M.*

★ Blossoms on Broadway

The blossoms implied in the title fail to bloom in the picture's unreeling, and what emerges is a dull and uninspired screen musical, the good moments of which are all too rare.

Story has Shirley Ross, with the help of Edward Arnold, impersonating a mysterious "Death Valley Cora" in a scheme to relieve a gold-hoarding millionaire of some of his capital. "Cora" is supposedly the owner of a gold mine, but Miss Ross' interpretation of the gal from the plains, unfortunately, is not the comedy riot of the season. Nor is Edward Arnold completely convincing as a big-time crook. Miss Ross, however, partly redeems herself by singing several songs pleasingly, the best one being the title number. Directed by Richard Wallace.—*Paramount.*

Manhattan Movie-Go-Round

(Continued from page 6)

dith on his fine performance in "The Star Wagon."

Meredith is, perhaps, the most startling young thespian of the day. He has the Midas touch when it comes to picking plays. He claims Luck plays a big part, that a fellow can't go wrong if he chooses Maxwell Anderson's works in which to appear. He loves the theater, does Burgess. He likes the movies. There is a difference in affection there that the words convey.

"If you're on the stage, you've got to be in the best," he avers. "If you're in a mediocre picture, somehow it doesn't seem to matter so much.

"Somehow, it's not that way on the stage. Gosh, I was in four flops. None of them lasted two weeks, but you'd be surprised to know how many people saw me in them."

Meredith's latest movie is "There Goes the Groom." Ann Sothern was the lady in the case, and for Annie, Burgess has nothing but praise. "She showed me the picture ropes," he said gratefully. "And there's plenty of angles to learn about the business. Gosh, when I'd see the rushes after the day's work, I'd say, 'Never let me see *that* face again! Surely, I don't look like *that!*' But I did. So I gave up seeing the rushes and was a whole lot happier. But you can't discourage me! I'm going right back to make another!"

And who, we ask, would want to discourage so fine an actor as Burgess Meredith, or such excellent entertainers as Tyrone Power, Alice Faye and Janet Gaynor? Certainly not us—nor you.



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Danielle Darrieux and Fernand Gravet arrive in Hollywood for film assignments and both seem pleased. Monsieur Gravet has already done one American picture, but this is Danielle's first venture here.



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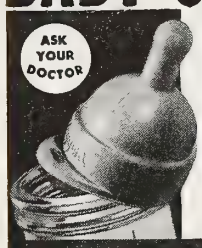


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..don't they deserve a cough syrup specially formulated for them?

FOLEY'S Honey & Tar COUGH SYRUP

Talking Things Over

(Continued from page 17)

De Mille picture; well, then he just doesn't know his trade, which, in the final analysis, is what acting amounts to."

This seemed as good a chance as any to get a puzzling question answered. "Why," we asked, "do many stars play themselves in almost any role in which they're cast?"

Freddie March, who is the soul of tact, considered for a moment, and then went decidedly courageous, throwing discretion if not careers, to the wind.

"They are often not," he said deliberately, "encouraged to do otherwise." There's choosing your words!

"Of course, there's a reason for it, too," he amended. "Some producers claim that the public wants to see Joe Dokes playing Joe Dokes whether he's doing it in an eighteenth century costume drama or a twentieth century drawing-room comedy. Personally, I don't believe it. I think the movies have educated the public to appreciate acting. You can't fool people any more. They've become critical and discriminating.

"I learned about audiences a long time ago when I played in stock. Each week I played a different bill. Each week I tried to land an entirely different role and play it to the hilt. One week it was a romantic lead, the next a comedy part, the next a character man.

"At first the audience seemed to slightly resent this, but only slightly. That gave me the needed courage. I thought if I could get them coming back by the 'surprise method', I'd really build up a following. They'd wonder what I was going to do next time and their curiosity would intrigue them into finding out. Yes, I was right. They did come back and they did seem to enjoy it."

March isn't interested in close-ups or prizes for best acting or luxurious living or most of the things many movie stars seem to live for. He has a comfortable home, not an estate, two adopted children and a talented wife. He met Florence Eldridge when they were both playing in Elitch's Gardens in Denver. They carried their make-believe romancing right offstage to the preacher's and have been living happily ever since. They are doing a play on Broadway together this winter.

"Florence is getting a kick out of it," explained her husband, "because her conscience is clear. By that I mean that she is working in the evening when the children are asleep and so not stealing any time from them. She wouldn't do pictures because she'd have to be gone all day and wouldn't know who cheated on the spinach or who skipped off without wearing her rubbers. She's certainly as good a mother as she is an actress and that, in the vernacular of the theatre, is the tops!"

Looks like Mr. March approves of Mrs. March—eh, wot?

Eddie Kids Mr. Horton

(Continued from page 10)

guffaws from the crew. With every rehearsal, with every take, he adds something new, some rib-tickling twist, some spontaneous bit of embroidery for which his co-workers are always on the watch. They rarely go unrewarded. This time the howls were particularly long and loud. Horton looked helpless for a moment, then



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responded with that modest smirk you know so well, lids drooped, lips coyly hushing his pleasure. "I thought I was rather juvenile in that," he admitted. Then, at a whispered remark of Lynn Overman's, he dropped out of character and really smiled. It banished from his features every trace of solemnity, it took fifteen years from his age, it was like the transformation of Sunny Jim after he ate whatever it was he did eat.

WHILE they were on location at Arrowhead the papers reported that Horton, Esther Dale and Lucien Littlefield had gone over a forty-foot cliff in a car and been gravely injured. They weren't injured, they didn't go over a cliff, they weren't anywhere near a car on the night in question. Horton's explanation of the rumored accident is worth hearing, nevertheless.

"I'd invited Miss Dale and Mr. Littlefield to have dinner with me down in the valley, where there's a very nice restaurant. Well, the company knew about it because we'd been lording it over them all day, 'ya-a-h, ya-a-h, we're going down to the valley,' 'n' that kind of glittering badinage, because things were a little dull and children must play. Came the dusk and somebody said: 'You're not going down tonight, are you?' 'We'd been thinking of it,' said I. 'Well, don't. There's a heavy fog coming up and it's going to be dangerous.'

"Now, however much I may look like a bold and dashing hero of adventure, appearances lie. Miss Dale, Mr. Littlefield and I dined together snugly on *top* of the mountain.

"Later we sat listening to the radio. Two girls, guests at the hotel, were listening too. Suddenly this report came in. The girls stared at me as if I'd been the ghost of Hamlet's father. 'But you're Mr. Horton, aren't you?' 'I am, and this is Miss Dale and this is Mr. Littlefield, how d'you do, how d'you do?' 'But then who went over the mountain?' 'Someone's imagination, probably,' I told them. Well, as it happened, there *had* been a trifling accident, nobody hurt. And somebody, hearing of it and knowing we had intended going down to dinner, logically concluded; 'Who could it be but Eddie Horton, the goof?'

"PERSONALLY, I'm glad it wasn't Eddie Horton. Been rather a pity at this stage of the game. Oh, yes, this is a crucial moment in my life. Didn't you know? My house is about to be finished. Only a year or two to go."

Horton's lovely home is the pride of his heart, and justifiably so. But he humbles his pride by mocking at it. He calls the place "Belleigh Acres," and directs visitors to "turn at the knoll and allow twenty minutes to laugh." To the architect's eye it's probably a monstrosity. "To mine it's been a jewel from the start," he declared. "I began it in a spirit of Christian modesty but picked up this regal complex along the way.

"Now we have twenty-two rooms. Don't ask me what they're for. We *seem* to be sitting around in them all the time. And then we have flocks of relatives whom we like to have come and stay. Oh, I mean that. We really do like it. And with twenty-two rooms, we can get away to another part of the house and talk about them in peace, and they can sit and talk about us in peace, and then we all meet happily again in the morning.

"There's one building I keep away from, and that's the barn. Not that I'm allergic to barns, you understand, but all the figures have been written down in a large book, and the book's in the barn, and I work on the theory that what I don't know won't





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bother me. I also comfort myself with the thought that if I'd put the money into a lot of stocks and bonds, there wouldn't even be *room* for them in the barn. When I put it into trees, at least I can see them. I need six more oaks right now, as a matter of fact. That'll be—let's see," fingertips joined, lips pursed, eyes aloft, he made mental calculations, "just about two and a half pictures. That's why I have to work so hard," he confided. "I have these trees to support.

"Not to mention a large four-footed family. Six dogs who wake me at four in the morning, baying at the moon. You'll find me at the window regularly, hurling epithets which I assure you don't go with the landscape. Two henna cats named Null and Void for obvious reasons, who are very nice to me till my mother comes along. Then they turn tail and leave me flat, also rather irritated and abused. Five cows, so the cats can have cream, and the family what's left. Four horses. If I bring sugar, they'll follow me down to the fence. If I don't bring sugar, they won't even bother to say hello. I'm just the guy that works around there.

ONE is a real Percheron plowhorse, mother of a colt named Shangri-la, because he was born during the making of 'Lost Horizon.' The colt's aunt died suddenly, and to replace her, my brother bought a lovely little henna pony that this farmer thought he had to get rid of. My brother came home and told us how the farmer's little boy and girl had stayed up all that last night with the pony, kissing him goodby, and the pony kissed them goodby. He actually did, just like Black Beauty. My impulse was to send him straight back to the kids, but I knew the farmer would promptly sell him elsewhere. So I compromised by inviting them to come over and visit whenever they felt like it. Not that I'm posing as any fairy godfather," he frowned, fearful lest he convey the notion that he's tender-hearted. "It was just as a favor to the pony and us. It keeps him happy, and we have the pleasure of frequent visits from a nice little boy and girl.

"Otherwise, I'm the only child on the place. And I'm a handful. At any rate, so they tell me, and I'm the docile kind who believes what he's told. I'm also the kind who craves advice for the purpose of not taking it. Fortunately or not, I have two practical brothers. When I find a pair of lovely Adam fireplaces, I beam and say: 'How about it?' 'Sure,' they say, 'that's fine. Now how about a few gold doorknobs and a diamond-studded wall or two?' 'Well, I think that would be carrying things a little too far,' I tell them. 'We'll just take the fireplace.'"

I asked him whether he ever yearned to play something other than what he calls a goof. He threw me a suspicious glance. "Do you mean 'Hamlet,' or 'Romeo?' They're out. My legs tangle in tights."

Then, for the first time, he talked, straight. "No, I like these parts. And I love this business. And I want to be part of it as long as I can. My place is as a supporting player, not a star. I'm not the kind of personality people glory in seeing. I lack what is now known as glamor, what used to be called 'S. A.' and before that 'It,' and what by any other name would smell as sweet. I don't break my heart over what I haven't got, but thank God and the public for what I have. My ultimate ambition is to play comedy grandfathers. I may realize it or not, but so long as people are satisfied to see me caper, I'll caper. When they turn thumbs down, I'll sit in my garden and watch the roses grow and think of the lovely life I've lived. If I had it to do over again, I don't know a thing I would have changed."



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Hoo—Raye!

(*Continued from page 11*)

threw my arms around him. I didn't sit at his table because he had a young woman with him, and I was afraid she might not like it. Do you suppose that is what made him angry?

"The only other time I've seen him since then was at the Hollywood Restaurant in New York. That time I left my own table and went over to his. I said "hello" to him, and though he had panned me in his column I tried to talk only of pleasant things. He was very cold and practically ignored me, so I had to excuse myself and go away.

"I certainly won't go down on my hands and knees to him. If he won't accept my friendship and my honest desire to find out what's wrong, then that's the end of it."

After seventeen years of struggle, Martha Raye has accomplished everything she ever hoped for. After years of hardship, going without food and wearing cheap clothes, she can, at last, have anything she wants. The furs, the fine clothes she dreamed about, the home she longed for when she sat in cold boarding houses.

But now that she can have everything she wants, the world criticizes her for taking it.

"Why don't you save your money?" the columnists scream at her. "Why are you buying all these things? Don't you know that you're just a vogue, that you can't last forever?"

"I know that I can't last forever," Martha Raye said to me. "But I also know that you can't take it with you when you die. Did you see the play, 'You Can't Take It With You'? Remember the old man who puts living pleasantly ahead of trying to accumulate a fortune? Well, he has the right idea.

"They say that I'm not saving my money. That's not true. I've put money away in annuities and government bonds. But it is true that I am not denying my mother or myself a thing.

"Why should I? When I was poor I bought five-dollar dresses in New York's cheapest shops. I used to think that if I could buy a dress in the swanky Fifth Avenue shops, I would go crazy with joy. Now that I can afford to go to those shops, that's just what I'm doing.

"If I saved my money, they'd say I was a miser. And since people will criticize you, anyway, I'd rather be criticized and have nice things than be criticized and have nothing."

Reports of Martha Raye's spending orgies have been exaggerated. Actually, she has one fur coat, a silver fox cape and a red fox cape. The day after she signed her contract she bought a white fox cape. When her mother admired it, she presented it to her. Shortly thereafter, her mother surprised Martha with the silver fox cape!

All her life Martha Raye had dreamed of having a town car and chauffeur. When she became successful, she bought herself a beautiful white car and hired a chauffeur. Now, it so happens that Sonja Henie also has a white car. In her case, it has been lauded as clever showmanship, but Martha Raye has been condemned.

"Newspapers asked, sneeringly, if I were doing a Garbo when I closed the 'Mountain Music' set to reporters one day. Well, I wasn't pulling a Garbo. While doing a very difficult adagio dance, I had sprained some ligaments in my arm. I went on working with a bandaged arm, but I hoped to keep the story out of the papers, because it might sound like a bid for sympathy.

"You see, I feel it's my job to entertain people. While they were watching me in 'Mountain Music,' I wanted them to enjoy themselves. I didn't want them to feel sorry for me. The set remained closed only one day, and was then opened again to reporters as usual."

Many of her fans are youngsters, and she has been rather sweet to them. One evening, as the curtain was going down, a boy and a girl rushed up to the stage and handed Martha a box of flowers. Terribly touched, she leaned down and kissed the boy and the girl. Then she invited them to visit her backstage.

To put them at their ease, she started to talk to them.

"I've noticed both of you," she said. "You've come back day after day and sat watching the show from early in the morning till late at night. What time do you get home?"

"Oh, around three-thirty or four in the morning," said the boy. "One of us lives in New Rochelle, the other in Newark, New Jersey."

"Oh, gosh," said Martha, "I hope you don't tell your mothers that it was on account of me you got home so late every night!"

Martha Raye was born in Butte, Montana, of a Jewish mother and an Irish father. Like so many other things in Martha's life, the devotion between her father and mother was destined not to last. Only recently her mother, Mrs. Maybelle Hooper Reed, won a divorce from Peter Reed.

When she was three, Martha was on the stage singing with her mother and father. At first the team was known as Reed & Hooper, with Martha thrown in for good measure. Buddy, her younger brother, was born when the family was stranded in Grand Rapids, Michigan. They had no money to pay for a doctor and chorus girls delivered the baby.

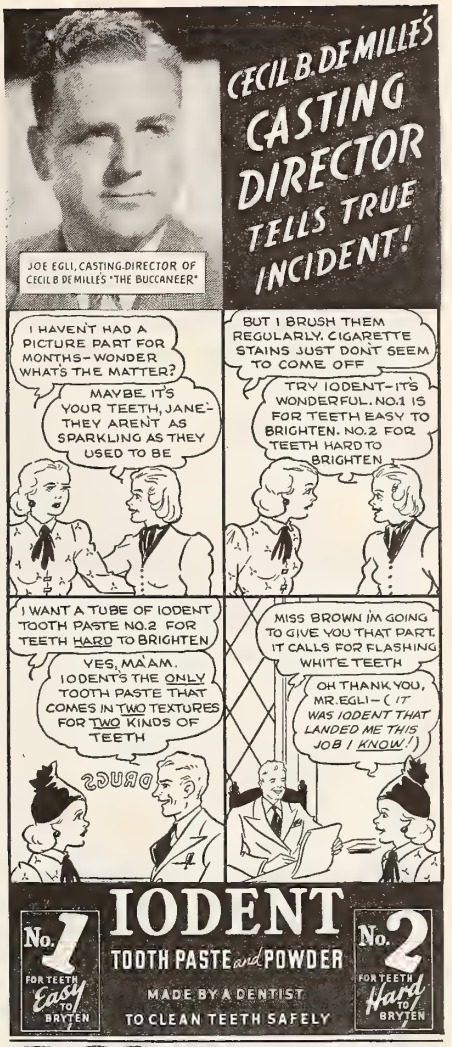
When Martha was sixteen, vaudeville was on its last legs, and she and her brother made just enough money to cover their meals. Since they had to hang on to their car to get them from town to town, they would sleep in it when they couldn't afford to go to a hotel. There were days when the whole family lived on a box of crackers, and, sometimes, two days would go by when they had nothing.

Vaudeville managers didn't always have the money to pay performers, and, sometimes, Martha and her family, having traveled all the way to some town to do their act, would be cheated of their pay. Martha grew expert at doing without things, but, being human, she indulged in day-dreams about a different sort of existence, in which she and her family would be able to live on the fat of the land and wear beautiful clothes and go to beautiful places.

Hollywood is a strange town. Sometimes it crucifies people. Then, when it's too late, it turns around and praises the very people it crucified.

Remember what Hollywood did to the late Jean Harlow—how bitterly it condemned her when Paul Bern died a suicide? For a time her career hung in the balance. But her fans remained loyal and, eventually, the critics capitulated.

You, the fans, saved Jean Harlow's career, and, today, you can save Martha Raye from heart-break. If you read a criticism or hear a criticism of her, know better than to believe it, unless there is definite proof. Give the kid a chance.



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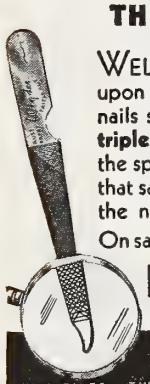
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Part of Lily's Past

(*Continued from page 15*)

on its hind legs in his chair.

She had a canary, Tango, that she used to sing duets with. And then Tango broke his leg. His cage dropped out of the apartment window and fell five floors to the ground. Lily nearly died that time. She made a tiny splinter for his leg out of a matchstick and a sling for it and there she sat beside him. Not even for her meals would she budge.

Shortly after Tango recovered, Poppa took her to the zoo. On one of the high fences was a sign: Beware the Black Bears. "They are the most ferocious in all France," the caretaker explained.

"Do you hear that, Lily?" said Poppa. "But don't be scared. They can't get through the bars." And he looked around for her. They couldn't get through the bars, but Lily could. While the men had been talking, she'd quietly slipped into the pit and there she was, petting the bears and saying, "Nice doggy!"

AND then, abruptly, the little world of the Pons came to an end. It was very sultry, that summer night in 1914, when Mamma led the three little girls into the living room to say good-by to their father, a strange figure in a blue uniform. "I hate war," said Lily.

"But you must do your bit," said her father gently.

Streams of wounded soon began pouring into Cannes. The Hotel Carleton was transformed into a hospital and Mamma became head nurse there. They put the insignia of a captain on Lily and made her Chief Entertainer. Every afternoon she played and sang for the men. Sang for hours on end, trying to outwit pain, to brighten those white exhausted faces.

One day she came to the hospital carrying one of the dreaded "official communiques" for her mother. She watched while Madame Pons read it and went gray with fear. "Your father, Lily, he's been hurt and gassed, they do not know if he will live."

Lily went out and took her usual seat at the piano. "You must do your bit," he had said. She had to start "Tipperary" three times before the words would come. Then suddenly she was singing to her father, singing as if her voice could help him through. She sat at the piano for four hours that afternoon. And at the end, she crumpled to the floor in a dead faint.

An echo of the war came in the form of a letter from India not long ago. An attache there wrote, "Are you the Lily Pons, I wonder, who used to sing for us poor devils back in Cannes? Maybe your voice wasn't so wonderful then, but no audience ever appreciated you more!"

SHE still sings for them. The first thing she does each time she returns to France is to give a concert for the cripples who were the first to applaud the voice that the whole world now recognizes.

It was the day of days when they brought her father home. He was never to be strong again, but he lived long enough to witness her opening in Paris. Days resumed something of their usual course.

The Pons were living in Paris and Lily was a student in the conservatory at the time she created her first major commotion. She came home one evening and announced calmly, "I'm an actress. See, I have a contract with Max Dearly."

It was almost too much to believe.



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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause of your grouchy, gloomy feelings. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores.

With a whoop, she tossed her little beret in the air.

How she maneuvered an interview with him is still a mystery, but for two years he starred her in his "Varieties."

Her life is history from there on. Her meeting, and marriage, with the Dutch attorney, August Mesritz, on a vacation in Cannes. Her vocal studies and her subsequent debut in a benefit concert at the Hotel Ritz.

That was a night. The King of Greece was there and the then Prince of Wales and half of fashionable Europe. Lily came on, all sparkling and radiant in a cloth-of-gold gown—and bedroom sandals! In the excitement she had forgotten to change. And afterwards, as she went over to curtsy in front of the king, the sandals set up a little clap-clapping of their own!

Four days before she was to sail for her audition at the Metropolitan, her father died. It was her family who forced her to keep the all-important engagement. And once again Lily sang with tears in her heart.

THREE swift moving years. The glory of the Met at her feet. Brief moments home and the tragedy of divorce, due to separated interests. Triumphant tours throughout Europe, throughout America. She was in Rio de Janeiro when the invitation came from the mayor of Cannes. Her native city wanted her. Would she sing to them, to the people who had known her all her life? Lily cabled her acceptance and set a date. The proceeds were to go to "the boys" in the hospital. And then her South American tour was extended and there was no time to catch the boat home. But there was the Graf Zeppelin. "You can't sail on it. This is only the second trip it's made across the Atlantic and you risk your life!" protested her manager.

"Nevertheless, I sail!" said Lily Pons. And was sick all that night with the fear of it. During the two-day voyage she lost seven pounds, pounds she could ill afford to lose. But she arrived in Cannes on time. That was the important matter. A Cannes draped with flags and banners in her honor. They loaded her with flowers. And just before the concert Lily slipped away to place them all on her father's grave.

She found a cable awaiting her at home that evening. It was from a young man she had met in New York by the name of Andre Kostelanetz. "Congratulations," it read, "on the bravest thing a woman ever did." He knew how deathly scared she was of even airplanes. Two months later he became her musical director. Four months later they were engaged.

"He is a nice boy," said Madame Pons. "I hope they find time to marry when this picture is completed."

It was growing dark in the patio. From outside came the soft crunch of a car drawing up on the gravel drive. Somebody called, "Mamma, Nanette, where are you?"

Lily Pons had come home.

Good News

(*Continued from page 70*)

On the set of "Beg, Borrow or Steal," we stood on the sidelines with Frank Morgan and watched John Beal and Florence Rice emote. In the scene, Beal kisses Miss Rice with considerable enthusiasm. When it's finished, Frank Morgan sighs. "Yesterday," he says, "I had to give her a fatherly kiss."

BRIDGE HANDS!



● Are yours winning hands? White . . . satiny . . . alluring! Or losing hands, rough and red? Today women are using Barrington Hand Cream to keep their hands as lovely and attractive as their complexions. Barrington *protects* at the same time it *improves* the hands. Don't neglect the simple, inexpensive way to add a real charm to your general effect of good grooming. Only a few days' use will show you the great change for the better.

At drug, department and the better 5 and 10 cent stores.

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MT. VERNON, N. Y.

Barrington HAND CREAM

Good Housekeeping Bureau



So natural they even have *half-moons!*

NOW! Beautiful NAILS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

NEW! Smart, long, tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.

NU-NAILS *ARTIFICIAL FINGER NAILS*

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Beautiful! Lifelike!

PHOTO-RINGS



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NEWEST SENSATION! Send any snapshot or photo and we'll reproduce it in this beautiful onyx-like ring. Indestructible! Waterproof! Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send 50c we pay postage. REX PHOTO RING CO., Dept. MR5, Box 947, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SEND NO MONEY!
50c
(Hand-painted 25c extra)

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I WILL FINANCE YOUR TRAINING IF YOU ARE SHORT OF MONEY

Prepare for opportunities in Radio Broadcast, Talking pictures, Television, by **12 weeks of practical shop work** in the great Coyne Radio Shops, on real RADIO and Sound equipment. You don't need advanced education or experience. Free Employment Service for life. **Many earn while learning. Electric Refrigeration** included. **Mail coupon today** for free book which tells you how hundreds have become successful Radio Men after taking our training.

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ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ STATE_____

There's never a dull moment when Mischa Auer is around. The Missus is in on this bit of nonsense, too.





Ronald Colman and Benita Hume, snapped at the Opera. This duo continues to keep the rumor hounds guessing.



Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond joined filmdom's elite at the San Francisco Opera Company's opening. No matter how auspicious the occasion, Hollywood always manages an air of informality. Jeanette and Gene munched popcorn during intermission!

Simone Simon may be wonderful and beautiful and terrific and divine to Walter Winchell, as he reports her, but, alas, that is not always the final test. Why shouldn't she be nice to Mr. W? He has lovely long columns of space in which to print people's names. But you get a different slant on the diminutive Mademoiselle by listening to some of the Hollywood shopkeepers who have had contact with her. We know one who offers up a nightly hope that the little lady will never darken his door again. Whenever she comes in all the clerks run for cover.

■ ■ ■

There's considerable excitement going on about Marjorie Weaver, the young lady who created a surprise hit in "Second Honeymoon." Right now she's in "Sally, Irene and Mary," with Alice Faye and Joan Davis, and chances are she'll go on to stardom. Her case is interesting because she's one of the few contest winners ever to get anywhere in pictures. Two years ago she won a contest and a contract at Warner Brothers. After a few bit roles the studio dropped her. She was about to return home to Louisville when Darryl Zanuck signed her, and it looks now as though Louisville will have to get along without her.

■ ■ ■

Poor Ginger Rogers. She really deserves pity this month, for she's just received second billing to an ape. A Los Angeles theatre resurrected one of her old pictures and ran it in conjunction with an "educational" feature. The ads read: "The Love Life of a Gorilla"—and Ginger Rogers in "The Thirteenth Guest."

■ ■ ■

Prosperity Note: When Claudette Colbert finishes work on "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," she's going abroad on one of the luxury liners with her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman. Last time Claudette ventured onto the high seas she made the trip on a tramp steamer with Norman Foster.

■ ■ ■

In "College Swing" you'll find Martha Raye and Ben Blue too chummy for words. Well, times certainly do change. It wasn't so long ago that Martha was hitch-hiking back to Chicago from Fargo, North Dakota, having been fired from Ben Blue's vaudeville circuit in that prairie town. Incidentally, it's Dave Rose with whom Martha's being constantly seen. He's a New York music arranger, and Martha did a little arranging to get him to switch to Hollywood.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

ROSALIE

starring ELEANOR POWELL and NELSON EDDY

Moonlight on the Vassar Campus! A kiss—a promise—the impassioned prelude to an elusive game of love!
When Dick Faye, Captain of the Army football team, held the lovely Rosalie close to his heart—he did not know she was a Princess—a Princess betrothed to a man she did not love!
Full of suspense and surprises, the exciting story of "Rosalie" starring Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy—appears in the February Issue of SCREEN ROMANCES.
Glamor—romance—thrills—all are woven into this tender love story of a persistent West Point Cadet and an alluring Princess!

SCREEN ROMANCES

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

GOOD NEWS!

Twice as many gallery pictures in the February issue . . . 8 more pages of glamorous screen star portraits!

16 stories of Movie Hits in this big Issue!





"LAUGH, Miss LOY!"

Even after "turning on a laugh" 100 times a day, Myrna Loy*–MGM star–finds Luckies easy on her throat..

A word about your throat— "Laughing before the sound camera is hard on the throat," says Myrna Loy. "After scenes of this sort, it's clear that Luckies are *the* cigarette for anyone who wants a light smoke that's easy on the throat!" Here's the reason in a nut-shell: the process "It's Toasted" takes out certain irritants that are found in *all* tobacco!

A word about tobacco— Aren't men who spend their lives buying and selling tobacco the best judges of tobacco quality? Then remember ... sworn records reveal that among independent tobacco experts Lucky Strike has *twice* as many exclusive smokers as all other brands combined. With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies—2 to 1.



*STAR OF MGM PICTURE "MAN-PROOF"

Luckies–A Light Smoke

Easy on your throat–"It's Toasted"

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST

It's Luckies 2 to 1

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OVER 200 INTIMATE PICTURES!

Modern Screen

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THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

MAR -9 1938
PICAL DIVISION

WHOM WILL *Tyrone Power* MARRY?

TYRONE POWER
AND
SONJA HENIE


Irresistible
There are women who invite Romance as naturally as flowers invite the enjoyment of their perfume. You envy them, perhaps. For you, too, want Romance. But do you invite it? Do your lips lure? Your skin, your hair, your very fragrance...do these invite caresses? ¶ Buy IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME if you want to be Irresistible. Be fragrant if you want to be pursued. Men adore fragrant hair, fragrant lips, and soft fragrant skin. The satin-smoothness of Irresistible Face Powder, the soft blush of Irresistible Rouge, the seductive coloring and creamy indelibility of Irresistible Lip Lure...these speak the language of enchantment. ¶ Tonight, try Irresistible Perfume. You'll be sparkling, electric, ready to conquer the world and the man! To be completely ravishing use all Irresistible Beauty Aids. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.
10¢ at leading 5 and 10¢ stores
Irresistible
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IRRESISTIBLE
IRRESISTIBLE LIP LURE—THE NEW GLOWING VIBRANT LIPSTICK

"I'd be a very Beautiful Woman if I'd taken care of my teeth and gums"

Neglect, Wrong Care, Ignorance of the Ipana Technique of Gum Massage—all can bring about

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"



"Yes, dear lady, it's your own fault. You know that—now. You used to have teeth that glistened, *they were so white. And your gums were firm and strong.*

"Then, if you remember, there was a day when your tooth brush showed that first tinge of 'pink'—a warning that comes sometimes to nearly all of us.

"But you *said: 'It's nothing. Why, I imagine* everyone *notices the same thing sooner or later.' And you let it go at that.*

"Foolish you! That was a day important to your teeth—important to your beauty. That was the day you should have decided, 'I'm going to see my dentist right now'!"

No Wise Woman Ignores "Pink Tooth Brush"

IF you've noticed that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist at once.* For only your dentist can tell you when there's serious trouble ahead. Probably he'll tell you that your gums are simply *lazy*—that they need more *work,* more *stimulation* to help keep them firm and strong.

Many a child in grade school could tell you that often the food we eat is too soft, too well-cooked to give gums the exercise they need. Realize this—and you understand why modern dentists so frequently advise the Ipana Technique of gum massage.

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but, *with massage,* to help the health of your gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana into the gums, with forefinger or brush. This arouses circulation in the gums—they tend to become stronger, firmer. Teeth are brighter—your smile sparkles with a *new* loveliness!

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—Perfected with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush is especially designed to make gum massage easy and more effective.



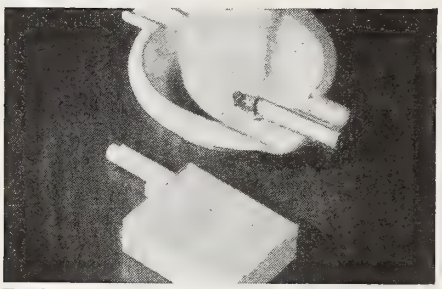
IPANA TOOTH PASTE

©CIB 366846
FEB -9 1938

"I'M JUST A BRIDE
. . . but I'm learning fast"



Secret—"I've found out that one secret of successful entertaining is to provide plenty of good light."



Cost—"It isn't expensive. The cost for an entire evening is less than the cost of a package of cigarettes."



Keep—That's why it is a good idea to keep G-E MAZDA lamps handy for emergencies.

Be sure to look for the G-E monogram when you buy lamps.



15¢ for 15-25-40-60-watts
75 and 100-watts . . . 20c

Buy bulbs where you see this emblem displayed

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

MODERN SCREEN

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GETTING A GLIMPSE OF GARY	28	IDA ZEITLIN
WHAT-A-MAN MORRIS	30	GLADYS HALL
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Two-fisted American college student goes to Oxford! Oh, boy, here's a drama that packs a wallop every minute of the way!

Robert Taylor

in

A YANK AT OXFORD



with LIONEL BARRYMORE

Maureen O'Sullivan • Vivien Leigh

Edmund Gwenn • Griffith Jones • From an Original Story by John Monk Saunders

Directed by JACK CONWAY • Produced by MICHAEL BALCON

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE





Don't try this finish unless you're feeling pretty peppy.

Nothing like a brisk sprint, says Dolores Del Rio.

KEEPIN' FIT



Six sets of tennis? A mere trifle, Dolores will tell you. Now for a brisk swim.



Why, Dolores, what's the matter with that Australian crawl? Surely, you can't be tired already!

Just oozing vim, vigor and vitamins, Dolores will report at the studio now for a day's work. The rest was just play.

A gallant with the ladies . . . beloved by every belle in all of New Orleans . . . feared by those rats of the Seven Seas . . . his bold, bad buccaneers . . . Jean Lafitte . . . the gayest lad who ever sailed beneath the Skull and Crossbones lives again in the grandest historical romance ever to swing across the screen . . . Cecil B. DeMille's flaming adventure-epic . . . "THE BUCCANEER." In the thrilling role of the dashing gentleman pirate, who took time out from his pirateering and his romancing to help Andrew Jackson win the Battle of New Orleans and save America from the British . . . Fredric March reaches new heights of screen adventure. As the little Dutch girl whose love forced the dashing pirate to strike his flag . . . Franciska Gaal, beautiful new Paramount star discovery, makes a fitting team-mate for that gentleman pirate Capt. Jean Lafitte.



Adolph Zukor presents

a Cecil B. DeMille
PRODUCTION

FREDRIC MARCH
"THE BUCCANEER"

with Franciska Gaal

Akim Tamiroff • Margot Grahame
Walter Brennan
Ian Keith • Anthony Quinn
Douglass Dumbrille • Beulah Bondi
Robert Barrat • Hugh Sothern
Louise Campbell • Evelyn Keyes

Directed by Cecil B. DeMille

A Paramount Picture

Screen Play by Edwin Justus Mayer, Harold Lamb and C. Gardner Sullivan • Based on an Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson of "Lafitte the Pirate" by Lyle Saxon

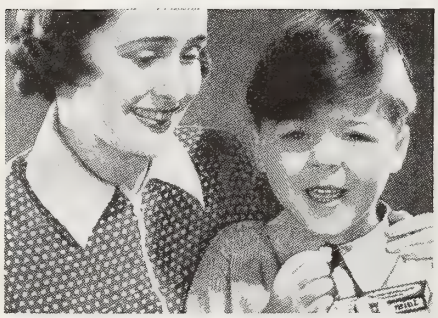
Boy meets grief!

One of childhood's greatest trials (and parents', too) . . . bad-tasting medicine



Boy meets joy!

Three cheers for Mother (she's cheering, too) . . . She got delicious FEEN-A-MINT



YOU can do real harm to delicate little systems when you force your youngsters to take harsh, nasty doses! Tantrums and upsets mean real grief for them — and grief for *you* as well.

Change all this instantly the modern way — with FEEN-A-MINT, the laxative in delicious chewing gum. Youngsters enjoy it — there's no medicine taste at all. But even more important, it gives them gentle, dependable relief without unpleasant after-effects. 16 million, young and old, use FEEN-A-MINT. They know, as you'll find, that — for children and adults both — no other type of laxative can do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does.

Ideal for you and your children because:

1. **NO STOMACH UPSET** — With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there is nothing to burden digestion.
2. **CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION** — The chewing stimulates the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.
3. **ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT** — FEEN-A-MINT'S tasteless laxative ingredient passes through the stomach without effect, and does its work in the intestine, where it should — easily, pleasantly, comfortably.

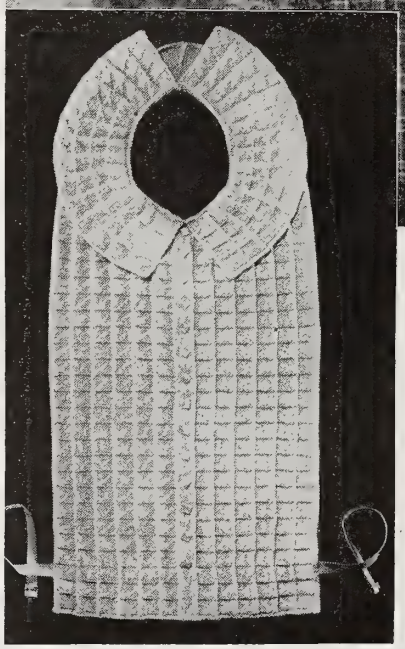
No wonder FEEN-A-MINT doesn't gripe, nauseate, or disturb sleep! And it's wonderfully easy and pleasant to take! Try FEEN-A-MINT once — and you'll make it *your* family laxative for always. At all druggists, or write for generous FREE trial package. Dept. 65, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.



DELICIOUS
Tastes like your favorite chewing gum

SUIT-ABLE KNITS





No. 1321—You'll be happy, too, in this soft cashmere blouse. Note the sleeve detail.

No. 1316—A boon to the tailored suit is the gilet, classic in its simplicity.

WE'RE going to have a "Suit Spring!" So plan to vary your suit wardrobe with this knit blouse, perfect for wear with your tweeds. The diagonally striped collar and lapel give just that added note of chic. And the tricky gilet will do wonders for your tailleurs, for the crystal buttons make it dressy, while the single collar keeps it tailored. You'll make these in different colors, for you can whip one out in nothing flat! Send in your stamped, addressed envelope today for instructions for both these smart knits.

Send For These Smart New Designs

ANN WILLS, MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me:

Knitting directions for 1321.....

Knitting directions for 1316.....

I am enclosing a stamped, addressed (large) envelope.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State.....

(Check one or both designs and please print name and address)

"THE KID COMES BACK"





The laughing, larruping hero of **"Kid Galahad"!**



The heart-breaking, chin-busting gob of **"Submarine D-1"!**

Speeding to stardom faster than any other screen hero in years! Here's the daring, dashing new thrill in boy friends, with the devil in his eyes, a wallop in his mitt and heaven in his arms! Winning millions of hearts in every role he plays! See him now—more exciting than ever—in the tingling romance of a fightin' fool who knew how to love!

with

WAYNE MORRIS

A WARNER BROS. PICTURE

Shooting another love punch straight to your heart in "The Kid Comes Back"!

SWANK AT OXFORD

BY ANN WILLS





Maureen's suit of fine brown wool with its little coatee and checked waistcoat is extremely practical. (Right) Another favorite of hers is this two-piece ensemble. It's no wonder Bob Taylor fell for her in "A Yank at Oxford."

WHEN A noted Hollywood designer recently made up her annual list of the ten best-dressed women on the screen, she chose Maureen O'Sullivan as "A perfect example of the piquant type of woman," because "her clothes show infinite good taste in their simplicity of line and uniqueness of color combination."

In "A Yank At Oxford," Maureen is just herself, a charming, well-bred young British girl who wins the heart of the "Yank," Lee Sheridan, played by Bob Taylor. And you won't wonder that the handsome young American falls for the sister of his deadliest rival when you see the stunning costumes she wears in the picture. They are knockouts!

Fourteen exclusive outfits were designed by Rene Hubert for Maureen's role of an undergraduate in "A Yank At Oxford." So if you're seeking inspiration, don't miss this picture, for you'll certainly find lots of good ideas. The two costumes shown here are good examples of what the collegian should wear, simple in line, smart but not sophisticated.

Bright college years are made brighter by smart clothes, and what could be more so than Maureen's practical ensemble which she wears as a gay young undergraduate about-Oxford? The slim skirt is

(*Continued on page 84*)

SMART COLLEGIAN FASHIONS WORN BY MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

I learned this at a college prom—



I simply fled! Escape—that was all I could think of! Just to get away from the gaiety and music—that marvelous music—of my first college prom! After all, when you're chafed . . . dancing isn't fun, it's agony!



"Simpleton!" said Marge, who was in the dressing-room making minor face repairs. "You'd think you were born in the dark ages! This dance came at the wrong time for me, too—but you don't hear me complaining! Haven't you heard about Modess?"



"Did you ask for Modess, miss?" said the maid handing Marge a blue box. "Good," beamed Marge. "And scissors too, please . . . Now, my dear, I'll show you two good reasons why you should get in the habit of saying Modess . . ."



"See this filler?" said Marge—cutting a pad in two. "Feel it . . . it's fluffy and soft as the down on a duck! Modess isn't made up of crêpey, close-packed layers—like ordinary napkins. It's so much *softer*. That's why Modess doesn't chafe!"



"Now, watch—" continued Marge, "here's reason number two! Modess is also *safer*!" So saying—she took the moisture-proof backing from inside a pad and poured water on it. Moisture-proof is right! I was simply amazed!



"Well, pet," said Marge, as we were getting our wraps, several hours later, "isn't it wonderful what a difference being comfortable can make in a girl's life! By the way"—she added—"here's something I forgot to tell you. You'll find Modess costs *less*, in most places, than any other nationally known napkin!"

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

IF YOU PREFER A SMALLER, SLIGHTLY NARROWER PAD, SAY "JUNIOR MODESS"

THE PARTY'S ON

BY MARJORIE DEEN



Courtesy "Toastmaster"

Grace Moore loves to entertain. Her recipes are worth trying. At left, a boon to hostesses without a maid, this Hospitality Tray is just the thing.

GOING TO give a party? Well, a little party booklet I am privileged to offer free to the first thousand or so who write in for it should provide some helpful suggestions. But we will have to wait until somewhat farther along for a more complete description of this booklet and how to obtain your copy.

Right now I want to tell you about the party foods suggested right in these pages by the lovely singer who so smilingly and graciously faces you across her own beautifully appointed table at the top of the next page.

One of the most enthusiastic hostesses I have ever encountered is Grace Moore who, unlike many of her sister screen stars, considers catering and cooking as really worthwhile accomplishments and regards entertaining as one of the fine arts!

Just give Miss Moore the slightest of pretexts for inviting her friends to the house, in fact, and the party's on. However, on festive days like birthdays, holidays and anniversaries, she really goes to town and entertains lavishly.

Decidedly Spanish in inspiration you will find the foods she serves. This of course is due to the fact that Miss Moore's husband, Valentin Parera, is a Spaniard and through him she has learned to take a real interest in the highly seasoned dishes of his native country. In fact so proficient has Miss Moore become, with the help of her Basque cook, Jeanne, that the recipes she has worked out are in great demand among her friends and there has even been some talk of a cook book incorporating many of the culinary secrets she has picked up in her travels.

After her most recent Hollywood farewell party we sat down together and swapped recipes like a couple of small town housewives. These of course are the self-same recipes that I am giving you on page 64.

Now you, too, can learn how easy it is to make Salteados a la Catalana! Don't let that name throw you, however, for this dish turns out to be a comparatively simple hot lobster concoction which has a delectable sauce and which also has the added fact that it can be made with canned (or frozen) lobster as well as with fresh, to recommend it.

At every buffet supper party there should be at least one hot dish, you know, so at your very next affair why not make it this one? A large bowl of Spanish Rice or some other starchy food could well accompany this shell fish treat and will serve to extend the servings. Miss Moore suggests further that if you are having a large and hungry crowd that you bring in the hot food in two small serving dishes rather than in one large one. In this way one of the dishes can be held temporarily in reserve, in the oven.

You will probably also enjoy having Miss Moore's directions for the preparation of the most delectable spreads and snacks, those one-bite treats that serve equally well as introductions to a regular company dinner or as probably the most popular features of an informal buffet. You'll find many of these ideas on page 64, printed in such form that they can be conveniently cut out and mounted on regular size filing cards.

Doubtless you've never eaten the Tocinos del Cielo which you'll also find described on that page in detail. I know I had never even heard of them before that particular party at the Pareras. Nor would I have dreamed that in translation that melodious name would turn into prosaic sounding "Little Pigs of Heaven."

When entertaining a crowd, breads too, play a most important role in your cast of foods, according to our lovely source of inspiration. Perhaps you'll like to serve small hot biscuits at your next buffet party. These should be split and buttered before being brought in, of course, since at such suppers your guests will not want to be juggling extra silver such as butter knives! Or better still make up a generous batch of the Pimento



Cheese Pinwheels for which butter is unnecessary.

Many of you, I know, will fall for the hot toast and Hospitality Tray idea that is now sweeping the country. This is one of those self-service inspirations that are such a boon to the hostess-who-has-no-maid. For, with sliced bread, an attractive looking modern toaster and some tasty spreads on hand, each guest can fix his own refreshments to suit himself. The illustration shows you a corner of a buffet with one of these trays all ready for an enthusiastic raid. Didn't have room, however, to show the cheese tray that I feel should be included with the other "spreads."

And this brings us to the little booklet I mentioned before which contains many suggestions for just such spreads, in combinations that are unusual and tasty. This fourteen-page booklet also gives directions for playing such popular adult games as "Guess Who," "Vocabulary" and "Lost and Found."

If you would like a copy just write The Modern Hostess in care of Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York, enclosing a three cent stamp. The supply is limited, so you'll know, if you have failed to receive a copy, that more than a thousand other hostesses were more prompt than you.

For Miss Moore's recipes turn to page 64.

"I DON'T CARE HOW PRETTY SHE IS —SHE'LL SPOIL THE SHOW!"





BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

Have you tried the marvelous new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips?

Copr., Fels & Co., 1938



Men are attracted—by natural loveliness, so why risk a painted look? Unlike ordinary lipsticks, Tangee intensifies your own natural coloring—never coats your lips with ugly red grease...nor leaves red smears on teeth or handkerchiefs.

Tangee looks orange in the stick. But it magically changes on your lips to a warm blush-rose shade, blending perfectly with your complexion. Only Tangee has this famous Tangee magic color-change principle.

Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens lips. No drying, no cracking, no chapping. Get Tangee today. 39¢ and $1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. See coupon below.

Untouched—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, parched look.

Greasy, painted lips—Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.

Tangee lovable lips—Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.



World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*



4 PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and FREE CHARM TEST

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" containing miniature *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). Also send FREE Tangee Charm Test.

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel (15¢ in Canada) ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ [Please Print]

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____ MM38



HAS A MOVIE STAR WRITTEN TO YOU? WATCH THIS DEPARTMENT!

Bob Livingston (First printing). He was born lucky, to hear him tell it, and certainly, though he was scarcely a pampered son of wealth, he has probably had more lucky breaks than any other actor in Hollywood. Many young men would consider it pretty tough if they had to work their way through college. Bob, however, was philosophical. He earned his board and tuition by giving lessons in amateur gymnastics and tumbling. This was a lucky choice for it paved the way for later screen roles which demanded gymnastic ability. When he finished college, his father, being a writer, known as Ed Randall, creator of the famous "Say Bill" letters of World War days, Bob entered the newspaper profession. After one year as a reporter, he gave it up and decided, of all things, to become an actor. He went to the Pasadena Community Playhouse, known as the Little Theatre of the West, and playing any kind of roles he could get, he acquired a varied and thorough dramatic training. He soon attracted the attention of talent scouts from Republic Pictures, and he was signed to a contract. Because of his physique and obvious athletic appearance, this studio teamed him up with Crash Corrigan and Max Terhune in the famous "Three Mesquiteers" series. Since that time his popularity as a Western star has increased by leaps and bounds until now he ranks with the foremost exponents of this type of picture. He is a native of Quincy, Ill.



Judy Garland (Second printing). With the firm conviction that she wanted to be a film actress, Judy Garland walked onto the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot one day and announced to all and sundry that she was looking for a job. She got it and she was twelve years old at the time. Judy was born with the theatre in her veins. She heard it from the time she could understand what her parents, Frank and Ethel Gumm, and her two older sisters, Virginia and Suzanne, were talking about. The family was theatrical. Father and Mother were professional vaudeville folk and her father is now a theatre owner in Los Angeles. Judy first saw the light of day in Murfreesboro, Tenn., and has been in almost every city in the United States with her parents "on the road." She calls Los Angeles home, however, because most of her education was acquired there. She became a member of a singing trio composed of herself and her two elder sisters and the act worked at the World's Fair in Chicago and in several big theatres in the middle West. Suzanne married and that broke up the act. So Judy wasn't bluffing when she told Metro officials that she'd had eight years of stage experience. That claim got her an audition and her performance brought her a contract. The funny papers are her favorite form of reading matter and baseball, riding, swimming and golf are her favorite forms of exercise. She loves to eat chocolate cake and ice cream and she sleeps nine to ten hours every night. She likes people in show business. Her birthday is January tenth. She's four feet, eleven inches tall and weighs ninety pounds. Her hair and eyes are brown.



George Murphy (First printing.) It happened by accident. They let a pick-and-shovel man down into a Pennsylvania coal mine

Are *you* going to receive a personal letter from your favorite star? If you entered the Personal-Letter Contest announced in this department last month, be sure to get your copy of the April issue of Modern Screen early! It will be on sale March first and, who knows, maybe the letter, which will be published by the Information Desk, as well as mailed to the lucky winner, will be addressed to you!

If you have not already tried for a letter of your own, get into the swim this month. The reader who sends in the most votes for his or her particular favorite, each vote to be printed on a Modern Screen coupon, will receive a letter from that star, personally written and signed. You can get your friends to help you by letting you clip the coupons out of their copies of Modern Screen. Closing date for this month's contest is February twenty-fifth, 1938. In case of a tie, each winner will receive a letter for their movie scrapbook.

Don't let this contest spoil your enthusiasm for keeping up the Barometer records, however. You can send in as many votes as you like, written in letters or on postcards, for the star you want to see at the top of our Barometer. Only personal letter votes *must* be written on a coupon and mailed to the Personal-Letter Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.



and when the cable broke below, they hauled up an actor. Michael Murphy's boy, George, who had graduated from Yale, came up in the bucket, after they'd dug him out from beneath a fortune in black diamonds. He spent six months in the hospital and was through with mining. George had seven dollars and a lot of aches and pains when he hit New York. He got a job as a runner in Wall Street and while working at this job he met Juliette Johnson, a clever dancer, who encouraged him to try his own prowess on the dance floor. They became a dance team and after a lot of struggle, were starred in the better Broadway night spots. During this period, they fell in love and were married in 1927. The team broke up in 1928 when George was given the juvenile lead in the Broadway production of "Good News." Juliette became merely Mrs. Murphy, which she has remained ever since, despite flattering picture and stage offerings. Following "Good News," Murphy appeared in "Hold Everything," "Shoot The Works," "Here Goes The Bride," "Of Thee I Sing," and "Roberta," all successful Broadway shows. A year ago he went to Hollywood, with no thought of a screen career in his mind. While there, he agreed to make a screen test with a girl who aspired to movie fame. Samuel Goldwyn saw the test and signed Murphy to a contract, but did not take the girl. His first picture was "Kid Millions." He has danced and sung in many others since then, his most recent being "Broadway Melody of 1938." Between song-and-dance pictures, he has done numerous straight dramatic roles. He is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He was born in New Haven, Conn., the son of the famous Michael Murphy, Olympic coach and one time coach at the University of Pennsylvania. He studied engineering, though his great ambition was to be a baseball pitcher. It was in his capacity as a student, actually, that he went to work in a Pennsylvania coal mine, with the resulting accident that changed the entire course of his career. He weighs a hundred and seventy-five pounds and is five feet eleven and a half inches tall.

Collis Duncan, Tompkinsville, Ky. Loretta Young isn't married, though she's been reported engaged a number of times. She is twenty-three years old, is five feet, three inches tall and weighs a hundred and seven pounds.

George Dimas, Ambridge, Pa. Write to Deanna Durbin at Universal Studios, Universal City, California. If you don't enclose twenty-five cents with your request, however, you won't receive the photograph. This also answers Delia Davis of Kalamazoo, Mich.

Angele Clausen, Berkeley, Cal. Paul Muni's real name is Muni Weisenfreud.

M. Mosco, Rochelle Park, N. J. Tim Holt is Jack Holt's son but David Holt is not related to him at all in spite of the name.

Virginia Mahoney, Memphis Tenn. Both Greta Garbo and Jeanette MacDonald are under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, Culver City, Cal. Address them there and enclose twenty-five cents for each photograph.

Janet Starr, Boston, Mass. Have a heart, Janet, Errol Flynn is only twenty-eight years old himself, so he'd hardly be the

(*Continued on page* 112)

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print, in this department, a brief life story of

.....

I'd like a letter from:

.....

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

If you would like our chart with weights, heights, ages, birthplaces and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.

Chapped Hands made soft enough for Kisses



In and out all day long! Getting the milk, emptying the ashes, driving the car... No wonder your tender skin gets nipped by the cold. Soon your hands are dry, scratchy-rough, sorely-chapped. Like sandpaper to a man's loving touch!



Quick... smooth on Hinds! *Extra*-creamy, *extra*-good to chapped hands. Contains "sunshine" vitamin D, too!



Copyright, 1938 Lehn & Fink Products Corporation, Bloomfield, N. J.

EVERY drop of Hinds works fast to give you soft, smooth *Honeymoon Hands*. Even one application makes hard-working hands more thrilling—to look at and to touch! Use Hinds faithfully—before and after household jobs, indoors and out. Hinds helps put back the softness that biting winds, bitter cold, household heat, hard water, and dust take away. $1, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes. Dispenser free with 50c size—fits on bottle, ready to use.

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream for Honeymoon Hands



BETWEEN YOU

$5.00 Prize Letter

A Slap In the Face for Flynn

Regarding "Robinhood Throws a Party," in your January issue, I have this to say about it. I've always considered Mr. Flynn one of the most self-satisfied, egotistical stars on the screen. (Perhaps he isn't, but that's my opinion and I'll stick to it.) However, I did admire him because he was adventurous, self-sufficient and independent—pretty much a free soul. Mind you, I never agreed with one thing the man said or did or wrote, but I admired his daring.

But, alas, what has happened? He used to be a rat, perhaps, but he's turned into a "wee, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie" (mouse to you). In Miss Zeitlin's article, she pictures him as living in an ordinary house, possessed of several pets, a butler, a wife and some nice, simple friends. No fights with Mrs. Flynn, no slurs against the fair name of woman, no cracks about Hollywood. The man's domesticated! Alack a-day, I loathed him, but now I pity him.

Mr. Flynn, I slap you in the face with my glove. Do you accept my challenge? —Anne Park, Elmira, N. Y.

$2.00 Prize Poem

Woo Hoo Hugh

He may not be handsome—he may not be sweet
He may not sweep a gal off her feet.
But I laugh and I chuckle when he comes into view
That's Hugh Herbert with his Woo Hoo! Woo Hoo!

I don't care for Gable, Powell or Flynn
Since somebody let this slaphappy guy in
And when I go to the movies I laugh till I'm blue
At the antics of Hughie with his Woo Hoo! Woo Hoo!

My whole family loves him and just can't get enough
Of his silly, daffy, pixilated stuff
My mother and dad roar outright; my brothers do, too.
Why he's even got my grandma shouting Woo Hoo!—Rose Ford, Providence, R. I.

$2.00 Prize Letter

Balanced Movie-Fare

Isn't the argument in favor of only Grade A pictures a little like the literary snobs who will read only best sellers? Right, perhaps, for those who see very few movies, but for the fans who see one or more a week, the Grade B pictures are like simple food on the health diet.

The more excellent the picture the greater its power to sway the mind and emotions. Too much of that is like eating too rich food. The milder, less impressive pictures can be as pleasant and comfortable as normal, daily life.

Also, like the stock companies to the legitimate stage, Grade B pictures are the best place for growing talent. I like to watch them develop and I feel quite the discoverer if I can pick a rising star. They contribute to the balanced diet in the movie-fare.—Beulah Barker, Chicago, Ill.



This is how one fan would register her disappointment in Errol Flynn—if she ever got the chance.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Not too Late

Resolutions I hope the following studios made:

RKO-Radio: Let Ginger Rogers knock at more "Stage Doors" and less stage floors. She's a swell actress.

20th Century-Fox: Keep on teaming Loretta Young and Tyrone Power.

M-G-M: Keep Joan Crawford in "from rags to riches" roles. She's my favorite screen cinderella.

Hal Roach: Find another "Topper" for Constance Bennett and Cary Grant. It would top 1938.

Warners: Let Dick Powell play more mature roles. He's forever the shy young man.

20th Century-Fox: Don't spoil Shirley Temple.

Paramount: Don't put Martha Raye in too many pictures. She deserves only the best.—Jean Minahan, Pittsburgh, Pa.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Bette Davis Rooter

It was a welcome relief to have Bette Davis at last emerge from those tense, somber dramas with the unhappy endings, and sally forth into light comedy like "It's Love I'm After."

Miss Davis possesses too grand a sense of humor, too sparkling a personality and too great a talent as a comedienne to be frittering away her ability on those Warner exposes of the shady strata of life. I do not mean to infer that Miss Davis should not continue to be dramatic. I only wish to say that she should avoid too many

'N' ME

EVERY MONTH LUCKY CONTRIBUTORS WIN CASH PRIZES FOR THEIR LETTERS. HAVE YOU TRIED YOUR LUCK?

**WRITE A LETTER—
WIN A PRIZE**

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Special offer: If you will have your letters here by February 21st, prizes will go out to you by the 26th. So get busy boys and girls, and let's have your contributions.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, $5; 2 second prizes of $2 each; 6 prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You and Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.



"Why the fuss about Grade B pictures?" asks a reader. They are to movies what stock companies are to the stage.

pictures of "The Marked Woman" type.

Her versatility should be equally divided between light comedy and intelligent, suspenseful drama, preferably with a happy conclusion. Since Warners own the rights to "Joan of Arc," I think they would be very wise to cast Miss Davis as Saint Joan. W. McCauley, Springfield, Mass.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Paging Old-Timers

We are led to believe that the producers attempt to give the public exactly what it desires in motion pictures. But I am inclined to think otherwise. Why? Well, I have never yet met a fan who did not enjoy seeing a familiar favorite grace the screen, and once in a while enjoy seeing a new face crop up to take its place among the unforgettables. However, during 1936-37 the producers gave us an overdose of the latter. Old favorites, beloved by fans, were cast into the limbos of nonentities and inexperienced newcomers rocketed into prominence.

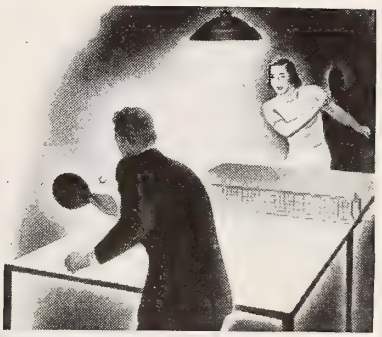
Of course, I agree that every talented youngster should be given a chance, but why always at the expense of our favorites? After all, it takes an experienced star to make a picture. New talent is always available but such grand ability as is possessed by the experienced players is very rare. We do want new talent, but not too much at a time.—Paul Nemuk, Little Falls, N. Y.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Movies and the Radio

Lately, when the weather is bad and

(*Continued on page* 118)

Strong lights, hard shadows bring out harsh angles on your face



"Glare-Proof" Powder

reflects the softer rays— flatters in any light

STRONG, HARD LIGHTS . . . and everybody's eyes on you. Playing a game under those bright overhead lamps puts the prettiest face on the spot! Powder shows up chalky . . . Highlights and shadows are sharpening your face . . .

Pond's "glare-proof" shades save you from that embarrassment! Blended to catch and reflect only the softer rays of light, Pond's Powder softens your face—flatters it in sharp daylight or glittering evening lights. ***And doesn't show up!***

In an inquiry among 1,097 girls, Pond's got the biggest vote for "never showing powdery."

Special ingredients make Pond's soft and clinging. It stays smooth—flattering—for hours! Decorated screw-top jars—35¢, 70¢. Big boxes—10¢, 20¢.



"Hard lights never get me fussed. Pond's Sunlight (Light) keeps my skin looking soft in the brightest light."
MISS NANCY HOGUET
New York debutante



FREE! 5 "GLARE-PROOF" SHADES

Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PP, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test. (This offer expires May 1, 1938.)

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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Happy Tidings

A SONJA RADIANT BEYOND IMAGINING...RE-UNITED IN ROMANCE WITH HER "ONE IN A MILLION" SWEETHEART...IN A MUSICAL OF SUPERLATIVE SPLENDOR!



SONJA HENIE



DON AMECHE



A show aglow with joy-laden wonder . . . winging from gay Norseland festivals to New York's wintertime spectacles! And Sonja breathlessly in love ...breath-taking on the ice... the radiant queen of a world of dreams come true!

HAPPY LANDING

with

JEAN HERSHOLT
ETHEL MERMAN
CESAR ROMERO
BILLY GILBERT
RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET
WALLY VERNON · LEAH RAY

Directed by Roy Del Ruth

Associate Producer David Hempstead
Original Screen Play by Milton Sperling and Boris Ingster

SONGS! SONGS! SONGS!

"Hot and Happy","A Gypsy Told Me" "You Are The Music To The Words In My Heart", "Yonny And His Oompah" by Sam Pokrass and Jack Yellen

20th CENTURY FOX

It comes to you, of course, from DARRYL F. ZANUCK and his 20th Century-Fox hit creators!



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

ELEANOR POWELL



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

CLARK GABLE

LORETTA YOUNG

Photo by Frank Powolny





Photo by Tunbridge

MERLE OBERON

JON HALL

Photo by Coburn



HE'S A SIMPLE SOUL

BY CAROLINE S. HOYT



Bob gets a kick out of hearing Carol Ann babble of the beauties of her young sister, Barbara.

BOB YOUNG handed me the slip of paper on which he'd just scribbled the following: "How to Lose Friends and Influence Nobody"—by Robert Young.

"Me and Dale Carnegie," he grinned. "He's a psychologist and a writer. I don't know much more about writing than how to tell one end of a pencil from the other. As for psychology, I've watched the antics of my own ego, and that's the conclusion I'm led to.

"Maybe I'm not typical. I've read about the timid little guy who finds he has a nose like Napoleon's, and winds up on the throne. And about the wallflower who tells herself, 'You're beautiful, you're beautiful, you're beautiful,' and the men come flocking. It doesn't work that way with me. Maybe I'm short on faith. If I said to myself, 'You're Napoleon, you're beautiful'—which, let me interpolate, I don't—echo would immediately answer, 'You're Bob Young, with the same old pan you always had,' and I wouldn't know the comeback to that one.

"What I do sometimes tell myself is, 'You're not a good mixer. You should cultivate dash and aplomb.' Mostly that happens after I've been playing one of these sons of wealth who dash with aplomb all over the Ritz and Italy and St. Moritz, never at a loss for the right word, thanks to the author.

"Here's what happens. I meet someone. Ordinarily we'd pass the time of day, and go about our business. But I'm a man of the world now, I've got to act in character. What would a man of the world do at this point? He'd toss off some gay and charming nifty, light as a bubble.

"I rack my mind for a nifty. Needless to say, my mind remains a blank.

"Or I go to a party, bent on being the life of it for once. I've primed myself with a couple of stories, and wait for a chance to spring them—airily, you know, as if they'd just popped into my head. The screen hero always gets his chance, but somehow I don't. Nobody seems to be in the mood for stories—not for mine, anyway. I stroll around, searching for a victim, and trying to look like myself in 'The Bride Wore Red.' Apparently without success, because people start getting that what's-the-matter-with-*you*? look in their eyes.

"Finally, I collar someone. Airy or not, I'm going to tell a story. By that time I'm in a state where, if Carol Ann asked me for 'The Three Bears,' I wouldn't know which came first. I flounder and I fumble and I miss the point and I pull out my handkerchief to wipe the beads

IF YOU HAVE A HANKERING TO BE SOMEONE YOU'RE NOT, DON'T CHANGE—AT LEAST NOT



Bob Young may be the screen's No. 1 playboy, but you should see him at home.



Florence Rice enjoys the attentions of Jimmy Stewart and Bob between takes of "Navy Blue and Gold."

from my brow. My audience looks solicitous. 'You feeling all right, Bob? Oh, I just asked. You don't look so hot. Why don't you go lie down some place for a while?'"

A knock at the door was followed by the head of an eager young man, thrust through the opening.

"Excuse me, Bob. That your car outside? The green one? Boy, she's a honey! How does she run? What mileage do you get? How does the super-charging work?"

Bob satisfied the young man's thirst for information, and the head withdrew. Then he turned to me.

"There's a case in point. Me and my green car. I've got no business with that car. It's too flashy for me, costs too much to operate. I always feel like apologizing for it. I have to grit my teeth and say, 'be nonchalant, be nonchalant, be nonchalant,' to keep from explaining to everyone how I happened to get it."

I knew he was exaggerating for the sake of providing entertainment. Whatever grain of truth lay hidden among the chaff—and which of us doesn't recognize himself in a similar situation?—you wouldn't have to know Bob Young very well to realize that he and pretense are strangers.

Of all the actors I've met in Hollywood, he is the most un-actorish. He realizes that it's part of the player's province to exploit himself. Therefore, when he must, he talks about himself directly, frankly, without resorting to the coy capers of the hypersensitive. He doesn't have to assure you that he'd rather talk of other things. That fact is obvious after half an hour's contact with his inquiring mind. He doesn't have to assume a modesty which is his by instinct. In the essentials of character, he is the same young man he would have been if fate hadn't plucked him from a Building and Loan Company and set him among the stars.

As for the car, it happened this way. (And I'm not apologizing either). He went to the shop to have the top of his old car put down. "How about buying one of these?" they asked him, pointing to a dashing and, of course, high-priced model.

"No use for it."

"Well, come on over here anyway, and take a look."

He looked, he admired, and he turned away. They offered him a deal. You who own cars don't have to be told how it's done. They proved to him in black and white that he'd be losing money if he didn't buy this particular car.

He went home and talked it over with his wife. Deal or no deal, she was against it. "It always looks better to me in the bank than rolling around on wheels," said the sensible Betty Lou.

"Me, too," said Bob, with a far-away look in his eyes. Betty smiled. She'd said her say. If Bob wanted it badly enough to buy it, it was no part of her policy to stop him.

It took him a long time to make up his mind. His tastes were conservative. He'd never yet splurged on anything. But the lines of that definitely dashing car haunted and tempted him. So he bought it. (*Continued on page 103*)

UNTIL YOU'VE HEARD WHAT HAPPENED TO BOB YOUNG, WHO ONCE HAD PLANS FOR HIMSELF







NO. 1 Husband No. 1 was Brandon Peters. Miriam and he were soon divorced.

NO. 2 Husband No. 2 was Austin Parker. Parted, they're still friends.

NO. 3 Husband No. 3 is Anatole Litvak. They're doing nicely, thank you.

LET'S TALK ABOUT MIRIAM

THEY ALL DO, BUT WHEN MISS HOPKINS SPEAKS HER PIECE, SHE SAYS PLENTY!

BY NANETTE KUTNER

EVERYBODY talks about Miriam Hopkins.

They say she invited a group of writers to her home, and walked out before they arrived. They say when a newspaperman paid a call she sent her chef to the door, her chef, with a carving knife in one hand. They say she snubs her old friends. They say she is a shrewd business woman. They say when she was broke . . .

But no one says more than Miss Hopkins. She says:

Her neighbor is Norma Shearer, but she has never seen her on the screen. Neither has she seen Shirley Temple. For she rarely goes to pictures. She says she sees about five a year. Maybe this is a pose.



It's footlights and not Klieg lights now, for our star is in "Wine of Choice," on Broadway.



Miriam appeared in a New York restaurant wearing her adopted son Peter's (above) blue beret. Reviewing her husbands must make Miriam feel like Peggy Hopkins Joyce.



She says she met Anatole Litvak, her present husband (number three) on the *Normandie.* She met him by the simple expedient of picking him up!

"At the bar. We knew a lot of the same people."

She says he is a great director. And she points to "Mayerling" as an example of what he did for Danielle Darrieux.

"But he directed *my* worst picture." She says that also.

She says husband number two, Austin Parker, the playwright is living in her California home.

"Writing a play, while I'm East."

However, she disliked the mention of Actor Brandon Peters, who was husband number one.

"It makes me sound like Peggy Joyce. Besides, we were only married a couple of months anyway. In Chicago, when we were kids."

HUSBAND number three had just sailed for Europe.

"And I couldn't see him off. I had to rehearse. But he'll only be gone a month. And to tell the truth, I'm relieved. I knew he was dying to see New York. He's Russian, you know. We had only been here once before together, for ten days last summer during one of those hot spells. Now, this time, I have to stay home to study my part so he'd want to help me, poor darling. He'd sit around trying to be considerate. And I couldn't memorize. I can't learn in front of anybody. I like to walk around, to act all over the place, to talk to the furniture! My butler is used to this. He's been with me five years and knows me better than my husband. I can't just sit still and learn a part, then it sounds mechanical, like a phonograph record."

As to "Gone With The Wind," she says she would have loved to have played Scarlett.

"It's a fat role for any actress. But, although I got votes from every section of the country, although shop girls, hairdressers everywhere, they all stopped me and asked me to play her, although even my mother says I should have done it because we're from the South and her name is the same as Scarlett's mother, Ellen, even with all those reasons I can only tell the truth. I've never been asked. I just wasn't invited to the party."

SHE DOES tell an amusing story about it. One of the Hollywood producers gave a small dinner for the Dean of Columbia University. Eight guests were invited. And Miriam was one of the eight.

"Remember," warned their host, "no shop talk. This man isn't interested in pictures."

So the conversation carefully touched upon music and books and new methods of education, until the Dean astounded everyone by turning towards Miriam to ask, "And whom do you think should play Scarlett O'Hara?"

There was an embarrassing silence. The Dean, unaware that Miriam had been mentioned as a possible Scarlett, waited expectantly. The guests snickered. One catty woman, certain Miriam longed to play the part, went so far as to echo the Dean's question with a mocking, "Yes, Miss Hopkins, whom do *you* think should play it?"

This was a difficult moment. Miriam cleared her throat. And she plunged into what she honestly believed was the truth. She said she thought the producer would select an unknown as he must naturally want to build a star for himself, but she hoped, when he did choose that unknown, he would pick an actress with plenty of stock experience.

No sooner did she utter these words than "Gone With The Wind's" producer, David Selznick, entered the room.

There was an awkward silence, broken by the Dean, who cheerfully greeted Mr. Selznick with, "Miss Hopkins has just been telling us whom she thought ought to play Scarlett O'Hara."

"Every actress in America has (*Continued on page 78*)





The Gary Coopers (above) have just bought a ranch in Arizona to make up for the tramp-steamer trip they had been planning. Their new daughter has upset those plans temporarily.

Gary, all done up for "The Adventures of Marco Polo." Coop is one of the few actors who never wears make-up. He has that type of skin which photographs better without grease paint.

GETTING A GLIMPSE OF GARY

BY IDA ZEITLIN

OUTSIDE AN office building on the United Artists lot, a group of men were appraising the points of a shiny new sedan. One of them in slacks and sports coat, a white tie doing service as a belt, said little. But his eyes dwelt lovingly on the maroon beauty, glittering like a dragon in the sunlight.

"Gary," called a voice from a window above. He looked up. "How's the offspring?"

A slow smile crinkled the corners of his eyes. "Fine."

"New car for her?"

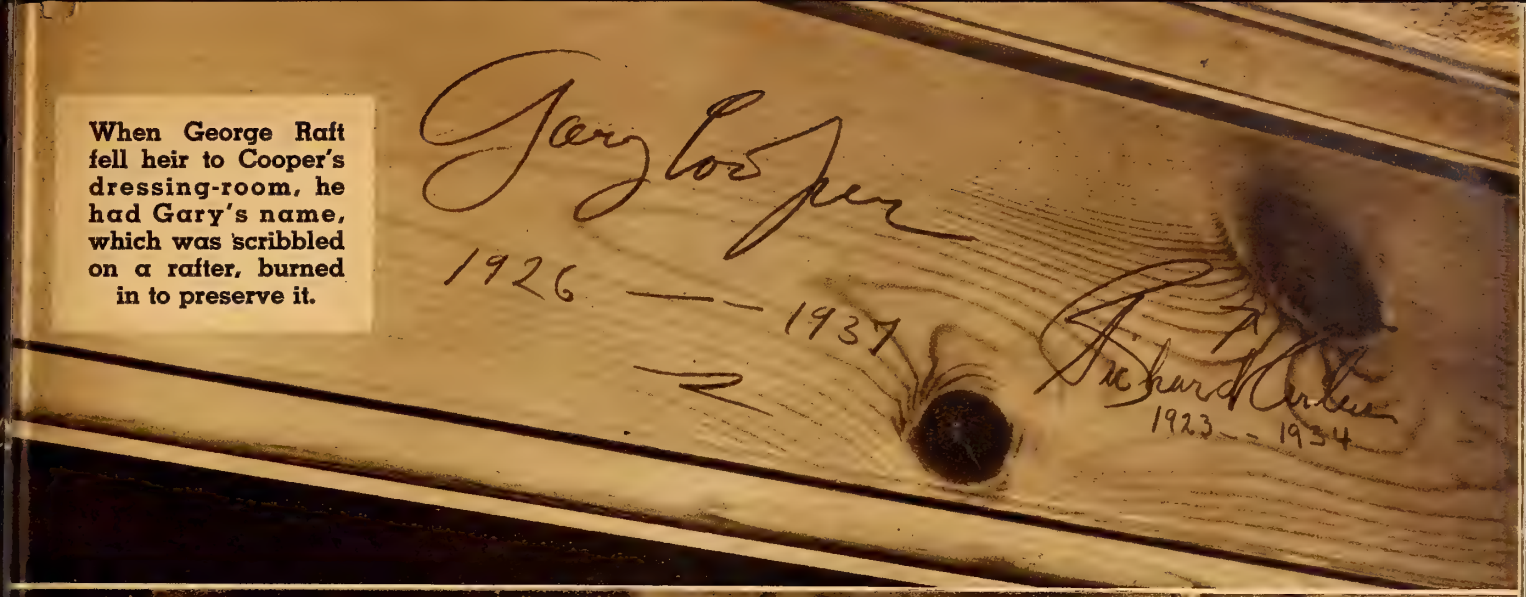
The smile deepened. "And her mother," was all he said, his lips closing with good humor but finality over some pleasant secret of their own.

The Cooper legend paints him as shy and inarticulate. These adjectives cover him roughly, in the manner of a shapeless garment, without revealing him. Talk to him about horses or cars or a new haunt for duck-shooting, and you'll find him articulate enough. If his tongue wags less than most, he can also pack more meaning into fewer words.

Instinctively, he keeps his hands off the personalities

COOP WON'T TALK, BUT HIS FRIENDS WILL—AND THEY GIVE YOU ALL THE LOW-DOWN ON HIM.

When George Raft fell heir to Cooper's dressing-room, he had Gary's name, which was scribbled on a rafter, burned in to preserve it.





Between scenes on a picture, Gary dozes off in his chair or fixes a bite to eat.

of others, instinctively he keeps the hands of others off himself. It's the policy of live and let live, applied in spirit as well as letter. Get any of his associates talking about him, and within two minutes you'll hear with monotonous uniformity, "Coop doesn't dish dirt."

The appearance of distinguished visitors on the set is the signal for Cooper to disappear. He will greet them courteously and seize the first opportunity to escape. Later he will be found deep in a discussion on amperes with Bill, the electrician. He bears no grudge against visiting bigwigs. He hates to fuss or to be fussed over, and takes the obvious method of avoiding both.

His vanishing act, even when there are no visitors to elude, makes him the despair of assistant directors. "Where's Coop?" the cry goes up. Coop is in a remote corner, drawing cowboys and Indians and dreaming himself among them. Or Coop has ambled off on his bike to pay Bing Crosby a visit. Or: "Any beds around? Look for the nearest bed, and you'll find Coop." Cracker Henderson, his handy man and entertainer-in-chief, is also the sleuth, self-appointed, to track Cooper down when he disappears. He does the job conscientiously, secretly convinced, however, that in a well-adjusted world a boss like his would be allowed to do as he pleased.

Cracker, of the Georgia Crackers, was one of the legion of Hollywood extras who (*Continued on page 74*)

YES, THERE'S A VERY GOOD REASON FOR THAT SHYNESS, FOR WHICH GARY IS NOTED

The studio dreamed up Priscilla's and Wayne's romance, but they themselves made it come true.



Wayne brushes up on his technique, for Priscilla has a yen for music.

WHAT-A-MAN MORRIS

BY GLADYS HALL

IS WAYNE KEEPING HIS LAST DATE—OR WILL HE CONTINUE TO REIGN AS HEAD LADIES' MAN AND HEART-COLLECTOR IN HOLLYWOOD?



We call it madness, but they call it love! Well, maybe Pat Lane and Wayne Morris are right at that!

YOU—YOU *hit* me, you unspeakable brute!" wailed a piteous feminine voice and the piteous feminine voice came, I could see, from the slender blonde person of Priscilla Lane, cowering on the floor, and the "unspeakable brute" was Wayne Morris, towering over her, threat and thunder in his blue eyes. And then Director Stanley Logan called, "Print it!" and Wayne shouted lustily, "One-Take Morris and One-Take Lane!"

Priscilla got up off the floor, assisted by the eager hands of Wayne and the two stood there together, laughing, brushing each other off, admiring Priscilla's black eye, administered by Wayne and it looked like love, off the set as well as on.

Is this man Morris "hearting" again? If so, What-A-Man-Morris is the most masterly understatement ever made. Is it the caveman in him which has made him so super-successful with the ladies? Is he the "unspeakable brute" at whose feet the ladies cower, the while offering up their hearts? For certainly this blond young giant, standing six-feet-two in his stocking feet, weighing 190 pounds, tracing his ancestry back to that blond giant of the 10th Century, King Olaf, has captured more Hollywood hearts than have Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power and Jimmy Stewart combined. And their belts are not exactly denuded of some of the best scalps.

For Wayne, as you may know, has been rumored and reported as "hearting" with such belles as Nan Grey, Cecilia Parker, Eleanor Powell, Lana Turner and others. And now, for the past couple of months, his name has been linked exclusively and quite seriously, with Priscilla Lane. Priscilla, one of the Lane sisters, featuring Lola and Rosemary, seems to be following more or less in the Morris footsteps, having been signed to a long-term contract after her first picture, "Varsity Show."

I've heard people say, "This Wayne Morris, what's he got? He comes to town, is practically a star overnight, walks off with the best dates in town, how's he do it? What is it?"

Of course, there are the obvious factors of the six-feet-two, the 190 pounds, the warming-the-cockles-of-your-heart grin, the animal spirits which are as contagious as healthy fever, if there were such a thing. But even these are not enough to explain the swift, sure way in which young Wayne has wowed this wow-weary town called Hollywood. For the goodly institution called the American home, the colleges, the small towns, turn out six-feet-two young men, weighing 190 pounds, demons on the diamond, hellions on the hockey field, rascals with the racquet, by the gross. And of the gross only a scarce few ever reach the Hollywood studios at all and of the scarce few only a rare Wayne Morris ever lays low the citadel. So, what is it?

Well, be prepared for an exposé of Wayne Morris, offered by none other than Priscilla Lane, who reveals the why and the wherefore of Wayne. And if you can't get the answer from his best girl where would you be able to get it?

For shortly Wayne and Priscilla came off the set of "Everybody Was Very Nice" (the final scene of which I had just witnessed), in which they are being teamed, the first teaming, I gather, of many, for their next will be "Men Are Such Fools," in which, again, they will play a young married couple. "We're married in this picture, too," Wayne said, and his eyes told more than his words, for his eyes said that there was something very good about being married to Priscilla, even in pictures.

I said to Priscilla, then, "Tell me, honestly, what is this man all about? What is the secret of his power over wimmin?"

"I'll fix you," laughed Priscilla. (*Continued on page 80*)

IT'S BEEN TOO EASY

BY MARY PARKES

WITH MONEY TO BURN, OLIVIA De HAVILLAND CAN'T BUY WHAT SHE'S LOST THROUGH SUCCESS

PEOPLE have been saying recently, that Olivia de Havilland is thinking seriously of abandoning the screen, forsaking her young career, which is mounting like a comet charged with dynamite.

"She's going to quit pictures," they've said. But why should she? A girl, just a pretty, well-bred girl who came to Hollywood from the sleepy little hamlet of Saratoga in northern California and played Hermia in Reinhardt's "Midsummer Night's Dream" and then signed a contract with Warners and is spoiled and petted and given the ripest picture plums on the lot, *she* should leave the screen!

Supposing Olivia should fool us? There is something, disturbingly definite about Olivia. Her beauty on the screen may be maidenly and misty and dusted with the pollen of shrinking sweetness and suggestive of the soft pliancy of the clinging vine, but there is nothing of the clinging vine about the mind of Olivia, nor about her character.

The idea was so intriguing that I went to the Busch Gardens in Pasadena, where the "Robin Hood" company was at work. A sunny afternoon of green and gold and the pennants of the knights flying from their tall poles in the jousting field, and Olivia as Maid Marian Fitzwalter, in blue and silver robes, headdress and all, more beautiful than the dreams for which Knighthood went into Flower. Claude Rains and Basil Rathbone ranged to the left of her, a page boy kneeling to her, proffering a golden arrow on a royal blue satin cushion, Errol Flynn waiting to receive the ominous favor from her lily-white hand.

As soon as the company was dismissed, we had tea. Olivia had changed, very hastily, from the blue and silver robes of the Maid Marian Fitzwalter into a green and brown checked skirt, a white silk shirt, a scarf tied round her head, a fur coat, not very new, and she looked like any high school girl, an exceptionally pretty one, of course, going out for a sundae after classes. She looked much more likely to be carrying a bunch of books strapped together than a script or a make-up box. And she rode in a little roadster, waving off the studio limousines, the maid, the customary retinue and pomp and ceremony of a star.

And Olivia, off the screen, looks rather different from the way she looks on. It isn't that her beauty is less, it's that it's different. Her eyes, so dark and brown, are alive and alert and meet your eyes, squarely. She talks emphatically and honestly and (*Continued on page 106*)



Every day Brian Aherne and Olivia had tea on the set, but she was scared to death of him.

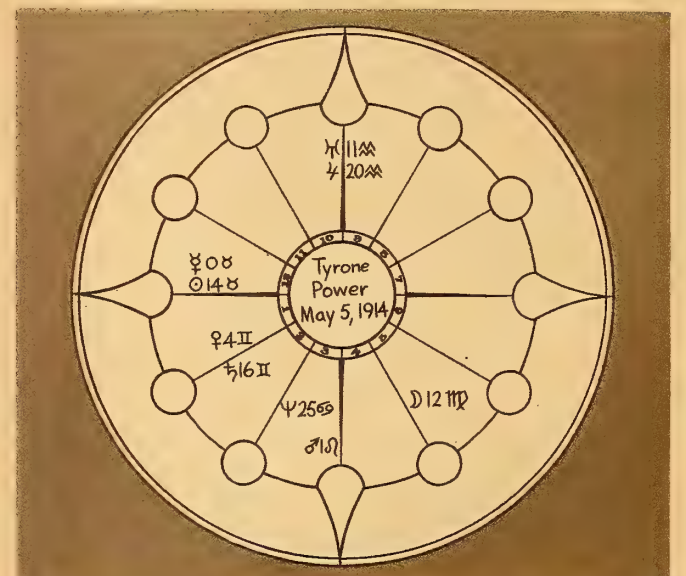


Basil Rathbone isn't too dignified to hook Olivia's skirt and the cameraman catches him at it!



Olivia, just being herself. And don't think she puts on fancy airs because she's a star. She doesn't!

WHOM WILL TYRONE POWER MARRY?



A reading of Tyrone Power's chart by our expert astrologer reveals some startling facts about this popular actor's future.

TYRONE POWER has them guessing out in Hollywood. First he went with Sonja Henie, till she travelled away for a visit to the Old Country. Then he fell for Janet Gaynor, while Sonja was dreaming of him on the high seas. Consequently, the buzzing is terrific. Is he going to marry? Is Sonja heartbroken? What are Janet's intentions toward him and vice versa?

Let's look at the triangle from the stars, and see what clues the three horoscopes yield about the tangle that has Hollywood guessers on the run.

To begin with, Tyrone belongs to the romantic sign Taurus, and Taurus men are hard to catch. More accurately, they are hard to hold, especially in their younger years. They will fight back with all their much-mooted stubbornness, if you tell them they're fickle, or philanderers. But ask the girl who owns one . . . or thinks she does.

Venus, planet of love and beauty, rules Taurus, giving her favorites glamor and an aura of romantic appeal. When Venus inhabits the sign Gemini, as she does in Tyrone's horoscope, the glamor isn't diminished. It sparkles and shines and glistens, but it is loath to settle down and focus its light permanently on even the most beautiful pair of feminine eyes in the world.

With the Sun in Taurus, square Uranus and Jupiter in Aquarius, and Venus in Gemini square, his Moon in Virgo, Tyrone goes into a love affair with all the fervor, all the ardor, all the sincerity in the world. Find a man with this combination, you girls who want a thrill, and you'll discover something about the fine art of love—



Why has Sonja Henie been able to maintain Ty's interest?



SINCE THE STAR HIMSELF HAS TURNED SHY, WE'VE CALLED ON THE STARS FOR THE ANSWER

BY GRANT LEWI



Tyrone Power has been linked romantically with Sonja Henie and Janet Gaynor. Will he marry one of them?

while it lasts! And when it's all over, though your heart may be broken, you'll never for a moment think that it wasn't worth it. You'll go to your grave glowing with the beautiful moments. This is rather trying on the man you may eventually marry, who has a pretty high standard to live up to.

Remember this when you think about poor little Sonja's allegedly broken heart, coming back to America to learn that her sweetheart had been (and still is) tripping hither and yon with red-headed Janet Gaynor, who is competition for any girl.

If Sonja had known her astrology, she would have taken Tyrone to Norway with her, and shut him up in a cave while she went to visit the old folks. But even the cold of the northland might not have kept his love on ice—and certainly not if Janet Gaynor had appeared on the scene.

There are very special attractions between Janet's horoscope and Tyrone's, which Sonja's charm could not have overcome, even if she had stayed on deck and kept her eye on the boy friend.

It's interesting to note that with Tyrone's Sun in Taurus, both these girls have their Moons in Taurus. That's an attraction, to begin with, and a very strong one. But it doesn't insure the delivery of a wedding ring. It's a nice brother-and-sister, palsy-walsy kind of attraction. If other less spirituelle and more earthly attractions conspire, this makes a fine basis for marriage. In itself, however, it doesn't promise anything.

Also interesting is the fact (*Continued on page 76*)

What attracted Power to attractive Janet Gaynor?

PROFESSIONAL MARRIAGE

THE PREACHER MADE THEM ONE, BUT ANNE AND JOHN ARE INDIVIDUALS WITH IDEAS OF THEIR OWN

BY MARTHA KERR

OURS," SAID Anne Shirley (Mrs. John Howard Payne, to you), happily, "is a professional marriage. Perhaps I should say it's a marriage of two professionals. Sounds better, doesn't it? Anyway, we met as professionals, fell in love as professionals, became engaged as professionals and will live happily ever after as professionals.

"That's the way we want it to be. Our mutual interests are, first of all, in each other, in Anne and Johnny, not as Mister and Missus, not even as picture players, just us. Our mutual interests, otherwise, are in scripts and stories and parts and contracts and progress, and these interests can be just as deep and satisfying as if our interests were rooted in building a wing on the old homestead or planning new linoleum for the kitchen floor. I'm sure Johnny wouldn't get half so much satisfaction out of my making the biscuits 'that mother used to make' as he got out of my performance in 'Stella Dallas,' which he was proud of!

"I feel sure that I can be just as good a wife to Johnny in greasepaint as I could be in a bungalow apron. At least, I'm the way I was when he fell in love with me and he's the way he was when I fell in love with him."

Now, here is something new under the sun, the moon and, especially, the stars. For years, Hollywood brides have made statements to their public. Glamorous ones, fresh from the altar, declare, "Now that I am married I shall be more wife than star; I shall stay in the home as much as possible; I shall probably give up my career in time." They continue, deceiving no one but themselves and not even deceiving themselves for very long.

"But no," Anne was saying, looking very little more than a child, in her yellow slack suit, tailored and slim, her russet-red hair curling loosely in a long bob, her russet-brown eyes as bright with happiness as any eyes I've ever seen, "we're not going to sink into any domestic routine. We don't want routine or responsibility. Marriage isn't going to change this pair of friends. We want to keep on having fun and we do have fun, lots of it. We go with the same crowd we've always gone with; we all do the same things as we've been doing.

"We don't want a house, Johnny and I, rented or bought. And we haven't got one. We're living in the apartment Johnny lived in before we were married. We want to be able to walk out of the front door and lock it behind us and go away when we feel like it and can get away. There are so many things we want to do, adventures and experiences we want to have. We want to go to New York as often as possible; we want to go to Honolulu and to the South Sea Islands.

"We want to discover new places. We want to have thrills and fun. If anyone should ask me what the *leit motif* of our marriage is, I'd say, fun. We don't take life seriously in the sense that we (*Continued on page 84*)



A friend calls to invite the Paynes to dinner. They'd love to, thanks.

With Anne's dog, Public Melody No. 1, Song Writer Revel's gift.



For relaxation and fun, Anne and John like to play badminton, but it's pretty strenuous so now they're taking time out for a rest and a glance at the news.

By the fireside of their three-room apartment. It was all John's before Anne moved in.



"In spite of Hollywood, I hope to find the happiness of sharing my life with someone I love and who loves me in return," declares Brian Aherne.

ELIGIBLE BACHELOR

BY FAITH SERVICE



I AM the most eligible bachelor in Hollywood. I'm the most eligible bachelor you ever met in your life. And I want to get married."

Brian Aherne speaking, and looking just as he's always looked, with his disconcertingly blue eyes, his lean tallness, his slightly crooked smile. But underneath the familiar exterior, how that man has changed! In the first place, he was supposed to be difficult to interview. Yet here we sat, in a lovely walled garden, with Mr. Aherne stretched out in a deck chair in the sun. He was wearing gray slacks and a polo shirt with a scarf knotted at the throat and he looked devastatingly handsome. Nor was he the strange, bookish, aloof chap we'd been told to expect.

He has the reputation in Hollywood of being an "escapologist." But that's because he never signs a contract for more than one picture at a time, and because, up to now, he has never taken time out for romance. The thought of domesticity and its subsequent ties always frightened him to such an extent that he'd run the other way. True, he went dancing with Marlene Dietrich and Katie Hepburn and Merle Oberon, but nothing serious ever came of any of these mild flurries. He was too elusive, too fond of his freedom.

Olivia De Havilland is rumored to be his current heart and though, in all probability it isn't serious either, for the first time, Mr. Aherne, himself, *is*. And, which is even more startling, he's willing to talk. About himself. About his hopes and plans for the future. He doesn't want adventure and excitement and constant change anymore. He's tired of it. Tired of living in a trunk. He wants to settle down.

So he said, frankly and honestly, "I want to get married. I want a permanent home of my own, built on land that is my own. I want routine, children, responsibilities. I want to unpack my trunks and stay put. I'm sick of making dates, going places, making more dates, going other places."

"Perhaps," we ventured, "you wouldn't really like it once you were really settled. You've had so much adventure in your life." And he really has, you know. Born in Kings Norton, Worcestershire, England, some thirty odd years ago, Brian De Lacy Aherne always had an eye on distant places. All through his school years at Hallfield and at Malvern (*Continued on page 110*)

BRIAN AHERNE WANTS TO GET MARRIED, GIRLS—BUT HE'LL BE HARD TO PLEASE!



When Beverly smiles, she's radiant. And she smiles a lot, the reason being she finds life so much fun.



When Director William Keighley opened a gas station recently, Beverly offered to give an autograph with every gallon.

If you plan to call on Beverly Roberts, you'll have to look twice to find the place, because it hides behind a lending library!



Beverly's an avid reader and all she has to do when she wants a book is call downstairs to the lending library.



IT'S FUN TO BE BROKE!

WHAT SHE HASN'T GOT DOESN'T WORRY BEVERLY ROBERTS, BECAUSE SHE CAN ALWAYS SING FOR HER SUPPER

BY FRANC DILLON

UP AND down the boulevard we rode, looking for Beverly Roberts. Not that we expected to find her on the street, but we couldn't even find her house.

"It's a tiny place," she had said, when telling us where to find her, and she proved to be so right that we passed it several times. This was due partly to the size of the building but more on account of a sign over the gate reading: "Lending Library." And whoever heard of a motion picture star hiding behind a lending library? Finally, by a process of elimination, we located Beverly in the apartment above it.

At the top of the stairs was a large room, a charming room, with a fireplace at one end and a huge window that reached to the ceiling at the other. In front of the window was a wide studio couch which, dressed in a colorful chintz cover, served as a divan in the daytime and as Beverly's bed at night. The pictures on the walls were well chosen and the books on the shelves looked as though they had been read and re-read. There were flowers all about the room and a tea tray, loaded with things to eat and drink, was resting conspicuously on the floor.

The presence of a representative from her studio publicity department, to keep Beverly from talking too much, was a needless precaution. She never stopped talking long enough for anyone to ask questions and it would have been useless to try to stop her. Besides, no one would want to, for her chatter is amusing and entertaining, frequently hilarious.

She had lived in the apartment but two weeks, and was buzzing around nervously, patting a pillow, rearranging one of the three chairs or straightening a picture.

"I've learned how to turn around without knocking over the other half of the (*Continued on page 113*)



You'll learn a grand trick from Carole Lombard, who insists all hands can be lovely.



A change in hair-do can give you a new personality, but let Luise Rainer issue a warning! There are certain details you mustn't overlook, too, if you would possess silken tresses.



MOVIE-STAR BEAUTY FOR YOU

BY MARY MARSHALL

MAYBE I'M just an incurable old optimist to go on believing that every girl in the world can be at least attractive, possibly pretty and perhaps a distinctive beauty. But every time I consider the movie stars, I'm more and more convinced that some sort of beauty is possible for everyone.

If that sounds like nutsy reasoning to you, wait a minute: the stars were all basically good-looking to start with, but look how much they've improved upon that "basically" business. I can, offhand, think of only three girls in Hollywood who are authentic beauties, without benefit of make-up and fixin's. They are Dolores Del Rio, Virginia Bruce, and Madeleine Carroll.

The rest of the whole tribe are pretty, sexy, charming, brimful of personality, smart, but not authentic beauties. A few years back, most of them looked little more like their present day selves than Charlie McCarthy looks like Shirley Temple. They've become better looking people by virtue of knowing clever make-up, by taking pains with themselves, by playing up their good points and minimizing their bad ones. 'Tis this lesson in beauty, the movie star way, which I wanna drive home to you.

Let's start at the top with a certain pretty movie gal's hair. I've picked Luise Rainer, which may surprise you. I picked her because she's not a vivid blonde, a fiery redhead or decided brunette. She's a dark brownette, like millions of girls. Most of these millions pine and sigh



Marjorie Weaver's eyes are sumpin' to behold but she has problems that may worry you.



For the last word in underpinnings, we nominate Danielle Darrieux. Yours can match 'em!

SO YOU THINK YOU'RE AN UGLY DUCKLING?

WELL, YOU NEEDN'T BE IF YOU TAKE A TIP

FROM STARS WHO KNOW BEAUTY TRICKS

for more vividly tinted locks. A goodly percentage resort to the dye bottle without ever considering whether or not a change in hair color will be becoming to their general type. So many dark brownettes, figuring that their locks are never going to turn any heads and break any hearts anyhow, neglect their hair on the "it's not worth fussing with" principle.

I wish all these girls could see the little Viennese star's hair! The lights in it, and its silky texture, and its adaptability to any change in hair-do Luise cares to make. This last virtue comes from basic care like daily brushing, thorough, but not too frequent shampoos, and intelligence where permanents are concerned. And speaking of changes in hair-do reminds me that I have something to say on that subject.

PARIS AND the flossier hairdressing maestros, or is it maestri?, say that "hair is going up." The page boy bob must go! That's the battle cry of the hirsute trade. Also the classic movie star bob, you know, practically shoulder length and all fuzzed out on the ends.

Well, my feelings are divided and I want to ask you to consider good and well before you make a change in hair-do. Some of the new styles are charming, true. Soft, flat curls are piled high. There's the French twist effect, a simulated roll up the back of the head, the hair all brushed smooth as glass over and into this roll. Hair is off the neck, off the ears, and up on top of the head, where our mother used to wear it. It is held in place with ingenious little combs. These new coiffures demand that the hair be in good condition, (*Continued on page 90*)



George Burns and Gracie Allen now have a real home, thanks to their adopted children.

THEIR BEST INVESTMENTS

BY DORA ALBERT

THE STARS KNOW FROM THEIR OWN EXPERIENCES THAT IT DOES NOT ALWAYS TAKE MONEY IN THE BANK TO REAP THE BIGGEST AND MOST PERMANENT DIVIDENDS



Rosalind Russell says her friendship with Charlotte Winters has been her biggest asset.

SO YOU'VE saved $500., and you can do with it anything you choose? You're wondering what the best investment of your money would be. So many people have wondered, particularly since the depression hit the country. Investments that had been considered safe were suddenly worthless. Banks crashed; bonds and stocks became so much paper; real estate dwindled in value. And the very people who had been most far-seeing, who had looked ahead to a safe, secure future, found that there was no such thing as security any more.

Now, people are again wondering just what is the safest and wisest way to invest their money. Each of us has his own pet theory. The other day I asked a group of stars to tell me what each one considered the best investment he had ever made.

Robert Taylor's best investment came when he scraped together enough money to leave Doane College in Nebraska, and to accompany his 'cello teacher to Pomona College in California.

"It was the first long trip I'd ever ventured," Bob said. "And it took weighing back and forth to decide whether it would be worth while. Fortunately, Mother and Dad did not object, and I left. Later at Pomona, I went in for amateur theatricals, and was seen by a motion picture scout.

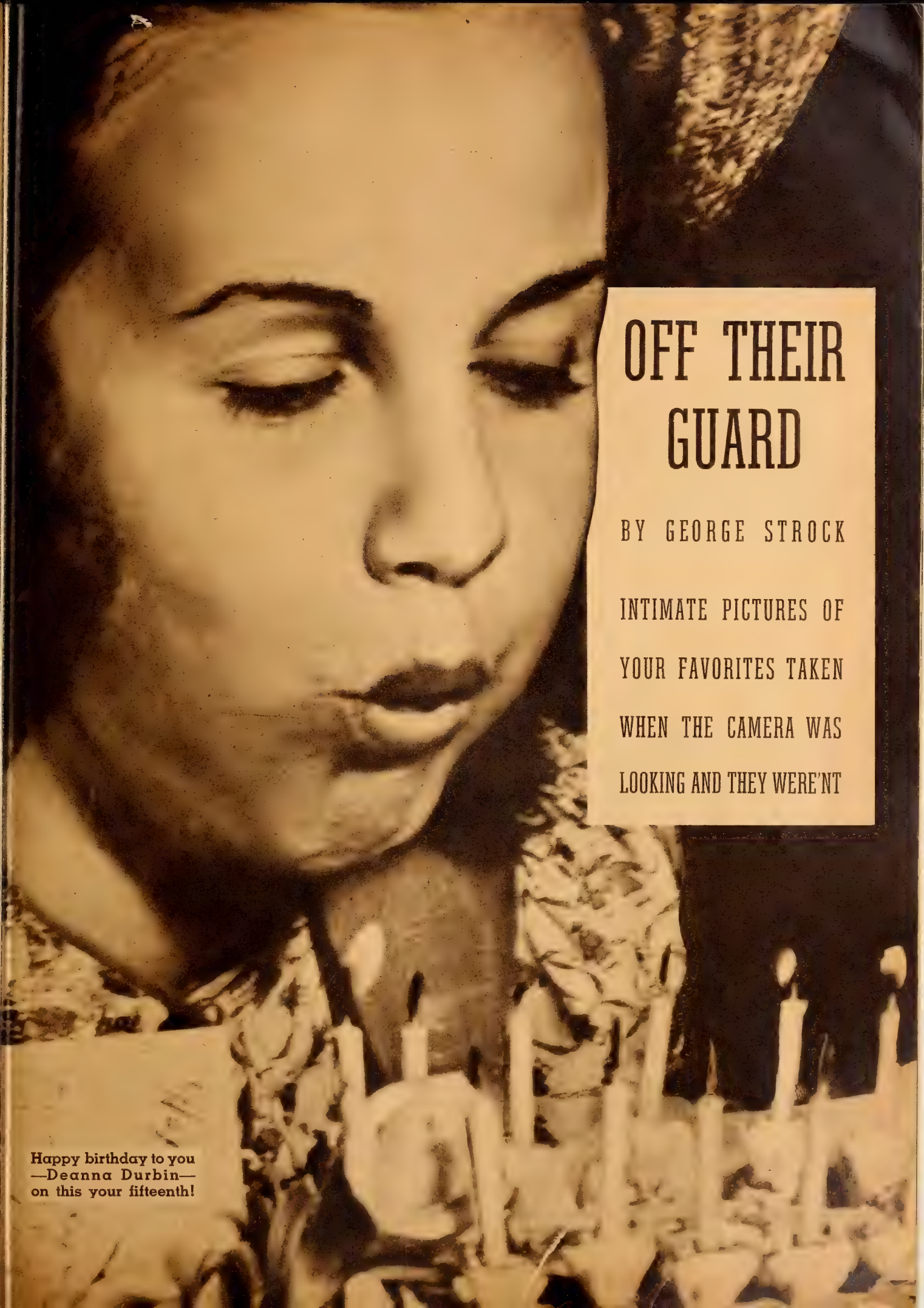
"When I left Nebraska, movies were the thing farthest from my mind, since my interest was chiefly in the higher branches of music. Had I decided to remain in Nebraska and content myself with whatever music lessons I could get there, Robert Taylor wouldn't be in pictures. Another fellow, Arlington Brugh, would have been studying medicine, having no idea what he'd missed."

AS THE best investment of his life, Ray Milland selected a ten-months' spending orgy in the capitals of Europe, which resulted in the loss of a $17,000. inheritance, which had been unexpectedly left to him by a maiden aunt.

If he had been wise and conservative, he could have lived for years on this income. But because he wasn't wise, when his money had all vanished, Ray was faced with the necessity of earning a living.

He was in a quandary. Here he was in England with no money to his name, though only a short time before he'd been living like a millionaire. He knew he'd have to find some kind of work, but what could he do? Jobs were none too plentiful.

One day someone he had met during his (*Continued on page 100*)



OFF THEIR GUARD

BY GEORGE STROCK

INTIMATE PICTURES OF YOUR FAVORITES TAKEN WHEN THE CAMERA WAS LOOKING AND THEY WERE'NT

Happy birthday to you
—Deanna Durbin—
on this your fifteenth!



Deanna Durbin's fifteen years old and the party's on! There's a birthday cake and special entertainment and flowers and Herbert Marshall, who is helping out with a little applause.

It's fun to have a birthday, Deanna thinks, as who wouldn't at her age! She's being congratulated with considerable enthusiasm here by Virginia Weidler.



With Mother and Dad. And from the beaming smiles, we'd say Mr. and Mrs. Durbin are a couple of proud parents! Deanna's every bit as tall as Mother.





Lucky Deanna! It isn't every fifteen-year-old who can rate a birthday kiss from Bart Marshall and from her expression, it looks as though little Miss Durbin knows it.



Producer Joe Pasternak presents Deanna with a shining new bicycle, so from now on, it's apt to be hard to keep track of her. Notice the doll, dressed exactly like the star, even to its hat.

And still the gifts are heaped upon her! The young man beside Deanna is Jackie Moran, her romance on the screen. Could he have sent the lovely flowers? He did indeed.







Sailing, sailing over the bounding main with a sturdy little hand to guide her little craft.

These are the grounds around the house that Shirley's jack built! Chin Chin's with her.

Little Miss Temple and her dogs are grand pals. Rowdy and Corky vie for a biscuit.





Like every millionairess, Shirley has her private yacht. Here she is cruising around her pool.



There is practically no outdoor sport that doesn't interest Shirley and medicine ball is among her favorites.

BOX OFFICE BABY

YES, THE LITTLEST STAR IS STILL THE BIGGEST MOVIE MONEY-MAKER

Better watch out, Gene Autry! Shirley's ready to go "Western" any minute now.



Then, there's the saddle. When Shirley means business, she goes into detail.



Spunky may not be as big as Gene's Champion, but Shirley says he's as fast.





CAROLE "CARRYING ON"

THERE'S NEVER A DULL MOMENT ON THE SET WHEN LOMBARD IS AROUND TO MAKE THINGS HUM

The end of a perfect day, and do Carole's dogs ache! It's all part of the plot of "Food For Scandal," starring Carole, Fernand Gravet and Ralph Bellamy.

A four o'clock coke. Carole works twelve hours a day, six days a week on this picture, and all for a mere truck load of good old American dollars!

Says Bellamy, "You've got to take your rightful place in society as my wife, or else!" Says Lombard, "Or else what?" And the fight is on, and how!





Somebody tells a story and Carole loves it, but Director Mervyn Leroy's heard it before. "Food For Scandal" is Lombard's first Warner picture and Leroy's last.

While their stand-ins work, Carole and Bellamy enjoy a bit of rest and a wisecrack or two, judging from their expressions. Miss L. is noted for her sense of humor.

Nothing like a cigarette to pep you up for the next scene, declares Carole. Bellamy however, is more in favor of the proverbial forty winks.







Gable meets dog. The lady at the right brought this English Sheep Dog on the "Test Pilot" set and Clark bought it for Carole Lombard for Christmas.



After the formal introduction, it would seem that Mr. Dog had taken a fancy to Mr. Gable. Imagine his enthusiasm when he laid eyes on lovely Lombard!

TESTING FOR "TEST PILOT"

"We would have to work on a day like this!" Tracy speaking and Clark agrees he'd much rather be on that hunting trip they've been discussing.



Myrna Loy, chic and charming as ever, relaxes with a cup of tea in her dressing room after hours of hard work under hot Klieg lights.





Myrna Loy and Gable assume their positions for a "take." Yes, they're married, in the picture, we mean, but they don't look too happy.

Gable and Spencer Tracy, good pals off the set, go in for a bit of he-man talk while electricians adjust the lights for the next scene.



Meet Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Ruben, immediately after the ceremony at the Ruben residence. That's Virginia Bruce's little daughter, Susan Ann Gilbert, with them. Immediately after this picture was snapped, the bride and groom dashed off to dress for the elaborate reception held in their honor at Jack Warner's home. Mrs. Warner and Dorothy Di Frasso were co-hostesses with Kay Francis doing her share to help things along.

Virginia and her new husband had such a grand time at the reception that they didn't leave until six a.m. Pictured here are Mrs. Bert Taylor, Ruben, Virginia and Bert Taylor. In the back row are Kay Francis, Jack and Mrs. Warner. Unlike most bridal couples, the Rubens didn't stop with the reception! The next day it was tennis and a big cocktail party at the Alfred Vanderbilt's and still later that night, dinner at a nightclub!

WEDDING BELLS

HERE COMES THE BRIDE AND VIRGINIA'S FILMDOM'S LOVELIEST!





A veteran at it. Bing Crosby, who never asks his friends to bet on his own horses, places a couple of bucks on one he hopes will win.

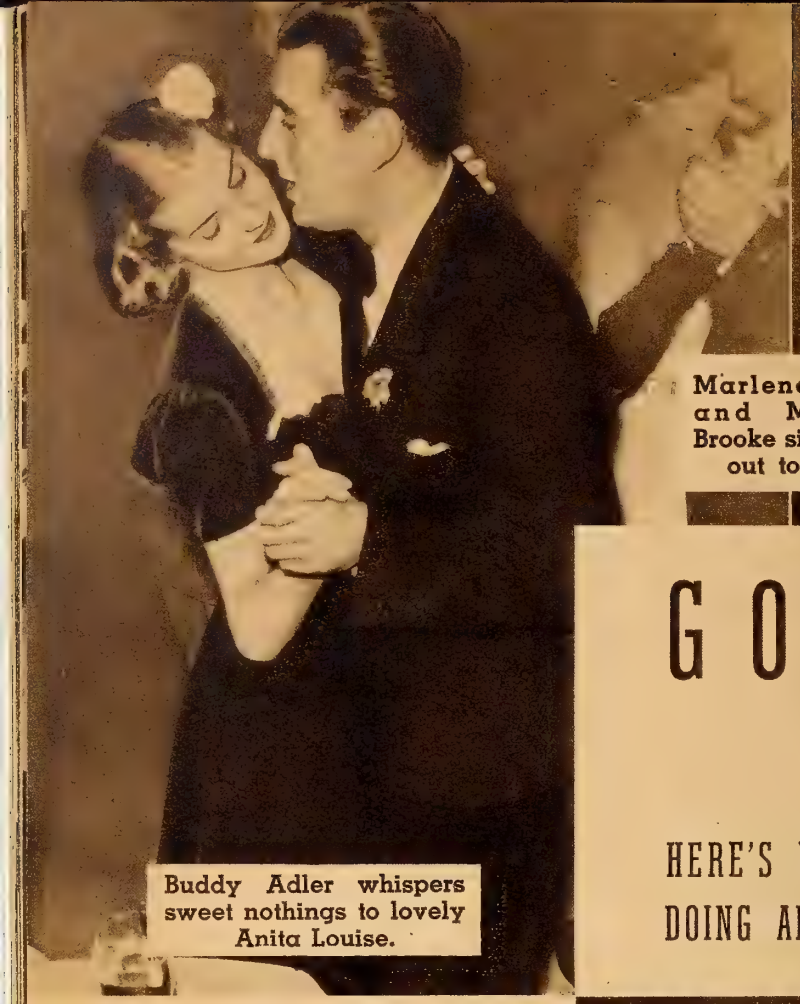


Ginger Rogers was so excited she couldn't eat any lunch so she's fortifying herself, before things begin, with a big, red apple.

More pictures on Page 88



Come out from behind those glasses, Claudette, we know you! Her doctor hubby, Joel Pressman, is with her.



Buddy Adler whispers sweet nothings to lovely Anita Louise.



Marlene Dietrich and Michael Brooke sit this one out together.

GOOD NEWS

BY LEO TOWNSEND

HERE'S WHAT YOUR FAVORITE STARS ARE DOING AND SAYING THESE DAYS AND NIGHTS

The fact that Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy are being co-starred in "Test Pilot" brings to mind the fact that they both got into pictures by playing the same part. On Broadway, several years ago, Tracy played the hard-boiled prisoner in "The Last Mile." He was signed up for the movies and he's been doing right well for himself ever since. In a road show engagement of the same play in Los Angeles, Clark Gable played the role Tracy created. You know what happened to him.

■ ■ ■

At a popular night spot recently, Sonja Henie and partner went into a rumba. In the middle of it Sonja lost her balance and landed flat on what people land on when they land. "I think," said Sonja, "I stick to my skates—yah?" Yah.

■ ■ ■

According to her studio publicity department, Ilona Massey, the young lady who scores a hit in "Rosalie," is most enthusiastic about her work. She phones the studio every morning at five, says the report, "just to see if everything is all right." Sample conversation at five a.m. in Culver City: Switchboard Girl—"Good morning—M-G-M." Ilona Massey—"Hello. Is everything all right?" S. G.—"Yes." I. M.—"Thank you. Goodbye."

■ ■ ■

Studio prop departments can make anything they build look real, but we never saw the perfect tribute to their art until one day recently on the set of "Test Pilot." Clark Gable had just bought an English sheep dog—a gift for Carole Lombard. The hound seemed very happy about the



Phyllis Brooks and Cary Grant are the town's Big-Apple experts.



Kay Francis and Delmar Daves do a little fine and fancy tripping.

Flynn and Damita defy those divorce rumors with broad, defiant grins.

transaction, jumping all over Mr. G. and bouncing around his dressing-room. But the moment about which we started to tell you came when he spied a prop tree on the set. The perfect tribute!

■ ■ ■

Information Dept.: When Basil Rathbone's twenty-year-old son, Rodeon, came over from England to spend the holidays with his father, everyone wondered where he acquired his unusual name. From a spy, stationed in the Far East for just such an emergency, we learn that Rodeon is Russian. It means First Born.

■ ■ ■

An item in a Hollywood trade paper reported that Lili Damita had taken an airplane trip for an unknown destination, and that Errol Flynn didn't know and didn't care. What made the whole thing confusing was that Miss Damita read the item the same evening—while having dinner with her husband! That's the way those things happen in Hollywood.

■ ■ ■

Hollywood Affluence Dept.: Grover Jones, the writer, bought six sheep—to keep his imported English sheep dog company. And when he can't sleep Grover can count 'em!

■ ■ ■

Modesty Item: It's been so long since Claudette Colbert wore a bathing suit in pictures that when she was required to slip into one for a scene in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" she blushed and ordered the set closed. Only audience was Gary Cooper, the camera and the crew.

Since Broderick Crawford's success in "Of Mice and Men" on Broadway, his mother, Helen Broderick, talks of nothing else. So now, on the set of "Radio City Revels," her name has been removed from her dressing-room door. Courtesy of Jack Oakie, it now reads: "Broderick Crawford's Ma."

■ ■ ■

Bob Baker is Universal's top cowboy star. After his first picture or two the studio was so pleased with its new Western hero that it was decided to give him acting lessons, just to polish up his histrionics. So he went to a studio dramatic coach, spent a month under her tutelage—and emerged with a Harvard accent! Since then, it must be reported, the dramatic coach has left for other fields, and Mr. B. has been thoroughly untrained.

■ ■ ■

Joan Davis' four-year-old daughter is fast becoming the most quoted young lady in town. The other day, she ran into Jane Withers. "Say, Joan," said Jane, "are you really gonna have a part in 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm' with Shirley Temple?" "But certainly," said Beverly, looking down her pug nose at Miss Withers. "I'm Shirley Temple's personal comedian!"

■ ■ ■

Recently, on a Palm Springs jaunt with her parents, Shirley learned how to dive for the first time. Asked how she liked it, Shirley said, "Oh, I like the diving fine. It's the stomach aches I get tired of."

■ ■ ■

We hear that Judy Garland has switched her affections. Definitely this time, according to the following conversation overheard with her former boy friend, Mickey Rooney, at the studio soda counter. The name of Ronald Sinclair came up—which it's been having a way of doing with Miss G. lately. "Well, I think," said Judy, "that Freddie Bartholomew will be another Ronald Sinclair before long."

■ ■ ■

We don't know what's behind it, but anyhow, Katharine Hepburn got out on the set of "Bringing up Baby" one morning before Cary Grant. She tacked a big sign on his dressing-room door: "Grant's Tomb."

■ ■ ■

George Brent may be a ladies' man on the screen, but his luck with the alleged fair sex after working hours hasn't been so good lately. Within a period of two weeks, he is reported to have shelled out $37,000 to two women, and merely because they once wore the title of Mrs. Brent. When Constance Worth divorced George she was awarded $25,000—and two weeks later, they say, the government nicked him for $12,000. Ruth Chatterton's income tax for 1935, when she was Mrs. Brent. From now on, Mr. Brent is apt to be pretty cagey whenever a gal gets a serious look in her eye.

■ ■ ■

Good Deed Dept.: Janet Gaynor and her mother called on a friend recently and found him suffering with an annoying cold. Next day Gaynor's chauffeur stopped at the friend's apartment with a check for $150.00 and a note. Said the note: "The desert calls—this check will be honored only at Palm Springs."





When Myrna Loy goes to a preview without hubby, it's news. A publicity man was her escort.

Norma Shearer and Louis B. Mayer arrive late for the "Man-Proof" showing.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Cobb (she's Gail Patrick) take in "Wells Fargo" preview.



Martha Raye Items: Martha's big love of the moment is—furs. She has just bought a mink coat and an ermine wrap to add to her collection, and her new limousine has fur upholstery. Reason she will be teamed with Bob Hope in future pictures instead of Bob Burns is that many fan letters complained that Burns was too old to be Martha's romantic interest.

■ ■ ■

Couple of months ago we reported an incident about an air commentator who was miffed because Garbo had passed him on the studio lot without speaking. The other day the commentator phoned to say that he hadn't seen Garbo in three years, so what about it? We beg the guy's pardon, wish him a happy St. Valentine's day, and hope he gets to see Garbo one of these days.

■ ■ ■

Jeanette MacDonald's tag line on that cold-preventative program is "—and don't catch cold." When the singing star was absent from the air for several weeks her sponsors reported she was suffering from ptomaine poisoning. What Jeanette really had was a very bad c-o-l-d.

■ ■ ■

The premiere of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" drew the biggest mink and ermine turnout since "Hell's Angels." Everybody in town wanted to see Walt Disney's first feature-length cartoon, and almost everybody, from the looks of things, got there. The seven dwarfs entertained a gallery of five thousand onlookers who were there to watch the stars arriving, but the highlight of the evening came when Donald Duck pulled up in a limousine with a liveried chauffeur.

■ ■ ■

Even the bootblacks go Hollywood out here. A sepian gent who runs a shoe-shine stand on Hollywood Boulevard does his work attired in frock coat, stiff shirt and a plug hat. He calls himself His Royal Highness, the Duke of Hollywood, and you can get his personal attention and a "Coronation shine" all for a dime.

(Continued on page 70)

GOINGS-ON IN GOTHAM

BY ROBERT McILWAINE

THE STARS ARE LURED TO NEW YORK, WHERE THE SHOWS, THE SHOPS, NIGHT-CLUBS AND MUCH GAIETY FILL THEIR DAILY PROGRAMS





Unembarrassed by those headlines which featured her in a fracas at that swanky rendezvous recently, Grace Moore goes night-clubbing with Hubby Valentin Parera again.

Loretta Young was in town for a vacation and Bill Powell had just returned from Europe, so they got together for the Horse Show at Madison Square Garden.

MOVIE STARS, like the traditional music, go round and round, invariably coming out in New York for a holiday. Fascinating as Hollywood may be, its cinema citizens strive to spend as much of their free time as possible amid the stimulating influence of Gotham's gaiety. And a whirl among the bright lights of Broadway, with a visit to the smart night spots, seems to be in order during their brief city sojourn. So, climb aboard and meet your favorites while we take a ride on the big Manhattan merry-go-round!

Besides being the screen's finest actor, Spencer Tracy gave evidence of a pixie quality when he arrived in town for a holiday recently. Spence was here to have fun and one of the locales he chose for it was the famous Stork Club.

It seems that every Sunday evening that popular nightery puts on a movie talent hunt in conjunction with one of the major picture companies. If you look like a picture possibility, you're invited to take a test. If the test "turns out," you're apt to land a contract and before you know it you're out in the land of sunshine and soundtracks appearing with Tyrone Power or Sonja Henie.

Well, to get on with the story, Mr. Tracy decided that, just for a gag, he'd "try out." And so, he parted his hair in the middle and plastered said wavy locks close to his head. Then he danced around the floor in full view of the enterprising talent scout. To his own amusement and everyone else's chagrin, he was promptly turned down. Finally Spence walked up to the t.s. and said, "What's the matter with me? Haven't I got beauty?"

Let it be here recorded that the bright red rope, which separates the sheep from the goats at the Stork Club, was no redder than the talent scout's face when he learned that he had turned down Public Thespian No. 1, for a movie test!

Speaking of night clubs and embarrassing moments, Grace Moore came in for her share of both at a recent Sunday visit to El Morocco. Seems that Gracie was entertaining her party by telling them a Donald Duck story related to her by Lawrence Tibbett. The show was on and, in order to be heard above it, Miss M. raised her voice and continued the tale, much to the annoyance of

(*Continued on page 121*)

REVIEWS • A TOUR



★★★ Wells Fargo

Nothing is more exciting to the average theatre-goer than a good western. "Wells Fargo" is a super-western with all the trimmings, a picture which will be heartily enjoyed by everyone. It's a story of the progress of the stage coach and the Wells Fargo company, and parallel to it runs the history of America from the gold rush days to the end of the Civil War.

Better as a spectacle than as drama, the picture's most exciting moments are furnished by the struggle to string a stage coach line across the continent. The job of supervising it is entrusted to one of the company's young agents (Joel McCrea), and the personal history of his success is the thread on which the plot is strung. Picture reaches a smashing climax when the first stage coach rumbles into San Francisco. After that the Civil War is tossed in for good measure. The film really ends when the Wells Fargo line completes its work.

Joel McCrea is an excellent choice for the role of the hardy young hero, and Frances Dee, as his wife, plays her role with charm and assurance. Bob Burns does a swell comedy lead as an indolent helper of McCrea's, and Pawnee, the Indian, played by Bernard Siegel, brings a refreshing brand of humor to the film. Directed by Frank Lloyd.—*Paramount.*



★★★ Love and Hisses

Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie, those highly publicized feudists, continue their bickerings in a bright, fast-moving musical which will please everyone who saw their opening siege last season.

This time Simone Simon is the young lady in the case. Billed as Yvette Yvette, she is a French songstress sponsored by both Bernie and Winchell. Each of the boys believes he discovered her, and their troubles over her give the picture its story.

Messrs. Bernie and Winchell seem to spend more time at each other's throats than at their respective professions, much to the merriment of the audience. The music is good and there are enough nice moments to make this musical a worthy successor to "Wake Up and Live."

Mlle. Simon sings in a small but rather effective voice, although she'll never cause unemployment among the Grace Moores and the Jeanette MacDonalds, as her press agents have been hinting. The two principals perform with assurance, and there is a first-rate portrayal of the romantic lead by Dick Baldwin. Bert Lahr, as Bernie's assistant, and Joan Davis, as Winchell's secretary, furnish good comedy. Best musical number is "Broadway's Gone Hawaii," sung by a personable Miss named Ruth Terry and by the Peters Sisters, an ample colored trio. Directed by Sidney Lanfield.—*20th Century-Fox.*



★★★ Mannequin

What Joan Crawford needs, said everybody who worries about it at all, is a good box-office picture. "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" and "The Bride Wore Red" were definitely bad, and we'll fight the man who says they weren't—if there is such a guy in existence. So it is, therefore, nice news for Miss Crawford's followers and for the woman herself, that "Mannequin" is an entertaining picture. It's good because it's the type of thing in which Miss C. is temperamentally well cast—the story of the poor shop girl who rises above her surroundings to achieve wealth and happiness. So, the role, being completely within her limitations, she does a creditable job with it.

However, it is Spencer Tracy who really makes "Mannequin" what it is. His grand trouping is always a pleasure to watch, and fortunately, in this case, he's given enough footage to carry the picture along with him.

Others in the cast who do well by themselves are Oscar O'Shea and Elizabeth Risdon, as Joan's parents, Leo Gorcy as her sarcastic young brother, Mary Phillips, as a girl friend, and Ralph Morgan, as a business associate of Tracy's. Alan Curtis, making his screen debut as the villain, gives himself a nice send-off. Directed by Frank Borzage.—*M-G-M.*

Movie Scoreboard on Page 68

BY LEO TOWNSEND

OF TODAY'S TALKIES



★★★ Tovarich

After two years on the Broadway stages, "Tovarich" comes to the screen as an excellent high comedy, admirably performed by Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer and a capable supporting cast. In case you don't know, "Tovarich" is Russian for "Comrade." Miss Colbert and Mr. Boyer are the exiled Grand Duke and Grand Duchess. The Grand Duke has forty billion francs tucked away in the Bank of France, but he won't touch it. It was given to him by the Czar, to be used for the good of Russia. So the "poverty stricken" royal pair take jobs as butler and house maid in the home of a wealthy Paris banker. The real comedy of the picture begins at this point, after a slow start, and from there on "Tovarich" is hilariously funny and definitely one of the better pictures of the year.

Best performance is Charles Boyer's, with Claudette Colbert doing her best to keep the supporting players from stealing the honors. Of the cast, Melville Cooper is splendid as the banker, and Isabel Jeans is charming as his wife. Anita Louise and Maurice Murphy, as their children, turn in fine performances, as does Basil Rathbone, as the Soviet Commissar. Directed by Anatol Litvak. —*Warner Bros.*



★★★ You're a Sweetheart

Part of this picture is too good to miss and part of it is—well, just ordinary. On the credit side of the ledger should be noted the performance of Alice Faye and George Murphy who make an engaging dance and romance team. Ken Murray should be mentioned, too, and Andy Devine, Charles Winninger and Frances Hunt contribute some lighter moments. On the debit side we would list some of the plot and about half the songs. For the film drags interminably toward the end in spite of the capable cast getting right in there and pitching for dear old Universal. Song and dance numbers miss fire because of being too frequent, too lavish.

A waiter in a hotel, George comes across an idea which saves the day for Ken Murray. Ken's a producer who knows his show is going to flop the opening night due to the fact that the Milk Fund is putting on a huge charity ball that night. The handsome waiter suggests that he pose as an Oklahoma oil man who is so struck with Star Alice Faye's charms that he buys the whole house out for a week. As a publicity stunt it's good business, but what it does for Ken's pocketbook is something else again. There's a good supply of gags and guffaws, but not even mild suspense to see you through to the finish. Directed by Irving Cummings. —*Universal.*



★★★ Rosalie

"Rosalie," with all its bright Cole Porter tunes and its lavish tinsel and cellophane settings, can't hide the fact that it's an old-fashioned screen musical. It's a show which dazzles you with its opulence and Nelson Eddy Fans will love it.

"Rosalie" is big—there are more people in some of its scenes than there will be in some of the theatres which house it—but it has real warmth. Nelson Eddy, its hero, rushes convincingly enough through the Navy team in his role of West Point halfback, but there is no conviction at all in his love songs. Eleanor Powell, a Vassar girl as well as the Princess of Romanza, makes up with her dancing what she lacks in histrionics. Hollywood's lineup of Vassar girls looks as though the college had scouts in a couple of New York night clubs. Ray Bolger, brought from Broadway because he is one of the country's finest dancers, isn't allowed, for some mysterious reason, to dance. However, he makes his presence worth while with his amusing comedy. Frank Morgan and Edna May Oliver also furnish much aid in the comedy department, and Ilona Massey, a newcomer, adds beauty and a lovely voice. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.—*M-G-M.*

More Reviews on Page 94

GOING TO SEE A PICTURE? READ OUR REVIEWS FIRST AND YOU'LL PICK THE RIGHT ONES

GLADYS GETS THERE!



I DON'T want to be a meanie," declared Gladys Swarthout in no uncertain terms, "simply because the role is not natural to me. But," she continued, with a look of great determination in her brown eyes, "if standing up for my rights makes me one; well then, I'm it!"

The above declaration came apropos of the tomato-throwing sequence in "Romance in the Dark," her latest picture. Besides the vegetable—or is a tomato a fruit?—smacking the lovely Gladys full on the cheek, the gag smacked more of the custard pie movie era than anything that's been seen around these picture parts lately. Some who witnessed the routine on the set said it was all done in the spirit of good, clean fun; while others claimed it was in the worst possible taste. Be that as it may, the script called for the scene, and so, it was made.

"I was afraid to refuse to do it," opined Miss Swarthout, "for fear someone would say that I was temperamental. I knew that it wasn't right and figured that the surest way to convince the others was to make the scene and let them see it on the screen. Then they'd cut it out. And that is exactly what happened.

"One thing I'd like cleared up though, and that is that my husband did the tomato-throwing. That's the way it was arranged. Since that scene, (*Continued on page 119*)



Gladys and her "best friend and severest critic," Hubby Frank Chapman, holidaying.

When the script called for vegetable-hurling, Gladys insisted Frank toss the tomato.



By MACK HUGHES

FILM FAME WAS NOT INSTANTANEOUS WITH LA SWARTHOUT, BUT A GRADUAL, SURE BUILDING-UP PROCESS

In this New Cream the "Skin-Vitamin" *the substance which helps to make Skin Beautiful*



What makes one woman's skin so smooth—vital looking? Another's dull and dry, even rough?



(ABOVE) *Mrs. Goelet at an informal musicale.*

(LOWER LEFT) *In the Museum of Modern Art, looking at the famous "Bird in Flight."*

Mrs. Goelet's home is in New York, where her appreciation of music and art is well known to her friends.

Mrs. Ogden Goelet

Blonde, petite, with a delicate fair skin. "Pond's Cold Cream with the 'skin-vitamin' has done wonders for my skin. Now it's never rough or dry—seems to keep smoother and fresher looking always."

TODAY, we know of one important factor in skin beauty. We have learned that a certain vitamin *aids in keeping skin beautiful.* The important "skin-vitamin" about which we are learning more and more every day!

Aids skin more directly

Over four years ago, doctors found that this vitamin, when applied right on the skin, helps it more directly! In cases of wounds and burns, it actually healed skin quicker and better!

Pond's found a way to put this "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Cold Cream. They tested it—during more than three years! In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily. And this improvement took place in only 3 weeks!

Women report benefits

Today, women who are using Pond's Cream—the new Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it—say that it *does* make skin smoother; that it makes texture finer; that it gives a livelier, more glowing look!

Use this new cream just as before—for your nightly cleansing, for the morning freshening-up, and during the day before make-up. Leave some on overnight and whenever you have a chance. Pat it in especially where there are little rough places or where your skin seems dull, lifeless. In a few weeks, see if your skin is not smoother, brighter looking!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

EXTRAORDINARY 1¢ OFFER AT LOCAL STORES

While they last! With purchase of a regular 3½-oz. jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get for only 1¢ extra a large introductory bottle of DANYA, Pond's new-type preparation for hands.



BOTH CONTAIN THE ACTIVE "SKIN-VITAMIN"

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

HOW TO KEEP A HUSBAND HAPPY *on left-overs*



It's a wise bride who has discovered the Franco-American way to make left-overs go further and taste better. Now you don't have to worry about what to do with the meat left over from Sunday's dinner. Just combine it with Franco-American Spaghetti, and your husband will be amazed at how you can turn out such a marvelous creation on a "bride and groom budget." That delicious, savory sauce, with its eleven ingredients, makes Franco-American Spaghetti combine wonderfully with other foods.

Franco-American Spaghetti is grand as a main dish, too. Children love it for lunch. It is just packed with nourishment, and since Franco-American usually costs only ten cents a can, this means that you are getting a tempting, nourishing dish for less than 3¢ a portion. And how it does save work! It is all ready to heat and serve. Franco-American is no ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti—taste it once and you'll never be without it. Get some at your grocer's today!

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups



THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, Dept. 63
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Grace Moore's Favorite Recipes

LANGOSTINOS SALTEADOS A LA CATALANA

1 pound cooked lobster meat (fresh, canned or frozen)
1 small onion, minced fine
1 clove of garlic, minced fine
¼ cup olive oil.
1 teaspoon minced parsley
4 tablespoons tomato sauce
½ cup white wine
salt and pepper to taste

Remove cooked lobster meat from the shell and claws of lobster. Or if canned lobster is used pick over carefully to remove any particles of shell. Cook onion and garlic in olive oil until tender. Add lobster meat and brown slightly. Add parsley. Just before serving add the tomato sauce and wine. Heat thoroughly. Season highly with salt and pepper. Serve immediately with a side dish of rice.

SPREADS

For your Hospitality Tray or as Canapés.

SPANISH CANAPÉS: Chopped hard cooked egg and chopped pimento, moistened with mayonnaise and sprinkled with garlic salt.

SHRIMP SPREAD: Pound cold cooked shrimps to a paste with as many small chili peppers as your taste dictates. Moisten with a little lemon juice and olive oil. Add salt to taste.

SALMON SNACK: To 1 cup flaked canned salmon add ½ teaspoon onion juice, ¼ cup chopped celery, 2 hard cooked eggs, chopped, 2 tablespoons chopped sweet pickles, 2 tablespoons chopped stuffed olives. Blend with ⅓ cup mayonnaise and season to taste with salt, cayenne and paprika.

FLAVORED BUTTERS: To ½ cup softened butter add 2 teaspoons anchovy paste or add 3 tablespoons chili sauce to ½ cup softened butter; or add ¼ cup minced watercress, 1 teaspoon each lemon and onion juice. Always blend thoroughly.

SNACKS

STUFFED CELERY

Wash and scrape celery. Wrap in damp towel and place in refrigerator to crisp. Stuff with any of the following:

MIXED CHEESE STUFFING: Combine equal proportions of cream cheese and roquefort cheese. Moisten to desired consistency with mayonnaise or cream. Fill celery stalks and sprinkle with paprika.

PEANUT STUFFING: Mix ¼ cup finely chopped salted peanuts with ¼ pound cream cheese. Moisten with a little cream. Fill celery stalks and sprinkle with finely chopped sweet gherkins.

CELERY MANZANA: Beat creamed cottage cheese until very smooth or force it through a fine sieve. To 1 cup cottage cheese add ½ cup finely chopped raw apple. Fill celery stalks, sprinkle generously with celery salt.

STUFFED DILLS

Scoop out the centers of dill pickles, using an apple corer and cutting in from both ends of pickle. Stand pickles up for 15 minutes to drain. Fill the hollows in pickles with a paste made of cream cheese mixed with chopped ripe or stuffed olives seasoned with celery salt and paprika. Chill and slice crosswise into half inch slices.

PIMENTO CHEESE PINWHEELS

2 cups sifted flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
¼ cup lard or vegetable shortening
½ cup milk
⅓ cup butter, softened
2 pimentos, chopped very fine
⅓ cup grated cheese

Sift flour, measure. Add baking powder and salt. Sift again. Cut lard or vegetable shortening into flour mixture with pastry blender or two knives. Add milk to form a stiff dough. Roll out on lightly floured board. Spread with one half of the softened butter. Fold both ends over to the middle then fold in half again. Roll out into a rectangular shaped piece one quarter inch thick and approximately four inches wide. Spread with remaining butter, sprinkle with chopped pimento and grated cheese. With the long side of the rectangle towards you, roll up into a long thin candle-shaped cylinder. Cut crosswise into ½ inch slices. Place these small "pinwheels" on lightly greased baking tin and bake in hot oven. (450° F.) to a golden brown (about 12 minutes.) Serve hot.

TOCINOS DEL CIELO

(Little Pigs of Heaven)

½ cup sugar
½ cup water
yolks of 6 eggs
2 (5c) bars of sweet chocolate
6 tablespoons boiling water

Boil sugar and ½ cup water until the syrup will form a small thread when dropped from the tip of a spoon. Remove from heat, cool slightly. Beat yolks with rotary beater until thick and lemon colored. Add cooled sugar mixture slowly to beaten yolks, stirring constantly. Pour mixture into 6 very small buttered molds (or muffin cups). Place molds in a pan, surround with boiling water and simmer gently over low heat until mixture sets. Cool. Dissolve the chocolate candy in the 6 tablespoons boiling water. Cool. Pour sauce over each "Little Pig of Heaven".



Lanvin SPONSORS THE NEW CUTEX



"Wear it with Beige, Navy, Gray, Greens", she says

WITH her incomparable flair for the elegant, the softly feminine, Lanvin, famous Paris dressmaker, sponsors the new Cutex CLOVER, to wear with her newest and loveliest Spring frocks.

She has a sure feeling for harmony. So you may be quite certain that Cutex CLOVER will complete your next season's costumes suavely, exquisitely.

New . . . Intriguing . . . Versatile . . .

Cutex CLOVER is a new smoky, winy red, deep enough for sophisticates, soft enough for Spring and blondes. Lanvin says: "It's keyed high enough to climax the drama of my evening gowns, yet it's not too spectacular for my tailored day clothes."

Try it and see how soul satisfyingly Cutex CLOVER points up the season's Big Four in costume colors . . . the important new rosy beiges, the soft Spring grays and greens, perennial navy.

Be one of the first to greet the Spring with Cutex CLOVER sponsored by Lanvin!

Longer Wearing, Too

Remember, like all Cutex colors, CLOVER won't fade, chip, peel. It goes on like a dream! And it wears and wears and wears! Ask to see the whole Cutex color family! Only 35¢ a bottle at any shop.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

6 NEW SHADES TO CHOOSE FROM

HEATHER: A deep, smoky rose, with a hint of purple in it, for your navy, beige or gray suits.

LAUREL: Ashes of roses, a subtle grayed pink. Lovely with Spring pastels, gray, beige.

CLOVER: Deep, luscious red — goes beautifully with everything except orange tones.

THISTLE: Rust and Rose have met and mingled. Perfect with gray, green, rust, brown.

TULIP: A fresh, true crimson. Stunning with black, gray, blue, bright green, fuchsia, yellow.

ROBIN RED: True red, subdued in intensity. It really *goes* with everything.

Also Rose, Old Rose, Rust, Light Rust, Natural, Colorless and Burgundy.

CUTEX INTRODUCTORY SET

—containing your favorite new Cutex shade, Cutex Oily Polish Remover, Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover, 15¢.

NORTHAM WARREN CORPORATION, Dept. 8-M-3, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 15¢ to help cover postage and packing for Cutex Set, including one shade of Cutex Liquid Polish. (Check one shade desired.)

Clover ☐ Tulip ☐ Thistle ☐ Heather ☐ Laurel ☐

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

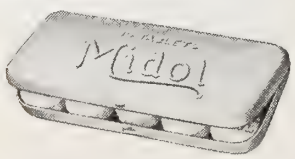


The Calendar said:
"GIVE IN"
MIDOL
said: "GO ON!"



DON'T live in *dated* dread of periodic functional pain, or let the calendar regulate your activities. For doctors have discovered that severe or prolonged pain at such times is not natural to most women. And unless you have some organic disorder requiring a physician's or surgeon's attention, Midol in all probability can make your days of menstruation as carefree as any other.

Midol is offered for this sole purpose. It acts quickly. In all but unusual instances it brings definite relief. Two tablets should see you through your worst day. So, get Midol and "carry on". Druggists have it *on the counter.* Handy purse-size tin, 50¢—and well worth it when periodic suffering *must* be relieved.



ON THE COUNTER AT DRUGSTORES

The Box-Office Darlings of 1937



1. Shirley Temple



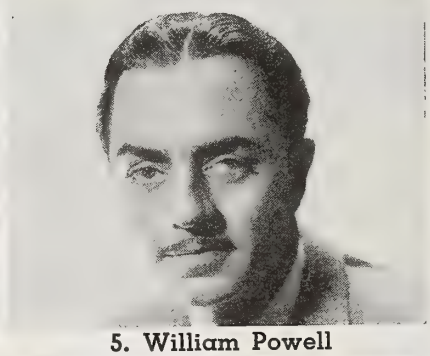
2. Clark Gable



3. Robert Taylor



4. Bing Crosby



5. William Powell



6. Jane Withers



7. Astaire-Rogers



8. Sonja Henie



9. Gary Cooper



10. Myrna Loy

"IT MUST BE WONDERFUL TO BE A SCREEN STAR MISS EVANS"



—said pretty little Barbara B. **HERE'S WHAT MADGE EVANS REPLIED**



"I always use Lux Toilet Soap," says this charming screen star, and tells you why. It's when pores are *choked* that Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly* from the pores. Keeps skin smooth, soft, *appealing!* Use cosmetics all you like! But use Lux Toilet Soap before you renew make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars Use Lux Toilet Soap



LOOK YOUR BEST IN *ANY* LIGHT

You can, if you use *light-proof* powder!

● *You can now get powder that is light-proof.* Luxor face powder modifies the light rays that powder particles ordinarily reflect. It solves the old problem of "shine". Your complexion is not constantly being light-struck, by day or by night. Those unbecoming highlights of cheek-bones, chin, and nose are all subdued!

An Important Discovery

Any shade of light-proof powder will do more for your appearance than the most carefully selected shade of powder that picks up every ray of light. It will keep that lovely softness under lights that would otherwise make your face shine like an apple.

Don't buy any powder until you have made this test. The makers of Luxor light-proof powder will send you a box free, for your own demonstration. Make up as usual, in any light, but finish with this new powder. Then see if you can find *any* light this remarkable powder does not soften!

LUXOR *LIGHT PROOF* FACE POWDER



THIS is what happens with make-up that reflects every ray of light.



SEE the effect of powder that is light-proof and modifies the light rays.

LUXOR, Ltd., Chicago. MM-3-38
Please send trial box of Luxor light-proof powder free and prepaid.

☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Rose Rachel ☐ Rachel No. 2

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Adventure's End (Universal)	2★
Adventurous Blonde (Warners)	2½★
Alcatraz Island (Warners)	2½★
Ali Baba Goes to Town (20th Century-Fox)	3★
All Over Town (Republic)	1½★
Annapolis Salute (RKO)	2★
Another Dawn (Warners)	2½★
Artists and Models (Paramount)	3★
Ave Maria (UFA)	3★
The Awful Truth (Columbia)	4★
Back in Circulation (Warners)	2★
Bad Guy (M-G-M)	2★
The Barrier (Paramount)	1★
Beg, Borrow or Steal (M-G-M)	2½★
Behind the Mike (Universal)	2½★
Between Two Women (M-G-M)	2★
Big City (M-G-M)	2½★
Big Town Girl (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Blonde Trouble (Paramount)	2½★
Behind Prison Bars (Monogram)	2★
Blossoms on Broadway (Paramount)	1★
Born Reckless (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Boots and Saddles (Republic)	2½★
Boss of Lonely Valley (Universal)	2★
Breakfast for Two (RKO)	2★
A Bride for Henry (Monogram)	1★
The Bride Wore Red (M-G-M)	1★
Broadway Melody of 1938 (M-G-M)	3★
Bulldog Drummond at Bay (Republic)	1½★
Bulldog Drummond Comes Back (Paramount)	1★
Bulldog Drummond's Revenge (Paramount)	2½★
Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Charlie Chan on Broadway (20th Century-Fox)	2★
*Checkers (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Confession (Warners)	2★
Conquest (M-G-M)	4★
Counsel for Crime (Columbia)	2★
Courage of the West (Universal)	1½★
Criminals of the Air (Columbia)	2★
Crusade Against Rackets (Principal)	2★
A Damsel in Distress (RKO)	3★
Dance, Charlie, Dance (Warners)	2★
Danger—Love at Work (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Dangerously Yours (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Danger Patrol (RKO)	2★
Dark Journey (United Artists)	3★
Daughter of Shanghai (Paramount)	2½★
Dead End (Samuel Goldwyn)	4★
Double or Nothing (Paramount)	2★
Double Wedding (M-G-M)	2★
*Every Day's A Holiday (Paramount)	3★
Escape by Night (Republic)	1½★
Ebb-Tide (Paramount)	3★
52nd Street (Walter Wanger)	2★
Fight For Your Lady (RKO)	2★
The Firefly (M-G-M)	3★
First Lady (Warners)	3★
Fit for a King (RKO)	2★
Flight from Glory (RKO)	2★
Footloose Heiress (Warners)	1★
Forty-Five Fathers (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Forty Naughty Girls (RKO)	2★
Frame-Up (Columbia)	2★
The Game that Kills (Columbia)	2★
Gangway (GB)	2½★
The Gold Racket (Grand National)	2★
The Good Earth (M-G-M)	4★
The Great Garrick (Warners)	3★
Heidi (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Here's Flash Casey (Grand National)	2★
High, Wide and Handsome (Paramount)	3½★
Hitting a New High (RKO)	2★
Hold 'Em, Navy (Paramount)	2★
*Hollywood Hotel (Warner)	3★
Hot Water (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Hurricane (Samuel Goldwyn)	3½★
Idol of the Crowds (Universal)	2★
I'll Take Romance (Columbia)	3★
It Can't Last Forever (Columbia)	1½★
It Happened in Hollywood (Columbia)	2½★
*It's All Yours (Columbia)	2★
It's Love I'm After (Warners)	4★
King Solomon's Mines (GB)	2★
Lady, Behave! (Republic)	2★
The Lady Escapes (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
*The Lady Fights Back (Universal)	1★
Lancer Spy (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Last Gangster (M-G-M)	3★
Life Begins in College (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Live, Love and Learn (M-G-M)	3★
Look Out, Mr. Moto (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Life of Emile Zola (Warners)	4★
The Life of the Party (RKO)	1★
Lost Horizon (Columbia)	4★
Love and Hisses (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Love Is on the Air (Warners)	2★
Love Takes Flight (Grand National)	1½★
Love on Toast (Paramount)	2★
Love Under Fire (20th Century-Fox)	2½★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Madam X (M-G-M)	1½★
Make a Wish (RKO)	2½★
*Mama Runs Wild (Republic)	1★
*Mannequin (M-G-M)	3★
*Man-Proof (M-G-M)	2★
Married Before Breakfast (M-G-M)	2½★
Marry the Girl (Warners)	1½★
Mayerling (Nero)	4★
Merry-Go-Round of 1938 (Universal)	2★
Missing Witnesses (Warners)	2★
Mr. Dodd Takes the Air (Warners)	2★
Murder in Greenwich Village (Columbia)	1★
Murder on Diamond Row (London Films)	2½★
Music for Madame (RKO)	2★
My Dear Miss Aldrich (M-G-M)	2★
Navy Blue and Gold (M-G-M)	3★
New Faces of 1937 (RKO)	3★
Night Club Scandal (Paramount)	2★
Non-Stop New York (GB)	2★
Nothing Sacred (Selznick-International)	3★
One Mile from Heaven (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
On Again—Off Again (RKO)	1★
100 Men and a Girl (Universal)	4★
On Such a Night (Paramount)	1★
Ourselves Alone (GB)	2½★
Over the Goal (Warners)	1★
Paid to Dance (Columbia)	1★
Partners in Crime (Paramount)	1★
The Perfect Specimen (Warners)	3★
Prescription For Romance (Universal)	1★
Portia on Trial (Republic)	3★
Prisoner of Zenda (Selznick-International)	4★
Reported Missing (Universal)	2★
Renfrew of the Royal Mounted (Grand National)	2★
Rosalie (M-G-M)	3★
The Road Back (Universal)	3★
Roaring Timber (Columbia)	2★
San Quentin (Warners)	2½★
Saturday's Heroes (RKO)	2½★
Second Honeymoon (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Sea Racketeers (Republic)	1½★
Shadows of the Orient (Monogram)	1½★
She Asked for It (Paramount)	2★
The Sheik Steps Out (Republic)	2★
Sh! The Octopus (Warners)	2★
She's No Lady (Paramount)	1★
Snow White and the 7 Dwarfs (Disney)	4★
Small Town Boy (Grand National)	2★
Some Blondes Are Dangerous (Universal)	1★
Something to Sing About (Grand National)	2½★
Sophie Lang Goes West (Paramount)	2½★
Souls at Sea (Paramount)	3★
Stage Door (RKO)	4★
Stand-In (Walter Wanger)	3★
Stella Dallas (Sam Goldwyn)	4★
Super Sleuth (RKO)	1★
Strangers on a Honeymoon (GB)	2★
Submarine D-1 (Warners)	2★
Swing It Sailor (Grand National)	1★
Talent Scout (Warners)	1★
Tes Rides with the Boy Scouts (Grand National)	2★
Texas Trail (Paramount)	2★
The Tenth Man (GB)	2★
The Shadow (Columbia)	2★
There Goes The Groom (RKO)	2★
That Certain Woman (Warners)	2★
They Won't Forget (Warners)	3★
Thin Ice (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Think Fast, Mr. Moto (20th Century-Fox)	2★
This Way, Please (Paramount)	1★
Thoroughbreds Don't Cry (M-G-M)	2½★
Thrill of a Lifetime (Paramount)	1★
The Thirteenth Man (Monogram)	1½★
Thunder Trail (Paramount)	2★
Trapped by G-Men (Columbia)	1½★
True Confession (Paramount)	4★
The Toast of New York (RKO)	3★
Topper (Hal Roach)	3★
Tovarich (Warners)	3★
True Confession (Paramount)	3★
Under Suspicion (Columbia)	2★
Varsity Show (Warners)	3★
Victoria the Great (RKO)	4★
Vogues of 1938 (Walter Wanger)	3★
Wee Willie Winkie (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Wells Fargo (Paramount)	3★
West of Shanghai (Warners)	1½★
The Westland Case (Universal)	2★
White Bondage (Warners)	1★
Wife, Doctor and Nurse (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Wild and Woolly (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Wild Money (Paramount)	1★
Wine, Women and Horses (Warners)	1★
*Wise Girl (RKO)	3★
The Wrong Road (Republic)	2½★
You're A Sweetheart (20th Century-Fox)	2★
*You're Only Young Once (M-G-M)	2★
You Can't Have Everything (20th Century-Fox)	3★

Turn to our Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. It's a valuable guide in choosing entertainment. Instead of giving the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

A DREAM *Walking*



FOOLISH words of a popular song. But there's truth in them. In his heart, every man idealizes the woman he loves. He likes to think of her as sweetly wholesome, fragrant, clean the way flowers are clean.

Much of the glamour that surrounds the loved woman in her *man's eyes, springs from the complete freshness and utter exquisiteness of her person.* Keep yourself wholesomely, sweetly clean!

Your hair, and skin, your teeth—of course you care for them faithfully. But are you attending to that more intimate phase of cleanliness, that of "Feminine Hygiene"? Truly nice women practice Feminine Hygiene regularly, as a habit of personal grooming. Do you? It will help to give you that poise, that *sureness of yourself,* that is a part of charm.

The practice of intimate Feminine Hygiene is so simple and so easy. As an effective cleansing douche we recommend "Lysol" in the proper dilution with water. "Lysol" cleanses and deodorizes gently but thoroughly.

You must surely read these six reasons why "Lysol" is recommended for your intimate hygiene—to give you assurance of intimate cleanliness.

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide,* active under practical conditions . . . effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Penetration . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs.*

4—Economy . . . "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for Feminine Hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

For your cleansing douche



TUNE IN on Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 4:45 P. M., E. S. T., Columbia Network.

What Every Woman Should Know . . .

SEND THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
LEHN & FINK Products Corp., Dept. 3 M.S.
Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me your free booklet *"Lysol vs. Germs"* which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

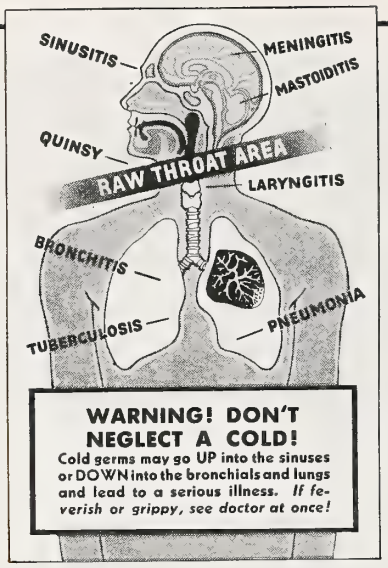
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*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Copyright 1938 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

Feverish? Grippy?
SEE DOCTOR AT ONCE



WARNING! DON'T NEGLECT A COLD!
Cold germs may go UP into the sinuses or DOWN into the bronchials and lungs and lead to a serious illness. *If feverish or grippy, see doctor at once!*

FOR "RAW" THROAT USE THIS "FIRST AID"

Doctors warn that colds can lead to serious illness—to ear and sinus infection, and even pneumonia. So don't take a chance. Treat the symptoms of a coming cold effectively and without delay! *If you feel feverish or grippy see your doctor at once!*

TAKE THIS SIMPLE PRECAUTION

For the most effective "first aid," kill the cold germs that cause raw, dry throat. At the first sign of a raw throat cold, gargle with Zonite. Zonite does 3 jobs for you: (1) Cleanses mucous membranes. (2) Increases normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. (3) Kills cold germs present in the throat as soon as it comes in actual contact with them.

In a test to find out the germ-killing powers of the nine most popular, non-poisonous antiseptics on the market, Zonite proved to be actually 9.3 *times more active* (by standard laboratory tests) than the *next best* antiseptic compared! This means economy because you use Zonite diluted! Zonite goes farther—saves you money.

Use 1 teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is. Soon your throat feels better.

DON'T DELAY— BE PREPARED

Get Zonite at your druggist now. And at the first sign of rawness in your throat, start gargling at once. But remember: If you are feverish, consult your doctor! Don't risk a serious illness.

ZONITE IS 9.3 TIMES MORE ACTIVE THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR *non-poisonous* ANTISEPTIC
by standard laboratory tests



GARGLE WITH ZONITE AT FIRST SIGN OF A COLD!

Gargle with Zonite



Joan Davis, Alice Faye and Marjorie Weaver take a stroll on the lot between scenes for their picture, "Sally, Irene and Mary."

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 58*)

A studio call sheet, the list of characters and objects needed for the day's shooting schedule, is sometimes prosaic, sometimes amazing. We like the one we found on the set of Columbia's "The Night Before." Here's the list:

9 Santa Clauses
1 Billygoat with beard and appetite for tin cans
1 New York policeman (must have flat feet)
2 African lions that roar easily
1 pack bubble chewing gum for Lionel Stander
1 Ostrich egg (must be fresh)
2 Talking parrots (must not curse)

■ ■ ■

Things must be very happy indeed at the home of the Richard Powells, of this city. The other night, for instance, at the "Hollywood Hotel" preview, the studio had a microphone set up in the lobby to allow the stars to tell the public what a wonderful picture they knew it was going to be. When Joan Blondell's turn came, she stepped up to the mike and said: "If Dick's in it, I know it's good."

■ ■ ■

One of the highlights of "Man-Proof" is Myrna Loy's dignified drunk scene. Miss L., who has lost Walter Pidgeon to Rosalind Russell, plays second fiddle at the wedding in the role of bridesmaid. When the reception gets under way so does Myrna, and she winds up going to Miss Russell's room to congratulate her. Polite with champagne, she says, "You deserve him, dear. You're a very pretty girl." Then, as she weaves out of the room, she adds, "And so am I!"

■ ■ ■

In "Jezebel," Bette Davis, playing a southern belle of the 90's, wears the customary hoop skirts in most of her scenes. We saw her on the set the other day, and talked to her between scenes. Know what she was wearing under them hoops? Slacks!

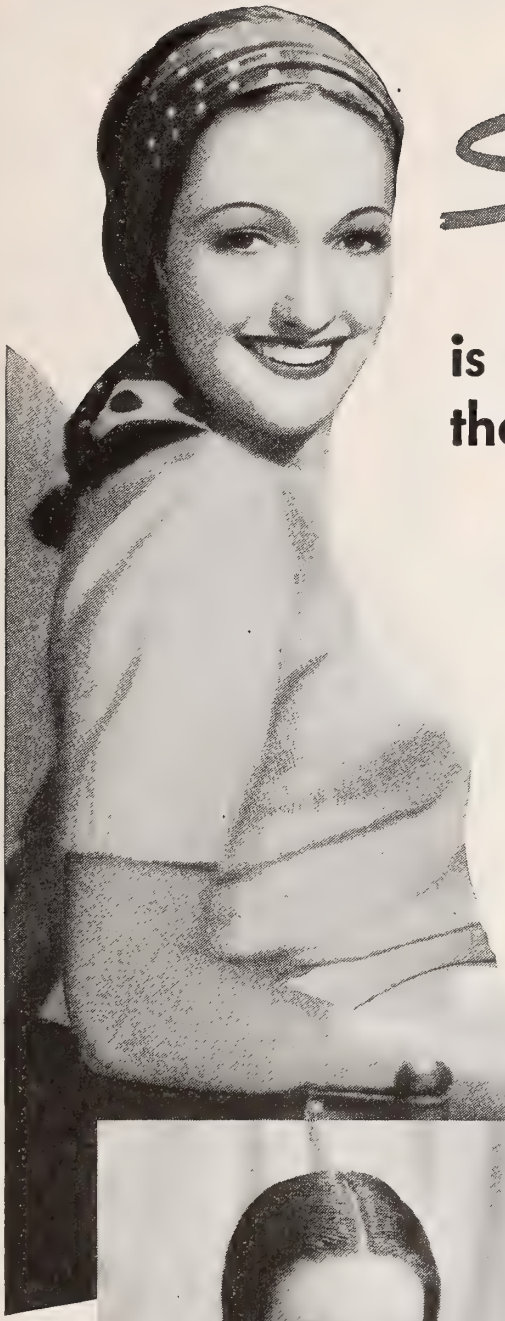
■ ■ ■

"100 Men and a Girl" may be a smash hit in America, but in Austria it's much more than that. Because the government considers it a work of art, all picture exhibitors who play it are given a substantial reduction in taxes!

■ ■ ■

The rumors that Garbo's real romance is director Willie Wyler still float around town, and Wyler is the most surprised guy in Hollywood, because he's never met his alleged lady love. It all started as a gag, when a columnist asked Wyler if he had any new romances. "I've been seeing a lot of Garbo lately," said Mr. W. The columnist took his word for it, and you know the rest. That's Hollywood!

(*Continued on page 105*)



Saving pennies



is Dorothy Lamour's pet hobby—that's just one reason she likes Lux

SAVING PENNIES has always been one of this young star's pet hobbies. But once it was a grim necessity.

"I couldn't always afford lots of stockings and undies," she says, "so I took the best possible care of them. I washed them in Lux every night."

Of course, pennies don't worry her now, but she still insists on having her washables cared for with Lux. "I get so fond of my things, I can't bear to see them wear out," she explains.

Every girl can share Miss Lamour's simple Lux secret. Lux has no harmful alkali to fade colors. And with Lux there's no cake-soap rubbing to injure fibers. Safe in water, safe in Lux!

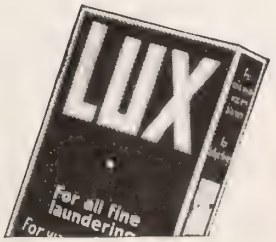
AT PARAMOUNT STUDIOS, Lux is specified for washing everything safe in water alone. "It saves on cleaning, cuts down replacement costs," says Frank Richardson, wardrobe director.

Off the set, Miss Lamour adores soft sweaters, freshly Luxed. Don't miss seeing her in Paramount's "Her Jungle Love."

"Dottie" is also heard on a nationwide radio program each week. In her leisure (?) time this Paramount star likes to relax—in Luxables.



"Lux has always saved me a lot on stockings," says Miss Lamour. "I hardly ever get runs!" Lux saves the *elasticity* of silk. Then it can stand sudden strains better—isn't so apt to run.



Specified in leading Hollywood Studios



• That's what happens to 4 out of 5 women—*"Love at First Sight"*—when they try Italian Balm. They continue using this famous skin softener in preference to anything they've ever used before. It's a lasting attraction.

And little wonder. Italian Balm has a genuine right to a warm place in a woman's heart. It's a very *INexpensive* skin protector to *use*—yet tests of the largest selling lotions prove that Italian Balm contains the *MOST expensive ingredients* of any other of these popular brands.

Try Italian Balm yourself—as a protection against chapping and dry, coarse skin texture. See how quickly it softens and smooths your skin. You'll feel the difference in ONE MINUTE after applying it.

Test Italian Balm *before* you *buy* it. Send for FREE Vanity Bottle. Mail coupon *today.*

Campana's
Italian Balm
Famous for Skin Protection and Economy

FREE

CAMPANA SALES CO.
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Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

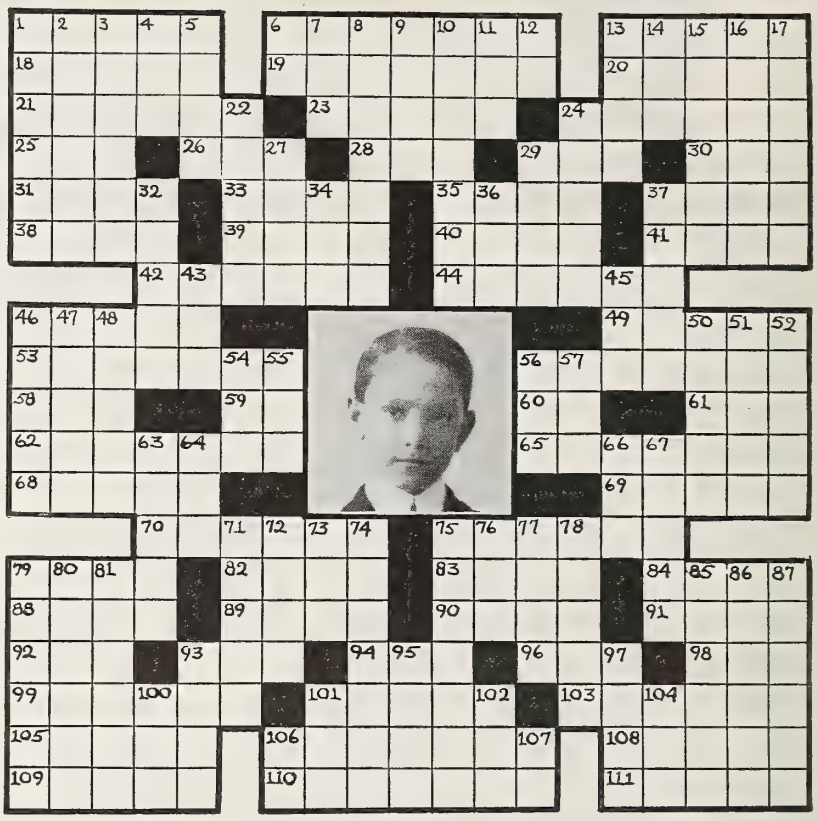
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OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 118

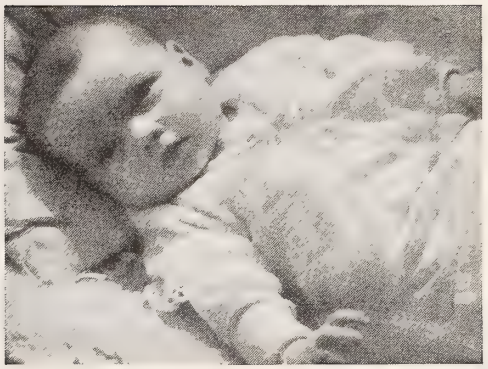
ACROSS

1. French landscape-painter
6. Star of this puzzle and "Buccaneer"
13. He's married to Florence Eldridge
18. "- - - - - the Clouds"
19. The "Adventurous Blonde"
20. Feeble-minded
21. Send back
23. Prima donna in "I'll Take Romance"
24. The receptionist in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"
25. Metallic substance
26. "The Adventures of - - - Sawyer"
28. "The - - - of Indiscretion"
29. Ralph - - - lamy
30. "Hallelujah, I'm a - - -"
31. Marjorie - - - -
33. Midday
35. Maureen O'Sullivan's role in "David Copperfield"
37. - - - - Ann Borg
38. Enough: poet
39. Imitated
40. Nana in "The Life of Emile Zola"
41. Paradise
42. Ether compounds
44. Western star, Bob - - - - - -
46. Nimble
49. Eat
53. Star of "Angel"
56. "First Lady's" husband
58. LeGallienne's first name
59. Blair in "Accidents Will Happen" . init.
60. Three-toed sloth
61. Airline popular with stars
62. Our star's latest: "- - - - - - - Sacred"
65. Tease
68. Guide
69. Farce: var.
70. Male star of "Stand-In"
75. Humorous film
79. Screen part
82. Small river duck
83. Talleyrand in "Conquest"
84. Engrave
88. "Topper's" butler
89. Serf
90. "- - - - the Missus"
91. Uncommon
92. White metal
93. Joe in "Swing Your Lady"
94. Viper
96. Don in "You're a Sweetheart"
98. Hindu religious teacher
99. Made egg-shaped
101. Remove oil from
103. Birthplace of star pictured
105. Feasted
106. Male star of "Expensive Husbands"
108. Francis Lederer's wife
109. Belonging to Mr. Astaire
110. Bulb O'Connor in "Bank Alarm"
111. Peter in "Broadway Melody of 1938"

DOWN

1. Our star's love in "Nothing Sacred"
2. Star of "Divorce of Lady X"
3. Hero of "Shanghai Deadline"
4. Eggs
5. Canvas shelter
6. "Ebb-Tide's" leading lady: init.
7. Torn cloth
8. Commissions
9. Haul
10. Retreats
11. Island: Fr.
12. Star who play "Rembrandt": init.
13. Handle roughly
14. Heroine of "There Goes the Groom"
15. Marked with ridges
16. Col. Ferris in "Gold Is Where You Find It"
17. - - - - - - Bing
22. Male star of "Knight Without Armor"
24. Bonnie of "The Jones Family"
27. Be melancholy
29. Kind of French cream cheese
32. Reside
34. Over: poet
36. Scrap of refuse
37. Changes direction
43. Witness a picture
45. Mrs. Bing Crosby
46. Concluding words
47. Lively French dance
48. Angry
50. Weasel-like animal
51. Stanley in "Thrill of a Lifetime"
52. Growing out
54. Judy in "Some Blondes Are Dangerous"
55. Unit of energy
56. Charles Boyer's wife
57. Femme star of "Lancer Spy"
63. Lily in "Live, Love and Learn"
64. Wrath
66. Rural Free Delivery: abbr.
67. Last third of M-G-M
71. Place occupied by another
72. For fear that
73. King Richard in "Adventures of Robin Hood"
74. Tarzan's new mate
75. Compose
76. Be indebted to
77. Jeeters in "You're a Sweetheart"
78. "- - - - - Madame"
79. Director of "Lancer Spy"
80. The Queen in "Rosalie"
81. Woolly
85. Nocturnal mammals
86. Wince
87. On this
93. Belonging to Mr. Sparks
95. Cultivated
97. "- - - - the Woman"
100. Fuzzy in "Hollywood Hotel"
101. Daisy in "True Confession"
102. "- - - Them Live"
104. Famous Negro bandleader
106. The panther woman: init.
107. Star of "Heidi": init.

Patricia Hewlett—4 months old



She looks inquiringly at the world, and the world looks back the same way. For Patricia is one of the babies in Westfield, N. J., whose pictures and health records are part of a recent study of infant nutrition. Patricia has been having Clapp's Baby Cereal for 4 weeks; she'll soon get Clapp's Strained Vegetables.

now here's Patricia at 7 months



Laughing out loud to see dessert coming—for now Patricia gets Clapp's Strained Fruits, too. Like all Clapp's Strained Foods, these fruits have the texture doctors advise—smooth, finely strained, but not too liquid. Patricia has gained 2 pounds, 5 ounces in 2 months; she can creep, and sit up like a little major.

Patricia's walking at 10 months



Plentiful vitamins and minerals in her pressure-cooked Clapp's Foods are what make Patricia strong as well as chubby. She's 30 inches tall, weighs 18 pounds, 12 ounces. Like every Clapp-fed baby in the test, Patricia has made steady, uninterrupted progress. And she *likes* her vegetables. Clapp's flavors are better—just taste and see!

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Clapp's Strained Baby Foods

"My SKIN now invites a close-up"



"—how well I recall the days and long evenings when I felt tired-out and looked it."

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The reason for this is quite simple . . . skin tissues must have an abundance of red-blood-cells to aid in making the skin glow . . . to bring color to your cheeks . . . to build resistance to germ attacks.

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Science, through S.S.S. Tonic, brings to you the means to regain this blood strength within a short space of time . . . the action of S.S.S. is cumulative and lasting.

Moreover, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better . . . natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more value. A very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . to strengthen nerves . . . and to give to your skin that natural health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel . . . and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health by restoring deficient red-blood-cells and it is time-tried and scientifically proven.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

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GETTING A GLIMPSE OF GARY

(*Continued from page 29*)

found extra pickings too lean to live on. "Can I help you, Mr. Cooper?" he asked Gary one day, as the actor was leaving his dressing room for the set.

Cooper eyed him. "Well, I don't know. Maybe. Come on out."

Cracker proved himself an asset. It wasn't so much that he helped Cooper to dress, ran errands, anticipated his needs. It was his eager willingness to please, the hundred ways in which he made himself useful without being asked, not to Cooper alone but to everyone on the set. Above all, he was a nice person to have around, with a drollery that brought an answering light to Cooper's eye.

Cooper's an outstanding example of the fallacy of the statement that, to get anywhere in Hollywood, you must play politics. He doesn't know how. There is no guile in him. He remains astonished by his own success, and believes it to be the literal truth that "people pushed me into the movies when I was broke, and kept pushing me right along till they'd made a star out of me. I had little to do with it." He has never had a studio squabble over billing, he has never walked out because of story or director trouble. He doesn't read notices, he hopes "it will be a pretty good picture," and that's as far as he'll go. He values his own talents too modestly to harbor a thought of professional jealousy.

"He worried more over my part in 'Souls at Sea' than over his own," says George Raft, whose usually fluent tongue breaks down when he tries to express his admiration for Cooper. "Look, how'll I say it? You meet a lot of swell people in this business. Well, Coop's the swellest. See that?" He pointed to where Cooper's name was scribbled on a rafter of the dressing-room that had once belonged to him, and was now Raft's. "I'm goin' to have it burned in. That way I can always get a kick out of lookin' at it."

A staunch friendship grew up between the two during the making of "Souls at Sea." Backgrounds totally different proved no barrier. Each found in the other an absence of sham and pose, a basic reality, strong enough to build friendship on. The Cooper home was burglarized one night. A few days later Raft was visiting Cooper on the "Marco Polo" set.

"Did they take much?" he asked.

"So-so. Nothing we cared a lot about. Except that tie-clip you gave me, George. I miss that. It used to hold the tie so well."

"I'll get you another." They both knew Coop could buy himself a dozen clips that would hold his tie equally well. But the chances are, Raft has rarely felt a deeper satisfaction than he got from the knowledge that it was his tie-clip Cooper wanted to use.

Raft and Henry Hathaway, the director, were seated at lunch one day when Cooper joined him. The news that there was to be a baby in the family had broken that morning. "So you're going to be a papa," Raft greeted him. But let him tell it.

"He put his hand up, the way he does, all over his face and down. Then he said, 'Don't believe all you see in the papers.'

"He was shy, tellin' us about the baby. Can you imagine? I said, 'We want to give him the first present, Hathaway and I.'

"Then he looks up and grins. 'Suppose it's not a him,' he says, and that's how he lets us know it's true."

His reactions to the baby's birth were those of any prospective father. He paced the hospital corridor, he jumped at every sound, he cast imploring glances at nurses and doctors; when a door opened, he stopped white-faced in his tracks; when they shook their heads, "Not yet," he resumed his pacing; when a smiling nurse finally emerged with the news, "It's a girl and everything's fine," he collapsed into a chair and sat there shaking.

NOW that the tension is over, he's reverted to type, regained control of his emotions. He doesn't tell you how much the baby weighs, how pretty she is, whom she looks like. But he can't control the smile in his eyes when she's mentioned.

His next picture, now that "Marco Polo"



Ginger Rogers doesn't believe in idleness. She knits between scenes of "Having Wonderful Time," and chats with Lela, her mother, and Cousin Phyllis Fraser.



Meet Penny Singleton. You used to know her as Dorothy McNulty, but after "Swing Your Lady," she'll be slated for bigger and better things, and so she changed her name!

is finished, is a comedy with Claudette Colbert, called "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" and directed by Lubitsch. His emergence as a comedian is erroneously dated from "Mr. Deeds." It was Lubitsch who uncovered his gift for humor in "Design for Living," and he takes his cigar from his mouth to smile over the memory.

"Zey all sought I am crazy. Articles are written about zis terrible miscasting. 'Why do you do it?' zey yell at me. I tell you why. Before, I have not seen Cooper in any part where he is exactly a comedian, but I have noticed in many straight parts zat once in a while zere comes a comedy flash—in sometimes a look, in sometimes a funny gesture, and I know zat in Cooper zere hides a comedian. I am positive. I say to him: 'Gahry, it is a new kind of part, but a cinch for you if you only want to be yourself.' Gahry jumps right away, he doesn't hesitate. 'O.K.,' he said.

"Well, Gahry was himself. It was not zat he acquired a comedy technique, no. He played wis a humor which came from wiz*zin*. His comedy *is* humor—not to make faces and srow custard pies, but to put his own feeling into ze part.

"I will say, here is ze great sing about Cooper as well in life as in work—zere is nossing of ze obvious and ze cheap side of an actor in him, nossing of ze showoff. He is ze greatest contrast to what you might call a ham. Zere is a certain heart-simplicity, which is in himself and which comes out on ze screen. He is an actor by instinct, and instinct is always stronger zan technique. Technique you may admire, but you don't love it. And zey all love Gahry, hein?"

Cooper goes out of his way to avoid fanfare. He shuns gatherings where cameras are likely to pop. With rare exceptions. One of them occurred when a script clerk, who had worked on several of his pictures, died. Her husband worked on the Paramount lot, too, in the transportation department. On the day of her burial Cooper called Henry Hathaway.

"Are you going to the funeral? All right, I'll see you there."

"Don't you want me to call for you?" Hathaway asked, knowing his friend's aversion to public appearances and thinking to lend him moral support.

"No. I'll see you there."

It wasn't till the services were ended that Hathaway understood. Five of those who carried the girl to her long rest were drivers in the Paramount transportation department. The sixth was Gary Cooper.



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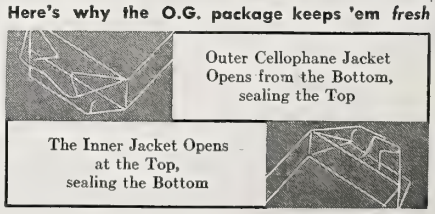
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WHOM WILL TYRONE POWER MARRY?

(*Continued from page 35*)

that Tyrone's Moon square Saturn suggests marriage to a girl older than himself. At the risk of giving away trade secrets, we here divulge that Sonja, as well as Janet, saw the light of day before the Great Moment had uttered his first cry.

But it takes more than liking the way a girl dresses her hair to have a man, especially of Tyrone's stamp, stand in the aisle waiting for someone in a white veil to come and breathe "I will." Specifically, it takes some coöperation on the part of the planet Mars, which lends the needed fire.

This is where little Sonja loses out. Her Mars is in Pisces, square to Saturn, and it's Saturn that sits squarely on Tyrone's Venus. This is an attraction of sorts, and sometimes a pretty violent one, but it doesn't usually last. Tyrone is a free soul, independent as all get-out, especially where his love life is concerned. If he ever felt for one minute that a girl thought him securely tied up, he would automatically break for the open country.

Sonja's Saturn on his Venus very likely made him feel confined, obligated, if you like. This probably wasn't Sonja's fault. She values independence as much as he does, maybe more. But with her Venus in Taurus, she'd just naturally expect the man who loved her to feel the way she did—sewed up. Venus in Gemini simply doesn't ever feel that way; and the pressure of Sonja's Saturn on Tyrone's Venus, plus the square of Mars, caused the break.

JANET GAYNOR, however, is something else again! Her Libra nature is excellently suited to understand Tyrone's attitude toward love. She has Venus in Scorpio, opposed to her Moon in Taurus, giving her just the kind of glamor to



Here's one Hollywood couple about whom you'll never hear a rumor of anything save happiness. Al Jolson and his Ruby Keeler, see a bit of night life together.

turn Tyrone's head. And, in addition to this, there is between their horoscopes that dynamic signature of the *attraction fatale,* her Mars on his Moon!

This is precisely the condition between two horoscopes that causes a romantic young man like Tyrone Power to kick over the traces and forswear everything in the past, for the sake of "The woman I love." When a romantic meets up with this condition, the rest of womankind pales into insignificance. If he's married, he may even get a divorce, so as never to lose the glamorous creature who has captivated him. It is the Tristram and Isolde, Abelard and Eloise, Romeo and Juliet combination. The sad thing is that it doesn't line up to the preliminary fireworks. It burns out. It dies. It causes heartbreak, and it generally leaves the man feeling that now he has seen life, now he knows the truth about women, now he is a cynic, and he is never going to love anyone again.

This isn't Janet's fault. There's nothing flighty about her horoscope. She isn't the kind of girl to lead a man on (least of all a man young enough to be her kid brother) and then break his heart just for the fun of it.

Tyrone thinks she means something that she doesn't mean. He misunderstands. She likes him, she's attracted to him (who isn't?) but she isn't going to marry him. And if Tyrone broke Sonja's heart, he may learn before very long how it felt.

OF course, there's always the chance that the glamor of Mars on the Moon will last long enough to lead the victims to the altar. But there isn't enough between Janet's horoscope and Tyrone's to make an enduring marriage. Tyrone has obstacles to overcome (his contract says he can't marry) and while he's overcoming those obstacles, the fires are going to cool, considerably.

The point of the whole matter, however, is that it doesn't look as if Tyrone is going to marry at all for awhile. With Uranus in his Sun this year, he has glamor aplenty. It would be criminal for him to concentrate it all on one girl, even such a worthy one as Sonja or Janet. He might do anything under this condition, even marry, because Uranus on the Sun is about as impulsive a condition as can exist in his already impulsive and romantic horoscope. Jupiter also inclines him to marriage in this, his twenty-fourth year.

But we are still inclined to doubt that he'll marry very soon. He *might* marry and get a swift divorce. We expect him to be in the market for some time to come, a sadder and a wiser young man, with the additional heart-appeal of having learned what it is like to suffer.



Beauty and the beast. In other words, Katie Hepburn with Nissa, the leopard who is Baby in "Bringing Up Baby."



Off the set with Michael. La Hepburn declares her pet Cocker Spaniel is a bit more dependable than Baby.



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LET'S TALK ABOUT MIRIAM

(*Continued from page 27*)

begged for the part," announced Selznick. "The only one who hasn't approached me is Miss Hopkins, and actually the public has given her more votes than anybody else."

Then he bowed charmingly. And that was that.

"I never heard from him," admitted Miss Hopkins. "But it was dramatic, the way he walked in, wasn't it?"

"Dramatic things seem to happen to you," I said. "What about the time they say you were broke and borrowed money from Otto Kahn, or isn't that true?"

"You bet it's true," laughed Miriam. "But no one knows the whole story."

So she told it to me.

It was in the days when Miriam was a young Broadway actress whose engagements were rare and short. She had opened in a show called "The Garden Of Eden." It had been a hit in London because of a part played by Tallulah Bankhead, a part in which Miss Bankhead profitably shocked the audience by undressing on the stage. Miriam played that part here, but when it came to the undressing, friends told her mother not to mind because "Miriam looks like a schoolgirl going to bed."

"Maybe that was why the show closed," grimly adds Miriam now. "Anyway it left me broke. And I had a theory . . . if you're broke don't borrow money from your friends. Don't tell your troubles to the switchboard girl, just go and borrow from a regular banker. So I did."

"But how?" I asked.

"Otto Kahn had backed 'An American Tragedy,' in which I played Sandra. I asked a columnist friend for his telephone number and from the newspaper office we called him. Mr. Kahn didn't remember me until I reminded him of Sandra. Then he made an appointment.

"I remember it was a sweltering hot day. The waiting room outside his office was air cooled. It was the first time I ever sat in an air cooled room and I was very impressed. On the way down I had rehearsed what I intended saying. I planned to ask for five thousand dollars and be very nonchalant about it. I wanted to pay most of my debts. I wanted to have the feeling of owing everything just one place. With the rest of the money I wanted to buy a roadster and take a vacation.

"All this I was going to say to Mr. Kahn, but as I sat waiting I grew petrified. Several very elegant looking striped-trousered bankers sat waiting too, and as the minutes passed I couldn't remember one word of my speech. I finally was ushered into his office. It was a great long room and I seemed to walk miles before I reached his desk. By that time I could only blurt out one sentence. It was, 'I've come for cash!'

"He was very businesslike about it. He made a list of my debts. He didn't approve of the owing-one-place method. He believed in scattering your payments. I had no security to offer. But I promised to pay him back out of future salaries. So he gave me a check for twelve hundred-and-fifty dollars. I raced straight back to the newspaper office to show this to my friends who wanted to frame it!"

Then this happened, this, so typical of Miriam. She had paid Otto Kahn four hundred-and-fifty dollars and had eight hundred more to go when she was offered a stock engagement at five hundred dollars a week . . . or the chance to marry Austin Parker and live in a small French village on next to nothing.

"I wrote Otto Kahn a note and said I had chosen Austin because 'a girl could always get a job in stock, but it was not so easy to get a husband!'

"Mr. Kahn must have liked the note because, when he came to France, he invited us to dinner. I finally paid the debt, and he wrote me that of all the people to whom he loaned money, the writer, Frank Harris, and I, were the only people who paid him back. Of course I was very proud of that note and kept it."

I stared at her then, stared at her sitting there before me, looking more like the kid who impulsively rushed to Otto Kahn than a star who owns one of the few New York houses boasting a garden.

SHE wore a beaver trimmed cloth coat, and a dark blue dress with a blue and green plaid scarf wound schoolgirl-like around her throat. And on her shoulder-length hair was perched, no fifty-dollar French creation, but her five-and-half-year-old son's blue beret! This, mind you, in a popular New York restaurant during a crowded luncheon hour. And I liked her



Between scenes of "A Slight Case of Murder," Edward G. Robinson tickles the ivories, much to the amusement of Harry Seymour.



Nope, it's not romance, just a family affair. Doug Fairbanks Jr., is explaining what goes on on the "Having Wonderful Time" set to his cousin, Letitia.



Director W. S. Van Dyke and Nelson Eddy are snapped as they leave the theatre following a preview of "Rosalie."

for it, this naturalness . . . no crayoned eyebrows here (they're light, like her hair) and no false eyelashes, just a rosy face that has a certain squareness about it.

"I haven't much resistance. I've had a bad cold for weeks." And her eyes looked watery. I liked her for that too, for being a movie star with a cold and eating in a public place.

And I reminded her of a part she once played, the role of a swanky heiress with a bad cold, a girl who sneezed constantly.

She laughed. "I remember. It was 'The Richest Girl in the World.' We had a lot of fun making that. It only took a month, and every afternoon we'd knock off at four to play tennis. And everyone liked the picture."

She sighed. She was very tired. She had stepped off a California-New York plane to walk directly into rehearsal for "Wine of Choice," a new Theatre Guild play with Leslie Banks and Donald Cook. And she had this cold.

"My little boy caught it from me in California. You know how children climb all over you. I feel so sorry for him.

She slurs her words together. She speaks so quickly that she choked on a piece of steak, and I found myself slapping her back.

She says a lot of things, says them fast.

About temperament. "If you start acting temperamental it's an awful nuisance to keep it up."

About players. "Spencer Tracy is the screen's best. And I think George Raft is a good actor. But take my word, Jack Oakie could and *should* be doing serious roles. I once saw him rehearse a scene with two tears running down his cheeks, which shows he really feels."

About women. She says she dislikes those who pose coyly under picture hats and change their personalities when a man enters the room.

And then, just as fast as she spoke, so fast did she suddenly rise with a "Let's get out of here before they say I'm always late to rehearsals."

Without putting on the beret she ran hurriedly across the street to the theatre, but not before several girls, matinee-bound saw her, and even with the red nose, the watery eyes and the cold, they smiled indulgently, exclaiming, "Isn't she cute!"

She is.



● *"My stars, Mrs. Fox! A dog's been chasing your baby? I'll tie an empty Johnson's Baby Powder can to that hound's tail some day. You poor little chap—so hot! Watch me get you cooled off . . ."*



● *"Wa-a-ah! How's that, pretty good, eh? I make that noise when I'm hot and cross. It always fetches the Johnson's Baby Powder. Mother's slow today—I'll give her another blast. Wa-a-ah!"*



● *"Here it comes, Foxy—a nice sprinkle of downy, cooling Johnson's. Got any rashes or chafes? Any prickly heat under your chin? Johnson's will soothe 'em before you could say Tally-ho!"*



● *"One good feel of Johnson's Baby Powder, and you know it's finer and softer than other powders—that's why it keeps a baby's skin in such perfect condition!" And perfect condition is the way to shut out skin infections. Only the finest imported talc is used to make Johnson's Baby Powder —no orris-root . . . Other aids to baby's comfort: Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream, and Baby Oil for tiny babies.*

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WHEN YOU EAT A LOT YET STAY SKINNY WEAK, SICKLY LOOK OUT FOR MAL-NOURISHMENT



Often Your System Is Starving for Iron, Iodine and Vitamins Vitally Needed to get the Good Out of Food!

Thousands Report New Mineral-Vitamin Concentrate From the Sea—Adds Extra Pounds of "Stay-There" Flesh, New Strength and Energy the First Week!

Malnourishment (an insufficient supply of minerals and vitamins) often explains why folks stay thin, ailing, worn out, with weakened resistance. Doctors know appetite satisfying foods are deceiving because frequently they lack vital minerals and essential vitamins needed for body building. As a result, you do not get the good out of the food you eat and your system lacks in strength, energy and weight.

Many thousands of pale, sickly, ailing folks have found glorious relief with Kelpamalt. This amazing iron, iodine and vitamin concentrate is rich in vital elements necessary for the body's chemical processes. It contains assimilable iron, copper, phosphorous and calcium vitally needed for blood and tissue building. Most important is Kelpamalt's natural iodine—not to be confused with ordinary liquid, chemical iodine. Iodine, scientists say, is found in the blood, liver and glands. It is vitally important to their normal functioning. A recent report states that 60 million people in the United States are not getting enough iodine in their daily food. Experts recommend the addition of two plates of oysters each week for their iodine, yet Kelpamalt is far richer in iodine than oysters. In addition to these precious minerals, Kelpamalt contributes to the resistance building Vitamin A, the growth and body building Vitamin G, the blood building Vitamin C, and the bone building Vitamin D. It is only when there is an adequate supply of vitamins plus minerals that you can get the good out of your food.

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SEEDOL Kelpamalt Tablets

WHAT-A-MAN MORRIS

(*Continued from page 31*)

"Aw, heck," said Wayne, tipping back in his chair, "do I have to stay here and listen to this?"

"You do. We wouldn't dream of talking about you behind your back, so you may as well be a brave little man and face it."

Wayne fortified himself, by ordering cokes all around. Then he lit a cigarette and obscured himself behind a smoke-screen, or tried to, but Priscilla's blue eyes penetrated the veil while she said, "It's the way he looks at a girl, haven't you noticed? He practises on me all day."

"You know better, Priscilla. You know that—"

"He practises on me all day," continued Priscilla firmly, ignoring him.

"Now, you take Wayne at lunch time. He never sits next to a girl, he always sits opposite her so that he can get that look in, with its devastating effect. And it devastates. He watches everything a girl does, too, see, look, like he's doing now! He just sits with that rapt, intent look and takes in every little gesture, every motion, looking as though he just can't believe it, it's all so wonderful and new and almost divine. That's the real reason for his being so attractive to girls, you see. He makes each and every girl believe that she is the one and only girl ever born onto this earth, or ever likely to be born."

"You know very well, Priscilla—"

THEN there's his laugh. He has a sort of shining laugh that seems to come bouncing right out of his heart. He makes a girl laugh, too, and feel that everything is pretty much all right with the world. He's the life of the party type, only in the sense that he's so full of life, so gay.

"He's quiet, though, with it all. He's not the bombastic show-off type. And he can talk your heart right out of you. He makes you believe that he's right and you are wrong no matter what the argument may be. And somehow, you like it. He doesn't use only his enormous physical strength, he uses the old beano as well. And he sings and plays to you," continued Priscilla, demurely, ignoring the Morris moans. "It's marvellous.

"Now I have sung on the radio for quite some time. But whenever I start a song Wayne finishes it for me and carries on from there. He can sing in several different keys, too, almost at the same time. And then he can top any wisecrack I can think of making. And I earned my living for quite some time making wisecracks on the air. But every time I pull one, he pulls a better one. You've got to respect a man with a brain like that, you know.

"And then, besides all this," said Priscilla, lowering her voice a degree, "he's considerate. He's thoughtful and tender and he's very respectful. He never says anything to a girl that he couldn't say in front of her mother or in front of her little sister, aged eight. There is something old-fashioned about Wayne in his way with girls. And he's interesting, and very attractive, because he is, superficially, so modern. He knows all the answers. It's sort of a putting-a-girl-on-a-pedestal attitude which is, of course, completely fatal to us all."

"Now, Priscilla, where do you get that 'us all,' you know very well that——"

But Priscilla was saved. She was called to the set and she left, saying, "I've fixed everything! He'll fix me for this after you leave. You'd better stay around and protect me or there'll really be headlines!"

And then Wayne came out from behind his smoke screen and said, "She's the swellest girl I've ever known, isn't she?" To which purely rhetorical question I said, "Do you really think so?" Wayne grinned and nodded his head and then said, "But do we have to talk about romance and all that? I know that people like to read about romance, but there's been so much of the stuff written about me it's getting kind of silly, and it's very embarrassing. Besides, it's bad publicity for me.

"I'd rather have it written that I appear at benefits and things. I'd rather talk for publication about my favorite color, which is red, and my favorite flowers, which are all kinds except orchids and about how I



Nothing pretty-pretty about Bob Taylor here! It's all part of the fun in his latest picture, "A Yank At Oxford."



It could be wedding bells for Frances Langford any day in the week. Ken Dolan will tell you. He's that persistent.



Michael Whalen and Dixie Dunbar, stepping out together, were surprised by Modern Screen's roving camera man.

collect suitcase stickers and drive a small car and about my pets, a police dog and a horse and about how I like everything to eat except vegetables, especially chocolate fudge sundaes, *with* nuts."

"Why is publicity about your romances bad for you?"

"Because I haven't had any, for one thing," said Wayne pleasantly but firmly (but he didn't look towards Priscilla as he said this) "and so it's pretty silly. I read that I've been out with some girl I haven't seen for two months and they give one date a two months' hangover. And it's kind of stupid for both of us. But that isn't the important thing. It's bad for me because the studio reads that I've been seen at this place and that, with this girl and that and they call me to the mat and tell me I'm going too much, keeping late hours and that it's apt to affect my work, that sort of thing. It isn't true. I don't go out often nor stay up late.

BESIDES, I don't have and never have had as many dates with as many different girls as fellows do who are in college or working in banks or gas stations. I've only taken out some six or seven girls in the whole year and a half I've been in pictures. And I know fellows, friends of mine, who take a different girl out two and three times a week. And it's perfectly normal, isn't it, for a fellow who's single and over twenty-one, to ask different girls for dates? It's only because I'm in the spot I'm in that anyone pays any attention to it, finds anything to remark about, figures that it's a romance every time it's a date."

"Then it hasn't been love, it hasn't been romance, with any of these dates?"

"Gosh, no!" laughed Wayne. He said this quite loudly, Priscilla being within loud-speaking earshot. "I don't go around falling in love with every girl I ask to have dinner with me. The girls don't go around falling in love with every guy who asks them out. We've just had a swell lot of fun together, that's all. They're swell girls,

THE NEW 1938 BEAUTY DISCOVERY

A petal-like smoothness from top to toe

WOMEN SAY it's the *Number One* care the entire body needs—this combination of the Linit Magic Beauty Mask and the Linit Beauty Bath.

This beauty treatment costs almost nothing, yet it is a wonderfully effective way to refresh the whole body and at the same time stimulate and clarify the complexion.

First make the Linit Magic Beauty Mask: *Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit that is used for the bath) and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it generously to the *cleansed* face and neck and then step into your tub into which a handful or so of Linit has been dissolved.

WHILE the velvety smoothness of the Linit Beauty Bath is caressing your body, the Linit Magic Beauty Mask is gently inducing facial circulation to throw off sluggish waste matter. Relax for twenty minutes, then step out and dry off. Rinse the mask from your face and neck with clear, tepid water and pat thoroughly dry.

How refreshed—how vibrant your whole body will feel! Hours of fatigue seem to vanish in a few minutes.

You will find that the Linit Magic Beauty Mask leaves the face and neck with a petal-like smoothness, a velvety "film" that is an *excellent* powder base. This helps to *heighten* the allure of your make-up and keep it fresh-looking for hours longer.





*1st STEP
Mixing takes a minute.



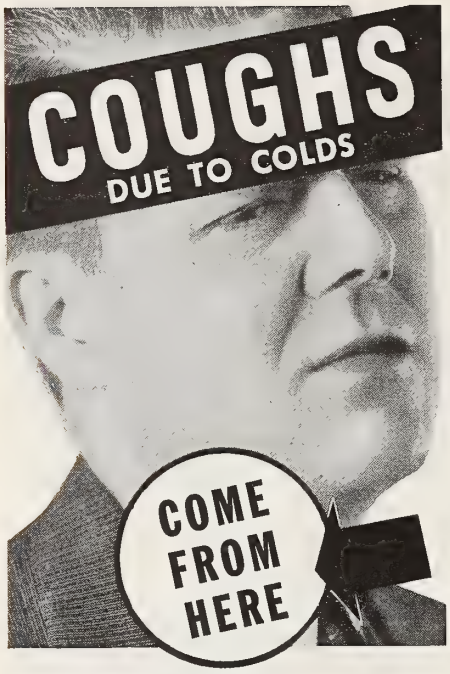
2nd STEP
Applying takes a minute.



3rd STEP
Resting for 20 minutes.

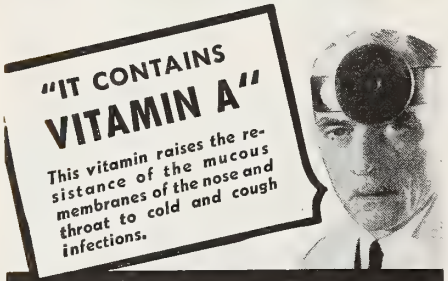


4th STEP
Rinsing off completely.



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Fifty million Frenchmen couldn't be wrong, which is why beauteous Annabella now makes pictures in America! You'll see her with Bill Powell in "The Baroness and the Butler."

too, the girls I've had dates with. They're the kind of girls I like, regular girls, with laughs up their sleeves, the kind of girls who like to go on the roller-coasters and eat hamburgers and act like human beings.

"I wouldn't go for any of these exotic types, kind of strange and sireny. One thing is sure, you meet as nice girls in pictures as you'd meet in any exclusive suburb, college, country club or deb party anywhere in the world. Girls like Olivia De Havilland and Anita Louise and Cecilia Parker and Priscilla, all of them. Where could you find sweller, nicer girls?" But when he said "Priscilla," his voice dropped an octave and his eyes found her and had that look in them that gave a flash of the Morris tenderness.

"Then you are evidently not susceptible," I said, "for if you were, you would certainly have fallen in love once or twice."

"I'm not susceptible at all.

"I haven't even thought I was in love, until—" he broke off, began again. "There has never been any talk of love between us, the girls I've gone out with and me. Most of us, like Priscilla and me, for instance, are just starting our careers and—"

"You're at least five good jumps ahead of me," called Priscilla, overhearing this last, as she was intended to.

"That's the way it should be, sweetheart," grinned Wayne (but he meant it, you could see).

"And," he went on, "I couldn't fall in love, not really in love, until I had known a girl for quite a long while, and very well. I don't think you can call it love until you know all about a girl, her likes and dislikes, her habits, the way her mind works as well as the way her eyes smile, her character.

"You see, when I marry I want it to be for all of my life. And you can't be as sure as all that unless you've had time and opportunity to be sure, can you?"

Priscilla laughed.

WELL, we've been going out together for over a month," said Wayne, "and working together every day on the set. I guess that's both time and opportunity, woman."

"I know it is," said Priscilla, and the seriousness in her voice, in her eyes, the way they looked at one another, gave the first sure suspicion that this "date" of Wayne's may be "for all my life."

Wayne is, he said, in his nice, frank smiling way, kind of old-fashioned where women are concerned. He doesn't, for instance, believe that girls belong on the golf links. Golf, he says, is a man's game. "When I slice a ball I make comments that I wouldn't want any girl I cared about to hear. I don't believe in taking a girl to the fights. For you know what happens at the fights. Some guy in back of you will yell, 'Kill the so-and-so,' and then, if you have a girl with you, she will say, or think, that you ought to knock the guy down for using such language where she can hear it and you feel like saying, 'Well, you haven't any business to be here at all,' and then there's trouble, one way or another. I don't think girls should sit in on poker games. That's all men's stuff and women should keep out of it, or be kept out of it."

"Then you sort of believe that woman's place is in the home, huh?"

"Yep," Wayne said, "I do. I wouldn't want my wife to work. I certainly wouldn't want to be married to a big star."

"Can you imagine," gurgled Priscilla joyfully, "Wayne being called 'Mister Greta Garbo' or something!"

"No one'll have a chance to imagine it," said Wayne, darkly. "I don't believe marriages like that work out. And if a man is married to a big star and their marriage is going on the rocks because of it, it's up to the woman to give up her career and save her marriage."

"Hear, hear!" said Priscilla.

"Of course," continued Wayne, imperturbably, "if two people, a girl and a boy, just beginning on the screen, their careers comparatively equal, should fall in love and get married, that might be all right. It would then be up to the man, as it is up to the man in any walk of life, to keep ahead of the girl, to be more successful, make more money than she does."

"And if the girl should be the one to get way ahead," I said, "and the marriage should be threatened because of it, it would be up to her to drop out of the ranks, is that it?"

"Yep," said Mister Morris, and his eyes were on Priscilla and was that his heart in his eyes or was it not?

I said, "Look here, I don't want to have to yell 'you hit me, you unspeakable brute' to you, Wayne, but if you two are going to do any Yuma-ing in the near future, I think I ought to know. I don't want to come out in print and say that Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris are just "another date," only to have the newspapers announce on the self-same day that Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane have middle-aisled it (credit Winchell).



June Lang was very much among those present at the preview of "Love And Hisses." She was escorted by A. C. Blumenthal, her most frequent companion these days, but Mr. B. preferred not to pose.

"Oh," said Wayne, "it's serious enough. Of course, she hasn't given me a ring yet, I'd like a nice opal."

"We're very serious," agreed Priscilla, flourishing the coke bottle in Wayne's general direction, "although he does get a lot of phone calls, even on the set, and always says they are from an assistant director he knows."

"I've got to get my feet more firmly on the ground than I have them now before I can even talk about marriage," said Wayne. "This being nearly 'a star overnight' is all very exciting and flattering but a star can fall quicker than it can rise, too. I've got to get more money in the bank, a house built."

"He's going to make his first trip to New York very soon, too," said Priscilla, with sweet thoughtfulness. "Of course, he could drop into Cartiers while he is there, if he has time," she added. "I don't believe in big weddings."

"It will, I mean, it would be an elopement," Wayne said, "although a Hollywood wedding minus a photographer or two among the flowers might not be legal."

And then they both stopped kidding because this, obviously, is no kidding matter. And they said that honestly, they don't know yet, they haven't really talked about it much and they haven't set any date. That was all they would say.

But just the same, girls, at any moment, now, you may hear that Wayne Morris has made his last, and permanent date.



Meet the gang! These are the kids you see in all of those hilarious "Our Gang" comedies, though they look subdued here!



Hollywood has a name for it: "Camera Skin," a flawless complexion like JUNE LANG'S

You, too, can win clear "Camera Skin" with this *germ-free* beauty cream which helps protect from blemishes

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June Lang and Dick Baldwin in the 20th Century-Fox picture "Shanghai Deadline". June says: "For the screen star, a blemish is a minor tragedy. Woodbury's Cold Cream keeps my skin smooth."

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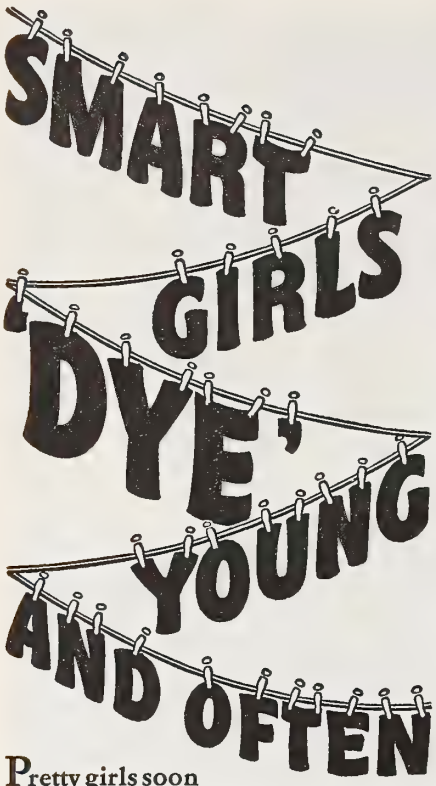
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Pretty girls soon learn which colors say, "You look heavenly today"—and away they go for Rit! Those rich, luscious shades are a joy to behold—and delightfully easy. Rit's new formula contains "neomerpin"—makes color *saturate* the fabric, quickly, beautifully, evenly. Really, YOU'LL "DYE" LAUGHING.



Never say "Dye"—say RIT!

UGLY ADOLESCENT PIMPLES?

Let millions of tiny, living plants help cleanse your blood of poisons

Stop suffering the curse of youth—a pimply skin. Get at the root of your trouble, unclean blood.

Between the ages of 13 and 25, you are at a time of life when important glands are developing. Your system is upset. Poisons pollute your blood stream and bubble out on your skin in ugly pimples. You need to cleanse and purify your blood.

Let Fleischmann's Yeast help by removing these impurities the natural way. Millions of tiny, active, *living* yeast plants will help keep poisons from the blood and help to heal your broken-out skin. Many people get amazing results in 30 days or less. Neglect may ruin your skin for life. So start eating Fleischmann's Yeast at once. Buy some tomorrow!

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PROFESSIONAL MARRIAGE

(*Continued from page 37*)

pucker our brows and bite our lips and wonder whether we will be able to keep marriage romantic and things like that.

"Johnny and I are not afraid of anything. We're not afraid of losing our careers; we're not afraid of losing love. We have all the confidence in the world that everything's going to be all right for us.

"We won't sacrifice our personal lives to our careers any more than we will sacrifice our personal lives to domesticity. When we are invited to a party we don't refuse to go because we are working and must save ourselves for our work. If we feel like going to the party, we go to the party, without going into a huddle as to the why of it all.

"Our housekeeping is very simple. We have a Filipino houseboy and a maid, and they do everything there is to be done around the house. Johnny plans the meals and orders them because he did it before he was married. I never did, because mother did it for me. I never know what I'm going to eat until I sit down and eat it. I'll admit that there are occasional drawbacks. The other day, Phyllis Fraser (Ginger Rogers' cousin, you know, and one of my very best friends) and Paula Stone and I were having lunch together at the Vendome. I ordered an enormous order of chicken a la king, and ate every bit of it. When I sat down to dinner at home that night I had chicken a la king, an enormous order and ate every bit of it. We're not fussy about small things.

"We run our lives independently, much as we always did. We do our jobs independently. Like today, I'm having an interview with you and Johnny is having a portrait sitting at Paramount. We talk things over, of course. We give each other good advice, we hope. We have our same crowd, Phyllis and Paula and the others. We see quite a lot of Mischa Auer and his wife and their little boy, who live in the same apartment house we do. We don't go in for formal entertaining in our crowd. We just get together and have last-minute impromptu supper parties and play the radio and dance and sometimes we all doll up and go to the Troc. We play tennis and swim and we're all sun-worshippers."

Anne waved to Ginger, sitting across the room. She made a face at Eric Blore who made a face back at her. She managed to drop a checkbook while exchanging greetings with Jack Oakie, who took off the tablecloth and waved it. She retrieved the checkbook, tapped it on her glass, laughed and said, "This is the only difference marriage has made in my life! I now keep a checkbook carefully. Before I was married I always wrote counter checks and never knew whether I had one dollar or one thousand in the account. I know now. I wouldn't make out a counter check to save myself from hunger."

"Do you do the family bookkeeping?"

"No," Anne explained. "You see, it's different with couples who are just domestic, I guess. Then, one or the other takes over the reins of government and attends to all such matters as checking accounts, bills and so on. It's different when both are earning. We divide things, in a way. Johnny pays all the household expenses, rent, servants, food, public utilities, cars. I only pay for my own clothes and what I do for Mother. The rest of my money I save. Which is the way it should be."

Anne, when not yet twenty, had built a substantial trust fund for her mother, had given her two houses. This little girl, born Dawn Evelyn Paris, who didn't have too auspicious a start in life, who was born in New York City, half orphaned when she was an infant in arms, added to the family income by posing for commercial artists when she was fourteen months. At three, did her first bit in a picture; at four played in a picture with Pola Negri. Then her talent beyond question, came to Hollywood and, with her mother, living with rigid economy, struggling constantly for work, conquering that oblivion which so often submerges the child star when she grows up, was able, while still in her teens, to do what many a substantial business man in his forties is only beginning to hope for.

There's stuff in this Shirley child, strong stuff.

SWANK AT OXFORD

(*Continued from page 10*)

of fine brown wool, as is the little coatee worn over her shoulders. An especially attractive masculine feature is seen in the brown checked "waistcoat," with the imitation pockets piped in brown, and brown wool-covered buttons. The neat-looking shirt, collar, tie and cuffs are of off-white pique.

THE schoolgirl's clothes seem to fall into two general classifications, those she wears to class and for sports, and her "date" dresses. For Maureen when she's out of college environs, Hubert created a smart outfit. The slender, fitted skirt with three-inch slits at the side is of mid-blue wool cloque, a very popular fabric this season. The close-fitting jacket is of the same material, faced and backed with panels of dark blue velvet, relieved by pocket trimming of mid-blue. The jacket zips up the front, and the small round collar, the tie, and slide fastener covering are of pale blue pique.

When you've seen all of the costumes Maureen wears in this picture, you'll decide that the life of the Oxford gal isn't so bad, and you'll understand why the Yank fell in love with this young lady.

However, if you're looking for inspiration, you don't have to go to Oxford, for you'll find plenty in other current pictures.

In "Hold 'Em Navy," Mary Carlisle wears sets of a leather calot, belt, gloves and bag, and her favorite is of dubonnet suede, which she wears with a light grey tweed skirt and top coat and a lovely pale blue angora sweater.

Speaking of sweaters, the uniform of the American campus, Lana Turner has no less than twenty-five in her personal wardrobe. One is of blue brushed wool, and buttons in back with seven wooden buttons, carved to simulate the heads of the dwarfs in "Snow White," Walt Disney's latest masterpiece. You're going to see the "Snow White" influence a great deal in fashions this spring, not only in trimmings, but in fabric patterns and even in hat styles!

Rosalind Russell's clothes will give you



Judging from their smiles, Bob Cummings and his pretty wife must have enjoyed their evening at "Wells Fargo."



Joel McCrea and Frances Dee (Mr. and Mrs. to you), attended the "Wells Fargo" preview with Director John Ford. Joel has his most important role to date in this picture, and Frances is the love interest.



In "Love and Hisses" we'll bet the hisses aren't directed at lovely Simone Simon, who demonstrates her ability as a songbird.

plenty of ideas, too. Study carefully her costumes in "Man-Proof." Roz is numbered among the ten best dressed as "the perfect sportswoman—an ideal example of clean-cut American womanhood. She excels everyone in the manner she wears tweeds."

A new angle in hat fashions is being introduced by Joan Blondell. In "The Perfect Specimen," most of her hats were made of the same material as her dresses. Inspired by this clever ensemble idea, Joan is now having all her hats made to match her dresses.

Franciska Gaal, who plays opposite Fredric March in "The Buccaneer," was so entranced by the pirate sashes that Freddie wore in the picture that she has had several of them made up in bright red silk jersey and wears them on plain black dresses. This is a wonderful idea for rejuvenating your basic black dress.

If the stars themselves garner many of their style ideas from pictures, then you certainly can, too.

Now this new Cream with

"SKIN-VITAMIN"

does more for your skin than ever before

The "skin-vitamin" is now in a beauty cream!

Four years ago doctors barely suspected that a certain vitamin was a special aid to the skin. They applied this vitamin to wounds and burns. And found it actually healed them quicker!

This is the amazing "skin-vitamin" which is now in Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Pond's Vanishing Cream was always great for smoothing your skin for powder, and overnight, too. Now the use of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream actually nourishes your skin!

The regular use of this cream will make your skin look richer, fresher, clearer.

Same jars, same labels, same price

This new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream is in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Remember, the vitamin it contains is not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. But the vitamin that especially aids skin health—the precious "skin-vitamin"!



Melts Roughness
Holds Powder



Miss Geraldine Spreckels

"NOW IT NOURISHES, TOO... *my skin looks richer..." says Miss Geraldine Spreckels*

"I have always praised Pond's Vanishing Cream. It smooths skin so wonderfully after exposure. Now it is grand to know that it is doing more for your skin all the time you have it on. It certainly keeps my skin in perfect condition . . ."

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM! Test it in 9 Treatments

Pond's, Dept. 9MS-VP, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

GOOD NEWS TRAVELS FAST!



Now millions praise
the new
SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED EX-LAX

TO MILLIONS of people, Ex-Lax was the *perfect* laxative. They thought it couldn't be improved. And now here's the big news!—double news! — important news! . . . The laxative they said couldn't be better *is* better! Better in these three important ways:

TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax now has a smoother, richer chocolate taste. You'll like it *even better* than before.

ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax is now even *more* effective. Empties the bowels more thoroughly, more smoothly, in less time than before.

MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

• • •

No matter what laxative you're using, you owe it to yourself to try the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax. At all druggists in 10c and 25c boxes.

NO TENDER GUMS OR DULL TEETH IN MY FAMILY! WE ALL USE FORHAN'S AND MASSAGE. FORHAN'S HAS A SPECIAL INGREDIENT FOR THE GUMS IN IT.



This family has regular dental service and they do their part at home by gum massage with Forhan's carefully twice each day.

Brushing teeth, massaging gums with Forhan's makes teeth gleam with new brilliance, helps make gums firm, healthy. For generous sample send 10¢ to Forhan's, Dept. 319, New Brunswick, N. J.

Forhan's DOES BOTH JOBS
CLEANS TEETH · AIDS GUMS

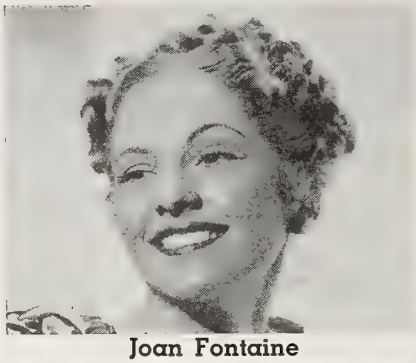
THESE NEWCOMERS HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE THE MOVIE



Andrea Leeds



John King



Joan Fontaine



Alan Baxter



Lucille Ball



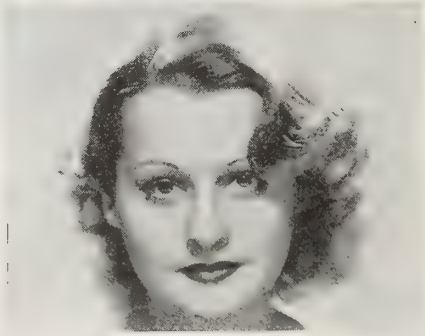
Johnnie Davis



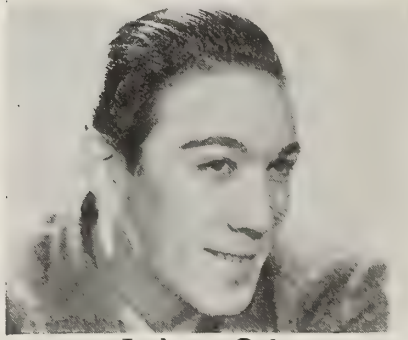
Margaret Tallichet



Thomas Beck



Lynne Carver



Anthony Quinn

GRADE, AND WE PREDICT THAT THEY'LL BE WELL ON THEIR WAY TO STARDOM THIS YEAR



Ilona Massey



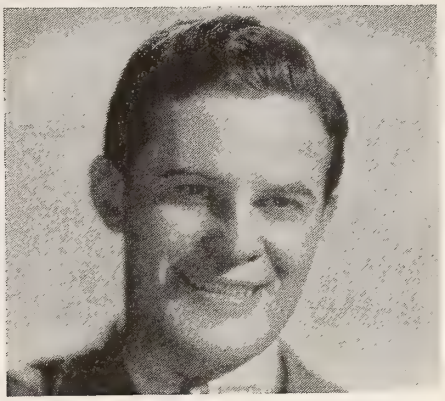
Kenneth Howell



Franciska Gaal



Jane Bryan



Dick Baldwin



Priscilla Lane

Luli Deste with John Boles in "SHE MARRIED AN ARTIST"—*a* COLUMBIA PICTURE.



"HANDS SHOULD BE GLAMOROUS"

says *Luli Deste*

(COLUMBIA PICTURES STAR)

"HANDS EXPRESS EMOTION and beauty," says Luli Deste, "and should receive the care necessary to keep them exquisite. This rule applies as much to home life as to professional life." Girls—*prevent* ugly chapping, keep hands lovely with Jergens Lotion!



Chapped, Rough Hands soon Soft and Smooth when Lotion goes INTO THE SKIN

YOUR HANDS get rough and chapped when water, wind and cold rob the skin of moisture.

But Jergens Lotion easily replaces the lost moisture because it *goes into the skin.* Of all lotions tested, Jergens goes in the most completely. Leaves no stickiness. Quickly soothes chapping. In no time, Jergens makes coarse red hands attractively soft, white and young-looking.

Two fine ingredients in Jergens are the same as many doctors use to soften and whiten. For exquisite hands—use Jergens. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, $1.00—at all beauty counters.



JERGENS LOTION

FREE: PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE OF JERGENS

See for yourself—entirely free—how effectively this fragrant Jergens Lotion *goes in*—softens and whitens chapped, rough hands.

The Andrew Jergens Co. 1639 Alfred Street Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada, Perth, Ontario

*Name*_____
(PLEASE PRINT)

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



Among others who turned out for the big opening racing meet were Walter Connolly and Jack Holt, who are talking over the best bets of the day. It's serious business!



George Brent believes in reading up on all the dope, but we'll bet he didn't remember much of it when the excitement began. "He Did" was the favorite to win, and he did!

AT SANTA ANITA



No racing meet would be complete without Al Jolson and his Ruby Keeler. They're usually the first to arrive and the last to leave. Al's a good loser, too.



Spence Tracy just can't make up his mind. Everybody he knows has given him a different tip and to hear them tell it, he can't lose. Oh, yeah?



As this was snapped, Connie Bennett was a lot more interested in her hot dog than in what horse was running when.



Ronald Reagan and Lana Turner got right into the spirit of things by wearing their riding clothes. No fancy duds for them when it's racing day. All they're interested in is the winnah—but then, who isn't?



Free Booklet
EXPLAINS WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT FEMININE HYGIENE



A SIMPLE EASY WAY
Proved by More Than 47 Years Use

"FEMININE HYGIENE"—how much depends upon these two words! Yet how little is known about them!

That is why we ask you to consult your doctor. Or, send today for a free copy of "*The Answer*" which frankly discusses this vital subject. It also explains the simplified Boro-Pheno-Form method of feminine hygiene which more and more modern wives are adopting.

For over 47 years Boro-Pheno-Form has proved to thousands of satisfied users that it is:

1 **Simple**—*One dainty suppository has the same special function of solutions.*
2 **Convenient**—*Complete in itself. No mixing, measuring or awkward accessories are required. Odorless, too.*
3 **Safe**—*Utterly harmless to delicate tissues. No danger of overdose or underdose. Soothing.*

Your druggist carries Boro-Pheno-Form complete with directions.



Dr. Pierre's
BORO-PHENO-FORM

DR. PIERRE CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 14-C
162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me a free copy of "The Answer."

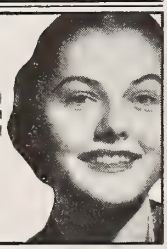
*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*Town*_____ *State*_____

IMPORTED SIMULATED DIAMOND RING 15¢



To introduce HOLLYWOOD'S Newest ORIZABA Diamond reproductions. Dazzling, Brilliant, Full of Blazing Fire (worn by Movie Stars) we will send ½ Kt. simulated Brazilian DIAMOND MOUNTED IN SOLID GOLD effect ring as illustrated (looks like $150. gem) for 15c sent postpaid. Money back if not delighted. AGENTS WANTED.
FIELD'S DIAMOND CO.—Dept. MS-510 S. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif. (2 for 25c.)

Try a VEGETABLE LAXATIVE
What a Difference!



IF you think all laxatives act alike . . . just try the ALL-VEGETABLE laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) . . . so mild, thorough, refreshing and invigorating.

Dependable relief for sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation.

Without Risk get a 25c box of NRs from any druggist. Use for one week; if you are not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Try it — NR Tonight — Tomorrow Alright.

Nature's Remedy
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
NR-TABLETS-NR

MOVIE-STAR BEAUTY FOR YOU

(*Continued from page 41*)

and for this reason I'm in favor of 'em.

Daily brushing, a hundred strokes, upward and out, will assure you a pliable, healthy textured hair, an important requisite or the coiffure won't stay put. That means oil before every shampoo, massage every other day or so, for ten minutes, and that's another reason I'm in favor of 'em. And then, too, I think a change is nice every once in a while, a change for you, a different gal for your beau or husband to look at.

But—a very large-sized but—these new hair-dos are hard where hats are concerned. You'll have to pick hats very carefully. With no softening effect at the back of the neck or alongside the ears, you can't wear a beret or a comfortable pull-on. You can wear toques, high hats, big hats, all the goofy little confections that emphasize the forward movement or the upward movement.

Such hats must be carefully selected, they can't be too cheap, they must be put on with a great deal of care and worn with considerable chic and dash. If, I say if, you can manage all these factors, I'm in favor of the upward movement in hairdressing for you. And there are more "ifs."

If your face is average in shape and size, okay. If it's thin, go in for a slight bang, which will widen the face a little, and don't pile the hair too, too high. If your face is heavy in bone structure, if you have a large jaw and wide mouth, say, you must pass up the high-piled locks and stick to the softening effect of waves over the ears and a medium-length bob or medium-placed knob. If your face is plump, but not heavy in bone structure, experiment, and be careful.

I told you my feelings were divided on the subject. Generally speaking, I'm all for the upward trend, but women are so apt to fall for anything new and never give a thought as to suitability, I felt duty-bound to express all these cautions.

Tsk, how that Marshall woman does digress! I'm supposed to be a-telling you how you can have a spot of movie star beauty for your very own, and I must get on, I must. How about your eyes, now? I've got more to say this month about eyes than the good old one-two-three about eye make-up.



Mickey Rooney and Betty Jaynes, two of Hollywood's younger stars, at a premiere.

I'VE picked Marjorie Weaver to illustrate one very important point—eye exercise. Marjorie, as you know if you saw her hit-making appearance in "Second Honeymoon," has the prettiest pair of peepers we've seen in many a day. However, when she first began working under the wicked studio lights, she couldn't help blinking and squinting, her eyes watered miserably, and she was inclined to stare. The studio dramatic coach made her do a simple exercise, every day for ten minutes: look to the left, look up, look to the right, look down. Do it quickly, but make each direction in which your eyes glance absolutely definite.

You don't have to suffer the glare of the Kliegs, but you do many things which are almost as hard on the eyes: long hours of reading, fine sewing, copying ill-written material on the typewriter, perhaps, driving a car (and is night driving hard on the eyes!), such things, if done under unfavorable conditions, cause eyes to lose their natural sparkle, get bloodshot, and also bring that vertical line on the forehead which makes you look old before your time.

The exercise I've borrowed from Marjorie's coach is good. Covering the eyes with a piece of black velvet and lying down for a few minutes is good. Eye baths of weak boric acid solution are good. Covering the eyes with pads of cotton soaked in ice cold witch hazel is just as good as "expensible" herbal eye-packs you see advertised, though the eye-packs *do* smell nicer. It's a sad thing, by the way, that the most beautiful eyes often have the poorest sight.

I don't know whether optical science could back this up with any statistics, but I've often known girls with lovely soft brown eyes and big blue orbs, not to be able to read the fine print, while unglamorous green and nondescript hazel eyes kept eagle-like seeing ability until old age. What am I leading up to now, you ask? Eyeglasses, my darlings. If you have the least suspicion that your sight isn't of the best, get some glasses for resting, reading, going to the movies or whatever the doctor orders. Don't read on a moving vehicle. That's tough on you commuters, who catch up with your literature on the 8:15, but it's not as tough as having continual headaches later on. Have at least one good 75 or 100 watt bulb in the house for reading and sewing at night, and have the light coming over your left shoulder.

So much for sensible beauty hints, now for sumpin' more frivolous. If your eyes are naturally lovely, you don't need any help, but if they're just so-so, or on the uninteresting side, practice patience and ingenuity can give them some touch of movie star allure.

Sit down before a brightly lighted mirror some evening-at-home, and experiment. Have a jar of oily cream, like a good tissue cream, or a tube of vaseline. A soft eye-pencil, the one made by the famous gent who makes most of the beauty-aids used by the movie stars is best. Brown is the best shade. Have several shades of mascara and eye shadow, purchase the small sizes in the five and dime store.



It still goes on, the perennial romance between George Raft and Virginia Pine. A handsome couple they make, too!

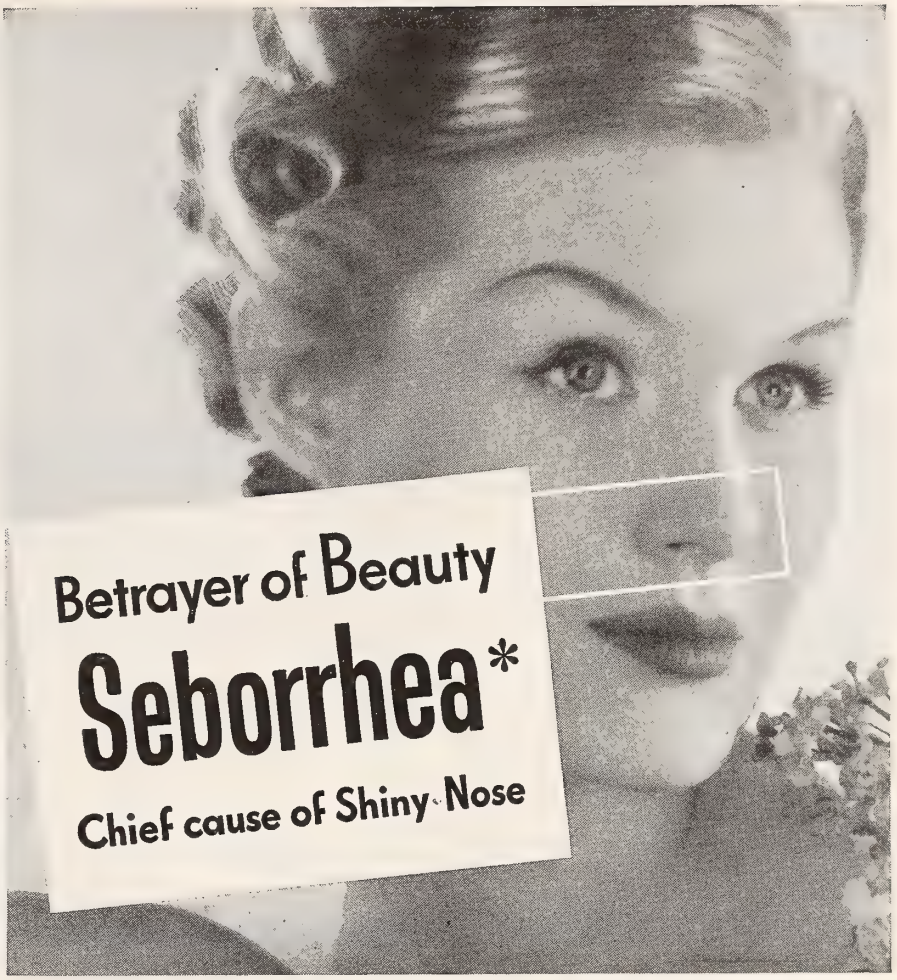
Make up the rest of your pan as you usually do.

Now, begin drawing lines around your eyes. Have you deep eyelids—that is, is there a lot of space between lash and eyebrow to work on? Try the "Garbo lining," drawing a thin line deep into the lid, where it goes back into the eye socket. Yuh can only do this if your lids are very deep. Are your eyes small? Try some eyeshadow on the outer half of the lid and blend it on way out toward the temple. Help this effect by lengthening your brows with pencil. Have you that type of lash which doesn't seem to take mascara at all, rather thick and rather short and straight? Try this: apply cream or vaseline, then powder right over it, then put on the mascara. I ain't in favor of false eyelashes offscreen, but you can even try those if you want to. Remember that everything put on the eyelids must be blended, the lines blurred a bit, not to look freakish.

Well, now, we've touched on hair and eyes and I want to say a word about skin. Something new has bobbed up under the good old sun: a facial mask that can be purchased without mortgaging the old homestead to do so. In fact, you make disyere mask yourself, with a few tablespoons of a well known household and bath preparation, a little cold cream, and a little Grade A, or even Grade B, if you're trying to cut down the milk bill. The package carries instructions for mask-making for normal or oily skins, for a dry or sallow skin, and a very quick mask that is refreshing for any type of skin. It's simple, costs but a few cents, and does wonders toward reconditioning a tired or over-oily skin. Ze coupon at ze end of ze article includes a request for the name of this preparation.

Ze coupon also includes a request for M.M.'s present of the month. A remedy for that universal blot upon feminine skin-beauty—blackheads. Consistent application will remove them and, what's more, reduce large pores amazingly. Only a little of this cream need be used at one time. Try my sample offer, and then see if you don't want to keep up the good work.

THERE'S one beauty point I've never touched upon in these articles, I believe, and that's teeth. Of course, I feel that teeth are a dentist's job, not mine, but I'd like to say a few words here, on accounta I see so many pretty faces marred by terrible toofies. Good teeth are a feature every movie star *must* have. Jeanette MacDonald, now, have you ever thought how much her perfect teeth add to her charming appearance in singing close-ups?



* *Oiliness results in unflattering shine. Dermatologists identify excessive oiliness as Seborrhea. Germs aggravate this condition. Woodbury's Powder retards germ-growth, helps subdue nose shine.*

BEAUTY editors have written reams about Shiny Nose. Every girl who owns a mirror has pleaded for longer-clinging face powder. Yet what's been done to conquer Shiny Nose? Something startling! Woodbury's Facial Powder is now *germ-free* and helps overcome nose shine as it glorifies your skin!

Shiny Nose May Be Aggravated by Surface Germs

Dermatologists say the oiliness that makes your nose shine is often due to *Seborrhea.* Germs aggravate this condition. Your innocent-looking powder puff may be spreading harmful germ-life to your skin.

Now you realize the beauty need for germ-free powder that will convey no germs to puff or skin. Tested with 19 other leading brands, Woodbury's, alone, proved germ-free both *before* use and *after* contact with a germ-laden puff.

Give your complexion a seductive bloom with Woodbury's Powder, a surface loveliness that brings no aftermath of oily shine. The seven glorious shades are as natural as life and as young as you'd like to appear! Windsor Rose, for instance, a blend of creamy-pink and ivory-peach, is becoming to almost every skin.

This flattering powder comes in the smart blue box at $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢. Complete your make-up with Woodbury's Germ-proof Lipstick and Rouge.



Send for 7 Thrilling Youth-Blend Shades

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9187 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

Please send me 7 shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder; trial tubes of two Woodbury's Beauty Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap. I enclose 10c to cover mailing costs.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

DOWN WITH DIRT AND GERMS! WITHOUT NASTY SCRUBBING



• SANI-FLUSH is made to do a job you hate. It cleans toilets scientifically—without scrubbing. You don't even have to touch the bowl with your hands. Just pour in a little of this odorless powder. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet and the job is done.

Stains vanish. Odors go. Germs are killed. The hidden trap that no other method can reach is clean. SANI-FLUSH cannot injure plumbing connections. It is also effective for cleaning auto radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, O.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

CATARRH or SINUS
Irritation Due to Nasal Congestion
CHART FREE!
Hall's Catarrh Medicine relieves phlegm-filled throat, stuffed up nose, catarrhal bad breath, hawking, and Sinus headaches caused by nasal congestion. Relief or Your Money Back. At all Druggist's. Send Post Card for Free Treatment Chart. 65 years in business.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Dept. 33, TOLEDO, O.

TAKE A TIP FROM A MILLION WOMEN



USE CAMILLE RUN-R-STOP to save your stockings and prevent embarrassment. A drop of Run-R-Stop Cream stops a run or snag *permanently* before it has a chance to ruin your stocking. HANDSOME RED and BLACK VANITY protects tube in purse. Only 10¢. Ask for it at chain, department and shoe stores.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
as advertised therein

RUN-R-STOP
CAMILLE INC.—49 East 21st Street, N.Y.C.



Sonja Henie goes into a tricky routine for one of her skating numbers in "Happy Landing."



This is a cinch, she'll tell you. It's all in knowing how to stay on your feet.

They're absolutely perfect, cared for since childhood, with twice-a-year trips to the dentist, vigorous scrubbing after every meal and all that.

Your teeth needn't possess movie star regularity to pass everyday tests, but they must gleam with cleanliness and be decently spaced and set. If you smoke quite a bit, watch out for the tartar that forms on the backs of your teeth, and double the professional cleanings every year, for you can't get this tartar off yourself. Use dental floss once a day. At the least suspicion of a twinge, barge off to the D.D.S. I recently had the tiniest bit sawed off'n my two upper middle teeth. That fraction-too-much had kept me from having a good "bite" all my life and having it removed really did improve the shape of my mouth.

Pain and inconvenience? None whatsoever. Cost? Five bucks. Nowadays, too, wonderful things can be done about straightening very irregular teeth, no matter what the age of the patient. It's not cheap, but if your teeth really mar your appearance and you can squeeze out the money, it's well worth it.

Good lands, I've only space left to touch upon two other phases of movie star beauty this month. One is hands, and the other is legs-plus-feet. Hands first.

Remember such fundamental things as using a lotion every time you wash your hands, wearing warm gloves that are plenty big in cold weather (you should see the New York debs sporting angora mitts to all the swanky affairs) and buttering your paws with cold cream and wearing white cotton gloves to bed if you must do hard, dirty work with your hands. Put cuticle oil or vaseline on your nails at night.

And here are some hand tricks from Miss Carole Lombard herself, whose beautiful mits you see on page 40. She says that a coating of colorless polish, applied over the colored polish, will keep the varnish from cracking for a heck of a long time. She says that thick fingers will slim down miraculously if you massage the fingers from the tips to the palm—as if you were putting on a pair of new gloves. She says if you want to be "utterly-ut" some night at a party, rouge the palms of your hands and your fingertips, just the very least bit. And she says furthermore that a famous director told her never, never to make a gesture with her hands unless it expressed something definite. And that goes for everyone except Zasu Pitts.

DANIELLE DARRIEUX, the eye-filling little miss from Bordeaux, Fr-a-a-ance, who is soon to make her American debut in "The Rage of Paris," has the best looking underpinning that has hit these shores since Marlene Dietrich came over from Germany to sulk so glamorously on our local screens.

"Well, my legs would never stop traffic," says you, "so what?" So this: you can slim fat ankles by this exercise: sit on the floor, brace yourself with your hands, your legs sticking straight out. Bend and stretch your feet, trying to make your toes touch the floor. You can slim fat calves somewhat by stretching the living daylights out of them. Get some husky friend to pull your legs while you hang on to the bedpost or something. You can build up skinny legs, first, by building up all over if you're thin, and second, by bicycling or doing the bicycle exercise.

More leg-work: wear stockings that fit, fit not only your feet but your legs, too. Several excellent manufacturers specialize in short, medium, and tall hosiery lengths. If you're not particularly proud of your legs, wear dark-neutral shades, not too, too sheer. Not black, nothing is more revealing. Don't kid yourself that tricky heels, single and double V's and stuff, make your ankles look slimmer. Just the contrary is true. A black suede, high-heeled pump is the most flattering shoe in existence. If your feet are large, when you must wear lighter colored shoes, get those with a dark or contrasting tip, strap and heel, or some such arrangement. And, to close on a more cheerful note, if your legs and feet are pretty, glamorize 'em and dramatize 'em all you can. The sheerest hose, skirts the new short length fashion dictates. The silliest little slippers for dress-up affairs.



To do this, all you need is a pair of ice skates, if your name's Sonja Henie!



Now something on this order looks simple enough, but appearances are often deceiving.



Finale. Sonja looks just like a little girl about to make her curtsey, doesn't she?

The shops are even showing sheer black hose decorated with spangles for evening wear. This year, anything goes in the way of splendor and luxury. If you've got the money, *and* the pretty legs, Madame Marshall says play them up for all they're worth.

Mary Marshall, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please send me: ☐ Sample of blackhead remedy
☐ Name of facial mask. Enclosed find 3c stamp.

Name .....

Address .....



Don't Hesitate About
Feminine Hygiene



Use a **modern** *method*

Why add to the problems of life by worrying about old-fashioned or embarrassing methods of feminine hygiene? If you doubt the effectiveness of your method, or if you consider it messy, *greasy,* and hateful, here is news that you will welcome.

Thousands of happy, enlightened women now enjoy a method that is modern, effective—kills germs—and, equally important—*dainty!*

ZONITORS ARE GREASELESS

Zonitors offer a new kind of suppository that is small, snow-white and GREASELESS! While easy to apply and *completely* removable with water, Zonitors maintain long, effective antiseptic contact. No mixing. No clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and an ideal deodorant.

Zonitors make use of the world-famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored because of its antiseptic power and freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. $1 for box of 12—at all U. S. and Canadian druggists. Free booklet in plain envelope on request. Write Zonitors, 3309 Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C.

SNOW WHITE
Each in individual glass vial.





WOMEN WHO CAN SEW!

Write me today for amazing opportunity to earn extra money without canvassing.
Harford, Dept. C-87, Cincinnati, O.

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and CALLOUSES
Quickly removed with
MOSCO

The stainless, easy-to-use corn salve . . . you "just rub it on." No knife, plasters, cloths or soaking necessary. Results guaranteed or money back. 30c, 50c jars. At druggists. Get a jar today.

FREE SAMPLE!
Print name and address on coupon below. Paste on postal or mail in envelope. The Moss Co., Rochester, N. Y.

The Moss Co., Rochester, N. Y.
Send free sample to:
Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....M3-8

REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 61*)

★★★ Hollywood Hotel

From now on, when you say Stupendous, Colossal and Gigantic you'll be speaking of "Hollywood Hotel." It's that kind of a picture. Loud and funny, big and dazzling, it offers a wide variety of entertainment for all types of movie-goers. It's the type of musical some people dream about, for the cast includes such vocal and instrumental favorites as Dick Powell, Rosemary Lane, Frances Langford, Jerry Cooper, Johnny Davis and the bands of Benny Goodman and Raymond Paige.

Story concerns a saxophone player who arrives in Hollywood to make good in pictures. From there the plot takes in everything from drive-in stands to the Hollywood Bowl. Musical numbers are plentiful, the best being "I'm Like a Fish Out of Water," "Let that Be A Lesson to You" and "Silhouetted in the Moonlight," sung by Dick Powell and Rosemary Lane. In the acting department, there is a gorgeous caricature of a temperamental glamor girl, played for swell comedy by Lola Lane, a grand portrayal of a hammy leading man by Alan Mowbray, and first-rate performances by stand-bys Glenda Farrell, Hugh Herbert, Allan Joslyn, Edgar Kennedy and most of the supporting cast. In addition, there is the presence of Louella Parsons and company to bring joy to the hearts of the radio fans.

"Hollywood Hotel" is spectacular, a bit ornate at times, but a really entertaining musical film. Directed by Busby Berkeley. —*Warner Bros.*

★★★ I'll Take Romance

You can add "I'll Take Romance" to the current crop of whimsical farce, and you can put it up toward the top of the list—if you happen to be a list-maker. Followers of Grace Moore will be happy to know that their favorite comes through handsomely, and most other picture-goers will find the proceedings highly enjoyable.

No struggling singer hoping for recognition this time, Miss Moore starts off as an established star of the Metropolitan Opera. Plot—if you can call it that—is entirely concerned with her decision as to whether she'll go to Paris or to Buenos Aires for concert engagements. She is about to leave for Paris when Melvyn Douglas arrives from South America to persuade her to change her mind.

Miss Moore sings everything from "Madame Butterfly" to "She'll be Comin' 'Round the Mountain," and handles her light comedy role with considerable deftness. Melvyn Douglas is perfectly cast as the romantic gentleman from South America, and there are splendid supporting roles by Helen Westley and Stuart Erwin. Directed by E. H. Griffith.—*Columbia.*

★★★ Every Day's a Holiday

It's Mae West to whom "Every Day's a Holiday"—and she makes the most of every moment. The result is one of the best West pictures to date. Though her wisecracks aren't as flagrantly wise as before, Mae gets in plenty of good remarks, in the same manner as of old, which have the audience chuckling from the first minute she undulates into view.

The story has Mae in the role of a light-fingered lady by the name of "Peaches," who has warrants out for her arrest in every corner of the globe. But Peaches manages to get around very nicely, picking up an ermine wrap and a diamond bracelet here and there—even picking off the cops' badges as they tell her of the error of her ways. Edmund Lowe is the copper who is most intent on her trail and though he earnestly wishes to land her in jail, it all ends up with the arm of the law around Mae's gay nineties' waistline. Another man in her life is Lloyd Nolan, a crooked politician who means nobody no good—including our heroine. Now Mae has no time for him, and after she's gone to work, the good citizens of New York have no time for him, either. Honest Edmund gets the mayorship after a gala election-night parade with Louis Armstrong leading the band and Mae playing the trap-drums.

Besides the excellent work of the principals, there are good performances by Charles Winninger, Walter Catlett, Charlie Butterworth and Chester Conklin. Directed by Eddie Sutherland.—*Paramount.*

★★ Hitting a New High

Lily Pons is perhaps the only Metropolitan Opera star in existence who looks good in a feather. In "Hitting a New High," Miss Pons wears several feathers, and nothing more, throughout most of the picture. Her feathers and her voice furnish



Among other luminaries in "Hollywood Hotel" are Dick Powell and Frances Langford.



"Every Day's A Holiday" and why not, with Mae West and Edmund Lowe in the cast!



"Man-Proof" is Myrna Loy's next, with Walter Pidgeon trying to disprove it.

most of this film's better moments, although Jack Oakie must be credited with a good share of its successful comedy.

The rotund Mr. Oakie, as a breathless press agent for a slightly goofy impresario (Edward Everett Horton), discovers Miss Pons singing in a night club. Horton won't give her an audition because he wants to get away to Africa on a game hunt. So Oakie ships the gal to the jungles, where she becomes a "bird girl," and Horton, amazed at her voice, "discovers" her. The story goes on from there, but you can figure it out when you see it.

Miss Pons sings the Mad Scene from "Lucia," as well as several popular numbers, best of which are "Let's Give Love Another Chance" and the title song. Edward Everett Horton does what he can with a highly implausible role, and Eric Blore tries rather unsuccessfully to make the role of a clarinet player funny. In brief, the picture belongs to Miss Pons and J. Oakie. Directed by Raoul Walsh. —*RKO-Radio.*

★★ Man-Proof

Myrna Loy in the role of "the other woman" is novelty enough to make this fairly interesting entertainment. Main fault is that the picture is too talky—a few jolts of action would have made it a first-rate comedy drama.

Miss Loy and Rosalind Russell are both romantically interested in Walter Pidgeon, a fortune hunting young man who looks up their financial ratings and marries Miss Russell. Myrna takes it courageously, and even acts as bridesmaid at the wedding. After the ceremony she starts a determined campaign to win the guy back, in spite of the pleadings of a newspaper artist friend (Franchot Tone), who insists that Mr. Pidgeon is something of a rat.

Of course, everyone knows that Myrna will wind up as the bride of Franchot Tone, but the picture has its bright moments. All four principals deliver spirited performances, and in addition there is a fine portrayal by Nana Bryant, as Miss Loy's mother. Directed by Richard Thorpe. —*M-G-M.*

★★ You're Only Young Once

The story deals with a family of four and their vacation trip to Catalina Island. Mickey Rooney and Cecilia Parker, as the children, have reached the "getting ideas" age, and it's up to their kindly father to keep them on the right track without losing their friendship. His task is no cinch, for Mickey has taken up with a

HERE'S ONE JOB THAT DIDN'T LEAD TO LOVE...



No girl who offends with underarm odor succeeds in her job—or with men...

A new job—new friends—new chances for romance! How Ann did want her new boss to like her! Bachelors as nice as Bill S—— were very hard to find!

Ann was pretty—Ann was smart! "Someone I'd be proud of," Bill thought. So he asked Ann out to his club.

The night was glamorous and the music was good—but Bill's interest died with the very first dance. Ann had thought a *bath alone* could keep her sweet—and one hint of underarm odor was enough for Bill. Others in the office noticed, too. Ann lost the job she wanted —the job that *might* have led to love.

It's foolish for a girl in business—a girl in love—ever to risk offending! It's so easy to stay fresh with Mum! Remember, a bath only takes care of odor that's *past* —but Mum prevents odor *to come!*

MUM IS QUICK! In just half a minute, Mum gives you *all-day-long* protection.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum can't harm any kind of fabric. And Mum won't irritate your skin, even after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration, but it does stop *every trace of odor.* Remember, no girl who offends with underarm odor can ever win out with men. Always use Mum!

NO BATH PROTECTS YOU LIKE A BATH PLUS MUM



For Sanitary Napkins— *No worries or embarrassment when you use Mum this way. Thousands do, because it's SAFE and SURE.*

MUM

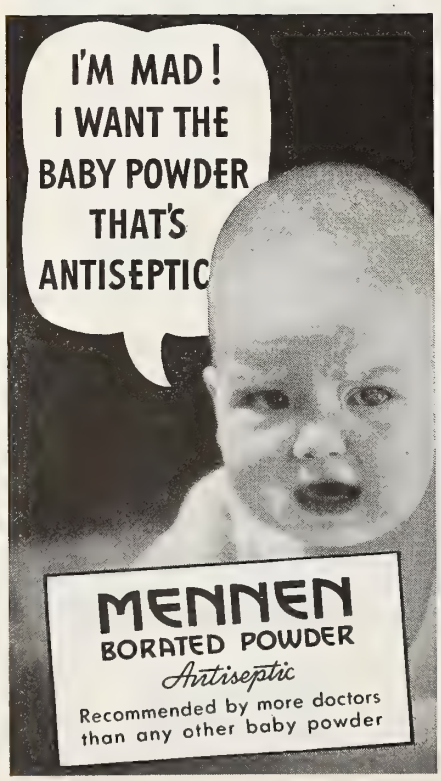
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Complete every shampoo with your own shade of Nestle Colorinse. It rinses away shampoo film; glorifies the natural color of the hair while blending in grey or faded streaks. Colorinse makes your hair soft, lustrous and easy to wave.

Colorinse is quick, easy and simple to use. Pure and harmless; not a dye or bleach. It costs so little, too — only a few pennies for each Colorinse. Two rinses for 10c in 10-cent stores; 25c for five rinses at drug and department stores.

Nestle COLORINSE





"I'll Take Romance," says Grace Moore and Melvyn Douglas doesn't mind.



Jack Oakie and Lily Pons get together for "Hitting A New High."

thrill-seeking young lady of sixteen—who is determined to have "done everything" by the time she's eighteen—and Cecilia has fallen for a handsome life guard who means her no particular good.

Mickey Rooney steals the picture with an hilarious portrait of a young man about to experience Life. The young lady in his case is admirably portrayed by a promising newcomer, Eleanor Lynn. Cecilia Parker is appealing as the daughter, and Ted Pearson does well in the role of the life guard. Lewis Stone, as the father, brings sympathy and understanding to the part, and Fay Holden does a similar job in the role of the mother. Directed by George B. Seitz.—*M-G-M.*

★★ Checkers

When it comes to having a good time for herself, Jane Withers can't be beat. And though some of her audience may admit it grudgingly, it's a pretty good bet that they enjoy Jane's good times, too. The laughter and handclapping of her preview audiences is proof enough, to say nothing of that latest consensus which placed the Withers gal right up there with the glamor girls for box-office draw.

As for "Checkers" it's easily one of Jane's best pictures—not only because it gives her plenty of chance to air all her tricks, but because there's a grand cast to bolster up the plot. Stuart Erwin has a made-to-measure role as the horse fancier whose favorite trainer is little Janie. Stu can drive as hard a bargain as anyone when it comes to the race-track—but he's such a softie when anyone is in trouble that he and his trainer very nearly end up in the poorhouse. Una Merkel regards Stu as the most romantic and exasperating man she's ever known in her life, and though love finally blooms, it takes an awful beating. There's Minor Watson, a dentist and veterinary, who is after Miss Merkel's hand and farm, to add complications, and then there's trouble between June Carlson and Marvin Stephens, which has to be ironed out before everybody's happy. There's the grand finale with Jane tearing down the track to become "the "winnah!" Directed by Bruce Humberstone.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ Beg, Borrow or Steal

The title of this picture represents the philosophy of Frank Morgan, the gentleman around whom the story is built. As casual as he's charming, Mr. Morgan drifts through his life in France, turning a dishonest dollar often enough to get along. His most lucrative racket is selling old masterpieces (about two weeks old) to Americans with too much money. It takes his beauteous daughter, Florence Rice, to turn him from a hypocrite and a thief into an upstanding citizen, and it all comes about through some pretty hilarious situations. In order to marry his daughter off in style, Morgan poses as the lord of a chateau which he has rented for the occasion and moves his "gang" in as scenery. Florence intends to marry the stuffy Tom Rutherford, but once her blue eyes have lighted on the caretaker of the chateau, John Beal, everything is different. Directed by William Thiele.—*M-G-M.*



Mickey Rooney and Eleanor Lynn do all right in "You're Only Young Once."



Jane Withers and Stu Erwin contribute many laughs in "Checkers."



Kent Taylor tries to impress Wendy Barrie in "A Prescription for Romance."

★★ Lady Behave!

Maybe we're too easily pleased—or maybe it's just force of habit. Anyhow, we think Sally Eilers is a swell little actress and can make a "B" picture good entertainment any day. "Lady Behave!" gives her sincerity and friendly charm a good chance, for she's cast as the older sister of a scatter-brained babe who marries an extra husband after too many champagnes. Rather than see her sister thrown into jail for bigamy, Sally poses as the wife of husband No. 2 (Neil Hamilton)—who is very pleased about the whole situation when he sobers up. However, his children, Marcia Mae Jones and George Ernst, are not.

Things get pretty involved between one thing and another, before Marcia Mae, George, Neil and Sally settle down to anything that remotely resembles home, sweet home.—*Republic.*

★ Prescription for Romance

The prescription, in this case, is handed out by the lovely Wendy Barrie, who is authorized to do such things—being a doctor in an Hungarian clinic. However, this isn't a tale of pretty nurses and handsome internes. It's the story of one of the most ruthless criminals ever to flee the United States with a million dollars of stolen currency in his overnight bag.

Henry Hunter is the gentleman in question, and having left one blonde (Dorothea Kent) at the New York pier, he heads right for his other blonde in Budapest. Wendy would just as soon never lay eyes



Florence Rice, Cora Witherspoon and Frank Morgan in "Beg, Borrow or Steal."

READING TIME LESS THAN 2 MINUTES • AND WELL WORTH EVERY WOMAN'S TIME

Know the TRUTH about sanitary napkins!

Is there a way for you to secure greater Comfort and Security?

Suppose your needs differ on different days . . . what can you do?

What kind of deodorant should you use for Positive Protection?

•

Every woman owes it to herself to read the frank answers to these intimate questions!

ASK yourself what kind of a sanitary napkin you want and we believe you'll say one that can't chafe, can't fail, can't show. So, naturally, this was our goal. With the introduction of Wondersoft Kotex*, we were confident we had achieved it!

But to be honest, even though Wondersoft Kotex did create new standards of comfort and safety for *most* women, it did not completely satisfy every woman! Fortunately, we found out why . . . *We discovered that one-size napkin will not do for every woman, any more than one-size hat, dress or pair of shoes. And for many women, one-size napkin will not do for every day, for a woman's personal needs may differ on different days.*

To meet this problem, we developed 3 types of Kotex . . . for different women, different days. Only Kotex has "All 3"... Regular Kotex, Junior Kotex, Super Kotex.

We sincerely believe that these 3 types of Kotex answer your demands for sanitary protection that meets your exact needs, each day. We urge you to try "All 3" next time, and see how they can bring you the greater comfort and security you seek.

Try all 3 types of Kotex, then judge for yourself. The proof is in the wearing! Perhaps you will decide you want one type for today, another for tomorrow — or maybe all 3 types for different times. It is our honest opinion that only by trying "All 3" can you see *how perfect* modern sanitary protection can be.



Quest is the new *positive* deodorant powder developed especially for use with sanitary napkins. It is soothing, completely effective! Only 35c for the large size.

KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS

(*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

Skin Reveals Thrilling Beauty

when cleansed this utterly different way



REMARKABLE, silky-fine oatmeal powder, called LAVENA, *cleanses, softens* and *soothes* the skin—all at the same time! Helps remove unsightly blackheads and excess oils. Takes off dirt and make-up completely, leaving the skin gloriously refreshed, smoothing it to velvety softness. Non-alkaline, Lavena does not dry the skin!

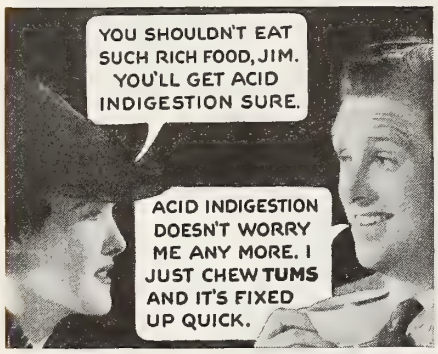
Prevent Winter Roughness

Lavena protects skin against dryness, chapping and roughness due to cold winter winds by its neutral cleansing, gentle softening and soothing properties. Use daily and keep skin clean, fresh and smooth all year 'round. No soap or cold cream needed. Delightfully fragrant! Amazingly economical to use!

Sprinkle Lavena in the bath water to help prevent distressing skin irritation known as "winter itch."

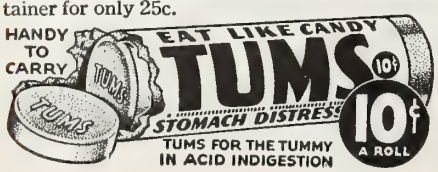
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YES—TUMS, a remarkable discovery brings amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas, and constant burning caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. TUMS contain no laxatives; no harmful drugs. ***Guaranteed to contain no soda.*** Over 1½ billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Try TUMS today. Only 10c for 12 TUMS at all druggists. Most economical relief. Chew like candy mints. Get a handy 10c roll today, or the three roll economy package with metal container for only 25c.





When you see "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," she'll steal your heart.

on this boy friend again, but he explains that he's been unjustly accused of a crime and she must hide him. Now the fact that handsome Kent Taylor is the detective on the meanie's trail makes a swell opportunity for Wendy and Kent to meet and further the acquaintance under many strange circumstances. Love just couldn't help blooming, of course, and several reels are nicely taken up by the involved explanations.

As an Hungarian count with nothing to his name but a white poodle and charge accounts all over Budapest, Mischa Auer's performance makes it possible to take "Prescription for Romance." Directed by Sylvan Simon.—*Universal.*

★★★★ Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

"Snow White," Walt Disney's much anticipated feature-length cartoon, is here at last—and it is a pleasure to report that as screen entertainment and as an artistic achievement it is a remarkable piece of work. Loaded with comedy and scenic beauty, it also has pathos and tragedy. So realistic are the cartoon figures that many people in the premiere audience wept when Snow White died.

Snow White, as you may recall, is the young princess whose beauty so annoyed her wicked stepmother that she planned to kill her. Snow White escapes into the woods and finds the house of the seven dwarfs. When she cleans their house and cooks for them they all fall in love with her and ask her to remain with them. Her happiness is cut short when the wicked queen, disguised as a witch, offers her the poisoned apple which causes her death. Snow White is so beautiful the dwarfs refuse to bury her. Then the Young Prince arrives—with cheers from the audience—and administers "love's first kiss," the only known antidote for the poisoned apple. There is, of course, jubilation among the dwarfs and the forest animals when Snow White comes to life and rides away with the handsome Young Prince.

Best of the comedy is furnished by the dwarfs and the frantic little animals who help Snow White with her work. Of the dwarfs, a cantankerous little guy named Grumpy and a moonstruck young man called Dopey will be most fondly remembered. Snow White herself is symbolic of all that is beautiful and good in the world, just as the wicked queen is the embodiment of all the evil.

Mr. Disney, take a bow—in fact, take plenty of them.—*Walt Disney.*



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AT YOUR 5 and 10 cent STORE!

Stars of stage and screen prefer Sitroux Tissues (pronounced "Sit-true.") So soft, yet so much *stronger,* they *hold together!* Care for YOUR complexion with Sitroux Tissues. Get a box today!

Banish Gray Hair

Why look older than your years?



IT IS NOW so easy to get rid of gray hair that no man or woman need look older than their years. Right in your own home you can prepare and use a better remedy. Simply get, from any drug store, a box of Barbo Compound, an ounce of Bay Rum, one-fourth ounce of Glycerine. Mix these in a half-pint of water or your druggist will mix it for you. Comb this colorless liquid into your hair several times a week.

You will be amazed how natural-looking and youthful gray, faded, streaked hair becomes. Nor will this color wash out, color the scalp, or affect permanents or waves. To take off 10 years in 10 days, try Barbo today.



Many Men and Women Now say

STUART'S Laxative COMPOUND

—the vegetable and mineral laxative often helps to

QUICKLY CLEAR THE SKIN

of the aggravated conditions due to improper elimination from the intestinal tract.

Would you like to clear your skin of embarrassing, exaggerated eruptions that may be aggravated by improper elimination from the digestive tract? Attention from the inside is often needed to do this. Anything less may prove ineffective. If your skin isn't cleared up remarkably and looking far better after using Stuart's Laxative Compound for a short while, your money will be refunded. Buy a package at your druggist today. Or, if you prefer, send for

FREE SAMPLE

Simply write your name and address on a penny post card and send to —
F. A. Stuart Co., Box H-109, Marshall, Michigan

Prove by test how gentle and efficient these tablets often are to help clear the skin of this type of embarrassing, aggravated eruptions.

STUART'S LAXATIVE COMPOUND

★Mama Runs Wild

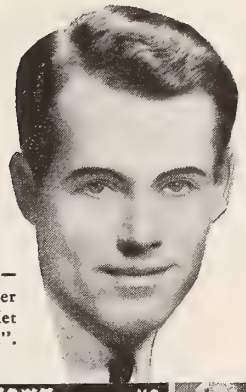
When you know that Mama is Mary Boland, and that in this picture she's politically-minded, you have a pretty good idea of how wild things really do run. As pretty and as dazed as ever, Miss Boland manages to get everything in the civic and domestic life of her home-town in a terrible dither. When she unwittingly becomes the means of discovering some dangerous outlaws, it suddenly occurs to our heroine that she has been shamefully neglecting her duty by confining all her talents to running her home and husband. Having managed her husband, Ernest Truex, with such indisputable success all these years, she hits upon the plan of all the women in her town managing all the men, and thereby forming a community which would be the model of all communities in the country. Then the fun begins. Directed by Ralph Staub.—*Republic.*

★★★ Wise Girl

Miriam Hopkins, in the role of a millionaire's daughter whose leisure is devoted to shooting off foreign counts, gives an excellent account if herself. She has other things on her mind besides titles—principally winning the custody of her sister's two children, who have fallen into the hands of a crowd of Greenwich Villagers and Ray Milland. Since the children have adopted Ray on their own, there's nothing to do for the frantic aunt but have her go to the Village incognito, get in with the gang, and win back the youngsters. The fun begins from the minute she starts her new life and builds up to a hilarious climax after some pretty tough going for our heroine. "Wise Girl" ought to be a safe bet for anyone. Directed by Leigh Jason.—*RKO-Radio.*



A couple of the girls get together and talk it over. Wendy Barrie and Sonja Henie.



Henry Fonda — starring in Walter Wanger's "I Met My Love Again".

Henry Fonda helps girl win beauty crown



"TWO GIRLS WERE RIVALS for the title of Beauty Queen of the Ice Carnival. Peggy told me how anxious she was to win . . .



"SHE WAS VERY ATTRACTIVE, but I noticed that winter wind and cold had chapped and cracked her lips — spoiled her beauty . . .



"I TOLD HER that I'd heard many famous beauties of the stage and screen mention a special lipstick with a rich, protective Beauty-Cream base . . .



"PEGGY WAS CHOSEN Queen of Beauty . . . and she always insists that it was my advice about this lip-protection that won her the crown! . . . . "



INDEED, I'M GRATEFUL TO HENRY FONDA FOR TELLING ME ABOUT **KISSPROOF LIPSTICK.** NEVER AGAIN, IN WINTER OR SUMMER, WILL I BE WITHOUT ITS PROTECTIVE BEAUTY CREAM BASE TO KEEP MY LIPS SOFT AND SMOOTH. KISSPROOF IS A GIRL'S **MOST PRECIOUS BEAUTY SECRET.**

Kissproof Lipstick in 5 luscious shades at drug and department stores . . . 50c

Match it with Kissproof rouge, 2 styles — Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry) Kissproof Powder in 5 flattering shades.

Generous trial sizes at all 10c stores.



Kissproof

Indelible LIPSTICK *and* ROUGE

SCENARIO BY HENRY FONDA



Moonlight, plus soft music and Rosemary Lane mean one thing to Dick Powell. Right, a song.



Rosemary likes it, too, even though it's all for art in "Hollywood Hotel."



"How versatile you are!" smiles Miss Lane, as Dick goes into his whistling act.

THEIR BEST INVESTMENTS

(*Continued from page 42*)

spending spree suggested that he do extra work in English pictures until the time came when he could find a more suitable occupation. After the first few days of work, he decided that he liked motion pictures very much, and he made up his mind that he would stick to them.

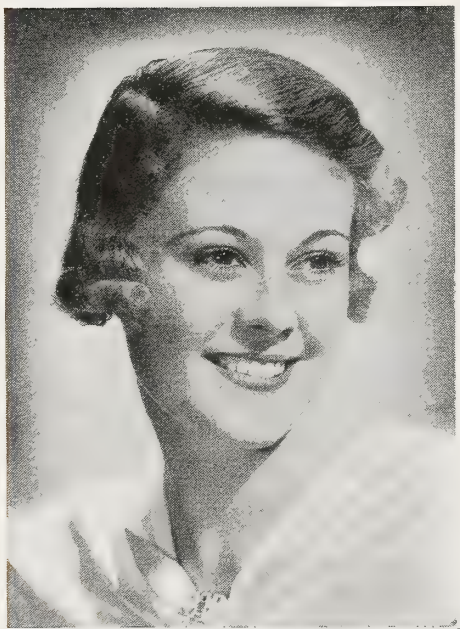
Ann Sothern's selection of the best investment of her life is even more paradoxical than Ray Milland's. Her best investment was the purchase of two hundred shares of worthless gold stock.

You see, when Ann first began to earn money, she knew nothing about how to invest it. Quite early in her "financial" career, she purchased this gold stock, guaranteed to double and perhaps triple in value within a week or two.

"I was foolish enough to believe this," she said.

Today, she is one of the canniest of Hollywood investors, and she says she owes her caution to the phoney gold stock which she carefully keeps as a warning against gullibility.

For a long time Hollywood has been aware of the clannishness of James Cagney and his family. Nevertheless, I was surprised when James Cagney said, "The best investment I ever made was when I



...for a "Come hither" Complexion

Guard Against Dry Skin—with Armand Blended Cream



Every woman recognizes (often envies) the irresistible allure of a complexion that glows with natural beauty. Tragically, too often, such a dry, weathered skin keeps many a girl from enjoying the spot light of flattering male attention. But Armand—creator of cosmetics that glorify natural loveliness—has the answer—ARMAND BLENDED CREAM.

The delicate oils of this amazingly delightful cream gently aid to soften harsh, dry, weathered skin. Soon, often in two weeks, you scarcely seem to know yourself in the mirror, your skin seems transformed, delicately soft and supple. The fluffiest, softest, creamiest cream ever made, Armand Blended Cream contains no wax nor grease, *a new type of cream, with a fragrance of fresh cut roses.* It gives you the effect of five facial aids in one jar, hence is both convenient and economical.

Armand invites you to try this exciting cream which has endeared itself to thousands and thousands of women everywhere. Your favorite cosmetic counter has it awaiting your command. Priced at $1.00, 50 cents, 25 cents, 10 cents. If you prefer, send the coupon and ten cents for a generous trial size of Armand Blended Cream and Wind Blown Roses Powder—both essential to fresh, radiant loveliness.

ARMAND, Des Moines, Iowa
With eager anticipation, I send ten cents for your generous trial sizes of ARMAND BLENDED CREAM and WIND BLOWN ROSES POWDER.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

I buy cosmetics at the following store:

_____ MM-338



ARMAND
FINE COSMETICS

Created by Armand to glorify natural Loveliness!



Why, Rosemary! And right in front of the camera man, too. Unbend a little, Dick.



That's better. We know a lot of boys who'd sing a song for a reward like this one!

brought my brother Bill out to Hollywood with me to handle all my business affairs."

Bill Cagney, as you may remember, got several good picture breaks shortly after his arrival in Hollywood. Though James Cagney had hoped his brother would take over the management of his affairs, he unselfishly encouraged him to take those jobs when they came along.

But all of Bill's early training had been in business, and he wasn't very happy in his work as an actor. So he gave it up to devote himself entirely to managing his brother's business affairs.

"It made me feel good to have Bill at my side to fight my business battles for me," James Cagney told me. "Even in early childhood I sensed keen business acumen in my younger brother, and as he grew older I became convinced that he had the best business head of any man I ever knew. After meeting most of the business big-wigs of Hollywood, I still hold to that opinion.

"And, above all, I have a sense of calm security with my affairs in the hands of a man who is impelled by brotherly affection to make my welfare his paramount concern. Actually, the investment I made was only nominal, for the entire expense involved was the price of a railroad ticket."

Today, Jeanette MacDonald is even more famous as a singer than as an actress, but she would in all probability have remained a straight dramatic actress touring in stock had it not been for what she considers the best investment she ever made.

"Taking singing lessons was my best investment," she said. "Because I had progressed fairly well as a dancer and an actress, my friends thought it a silly idea and a waste of money for me to take vocal lessons. Practically everyone I knew opposed it, but being stubborn, I went ahead."

Anyone who has seen Jeanette in "Maytime" or "Firefly" knows why she calls this the best investment of her life.

Anne Shirley says the best investment she ever made was just twelve dollars and ninety-five cents—the total cost of the clothes she bought for her first interview with Director Al Santell, when she was trying to win the title role of "Anne of Green Gables."

Anne, fifteen years old at the time, needed that part terribly, for she and her mother were down to their last few dollars. So they used the money to buy these clothes, which were carefully selected to make Anne (then Dawn O'Day) look as much like Anne of Green Gables as possible.

The dress was navy blue silk with a navy blue jacket and had little blue and white checked pique collar and cuffs. The hat was navy blue taffeta.

So well did the director like Anne in these clothes that he gave her the role. Believing that getting this role was the turning point in her life, she changed her name from Dawn to Anne Shirley, the name of the heroine of the picture. The change in name seemed to bring her good fortune, for from obscurity she flashed into sudden success.

Joel McCrea believes that it was a twenty-five dollar investment in a trench coat which led to his first successful screen role. He was walking across the RKO lot in the trench coat when he was noticed by Producer Bill Sistrom.

At the time Joel was getting about fifty dollars a week. Sistrom walked over to him and said, "You're an actor, aren't you?"

"Yes, I have a small contract here," Joel said.

"Okay. I think you're just the type to play the lead in 'The Silver Horde.' Go over and tell Archainbaud to put you in the lead for that picture."

This was followed by increasingly important roles. Joel claims that it was his swaggering appearance in the trench coat that started it all, and he still treasures the coat. Rosalind Russell doesn't like to put friends on a profit and loss basis, but she declares that her friendship with Charlotte Winters was about the best investment she ever made.

ROSALIND had come from New York with a short-term contract at one of the smaller studios. When her contract was up Rosalind packed her bags and bought a ticket for home, deciding that pictures were not for her, and that she didn't like them anyway.

Her friend Charlotte Winters, the actress, begged her to remain in Hollywood, and suggested that she take a test at M-G-M for "What Every Woman Knows," inasmuch as she had played the role of Lady Sybil on the stage.

But Rosalind was so disappointed with the way things had gone in Hollywood that she would not listen to Charlotte's suggestion. She told her friend frankly that she had no intention of spending any more time in a fruitless endeavor to get somewhere in pictures.

In spite of Rosalind's indifference, Charlotte Winters went to the casting director, told him about Rosalind and asked him to give her a call. He did.

"So tongue-in-cheek," Rosalind confessed, "I came. And what a break! I've been here ever since."

Fred MacMurray feels that the seventy-

HOW YOU CAN Attract MEN



OF course you have no men friends if you've let yourself become dull, cross, and nervous. Men like lively, peppy girls—girls with plenty of energy to go places and enjoy life.

Don't let love and romance pass you by. Help build up your pep and you, too, should have gay friends about you.

Here's good advice: start taking that time-proven, reliable Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and note the difference.

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FREE Also test TAYTON'S new glamour face powder the stars use. Send your name and address to Tayton Company, Dept. B, 811 West 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif., and generous samples of all six shades will be sent you free so you can choose your most flattering shade.



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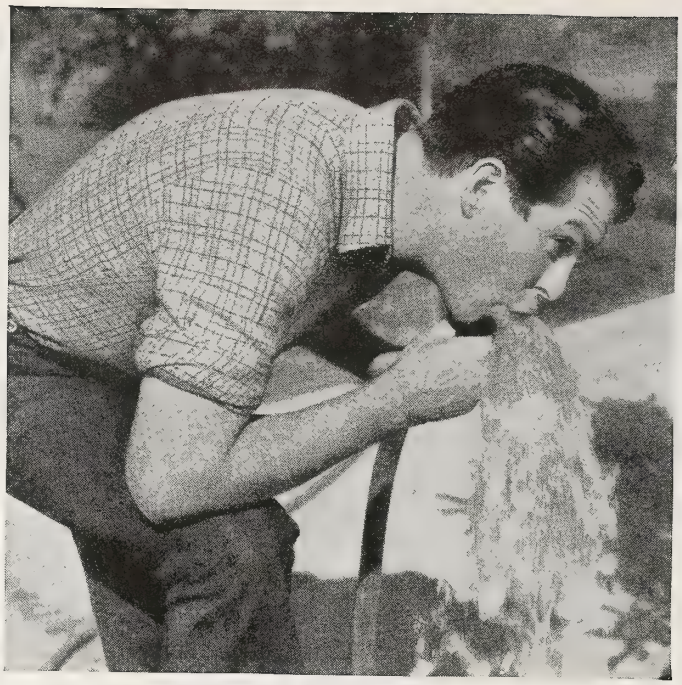


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Nothing like a swig from the garden hose when you're thirsty. Fred MacMurray takes time out from his chores for a bit of refreshment.

five dollars he invested in his first saxophone when he was in high school was the best investment he has ever made. He bought the instrument with money earned in a bean cannery during summer vacations, and played in high school and college orchestras with it. His playing won him a spot in the California Collegians Orchestra and in the Broadway musical, "Roberta."

At the opening night of "Roberta," Oscar Serlin, at that time talent scout for Paramount, saw a boy who played the saxophone and gave a half minute's imitation of Rudy Valee. At the time the name Fred MacMurray, meant nothing, but in that brief time Serlin got a sudden hunch, and sent for MacMurray.

On asking Oscar Serlin what he saw in the unknown boy, who has since confessed that during most of his performance he was buried by "two piccolo players, a bass viol and the rear of a grand piano," he said, "Raw masculinity, looks and an infectious personal charm."

If it hadn't been for the saxophone, he wouldn't have had a chance to discover any of these things.

Ginger Rogers' best investment was playing a small role. After she had been a success on the New York stage, she came to Hollywood hoping to find even greater popularity in pictures. But things simply did not break right for her. For six months, while her agent was looking for "important parts," she did nothing.

Finally she was offered a bit at very little money. Her agent was horrified, and her friends advised Ginger against accepting it. They warned her that she would be relegating herself to the ranks of bit players, and since Hollywood always pigeonholes everyone, she would thereafter find it impossible to step out of that class.

However, Ginger decided to invest her time in this small role. The picture was "42nd Street" and Ginger's clever playing of her small part resulted in bigger roles.

This investment in work colored Ginger's entire career, for she determined from then on to work hard at what she was offered regardless of its seeming importance or unimportance. As a result of this belief she did "Flying Down to Rio," worked hard at it and accepted third billing. This led to six more pictures with Astaire and to greater box-office popularity than she had dared to hope for.

Carole Lombard's favorite investment is a hobby, an avocation and a business all in one. She has derived more enjoyment and profit from a forty-acre parcel of alfalfa land which she purchased two years ago in the San Fernando Valley than from any other investment she has ever made. It was bought at a very low figure when land values had diminished considerably. With the expert care she has given it, this property is now worth much more than the purchase price.

Carole Lombard gets a good deal of pleasure out of running the farm successfully.

THE greatest investment George Burns and Gracie Allen ever made was their decision to adopt their two babies, Sandra and Ronald Jon. Of course, the adoption changed the children's lives completely, but it changed George Burns and Gracie still more.

Though they were always charming and likeable show people, Burns and Allen were at one time completely wrapped up in themselves; but today almost everything they do is for their adopted babies. Whereas they were once content to live in a hotel, today Burns and Allen have a home of their own, with an outside nursery.

"One day," she says, "I took Sandra down to George's office, but unfortunately he wasn't in. 'Oh, I'm so disappointed,' I said to Sandra. That night Sandra, fixing her large blue eyes on George, said sternly, 'Daddy, I disappointed in you.'"

The investment of George Burns and Gracie Allen was in happiness.

Joan Fontaine's best investment was made when she was only thirteen. The investment was a dog-eared copy of "Peter Pan," purchased for sixty-eight cents in a second-hand book store. This staggering purchase left Joan broke until allowance time came around, but she didn't care. The story was so real to her and came to mean so much that she decided to play it on the stage one day.

Most children get stage struck, but they usually get over it. Joan never did. As a result of that first childish desire to play the part of Peter Pan, she worked and studied and planned for a career as an actress, and today she gives every promise of having a successful movie career.

If you have saved a hundred dollars or two hundred dollars or five hundred dollars, don't despair because your savings aren't any larger. If you invest those savings in happiness, they may bring you a magnificent return.

HE'S A SIMPLE SOUL

(*Continued from page 25*)

Suddenly he leaned forward, resolve in his eye. "I'm going to bare my soul to you. Remember the gilded youth I played in 'I Met Him In Paris'? Remember how he took possession of the Ritz lobby and picked up the prettiest girl he'd ever laid eyes on, without turning a hair? That always reminds me of my own experience at the Waldorf. It was so different."

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young were visiting New York for the first time. Bob's agent had made reservations for them at the Waldorf.

"I knew nothing about it except for a vague impression that it was pretty grand. I wasn't, however, prepared for the Arabian Nights. We were driven down through this subterranean garage, and came up through the basement, so the lobby hit us suddenly. We were paralyzed. We thought we'd got lost in an annex of the Grand Central Station.

"I tottered to the desk and inquired about the suite. It wasn't ready, because I'd neglected to tell my agent we were flying. I asked for the manager, not realizing that he was a kind of grand vizier, who sat up on the fiftieth floor and pushed buttons.

"Presently this dignitary appeared, looking like a diplomat at the Court of St. James. I couldn't very well ask him about a detail like bed and bath. But it seems I had to, if we were ever going to get out of that blasted lobby.

"He was most affable, bowed us into the elevator, had us whisked up to infinity, showed us the suite, which was breathtaking (so was the bill), gave us an armful of literature about how to find our way 'round the place, and bowed himself out, leaving us entirely alone on the thirty-fifth floor, looking at each other.

WELL, the thirty-fifth floor was pretty terrifying in itself. Besides, we were hungry. We didn't know whether to go downstairs or whether we were expected to dress, if we did go down. Anyway, we were too scared to face the hazards. So we decided to have dinner sent up."

It was Betty's birthday. Bob felt they should drink a toast to it. He went to the phone. Could they send up the wherewithal?

"You wish room service, sir?"

"I suppose so," he muttered.

Jigglings, buzzes, voices. Room service. Bob gave his order.

Presently there arrived a resplendent Ganymede, bearing a bottle on a tray. The tray also bore a bill for eight dollars. Bob gulped down the shock. "I ordered White Rock and cigarettes, too."

"They are coming, sir."

A second emissary, a second tray and a second tip. A third with the cigarettes. When the door closed behind that one, they looked at each other.

"Maybe we'd better not order food," Betty quavered. "They'll send up a captain with the bread and a major with the butter and a general with the coffee, and we'll have to tip them all."

They sent up what looked like a major domo with the menu, which was chiefly in French. The trapped pair chose food at random. Half an hour later the major domo returned with an elegant array of covered dishes and a waiter. He served them and retired, bowing himself out. The waiter stepped back four paces and stood at attention. Betty and Bob ate. They had to eat. The waiter stood behind them, daring them not to.

"What's he for?" Betty's raised eyebrows signalled.

"To snatch away the soup plates before we can get the last drop," Bob wanted to tell her.

"Couldn't you send him away?" her eyes pleaded.

"He'd probably bop me over the head," thought Bob.

By the time the miserable meal was over they were both so homesick for the simple life of Hollywood that Betty was ready to bawl and Bob to swear. Still they affected good cheer.

"Let's call Tom O'Brien," Bob proposed. Tom O'Brien was a shoe salesman and a dear friend. Tom O'Brien would put a different face on New York. They dragged out the phone book. Eighty-nine Thomas O'Briens stared them in the eye. Systematically they began to eliminate. "Riverside Drive sounds too doggy. Tom wouldn't live there. Forty-second Street sounds like a movie. Tom wouldn't live there."









Martha Raye and Ben Blue get together for a little hotcha comedy in "The Big Broadcast of 1938."

They boiled it down to about twenty-five and started calling. "Is this Tom O'Brien?" "Yes." "Is this the Tom O'Brien who sells shoes?" "Wise guy!" they answered, or they grew abusive, or they hung up the phone. Halfway down the list, Betty could stand no more.

"Bob!" She caught at his arm, as he was about to lift the phone for the twelfth time. "Do you know what's the nicest birthday present you could give me? Telephone home."

They got through to their home as quickly as if they'd been dialling from the next street. Betty's mother, who was taking care of the baby (only one baby then) answered the phone. They talked happily for a while, heard what Carol Ann had had for supper, what time she'd gone to bed, how cute she looked in her crib, with her pink fist tucked under her pink chin.

Then Bob had another inspiration. "You'll find a lot of Christmas cards on the bottom shelf of the cupboard in the breakfast nook. Look through them for Tom O'Brien's, and get his address. We'll hold the wire."

At eleven o'clock they got the right Tom O'Brien, who whooped out a welcome and bade them come right down. Half an hour later they were eating scrambled eggs with their friends and talking their heads off.

They stayed in New York for ten days. They moved to a hotel where they felt more at home. They rode the Fifth Avenue buses and saw Grant's Tomb and shot the chutes at Coney Island and "did everything all the other hicks do and never did get our mouths shut, there was so much to gape at."

Bob's no sophisticate. He's simple enough to be more concerned with the problems of a war-mad world than with scaling the social ladder of Hollywood. He's naïve enough to be in love with his wife. He's old-fashioned enough to prefer the pleasures of hearth and home to those of the night-club. No swing band could give him half the kick he gets out of hearing Carol Ann babble of the beauties of her new little sister, Barbara. Nor does love for his own make him smug. It opens, instead of narrowing his horizon. Because of Carol Ann and Barbara, he feels a deepening responsibility to do his share toward making the world a happier place to live in.



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Judging from the expression, Bing Crosby goes to town when he sings on the radio.

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 70*)

Lola Lane, as the temperamental movie star in "Hollywood Hotel," finds herself surrounded by designers, beauticians, maids and studio publicity people, when she really wants to be "away from it all." "Crowds," she sighs. "Why am I always surrounded by people? All I ask is a little exclusion!"

■ ■ ■

Hearts and Flowers: Most permanent looking of the romantic arrangements of the moment are Jimmy Stewart and Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks, Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, Marlene Dietrich and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Bing Crosby and the Santa Anita race track.

■ ■ ■

The J. Walter Ruben-Virginia Bruce wedding was a simple affair held at their own home, in direct contrast to the elaborate reception tendered them later the same evening by the Jack Warners, the Countess di Frasso and Kay Francis, who collaborated on a mammoth shindig at the home of the Warners. Hundreds of friends toasted the bride and groom, but the most interesting guest was a young lady who attended the wedding but didn't carry on at the reception. She was Susan Ann Gilbert, Virginia's 4-year-old daughter.

■ ■ ■

Carole Lombard items: Miss L. is one gal whose popularity with co-workers is not just publicity. They really like her, because she's genuine and because she never turns on the temperament. Most unusual thing about her is that she doesn't mind being mussed up before the camera. Most beautiful women in pictures dread the thought of a misplaced strand of hair, but Lombard has submitted to everything from dunking in icy water to a boot in the derriere. Seldom goes to night clubs, because she prefers a small party at home with only her close friends.

■ ■ ■

Height of Something or Other: A Los Angeles dealer has just asked W. C. Fields to endorse a local brand of milk!

(*Continued on page 120*)



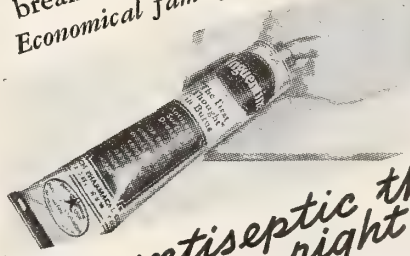
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TREAT SKIN IRRITATIONS with a *soothing* antiseptic...*Unguentine!* Relieve itching, promote healing. Unguentine is a germicide that stays on the irritated area—helps prevent spread of infection from germs getting into breaks in the skin. *The big tube is* 50¢. *Economical family size jar,* $1.00.



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Take your fingers away! Skin gets redder... madder... after you squeeze or pick! Soothing, antiseptic Unguentine helps prevent spread of infection.



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Unguentine is the antiseptic in *soothing,* ointment form. It doesn't evaporate, keeps actively antiseptic for a long time. And it *doesn't* sting or stain the skin!



Do what you do for a burn or cut—

Unguentine...*first* aid for more serious injuries, is also first aid for skin irritations due to external causes. It is *the soothing antiseptic,* designed to remain in long contact with the irritated area.

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Lady Lillian

Introduces

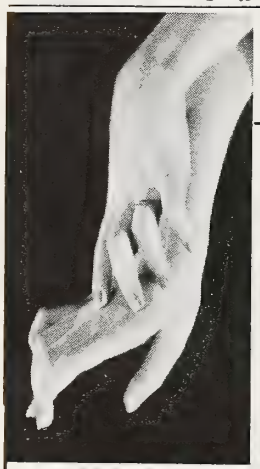
NEW BEAUTY

With the new, smart creme polish in her trial kit for only 10 cents. Revel in the fashion-right shades of Rust, Robin Red, Old Rose, Thistle, Cloverine, Tulip Red. Kit contains bottle of nail polish, polish remover, nail white, manicure stick, cotton — all for 10 cents. Lady Lillian's Trial Kit is on sale at 5 and 10 cent stores. Approved by Good Housekeeping.



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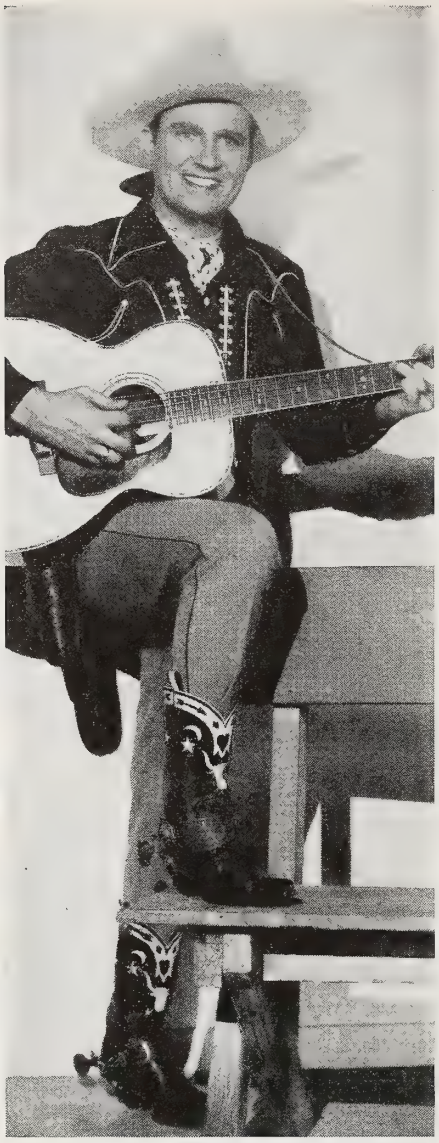
Barrington really does *improve* your hands and furthermore it maintains the improved condition. It is a very inexpensive but definitely helpful way to add real charm to your general effect of good grooming. Use it for a few days and it will surely prove its worth to you.

At drug, department and the better 5 and 10 cent stores.

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Barrington
HAND CREAM

Good Housekeeping Bureau



Singing was only a hobby with Gene Autry until he went to New York for a vacation from cow-punching in Oklahoma. While in the Big City he had an audition. They liked his voice but claimed he needed experience. He went back to Tulsa and radio work, which led to picture offers. He's all set now.

IT'S BEEN TOO EASY

(*Continued from page 33*)

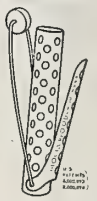
intelligently. She has a stronger face off the screen than the camera gives her in pictures. It is a face of more character.

I said to her, over the tea, "What is this all about, the rumors that you want to quit the screen? You can't expect anyone to believe them. There's not a word of truth in it, is there?"

YES," said Olivia, "several words of truth. I have felt, quite often, that I'd like to quit. Now. Before it is too late. If someone should say to me tomorrow, 'You can have your choice. You can leave the screen now and forever or you can go on and on, indefinitely, but it must be one or the other,' I'd say, 'I'll



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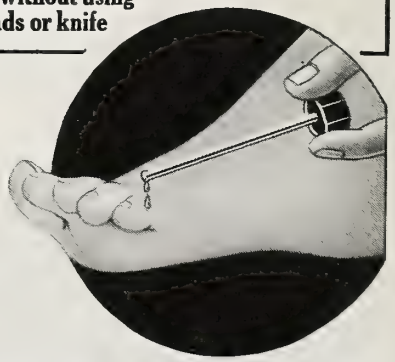
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FREEZONE

quit.' But whether I will ever have the courage, the initiative, the gumption to leave of my own free will is another matter. I probably won't have."

"But why?"

"Dreams come true too quickly," said Olivia at once, and sadly, "that's why. Youth is the time for dreaming, not for the realization of dreams. I don't dream any longer, and I know it.

"I haven't had enough of being young. I've learned too soon and much too fast, that people are what they are, not what they should be; that life is what it is, not what I thought it was, and believe it or not, I resent losing my youth overnight.

"I didn't have enough of the kind of life I had up home in Saratoga. It was too brief, the time I had to dream the dreams all girls dream, I guess. For I dreamed, of course, that I would like to become a movie actress. I'd see Claudette Colbert and Bette Davis and Jean Arthur and the others on the screen and get terrific thrills and wonder what it would all be like. That's what the stars were to me and now, before I've had time to realize it, I'm that to everyone else. I dreamed that I would have a lot of money, bushels and tons of money, so that I could buy a very expensive dress and a car of my own and ride around, very elegant and noticed by everybody. I dreamed how I would adore to meet Roland Colman, but knew that that, of course, was certainly only a dream, the sheerest, fantastic folly.

"And then suddenly, all the dreams came true. All the dreams *are* true. And what of it? I can buy myself an expensive dress, not one but as many as I want. And I don't want to. That excitement I had in high school when I saved up my allowance for weeks and bought an $18.75 dinner dress, that *was* excitement!

"And suddenly, too, I was able to buy my own car, able to buy more than one car if I felt like it. I am a movie star and none of it gives me the thrill, the real deep excitement, the big bang I had when I played Hermia in the Hollywood Bowl. 'God,' I thought then, but reverently, 'God, to be playing in Max Reinhardt's production in the Hollywood Bowl, the gorgeousness of it!' And that skin-prickling, exultant heart-in-my-throat gorgeousness is gone. I miss it, I feel cheated of it.

"And then suddenly, I could meet Ronald Colman, and did. He came to my set one day and there was enough residue of my old feeling of the improbability of such an occasion to make me tongue-tied and awkward then. I didn't know what to do or to say. And that was all right. That was thrilly and exciting. When he asked for me to play with him in one of his pictures, it was too much. Too much, again. For if anyone had ever told me that I would not only meet Ronald Colman in the flesh, but that he would ask for me for one of his pictures, I would have thought that I had gone mad. Too much, all of it, too soon. D'you see what I mean?

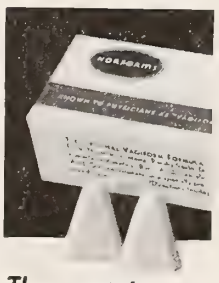
"The only time," Olivia went on, "that I ever recapture any of the old feeling of awe and wonder and self-consciousness is when I am with Brian Aherne. I am scared of Brian. He is really such a great actor, such an extraordinary person, that he strikes me tongue-tied and pink. I nearly died when we were making 'Garrick.' He was so wonderful and I felt that everything I did was so stupid and inadequate by comparison, so I just nearly died of self-consciousness every minute of the time, which proves that there is some hero worship left," smiled Olivia.

"We'd have tea late every afternoon, an old English custom. Really, I was petrified of him, couldn't think of a thing to say. You'd think I'd have gotten over it.

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Name .....
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City ..... State .....
Color of your hair? .....



Not hard to figure out what Jane Withers does with her spare time. Note the tricky outfit she wears a-bicycling.

But, no, not little O. deH. Oh, well, the day may come when I'll be able to talk casually to Brian Aherne, when I'll be able to meet Ronald Colman without a tremor.

"Now, with Basil Rathbone, I'm entirely different. Marvelous actor and dignified though he is, I can kid around with him. Why when we were making 'Robin Hood,' he actually hooked my skirt for me. The cast roared and a prankish cameraman snapped him doing it. The print is preserved in my album.

AND it's all wrong," continued Olivia, sombrely now, "for at twenty-one your pulses should hammer and your skin get goose-fleshy and your breath come quick and fast and mine doesn't now, not any more, not for half enough reasons and I know that this is sad, and a kind of a loss.

"The dreams come true and you find that you don't want any of them very much. And you shouldn't discover this too soon, not until you are old enough to have developed a philosophy of life which will take the place of the dreams of youth. Mine have come true so fast that they squeeze the very life out of themselves.

"And there is a sort of tiredness in me, too. I get a certain pleasure, still, out of being known, recognized, asked for autographs. I haven't had enough of that yet to feel bored with it. But at the same time, I feel the desire to get away from eyes, to get away from people. When I go home now I do something I never thought of doing before, I go to my own room and close the door and lock it. It's just psychological, I suppose. It's an attempt to feel alone, shut away, safe. I used to love to have my sister come in, share my room with me, sleep with me. Just let her try it now!

"I just don't feel real. I don't feel *me*. I have gained many identities and sort of lost my own. Perhaps I'll get over this feeling in time. But I am speaking of the here and now.

"I doubt, truthfully, that I will ever

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do anything about it. I have become too lymphatic to make any such drastic decision as leaving the screen. I don't use any initiative because little or no initiative is required of me. It is all a matter of what the studio gives me to do.

"As a result, I've become subjective and submissive and I am, or was, by nature, independent and self-reliant.

"It's a kind of 'what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and thereby lose his own soul.' It is my soul I'm worried about. I have gained the whole world, the visible, tangible world, and there are advantages, of course. To me, the greatest advantage is that of being financially independent. I love it. I always resented dependence, even when I was a youngster. I love my independence so much that I don't really believe I could get along without it now. If I had to, even being married, I'm afraid I'd be perfectly miserable."

BUT if you should really fall in love," I said, "have you ever been in love so that you can say, with authority, how you'd react if real love should come?"

"Yes, I've been very much in love with a young man who was studying to be a doctor. And we planned to marry and I was to be a doctor's wife and live on his earnings and I thought, then, that I would be well content. Now, I doubt it. So that even this advantage has its disadvantage. For this is my problem now: Whom could I marry?

"I wouldn't want to marry an actor. I couldn't very well marry anyone outside of the business because I would know that one day he would wake up and discover little, old Olivia de Havilland of Saratoga and she wouldn't be the girl he'd married at all. And besides, girls on the screen just don't meet the nice, worthwhile marriageable men outside the profession.

"And so, I'm sort of coasting along. I've got emotional indigestion. I may get over it. But if I do get over it, it will be because a hardening process has set in, a sort of callousness to the things that matter to me now, an acceptance of the kind of people and the kind of values I can't accept yet.

"And I feel that we lead a very selfish existence. We all do when we are screen stars, because we must. Everything is done for us. We are spoiled grown-up children. For instance, if an extra on the set should have an accident of any kind I can't obey my natural decent impulse and run to the rescue. Not me. For there is a million dollars, not mine, invested in this property known as Olivia de Havilland and it must be protected. Or if I am on the set talking, perhaps, to a woman old enough to be my great-grandmother, an extra again, let's say, and a chair is brought, the chair is for me and I must take it. I can't make the respectful gesture to old age a girl should make, because I am the star and I must keep crisp and fresh and rested looking for the next take.

"I won't allow this revolving-around-me process at home, though. Neither will Joan. Not that Mother is the kind given to revolving, anyway. She doesn't feel any differently about us than she ever did. She still teases me, calls me 'Miss O. deH,' says, 'Well, Miss O. deH, come to earth, if you please.' No, Mother doesn't revolve and we wouldn't allow her to, even if she were so-minded.

"We insist that she have the best room in the house, manage the house, and us. It is her home and we are just the girls, living home as we were before we ever did more than dream about making good in Hollywood."

WHICH COLOR WILL BE YOUR LUCKY STAR?



See how one of these ten thrilling new face powder colors will win you new radiance, new compliments, new luck!

Doesn't it make you happy to get that second look from others—that interested glance which says: "You look stunning!"?

But maybe you haven't heard a compliment on your skin in a month. Be honest with yourself—have you? If not—did you ever wonder why?

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For I will send you all ten, free and postpaid, because I'm so anxious to help you help yourself.

Let me help you find your color

When my gift arrives—try on every shade. Try each one carefully. Then STOP at the one and only color which whispers, "I am yours. See what I do for you. Look how I make your eyes shine. And how dreamy soft I leave your skin!" You'll see how the color seems to spring from within . . . it's so natural, so lifelike, so much a part of you.

Have you a lucky penny?

Here's how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, and a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream. Mail the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (40)

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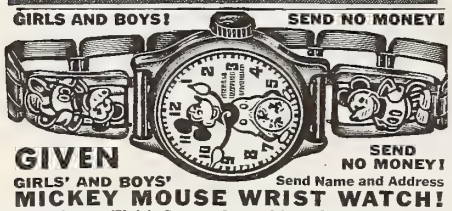
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"I couldn't stop coughing," writes Helen Smith, Springfield, Mass. "I tried everything—then a friend suggested Pertussin. Quickly my cough was soothed and relieved."

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

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A cough should not be neglected. It should have your immediate attention. Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal remedy for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN
The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief



Even the big stars have to make tests before starting a picture, not of their acting ability but to see how their costumes and make-up will photograph. Bette Davis is shown here wearing a costume for "Jezebel."

ELIGIBLE BACHELOR

(*Continued from page 38*)

College, his main ambition was to get out of school. He worked for a time for an architect (his father was an architect) and then got a job in Liverpool with the West African Merchants.

When he saw other agents coming back from Africa with the indelible stamp of fever suffering on their faces, he gave up the idea of going himself and turned to the stage, hoping to find there, the freedom and excitement he craved. Now, he is glad that he is an actor, though he has often thought of what he'd do were he ever to change his profession.

He said, "If I ever do leave the stage and screen, I rather think I'd like to go into politics. English politics interest me enormously. The career of a surgeon, too, would be satisfyingly real. But I've had tremendously interesting experiences just because I am an actor. That is one of the great benefits of being an actor. All kinds of doors are opened to us.

"I met Marshal Foch, after the war. I was going through Paris on my way to Australia with a stock company. We talked for an hour or more and when I took my leave, he asked me, *me*, if I would tell the Australian people for him how much they'd helped to win the war. I managed to deliver his message over a wireless broadcast. Whether anyone listened or not I can't say.

"I met Hugh Walpole, too, for whose books I have the most profound admiration." At this point, Brian Aherne threw back his head and laughed long and loud, as is his way. He added then, "But the way I met Hugh Walpole! We were both dinner guests at the home of the late Richard Boleslavski. We were sitting on those high stools around the bar. Mr. Walpole was talking about his own bachelorhood. I said that I, too, belonged to the brotherhood and Mr. Walpole scoffed at me, saying, 'I mean a *real* bachelor. Someone who has given time to it.' Unfortunately, I got playful. I put up my foot and poked Mr. Walpole, gently, I thought, in the small of his back. To my horror, to the stunned horror of everyone in the room, he did a sort of flip-flop off the stool, landed square on the top of his head on the stone floor, turned a complete somersault and lay prone and absolutely motionless on his back.

"I could hear myself saying, absurdly, 'Mr. Walpole, Mr. Walpole . . .' We summoned doctors.

EVENTUALLY, after some very bad minutes, he recovered sufficiently to be taken to his home. When I offered to aid him, he cried out feebly, "Keep that young man away from me, he's violent!"

"And this is the black-out. Some while later, I was making a picture in which I had to have a fight with a policeman. I told the chap, an extra doing the bit, that I would pull my punch, that he should stand facing me in such and such a way, that the sound men would take care of the crack on the jaw but that actually I would just miss him. Somehow, in the rough and tumble of the scene I did not pull my punch and the chap came out of it with his tooth through his lower lip. Later, I asked who the man was, wanted to do something for him. I was told he was Walpole's valet. If I hadn't known better, I'd have sworn they were kidding me. They weren't. Seems that the fellow had been eager to find out what acting in movies is like and they had given him the bit as the policeman. Can you imagine what poor Mr. Walpole said when he heard that? I can!"

HIS interests, his experiences, his adventures range over every country in the world, every facet of life. He knows politics, the latest scientific developments, medicine, aviation, books, the theatre, Hollywood.

He talked about his recent adventure in flying, solo, across the continent. Of the five minutes or more when he and death met face to face. He said, "I had to make



Here's how Bette will look when she goes calling in New Orleans.



Evening frocks in the days of "Jezebel" were so glamorous.

a forced landing in Pennsylvania, you know. I had checked in at the last airport and had been told that sunset was at six-twenty. Suddenly I found the sun setting in back of me and realized that I had failed to take into consideration that I had crossed a state line, the time had changed and sunset was at five-twenty. I had no landing lights.

"I had no radio. I had no co-pilot, of course. I was not equipped for night flying. I had a bad five minutes. I couldn't get my bearings, didn't know where I was. Finally, I thought I spotted two fields. One seemed lighter in color than the other. I even remembered how aviators, forced down in fields, have been sued by farmers for ruining their alfalfa! I aimed for the darker of the two fields and made it.

"Immediately I landed, farmers started to run out of the hedges. One of them shouted, 'Why didn't ya take the other field, young feller, it would'a been softer. That there's alfalfa!'"

But at our suggestion that too much adventure might have spoiled him for domesticity, Mr. Aherne was defensive.

"No!" he declared. "As a matter of fact, men who have been soldiers of fortune usually make the best husbands. My brother in England, every bit as much of a chain breaker as I have ever been, is now married, has two children and you can't pry him away from his fireside, even for an evening. When I am in London, I call him and suggest that we dine together as we used to do. He always evades. He says, 'The baby has a ten o'clock feeding. You know how it is, old chap.' When I tell him that I don't know how it is, old chap, that he has a nurse, I mean the baby has, and that I always supposed that was what nurses were for, he says, 'No, I don't think she gets the feeding the right temperature. I'd rather be here myself.'

"And the funny part of it is," said Brian Aherne, "I understand exactly how he feels. I will feel the same way myself.

"When I marry, and the sooner the better, I want the marriage to be a marriage. I would prefer not to marry a professional woman. A screen star is married to her contract. She comes home after a hard day at the studio, has a massage, has her hair done, has a manicure, must be asleep by nine o'clock. What kind of a marriage would that be?"

"But supposing," we said, "supposing you fall seriously in love with a screen star, then what would you do?"

"Then I would doubtless marry the star and—get into trouble," laughed Mr. Aherne.



FOR HIS
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Bob Young tells all in April Modern Screen

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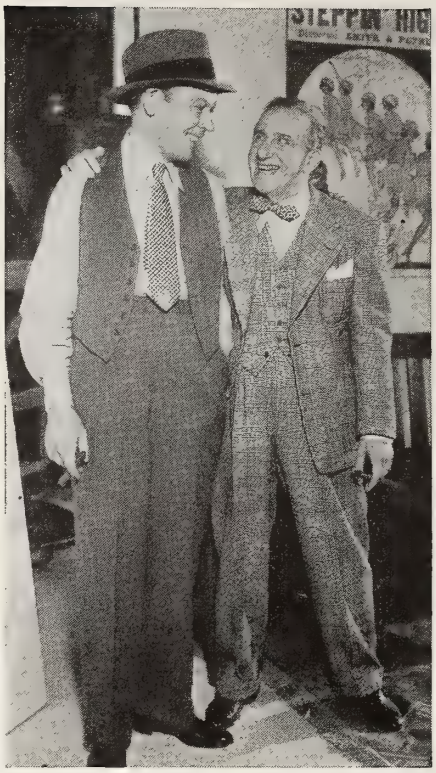
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A couple of comics, Fred Allen and Jimmy Durante, laugh at each other's jokes.

INFORMATION DESK

(*Continued from page 15*)

father of a son old enough to also star in the movies! In fact, he has no children at all!

Wilda Aarons, New York, N. Y. Melvyn Douglas' current picture release is "I'll Take Romance," with Grace Moore. You can write to him for a photograph at Columbia Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Arlene Thomson, Hanover, Pa. Address Tyrone Power, 20th Century-Fox studios, Hollywood, Cal., and Humphrey Bogart at Warner Brothers, Burbank, Cal. Don't forget to enclose twenty-five cents for each picture.

Gabriel Bleakman, Baltimore, Md. The boys you enjoyed so much in "Dead End," are now appearing in a story written especially for them, entitled "Who Asked To Be Born?" A Warner Brothers picture.

Kathryn Parr, Windsor, Ont. You can get a picture of Gene Autry by writing him at Republic Studios, Hollywood, Cal., and enclosing twenty-five cents.

Marion Sterling, Violet, Tex. As far as we know, Nelson Eddy has made no plans for an English production of "Robin Hood." As to the concert tour situation, you might write Mr. Eddy himself in care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Also, any complaints you wish to register, could be addressed there. Don't be afraid to ask questions! Write again and we'll be glad to give you whatever information we can.

May Harding, Fort Worth, Tex. By the time you read this, Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor may be Mister and Missus! But you know how things happen in Hollywood, so don't count on it!

Frances Burke, Wichita, Kan. Your guess is as good as ours. Tyrone Power seems to favor the little Gaynor gal at the moment and as for Sonja Henie, well, she's seen around with Cesar Romero quite a lot these days.

Florence Lewis, Evanston, Ill. The girl you're thinking of is Beverly Roberts. She's under contract to Warner Brothers.



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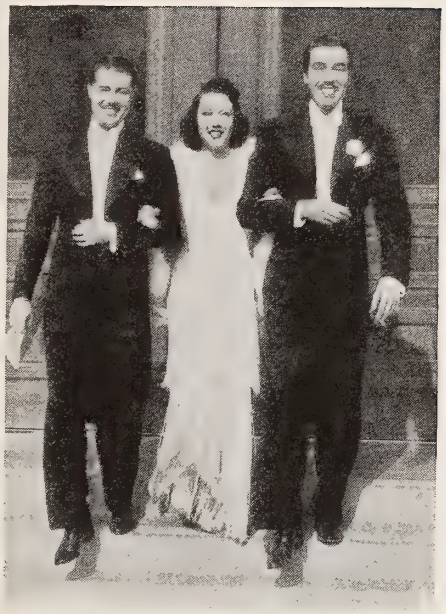
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Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name_____
City_____ State_____ Age_____



Off to lunch. Ethel Merman, escorted by Don Ameche and Cesar Romero (lucky Ethel), knock off work to grab themselves a bite.

IT'S FUN TO BE BROKE

(*Continued from page 39*)

room," she boasted. "Of course this place is fantastic, it's so tiny, but I wanted it because it is like a little place I lived in in France. And how I love France!

"Before I moved here I lived next door in that civilized looking house," she continued without ever stopping for breath, "and every time I came to the library for a book I asked the woman if she couldn't put her tenant out so I could live here. One day she told me her tenant had been called to Europe and I could have the apartment. Isn't it screwy? But that's the way things always happen to me.

"See that chair?" and she indicated an easy chair, upholstered in brown and green chintz. "I had the couch cover for some time and one day I walked into a store because they had a sale and found this chair, covered with the identical material the couch cover is made of.

"Vivian!" she called through the door. "Is the water boiling?" It wasn't.

"Well, then, you've got to see the rest of the apartment," she announced, and rushed us through a tiny passage way into the bathroom which, while not built to hold three people, was complete in every detail including modern glassed-in shower and tub.

"But I have to go through the kitchen to get to my clothes closet," she added. "Isn't it fantastic? But I love it."

She hardly sits still long enough to be described at all. Her friends declare that she bubbles partly because she is so full of life and energy and partly because she has heard that brains are not an asset in Hollywood and she tries to hide her intelligence behind a barrage of inconsequential chatter. If ancestry means anything, she comes by her brains honestly, for she is the great-granddaughter of Dr. Edward Jenner, who discovered and first put to use vaccination with smallpox virus. Another ancestor was Dr. William Jenner, whom Napoleon called "the greatest benefactor of his time."



For Mother deals with COLDS the modern direct way ...with specialized medication

AFTER ALL, it is plain common sense to fight the miserable symptoms of a cold not only promptly—*when* you feel them—but also direct—*where* you feel them. In dealing with different types and stages of colds, so much depends on the proper use at the proper time of *specialized* medication.

When Colds THREATEN



At the first warning sneeze or sniffle, or the slightest irritation in the nose—quick!—put a few drops of Vicks VA-TRO-NOL up each nostril.

VA-TRO-NOL is *specialized* medication for the nose and upper throat, where 3 out of 4 colds start. It aids Nature's own first line of defense against colds. Used in time, it helps to *prevent* many colds—or to throw off head colds in their early stages.

Clears Stuffed-Up Heads. Even when your head is all clogged up from a cold, Va-tro-nol brings comforting relief. It clears away clogging mucus, reduces swollen membranes, and helps keep sinuses open. It lets you *breathe* again.

And Va-tro-nol is so convenient, so easy to use—at home or at work. Keep it handy—use it *early*.

If a Cold STRIKES



If first signs have been neglected—or a cold strikes without warning—use Vicks VAPORUB, the safe, *external* treatment. Just massage it on throat, chest, *and back* at bedtime. No "dosing"—no stomach upsets. Best of all, no long waiting for relief to begin. For VAPORUB attacks the distressing symptoms *direct*—right where you feel them. It acts *direct* through the skin like a poultice, and *direct* on the irritated air-passages with its medicated vapors.

This double action loosens phlegm—relieves irritation and coughing—helps break local congestion.

Relieves While You Sleep. Long after restful sleep comes, VapoRub keeps right on working. And often, by morning the worst of the cold is over.

Proved in Clinical Tests Among 17,353 People

Both Va-tro-nol and VapoRub have been *doubly proved* for you—by everyday use in millions of homes, and by one of the largest series of clinical tests ever made on colds. For full details see the special folder—"Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds"—which comes in each Vicks package.

VICKS

VA-TRO-NOL	VAPORUB
Used at the first warning sneeze or sniffle	Just rubbed on the throat, chest, *and back*
Helps PREVENT many colds	Helps END a cold sooner



2 BIG RADIO SHOWS: Sunday 7 P. M. *(EST)*—*famous guest stars featuring* JEANETTE MacDONALD... Mon., Wed., Fri., 10:30 A. M. *(EST)* TONY WONS. *Both Columbia Network.*

OVER ~~53~~ ~~26~~ 17 MILLION VICK AIDS USED YEARLY FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS

*60% OF ALL WOMEN WERE BORN BLONDE . . . BUT

time darkens and dulls blonde hair!

LOVELY SOCIETY DEBUTANTES . . . GLAMOROUS HOLLYWOOD ACTRESSES KEEP BEAUTIFUL *with Marchand's*



"I am still a natural blonde . . . thanks to Marchand's Golden Hair Wash," says LUCY T. SAUNDERS, *glamorous debutante of New York and Newport society. Miss Saunders' blonde hair attracts admiration wherever she is seen.*

"Marchand's keeps my hair naturally light and golden . . . as it will for any woman who wants to restore and enhance her blonde loveliness," says MARY ELIZABETH STEVENS, *socially prominent in New York. Miss Stevens is one of the most beautiful of the younger smart set.*

"Marchand's keeps my hair an even, light shade always . . . just as it will restore and protect the radiance of your blondness," says TERRY WALKER, *lovely Hollywood actress appearing currently in "Federal Bullets"*

A MONOGRAM PICTURE

* Chances are you were fair as a child . . . but time darkens any shade of hair. Take a hint from these smart women who know the charm of sunny blonde hair. Marchand's will lighten your hair harmlessly and naturally. You'll be amazed to find yourself the fascinating person Nature intended you to be.

MARCHAND'S

GOLDEN HAIR WASH

AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES



You'll see Bobby Breen against a colorful tropical background in his new picture, "Hawaii Calls."

SHE is an avid reader, this inclination being encouraged by the fact that all she has to do when she wants a book is to call downstairs. She had just finished reading "Outposts of Science," three Du-Maurier plays and "And So Victoria."

Her appearance is a surprise, because the real Beverly is so different from the girl you see on the screen and ten times as pretty. She is small and daintily built and her delicate coloring could never be photographed. Her hair, naturally golden blonde and curly, is one of her best features. "But it doesn't photograph well," she said later. "It absorbs the lights and from now on I guess I'll have to wear a wig in pictures."

In repose she is beautiful, with frank, clear hazel eyes and regular features, but when she smiles she is radiant. Her smile comes suddenly, with no warning, and is as warming as a ray of sunshine.

At the studio where Beverly is under contract, it has been said, "Beverly is a girl who has been kicked around. She's had a tough time of it and now she's sitting pretty."

She may have been kicked around, but she got the greatest kick out of the experience. Being broke was a lark to her. She never worries and, although fundamentally a very serious person, says: "There's always something to laugh about." In fact, she can make you believe that she has had grand fun having a hard time.

"I've never had more fun than when I've been broke," she said seriously.

Then she explained that, according to her theories, being broke is not a pleasant experience but it does have compensations.

"When you are broke anything that happens is an event. If someone invites you to dinner it is exciting. It's something to make a whole day. And you know, too, that you have been asked because you are wanted and not because of your money or power.

"Why, before I came to Hollywood just the thought of having a script handed to me to read; the idea of being able to say 'yes' or 'no' to a part; the idea of having a job in any picture, good or bad, would have bowled me over.

LIFE is a series of different levels. Every increase in salary, every step up takes you to a new, higher level. It's a good idea to keep your feet on the ground so that even five dollars more a week means something."

One lesson Beverly thinks important, is to learn not to want things too hard. "If you want things in a relaxed way," she thinks, "they come to you much easier. You can't make things come to you.

"When I was singing in night clubs in New York, I wanted more than anything in the world to get a chance to work in pictures. A talent scout saw me work and said I must have a screen test. She was sure I was just what pictures needed, but I refused the offer because I didn't think it was the right time. I kept on with the work I was doing but always in my mind was the desire to work in pictures."

There isn't an ounce of conceit in Beverly's make-up but she swells with pride when she recalls the comment a Pittsburgh critic wrote of her singing. He wrote: "She can sing songs in a way that would make Noel Coward sit up and say 'uncle.'"

After an engagement at the Town Casino, she sang in Jack Dempsey's restaurant until he changed policy and discontinued the floor show. Meanwhile, she had made the screen test, but seven months after it had first been offered her. "And just to show you how things always happen to me, the night before I was to close at Jack Dempsey's a telegram came offering me a job at Warner's Studio in Hollywood. I owed two weeks' rent and had $2.15 in my pocket but I managed to borrow enough to pay up and get out here."

Her employers have forgotten they hired a singer when they signed Beverly but she



Guess who? Nope, it's Gracie Allen, all done up as a Puritan miss for her antics in "College Swing."



draw me!

TRY FOR AN *Art* Scholarship

Copy this girl and send us your drawing — perhaps you'll win a COMPLETE FEDERAL COURSE FREE! This contest is for amateurs, so if you like to draw do not hesitate to enter.

Prizes for Five Best Drawings — FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, including drawing outfits. (Value of each course, $215.00.)

FREE! Each contestant whose drawing shows sufficient merit will receive a grading and advice as to whether he or she has, in our estimation, artistic talent worth developing.

Nowadays design and color play an important part in the sale of almost everything. Therefore the artist, who designs merchandise or illustrates advertising has become a real factor in modern industry. Machines can never displace him. Many Federal students, both men and girls who are now commercial designers or illustrators capable of earning from $1,000 to $5000 yearly have been trained by the Federal Course. Here's a splendid opportunity to test your talent. Read the rules and send your drawing to the address below.

RULES

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

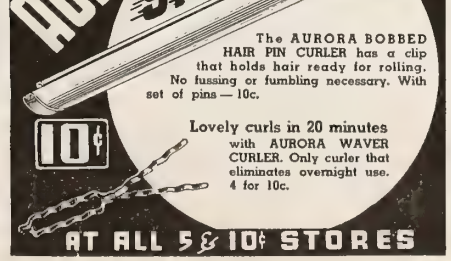
1. Make drawing of girl 5 inches high, on paper 6 inches high. Draw only the girl, not the lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Print your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
5. All drawings must be received by Feb. 28th, 1938. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

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SPEED



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10¢

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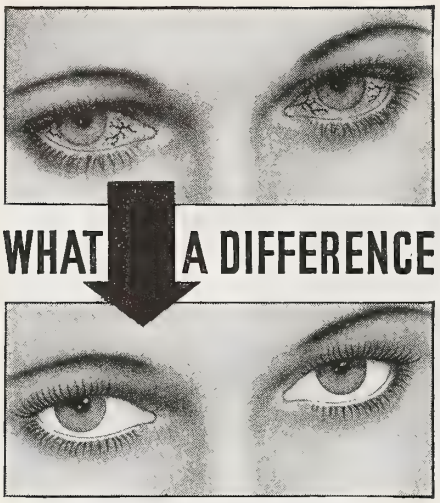
Try these sensational, lingering fragrances, in exquisite dram-size flaconettes . . . Gardenia, Lilac, Carnation, Lily O'Valley, Violet and Sweet Pea. Compare De Luxe with perfumes costing far more! Ask for "De Luxe Perfumes" at leading 10 cent stores and Perfume Counters.



SAMPLES

Send 10 cents for 3 liberal test vials. (Please specify fragrances).

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DULL, "tired-looking" eyes ruin the most perfect "eye make-up." You can't hide them with arched brows or mascara. But when eyes become red, veined, tired-looking due to late hours, reading, fatigue, exposure —a few drops of Eye-Gene can make them clearer, whiter, in seconds! Eyes look larger, sparkling, refreshed. Utterly different in action from boric acid or old-style lotions. A new formula of two noted eye specialists. Especially soothing to those who wear glasses. Fastest selling eye lotion of its kind. Get the large economy bottle at any drug or department store—money refunded if not satisfied. Or get purse size at any 10c store.

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AT HOME, without risk, you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it by applying the tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved — for over twenty-five years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. With amazing speed BROWNATONE imparts rich, beautiful color of natural appearance. Just brush or comb it in.

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Please send me Test Bottle of BROWNATONE and interesting booklet. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover, partly, cost of packing and mailing.
Check shade wanted:
☐ Blonde to Medium Brown ☐ Dark Brown to Black

Name _____
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Print Your Name and Address



A study in contrast. Oriental Anna May Wong and American beauty, Gail Patrick, smile for the cameraman on the "Dangerous to Know" set.

thinks it is just as well "because," she said honestly, "I'm not a good singer."

She recently agreed to remain at the studio for another six months, "to see what happens," she said. "I'm such a difficult person to cast," she explained. "It isn't the fault of anyone that I've had bad roles. It's just that suitable roles are so hard to find for me."

BUT her friends, in characteristic Hollywood fashion, have decided that at the end of six months she plans to wed William Keighley, a Warner director.

"I'm not going to get married," she denied flatly. "That is, not right away," she added cautiously. Later she said, "I believe the most important thing I've discovered about life is that the only constant thing in the world is change.

"Today, I feel that I couldn't handle marriage and a career. I feel that way . . . definitely. But who knows that tomorrow will not prove that I can and will be placed in that very situation?"

"Love is such a very intangible quality. Today it may be the fartherest thing from your mind. Tomorrow you may be swept off your feet. So I've tried to keep an open mind about marriage. I'm a firm believer in not crossing any bridges until I get to them.

"Like every girl," she continued, "I have had ideals about men. Most of them I have discarded. Things that used to seem terribly important to me no longer have the same value. Possibly because I've always been so independent (and necessarily so) I have acquired a much more practical viewpoint than rides along the beach in the moonlight, dancing in the dark and boxes of candy. It is so much more important to have someone there when you need him than showering you with the little attentions that most women seem to demand of men.

"Naturally, there are certain things in a man that I admire. There are some things



CORNS COME BACK BIGGER-UGLIER

OLD-FASHIONED home paring is dangerous! It means risk of infection and only affects the surface of a corn—leaves the root* to come back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever!

Don't take chances. Now you can remove corns quickly, safely and easily without dangerous paring or other unscientific methods. Follow the example of millions and play safe with new, double-action Blue-Jay. The tiny medicated Blue-Jay plaster stops pain instantly by removing pressure, then in 3 short days the corn lifts out root and all (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Blue-Jay is easy to use—invisible. Safe—scientific—quick-acting. 25¢ for 6. At all drug and department stores. Same price in Canada.

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for **a free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co. 70-C Frontier Bldg.
452 Niagara Street. Buffalo, New York

An Open Letter to Bette Davis in April Modern Screen

Many Never SUSPECT Cause of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

I feel to be absolutely essential to love. For example, I don't believe any romance or marriage can last without a foundation of understanding and consideration. I don't think I am unreasonable in expecting this. I don't think I have ever asked anything of a man I wouldn't be perfectly willing to give in return.

"One thing I've always hated in any relationship with a man is conflict. I'd walk a mile to have peace in any situation. I don't mind criticism in the least, if I feel that I deserve it. In fact, I welcome any suggestion that I think will help me.

ONE of my worst failings is jealousy. It's not that I am jealous of women especially. I am simply jealous of anything that comes between me and happiness. Whenever I have had that feeling I have become actually physically ill. It gets me right here," and Beverly pointed to her stomach.

"One thing I do feel is tremendously important to a happy romance is for each person to preserve his individuality. Invariably, when two people are in love, one of the two is more in love than the other. The tendency here is to submerge oneself in the stronger personality of the other. That is fatal to happiness, I believe.

"But how did we get on this subject, anyway?" she asked suddenly. "I don't believe I have any business generalizing about love and marriage. It is much too personal and individual a problem to be discussed haphazardly, in the first place.

"In the second place, I don't know anything definite myself. Mentally and emotionally I'm two different people. I've worked out some beautiful theories in my mind but invariably when love comes along they are knocked into a cocked hat.

"I've never felt that marriage was the ultimate in life. Possibly it's because I have always had other interests."

In Beverly's friendship with Mr. Keighley, whom she met when he directed her in a picture shortly after her arrival in Hollywood, there seems to be mutual admiration and understanding. They like to do the same things and laugh at the same things. They visit the beach resorts, ride on everything and play all the games.

When he built a gas station recently, Beverly offered to be on hand for the opening.

"I suggested that I could give my autograph with every gallon of gasoline," she laughed, "but my offer wasn't accepted.

"This is a screwy interview, isn't it? But I'm a screwy person. I don't think I've said anything you could write. I wish I could write. I've always been ambitious to write, so I was delighted when the editor of the *Guild Magazine* asked me to write an article for him. I'm thrilled to death when anyone suggests I may have hidden talent. But days have gone by and I can't think of anything to write about."

A painting on the wall resembled her ever so slightly.

"Yes," she admitted, "that's me, but I had ptomaine poisoning the day I sat for it and the artist had mental indigestion. I keep it hanging there because I like the frame. He's really a good artist. See," and she indicated an exquisite painting over the fireplace, "he did that one."

One of Beverly's outstanding characteristics is enthusiasm and she admits she wouldn't want to live any way but with zest, and thinks the three most imporant essentials of life are tolerance, love of living and a sense of humor.

"And broke or not," she says, "I never want to lose my zest for doing things and my ability to enjoy life. I couldn't bear to be like a glass of ginger ale that had been left in the sun for a couple of days. I want to keep on bubbling."

Sister, can you spare a NICKEL?



DO YOU KNOW what *one* nickel can do for your kitchen and cupboard shelves? It will buy 9 whole feet of the smartest shelving (not just edging) that you can get at *any price.* Millions of thrifty women have turned dark closets and cupboards into beauty spots with durable, decorative, *non-curling* Royledge!

Royledge calls for no tacking, no laundry. Lay it flat on the shelf, fold down the beautiful, embossed edge, and it stays bright and clean for months. Any 5-and-10¢, neighborhood or department store has stunning new Royledge designs and colors to match your other equipment, at 5¢ for 9 ft. *Spare that nickel,* the first time you shop! (There are 10¢ sizes, too.) Roylace, 99 Gold Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOTE:— When you need Doylies, buy ROYLIES ... decorator-designed; radio advertised; 5¢ & 10¢ packages!

9 FT. 5¢ Royledge REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. SHELVING "FEEL THE EDGE"

Throat  tickle isn't funny when it comes from a cold. But try  one  package of

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MAKES IRONING EASY TRY THIS FREE

This modern way to hot starch ends mixing, boiling and bother as with lump starch. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. It restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness. No sticking. No scorching. Your iron fairly glides. Send for sample.



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Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

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LA·TEEN nail tints

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It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the famous FLAME-GLO Triple Indelible Lipsticks **FREE** . . . each in a different fascinating shade, so you can discover the color most becoming to you. To introduce our newest achievement, we will also send you a tube of **REJUVIA** Mascara Cream, with brush. It's Guaranteed Waterproof and Smear-proof; perfectly Harmless! Just send 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs. For beauty's sake, send coupon TODAY!

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Send me 3 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks and REJUVIA Mascara Cream; enclosed find 10c (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost.(15c in Canada)
NAME
ADDRESS
CHECK MASCARA COLOR DESIRED
☐ BLACK ☐ BROWN ☐ BLUE
10¢ AND 20¢ AT LEADING 5 & 10¢ STORES

BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME

(*Continued from page 17*)

homes are nice and warm, I can't find anyone to walk over to the movies with me. It's always, "Gee, tonight's Nelson Eddy night, or Al Jolson, or Burns and Allen, or Jack Oakie, or Don Ameche or sumpin'. The situation's awful. They say, "Oh, that picture's playing. Yeah, I heard it over the radio last week. It was good, but I already know the plot and climax," or "Come over instead and we'll sit and listen to the Lux Radio Theatre, a whole movie for an hour and we can spend the money we save on something else."

However, as far as I'm concerned, radio programs depend too much on the story and script. So, I say to Hollywood: Don't give yourself the air.—Mrs. J. Lieser, Chicago.

$1.00 Prize Letter
What's Happened to Eddy?

What have they done to our "Captain Warrington"? What has become of the tall, slim, blond fellow with the charming smile who captivated the hearts of the ladies in "Naughty Marietta"?

What has become of Nelson Eddy?

Of course, he gave two grand performances in "Rose Marie" and "Maytime," but I am sure the public wishes to see him in another two-fisted role such as he had in his first starring picture.

In their anxiety to give him music worthy of his beautiful voice, Hollywood has apparently forgotten his romantic appeal and so I offer this plea. Please, don't do to Nelson Eddy what you have already done to Robert Taylor. Don't rely on his voice to put him over to the public as you relied on Bob's good looks.—L. Sullivan, Watertown, Mass.

$1.00 Prize Poem
To Simone Simon

You're little and cute—
In fact, quite petite,
A little bit naughty,
And yet, oh, so sweet;
You really deserve
Far more, little girl,
Than what you've received
In the cinema whirl.
I hope in the future
They'll give you a part
That'll prove you can do things
To any man's heart.
I think you're a whiz
And just want to shout
Each time you develop
That cute little pout.
My favorite actress—
Just you alone,
The naughty but nice, Simone Simon.
—Louis Steel, San Leandro, Calif.

Solution to Puzzle on Page 72

C	O	R	O	T		F	R	E	D	R	I	C		M	A	R	C	H
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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE . . .

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. For a free sample of Carter's Little Liver Pills, also free book entitled "The Interesting Story of What Makes You Feel Good," address Carter's, 27 Park Place, N. Y. C. Or ask your druggist for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 25¢. Stubbornly refuse anything else. ©1938, C. P. INC.



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Choose Phelactine Depilatory

For removing unwanted hair quickly. Easy to use. *At drug and department stores everywhere.*

GLADYS GETS THERE

(*Continued from page 62*)

which now will not even appear in the picture, was photographed, half the people on the set claimed credit for the pitching. Just why, I'll never know. It certainly can't come under the head of an honor. And I haven't any enemies. That is, I don't think I have!"

Perhaps no operatic star entered the movie medium more bewildered than Gladys Swarthout. Her fault, if such it was, lay in being too anxious to please. Everything she attempts is done with great seriousness, whether it is buying a hat or planning a house. She has always been willing to make sacrifices for her career. Her lunch consists of a green salad. Her "cocktail hour," a cup of tea into which is measured a teaspoonful of brandy. She retires at ten unless she attends a theatre or concert. If it is her "night out," she is home after the entertainment as fast and as soon as her car will take her there. She depends upon her husband greatly and strives to please him. His opinion is asked whether she is selecting a gown or signing a contract and his decision is adhered to.

The movie game still seems to baffle the Chapmans a bit, however.

"I can't understand," says Miss Swarthout, "how, when you read the story and approve it, look at the rushes and like them, that you can be disappointed when you see the finished picture. Yet you can. Indeed, I have. Maybe cutting is the seat of the mystery. Anyway, it all seems such a matter of chance and is like the grab bag at the church party. You put in your hand and pick something and hope to heaven it's good. And if it isn't, you can't complain for you yourself pulled it."

However, except for a few minor criticisms, the Chapmans have become very much attached to the camera coast. They have a house there now and entertain on a conservative scale.

Strange as it may seem, no opera star has made an instantaneous picture success. Grace Moore was a definite film failure when she started in pictures. She determined that the movie game would not lick her, and it didn't. Lily Pons' pictures have been pleasant and Miss Swarthout's first two were fair. However, the third, "Romance in the Dark," in which John Boles is again her starring partner, proves that she has "gotten there" at last. Yes, her voice and beauty started her, but sheer pluck and hard work were responsible for her making the grade.

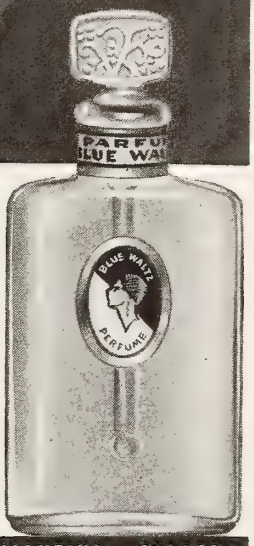


Lily Pons visits Eddie Horton on the set of "College Swing."



Thrilling moments that every girl longs for, dreams about. Why not make them real? Why not invite adventure and romance, entice the man of your heart, be fragrantly alluring with Blue Waltz Perfume? Its subtle, intoxicating odeur whispers your charm, gives you new confidence in your own loveliness. Just try it and see! Ask for Blue Waltz Perfume. 10c at 5 and 10c stores.

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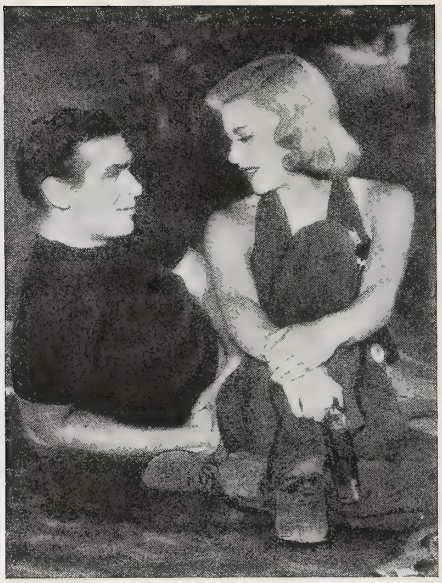
Be the star of your own show and don't wear bob pins that distract the attention of admirers by catching the light and glaring.

Blend-Rite "Glare-Proof" Bob Pins (made exclusively by Sta-Rite) blend perfectly with the natural hair and almost defy detection.

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Ask your dealer for Blend-Rite "Glare-Proof" Bob Pins by Sta-Rite. If he cannot supply you send 10¢ mentioning color wanted (brown, blonde, black or gray) to Dept. M2, Sta-Rite Hair Pin Co., Shelbyville, Illinois. 86

STA-RITE Hair Pins Bob Pins



Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Ginger Rogers are co-starred for the first time in "Having Wonderful Time."

Nelson Eddy has been giving a handsome man a rush around all the studios lately. Turned out that he was William Darius Eddy, and Nelson's Pa to boot. Eddy, Sr., it's his first trip out here, is divorced from Nelson's mother and lives in the East.

■ ■ ■

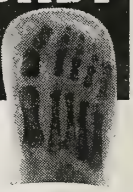
One of the most generous gals in pictures is Sonja Henie. At the completion of every picture her gifts are breathtaking. Besides, Sonja gives constantly to all those who need her help. F'rinstance, she's sending the small daughter of one of the hairdressers to a health sanatorium, the son of an extra girl to a boarding school, and has an agreement that anyone who needs money badly while working with her can borrow from her without any extra charge.

■ ■ ■



Bonita Granville seems to have caught the spirit of her latest picture, "Merrily We Live," if this camera shot means anything.

The most EXPENSIVE SHOE IS SOMETIMES BABY'S WORST ENEMY



X-Ray of baby's foot in expensive shoe which mother wouldn't throw away. Baby will go through life with twisted foot bones.

The worst enemy of baby's foot is an outgrown shoe. Babies *outgrow* shoes long before they wear them out. Four out of five mothers who buy expensive shoes make baby wear them long after they are too short and so RUIN baby's precious feet.

Buy inexpensive Wee Walkers and change to new ones often. They have every *practical* feature you find in the most expensive shoes. Full-sized, roomy, correctly proportioned. Exclusive Wee Walker live-model lasts give real barefoot freedom. Soft, pliable leathers—good-looking styles. Because they are made by the largest manufacturers of infant shoes exclusively, and are *sold in stores with very low selling cost* the price to you is very low. Look for them in the Infants' Wear Department of the following stores:

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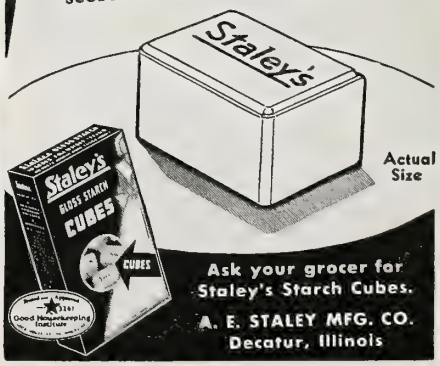


WEE WALKER Shoes
LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK
MORAN SHOE CO.
CARLYLE, ILL.

When Claudette Colbert goes to the projection room to look at the daily rushes of "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" her constant companion and, she claims, severest critic, is Smoky, her French poodle. If Smoky doesn't like what he sees he politely holds his tongue, but if it appeals to him he barks his head off. Claudette is hoping "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" will be a "four bark" picture.

NEW STARCH IN CUBES

• Each cube, an exact amount of finest gloss starch. No guess. No waste. Cubes dissolve smoothly. No lumps to make iron stick and scorch. Ironing time cut ⅓.



Actual Size

Ask your grocer for Staley's Starch Cubes.
A. E. STALEY MFG. CO.
Decatur, Illinois

GOINGS-ON IN GOTHAM

(*Continued from page 59*)

guests at a nearby table.

Later on, when she was introduced to the entire room, the guests at the next table gave her a gentle but firm razzberry. Whereupon, one of Gracie's friends got up and took a poke at the worst of the offenders. The w. of the o. took a poke right back and the panic was on. Meanwhile, the cinematic song bird disappeared into the night and next day refused to comment on the previous evening's activities.

WILLIAM POWELL and pretty Loretta Young had themselves a whirl in our town and created quite a furore when they appeared together at the Horse Show. No romance, y'understand. The two just happened to be staying at the same hotel and since they're good friends, they decided to see the town together. Joe Mankiewicz is still Head Man in Loretta's young life and Bill just isn't interested in sentiment these days. In fact, he had just completed a European trip.

"The way to try to forget," said Bill, referring of course to the beautiful Jean Harlow, "is to keep going. Just don't give yourself a minute in which to think! When it begins to get you, move on fast to the next place. That's how I manage to survive anyway!"

Bill was planning to return to the Coast to make "The Baroness and the Butler" with Annabella. The story had originally been called "Jean," but the Powers That Be decided to change the title in deference to their star. Incidentally, actors have come and actors have gone, but William Powell is more popular today than ever. He claims that one of the reasons he keeps going is that his beauty will never get him into trouble.



Whatever Ann Gillis is whispering in Tommy Kelly's ear seems to please the young man. It's all part of the plot for "The Adventures Of Tom Sawyer."

"Even when I was very young, I never played juveniles," said Bill. "I just wasn't the type. Not being able to depend on my looks, I simply had to try to act. And so, even when I began my career, it was in the capacity of a youthful character actor."

Speaking of acting and personal appearances—Frances Langford cracked the record at New York's Paramount Theatre.

"I've never been more thrilled in my life," breathed the demure Frances. "You know, I haven't been in New York in four years and was sort of afraid they'd forgotten me. Instead, everybody's been wonderful. This has all been even more exciting than my first visit home after I'd really gotten started in pictures, and that's saying an awful lot!"

And so the movie lights come and go and, during their short sojourn, somehow manage to make even the Broadway bright lights seem a bit brighter.

GIRL ON OATH TELLS HER SECRET OF GAINING WEIGHT

Many report gains of 5 to 15 pounds after taking new Ironized Yeast tablets

NO longer need thousands of girls remain skinny and unattractive, unable to win friends and popularity. For, with these amazing new Ironized Yeast tablets, thousands who never could gain before have put on 5 to 15 pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh—gained new pep and charm—*often in just a few weeks!*

It sounds almost unbelievable. Yet listen to what Miss Anne Johnston, who is just one of many users, swears to before a Notary Public:

"Under the strain of working in several pictures in Hollywood, I became terribly rundown. I lost weight, my skin looked terrible, I suffered with headaches and my nerves were simply on edge. Of course I knew I couldn't stay in the pictures, looking so skinny and wornout. I was in despair until a friend recommended Ironized Yeast tablets and I bought a bottle. Almost at once I felt lots peppier and stronger. My skin cleared beautifully. All my headaches and nervousness disappeared, and in 2 months I gained 8 pounds. With my new pep and new figure I've gained loads of new friends, and the hard work of pictures never bothers me."

Anne Johnston, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Sworn to before me

Donald M. McCready, Notary Public

Why they build up so quick

Scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat. Now you get these exact missing elements in these new Ironized Yeast tablets.

They're made from one of the world's richest sources of health-building Vitamin B—the special yeast used in making English ale. By a new costly process, this rich yeast is concentrated 7 times, taking 7 pounds of yeast to make just one pound of concentrate—thus making it many times more powerful in Vitamin B strength than ordinary yeast. Then 3 kinds of strength-building iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron) and pasteurized English ale yeast are added. Finally every batch of this Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically for its Vitamin B strength. This insures its full weight-building power.

No wonder, then, that these new easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets have helped thousands of the skinniest people who needed their vital elements quickly to gain new normally attractive pounds and new charm.

Make this money-back test

To make it easy for you to try Ironized Yeast, we do better than offer you a small sample package. We offer you a FULL SIZE package, and you don't risk a penny. For if with this first package you don't begin to eat better and get more benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength, pep and energy—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh you need—the price of this first package will be promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today.



Miss Anne Johnston swears before Notary Public McCready

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 33, Atlanta, Ga.

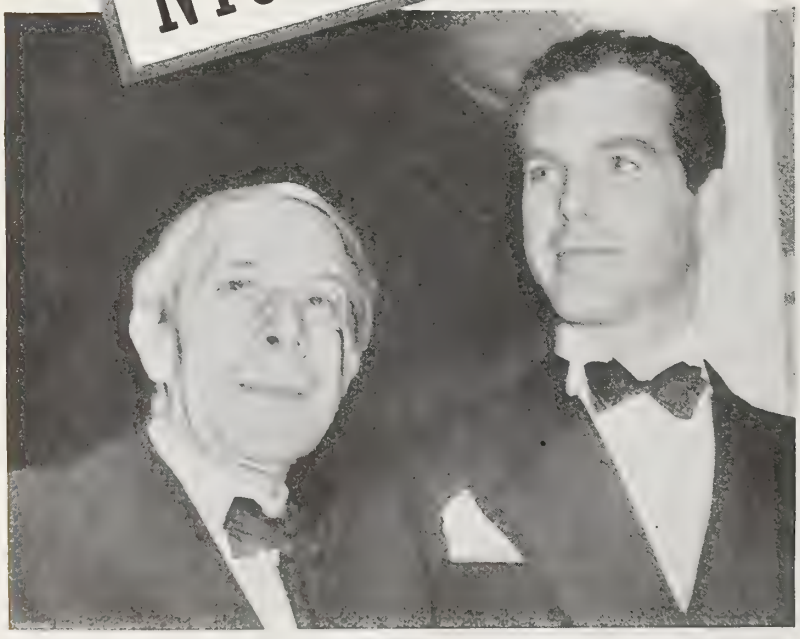
WARNING: Beware of the many cheap substitutes. Be sure you get the genuine original Ironized Yeast.





FIRST NIGHTERS

The mink and ermine contingent of Hollywood turned out en masse for the premiere of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Walt Disney's first feature-length film. Freddie Bartholomew and his Aunt Cissie were among the first to arrive. Claudette Colbert and Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch were also among those who so enthusiastically applauded Mr. Disney's artistry.



George Arliss and Fred MacMurray were snapped as they entered the theatre together.



Shirley Temple attended the opening with Ann Bennett, left, and Justine Jones.

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THE QUINTUPLETS



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OVER 250 PICTURES IN THIS ISSUE!

Modern Screen

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. . . AND MEN CAN BE SUCH AWFUL GOSSIPS TOO!



Let's face the truth about UNDERARM PERSPIRATION ODOR

MEN DO TALK about girls behind their backs—although they won't admit it. Is a girl pretty, a good sport, a smooth dancer? The answer quickly goes the rounds!

They talk about other things, too. About the girls they hate to dance with—the girls they simply *won't* take out. For a girl must be *more* than pretty and smart. She'll never make a hit with men unless she is truly *sweet*—nice to be *near*.

Unpopularity often begins with the first hint of underarm odor. This is one fault that men can't stand—one fault they *can't* forgive. Yet any girl may offend this way, if she trusts her *bath alone* to keep her fresh!

Smart girls—popular girls—don't take chances! They know a bath only takes care of *past perspiration*—that they still need Mum, to prevent odor *to come*.

MUM LASTS ALL DAY! All day or all evening long, Mum's protection is *sure*.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration. Even after underarm shaving it never irritates the skin. And Mum is completely harmless to fabrics—safe to apply even *after* you're dressed.

MUM IS QUICK! One half minute is all it takes for a dab of Mum under each arm! To be a girl men *like* to have around, use Mum every day and after every bath.

FOR THIS IMPORTANT USE, TOO

Thousands of women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know Mum is so gentle, so sure! Don't risk embarrassment! Always use Mum!

HOURS AFTER YOUR BATH MUM STILL KEEPS YOU SWEET



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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MAKE **HIS** EASY CHAIR REALLY **EASY!**

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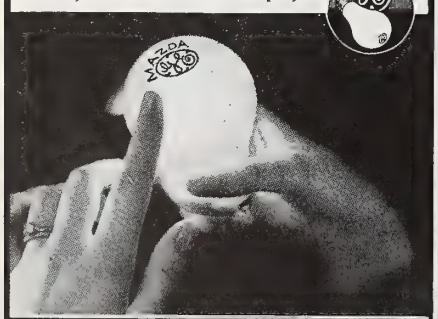
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MODERN SCREEN



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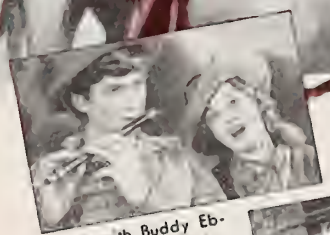
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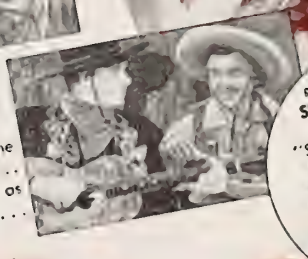


Jeanette MacDONALD NELSON EDDY

Glory bursts from the screen in the greatest musical love story of our time!



Laugh with Buddy Ebsen's outdoor romancing to Jeanette's love songs!



Nelson Eddy, handsome singing bandit chief . . . Funny Leo Carrillo as Mosquito, his pard . . .

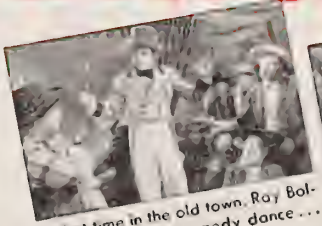
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"Soldiers of Fortune"
"The West Ain't Wild Any More"
"Who Are We to Say?"
"Senorita"

The Girl OF THE Golden West

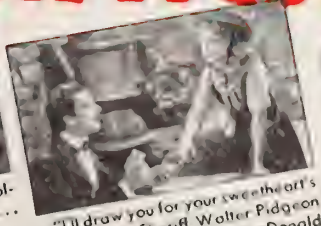
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Ray BOLGER Walter PIDGEON
Leo CARRILLO Buddy EBSEN

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Produced by WILLIAM ANTHONY McGUIRE · An M-G-M Picture
Based on the play by David Belasco

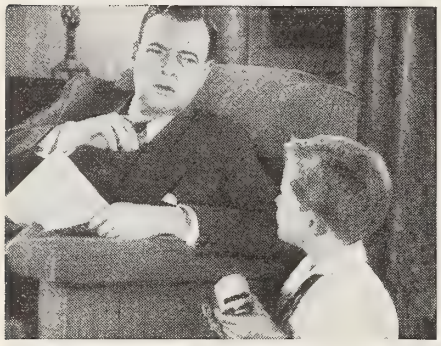


A hot time in the old town. Ray Bolger's uproarious comedy dance . . .



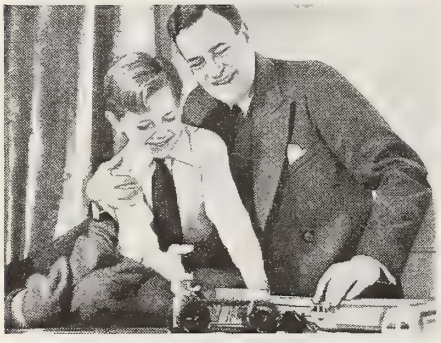
"I'll draw you for your sweetheart's life", says Sheriff Walter Pidgeon to beautiful Jeanette MacDonald

Dad, PLEASE PLAY WITH ME!



Maybe you're like this father. He knew he should spend more time with his child but too often he just didn't have the energy. He was fagged out, ill-tempered, headachy. Constipation had stolen his pep and nothing he tried really seemed to set him right.

NOW HE'S SO GLAD HE TRIED THIS NEW IDEA!

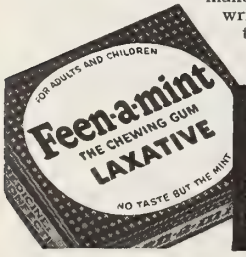


What a lucky day it was for him when a friend recommended FEEN-A-MINT! He was delighted with this pleasant, easy way to take a laxative—found it tasted just like delicious chewing gum. More important still, he found it gentle, thorough, and trustworthy. *You'll* find—as he did—that no other type of laxative can do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does! No wonder 16 million *modern* folks prefer it!

Here's why you'll prefer FEEN-A-MINT

1. **NO STOMACH UPSET**—With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there is nothing to burden digestion.
2. **CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION**—The chewing stimulates the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.
3. **ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT**—FEEN-A-MINT's tasteless laxative ingredient does not affect stomach action. It passes to the intestine and works where it *should.*

FEEN-A-MINT won't gripe or nauseate you, or disturb sleep. It's grand for children, too. They love its delicious flavor. FEEN-A-MINT is truly the laxative you should use in *your* family. Try it!—find out for yourself what a wonderful *difference* FEEN-A-MINT makes! At all druggists, or write for generous FREE trial package. Dept. 66. FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.



DELICIOUS Tastes like your favorite chewing gum

STYLED FOR SPRING



No.1322—The lines of this soft angora sport blouse cling flatteringly to the youthful figure. Smart details lend an air of distinction to a practical sweater.

No. 4207—A model that will work wonders for you, this smart two-piece dress with striking marked trimming is plain crocheted in a simple stitch



FOR THE knitters this month, we have a smart classic sport blouse, knitted in simple chain stitch of sport angora, a yarn just made for light spring sweaters. The lines of this blouse are youthful and cling beautifully to the young figure. The small collar sets off the butterfly bow, which is trimmed with leather buttons to match the belt. Make this in your favorite pastel shade and wear it right into the summer.

You'll be surprised to learn that the stunning white two-piece dress with its striking marked trimming is crocheted of light airy cotton in a simple stitch that even a beginner can master! The zipped front is not only new, but convenient. The pockets are cleverly fastened with tiny white tabs drawn through slits on the pockets, and the slightly puffed sleeves give a flattering illusion of width to the shoulders.

Spring is just around the corner, so be ready for it! Clip the coupon and send for these new designs today.

Even if you've never tried knitting at all up to now, you'll be amazed to see how quickly these things will work up.

ANN WILLS, MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me:

Knitting directions for 1322.. .....

Crocheting directions for 4207... .....

I am enclosing a stamped, addressed (large) envelope.

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State.....

(Check one or both designs and please print name and address)

"He thought he knew how to tame a Frau,
But Gary's in the Doghouse now...
YOU BET..." Claudette



Adolph Zukor presents
CLAUDETTE COLBERT · GARY COOPER
"BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE"
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON · DAVID NIVEN · ELIZABETH PATTERSON · HERMAN BING
Screen Play by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder · A Paramount Picture
Based on the Play by Alfred Savoir · English Play Adaptation by Charlton Andrews
Produced and Directed by ERNST LUBITSCH

MOVIE REVIEWS



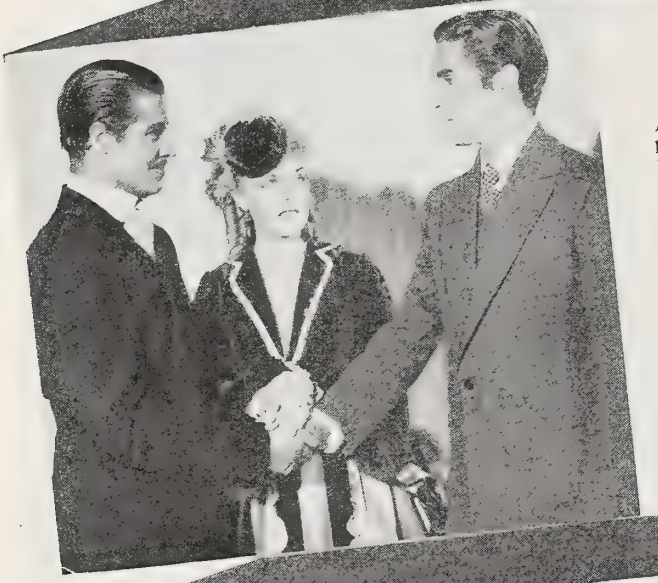
★★★★ The Buccaneer

Cecil B. DeMille's directorial efforts have here turned out entertainment robust and romantic enough for any audience. Almost flawless are the performances of everyone in the huge cast, while the photographic splendors of the picture are exceptional in every instance.

"The Buccaneer" is the story of that swashbuckling pirate, Jean LaFitte, who had all New Orleans awed by his bold adventures. With the bloodthirstiest crew of roues and renegades in history, LaFitte struck terror into the hearts of all who ventured on the high seas.

American ships alone were safe since LaFitte had one burning ambition in life, and that was to be an "Americaine." With New Orleans in danger of British conquest he offers himself and men to help protect the town. Distrusting his motives, the Americans instead make a brutal attack on the pirate's camp, killing, maiming or capturing many, with the rest fleeing into the bayous. LaFitte goes to General Andrew Jackson and strikes a bargain with him.

Fredric March is a gallant Jean LaFitte; Akim Tamiroff excellent as his ruthless but trusted boon companion. Walter Brennan does an outstanding bit as General Jackson's guard; Robert Barrat, Ian Keith, Beulah Bondi, Douglas Dumbrille and Louise Campbell give excellent accounts of themselves. Real feminine honors, however, go outright to Franciska Gaal, newcomer to American films.—*Paramount.*



★★★★ In Old Chicago

As a lusty and exciting chronicle of the growth of a great American city, "In Old Chicago" ranks high in 1938's list of good pictures. The Chicago fire, of course, is the film's highest dramatic point, and the blaze caused by Mrs. O'Leary's famed cow is in a class with "San Francisco's" earthquake and Mr. Goldwyn's "Hurricane" for sheer thrills and technical perfection.

The producers have built their story around the O'Leary's, and have made the fire and the growth of Chicago a background for the family's personal history.

Best single performance is Alice Brady's Mrs. O'Leary. Away from farce comedy, Miss Brady's dramatic portrayal of a pioneer woman is the type of thing for which they give Academy awards.

Ty Power is excellent as Dion, and Don Ameche turns in a fine performance as Jack O'Leary. Alice Faye, as a cabaret girl in love with Dion, has the best screen role of her career, and she carries it expertly. Others who deserve more than passing mention are Andy Devine, Brian Donlevy, Phyllis Brooks, Tom Brown, Berton Churchill, June Story and Madame Sultewan. Directed by Henry King.—*20th Century-Fox.*



★★★ Everybody Sing

Here is a musical comedy that is guaranteed not to bore you. For one thing, the story could stand on its own without the addition of a single song-and-dance number. For another thing, these numbers have a sparkle and verve that lifts them out of the customary stupendous but stupid class of entertainment.

There is Fanny Brice in the role of Olga, formerly of the Volga, but now maid-of-all-work (and no pay) in a theatrical family. The family itself consists of Billie Burke, who for years hasn't said a word either on stage or off that wasn't written by her playwright husband, Reginald Owen. Their two daughters are Lynne Carver and Judy Garland, who spend most of their lives worrying over their erratic parents. The other member of the household is Allan Jones, officially the cook so he can be near Lynne Carver, but in reality the singer in a night club. When Judy decides to save her family from bankruptcy the fun begins! Fanny Brice claims a share of the honors with her "Quainty, Dainty Me" and "Snooks" numbers. Allan Jones has an opportunity here to unbend a bit. Billie Burke is her usual charming, fluffy-headed self and Reginald Owen's ranting brings some of the most hilarious reaction from the audience. Directed by Edwin L. Marin.—*M-G-M.*

BY LEO TOWNSEND

★ DAVID COPPERFIELD ★ NOTHING SACRED ★

A STAR IS BORN ★ VIVA VILLA ★ A TALE OF TWO CITIES

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA ★ LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

The Best Of *David O. Selznick's* 10 Best Pictures



Selznick International presents

MARK TWAIN'S BELOVED CLASSIC

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER

IN TECHNICOLOR

DIRECTED BY NORMAN TAUROG ★ RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

★ DANCING LADY ★ DINNER AT EIGHT ★

TODAY'S TALKIES



★★★ Happy Landing

Sonja Henie and her silver skates score again in "Happy Landing" and, as if it were not enough to see this doll-like Queen of the Ice pirouetting "in solo," she has brought an entire ballet along with which to enthrall you! Indeed, the skating sequences alone are worth the price of admission, for they are nicely spotted and beautifully handled.

First among her supporting cast, for our ticket anyway, is that ace of clowns, Wally Vernon. He performs a "strip tease" act for the edification of newspaper men who arrive at the airport to see the unreliable Cesar Romero off on a European flight. It is up to him to keep the boys entertained—and he does—with the audience shrieking the while.

The story is rather slight and of a familiar pattern, but who cares? It is excellent entertainment from beginning to end. Don Ameche gives his usual good performance, Ethel Merman tears off some hot tunes and Mr. Romero scores singularly in the role of a vain, caddish orchestra leader. The production is in excellent taste, high-lighted with comedy, pathos and good, old-fashioned sentiment. You will, of course, put it on your "must" list. Directorial credit goes to Roy Del Ruth.—*20th Century-Fox.*



★★★ Bad Man of Brimstone

A glorified western, with all the trimmings, "Bad Man of Brimstone" has all the excitement and pictorial beauty of a horse opera, plus a good dramatic story which makes the hard riding and the plethora of gun play plausible and convincing. The film is a natural for all lovers of outdoor epics, in spite of the fact that the plot never deviates from formula.

Wallace Beery plays the title role, and it's one of those parts in which his blustering and his over-acting fit perfectly. As Trigger Bill, he is a mean varmint, but when he discovers the young gent trying to clean up the community is his own son, he secretly works for the destruction of his own gang. A newcomer, Dennis O'Keefe, is the young crusader, and he is definitely top screen material, either in westerns or the more refined drawing room numbers. Virginia Bruce is the gal, and a prettier and nicer gal the West has never seen. She is pure gold, stranger, and audiences will be pleased, if not surprised, when young O'Keefe gets things squared and makes her his bride. Director J. Walter Ruben has done a difficult job skillfully.—*M-G-M.*



★★ Gold Is Where You Find It

Here's a lesson in Hollywood trickery. They take an old story, the one in which Buck Jones used to protect the old West from the invasion of the dreaded sheep men, dress it up with Technicolor and a cast of fairly important names, and tell you it's an epic. They're wrong. It isn't an epic.

Villains of the piece are the hydraulic gold miners who wash away sides of mountains in their quest for the stuff that glitters, and wash away the crops of the honest farmers in the valleys below them. All of this is an outrage to old Colonel Ferris (Claude Rains) and his lovely daughter (Olivia De Havilland) whose hearts are in the soil. Of course there is the handsome mining engineer (George Brent) and the usual complications resulting from his love for the colonel's daughter.

The picture is excellent physically. In addition, there is an exciting flood sequence which speeds up the film's closing moments. Mr. Brent, Mr. Rains and young Tim Holt perform admirably, but the feminine principals, Miss De Havilland and Margaret Lindsay, have both done better. Directed by Michael Curtiz.—*Warner Brothers.*

Let our reviews be your guide in selecting movie "musts"



Andrea Leeds and Adolphe Menjou in "The Goldwyn Follies."

★★★ The Goldwyn Follies

Mr. Goldwyn evidently sat down with himself several months ago and told himself he'd make a musical to end all musicals. He'd do it in Technicolor, he probably told himself, and he'd throw in everything from ballet to the Ritz Brothers, interspersed with large portions of Charlie McCarthy and Phil Baker. He'd even hire Kenny Baker, and thus have the only musical of the year with two Bakers in it. Then, since a musical needs actors to carry on while the comedians are going through their files, he probably ordered himself to sign up Adolphe Menjou and Andrea Leeds. So, patting himself on the back, he walked out of the conference room, completely forgetting one small item—a story.

We don't mean that "The Goldwyn Follies" isn't good. It is. It's a fine musical in many respects: the dancing of the gorgeous Zorina, the beautiful sets, several of the comedy sequences, for instance. But we had come, in response to an excellent advance publicity campaign, expecting the finest musical of all time. What we saw was a glorified vaudeville show boasting many moments of beauty and good entertainment, but its total effect is lessened because Mr. Goldwyn walked out of that conference without a story. George Gershwin's music is good, but there are no outstanding tunes. Directed by George Marshall.—*Samuel Goldwyn.*

Tarzan's Revenge

Tarzan really gets his revenge this time, but on the unprotected audience. We've always been one to thrill over the lusty doings of this guy Tarzan, but this time our only response was a mild interest in just what tricks the director would put handsome Glenn Morris up to next.

Glenn, as the new Tarzan, proved to be a trouper but not a Tarzan. Though Eleanor Holm, as the lady in distress most of the time, hasn't lost a bit of those undeniable good looks, she lost heavily through the weak role assigned her in this one. She might possess all sorts of dramatic powers, but you'd never guess it from the part she essays in this picture. Too bad, because the first picture venture is an important one. The plot also brings in Hedda Hopper and George Barbier as her parents and George Meeker as Eleanor's Promised. Eleanor strays from the African settlement which they all call home and falls with bad company. About this time the director must have yelled, "Page Morris!" for in bounds Tarzan to the rescue. Well, everyone tries awfully hard, so the picture has that to recommend it. Also there's a talented ape who deserves top billing. Director: D. Ross Lederman.—*Principal.*

(*Continued on page 14*)

SHE SAW A GHOST IN THE BED...





It rattled no chains and shook no bones—but there was an unwelcome ghost in Mary's guest room! It hid in the sheets, the curtains, the linens. Guests saw it with horror but didn't dare mention it—until Cousin Flo saw the ghost in the bed.





The very next morning, Cousin Flo told Mary—"It's tattle-tale gray that's haunting your clothes. Your weak-kneed soap doesn't wash things perfectly clean. If you want to chase out that mean dingy shadow—to banish tattle-tale gray—change to Fels-Naptha Soap."





And that was the end of the ghost in the guest room. Thanks to Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and *lots of gentle naptha,* Mary now gets *all* the dirt out of clothes. The sheets shine so white—and everything smells so fresh and sweet—friends say it's a thrill to sleep at her house! . . . Why don't *you* play safe, too? See how easy it is to . . .

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap!

NEW! Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!

COPR. 1938, FELS & CO.

BRIGHT BOY

BY LOIS SVENSRUD

YOU THINK Stu Erwin doesn't know enough to come in out of the rain? But do you know what they say about him in Hollywood? That Stu Erwin puts on the best act in town!

For he's as smart as they come, this barefoot bumpkin from Squaw Valley. He knows he'll be blundering around on the screen long after the heart-throbbers have bit the dust on the cutting-room floor.

But he wasn't always smart enough to be dumb. There was a time when he wanted to outshine them all! He wanted to emote. He wanted to play Hamlet. He wanted to be tall, dark and handsome!

It started back on the farm. He would put on a performance for the hired hands at the drop of the hat. He was the pride and joy of his parents when company came—boy, how he could do "the curfew will not ring tonight"—and make it ring!

This state of affairs lasted through high school in Pertersville, California. The teachers almost wept in unison when Stu received his diploma, for who would carry the Decoration Day programs?

Since his father had advised his taking up a profession if he didn't want to starve, Stu decided to look into journalism. But after a year of it, and after learning about reporters' salaries, Stu decided that if he was going to starve anyhow, he might as well do it dramatically. So he took the bus to Hollywood.

He didn't try to crash the movies, for he just didn't want to waste time on the "bits" handed newcomers. So Stu decided to enroll in the Eagan School. It had a Little Theatre in connection with it. Stu played any role with emotional scope. He worked terrifically hard.

One day he was called into the office of the manager of a Hollywood theatre. There was a part for Stu in a new play—and there was a salary attached!

It was in "White Collars." But the role was Cousin Henry—a local yokel if there ever was one.

"Hold on there, son," said the manager, as Stu was making blindly for the door, "let's talk this over. Now Cousin Henry is something of a simpleton."

"That's right," said Stu bitterly, "and no one's going to think I'm a sap."

"But did it ever occur to you that that's a sympathetic role?" insisted the older man. "That audiences will love you as a sap—providing you're a fine enough actor to make it human. Don't make it ridiculous—make it humorous—then the simpletons in the audience won't squirm in their seats. They'll feel of loftier intelligence and will go home remembering *you*. Sure, they'll think the leading man is divine, but it's you they'll remember. Because you're themselves. The people they know. Understand what I mean?"

STU ERWIN understood. He set about then and there learning to be dumb. And because he was a bright young man it wasn't long before he was awfully dumb.

Every performance, he felt a deeper sympathy for his role. He played it forty-eight straight months. He wasn't making much money, but he was happy.

The play finally closed, but Stu was snatched up immediately to play the sap bridegroom in "Women Go On Forever" at the Morosco Theatre. He had been in it a few days when Winfield Sheehan of Fox Studios, saw the show. "That's the guy I want for 'Mother Knows Best,' that one who doesn't know from nothing," decided Mr. Sheehan, and promptly took himself back-stage to offer Stu the role of the village nit-wit. (*Continued on page 128*)



Judy and Bill with their famous father. He's never too busy to entertain them.



The Erwins step out occasionally, but to them, home is where the fun is!

DARLING OF DIXIE! . . . "Meanest when she's lovin' most!"



HENRY FONDA • GEORGE BRENT • Margaret Lindsay • Donald Crisp • Fay Bainter

RICHARD CROMWELL • HENRY O'NEILL • SPRING BYINGTON • JOHN LITEL

Screen Play by Clements Ripley, Abem Finkel and John Huston

A WILLIAM WYLER PRODUCTION

From the Play by Owen Davis, Sr. Music by Max Steiner

"Raw" Throat? Here's Quick Action!



Zonite Wins Germ-Killing Test by 9.3 to 1

If your throat is raw or dry with a coming cold, don't waste precious time on remedies that are ineffective or slow-acting. Delay may lead to a very serious illness. To kill cold germs in your throat, use the Zonite gargle. You will be pleased with its quick effect.

Standard laboratory tests prove that Zonite is 9.3 times more active than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic!

HOW ZONITE ACTS—Gargle every 2 hours with one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. This Zonite treatment benefits you in four ways: (1) Kills all kinds of cold germs *at contact!* (2) Soothes the rawness in your throat. (3) Relieves the pain of swallowing. (4) Helps Nature by increasing the normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. *Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is!*

DESTROY COLD GERMS NOW—DON'T WAIT

Don't let cold germs knock you out. Get Zonite at your druggist now! Keep it in your medicine cabinet. Be prepared. Then at the first tickle or sign of rawness in your throat, start gargling at once. Use one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. Gargle every 2 hours. We're confident that Zonite's quick results will more than repay you for your precaution.

Always gargle with Zonite at the first sign of a cold





Florence Rice and Robert Young on tour of their "Paradise For Three."

★★ Paradise For Three

In spite of there being nothing much to this picture, that nothing much is so good it would be a shame to miss "Paradise For Three." The plot is one of those mistaken identity ones, the setting the Swiss Alps, and the background Viennese waltzes. The characters are Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver, Robert Young, Mary Astor, Reginald Owen, Henry Hull, and Florence Rice. And with very little excuse for a story, they all still manage to have a fine time and give creditable performances.

Morgan is the multi-millionaire who wins a soap contest for slogans, and is determined to accept the prize in person, the prize being a vacation at a swank Alpine resort. His daughter, Florence Rice, sympathizes with him and so helps him to take this prize-winning trip incognito to the other winners. Arriving at the resort, too, is Robert Young, another winnah. Through a mix-up perpetrated by Reginald Owen, Morgan's valet, Robert Young is mistaken for a millionaire and the real one is put in a garret room. Then there is Mary Astor to make life interesting for anyone with money in the hotel. Having seen through Morgan's incognito she has about landed him when daughter saves all. Directed by Eddie Buzzell.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★ Love On a Budget

This picture shows you how you can afford both love and orchids on your budget. Anyone would be interested in such an exposition, but it also has the Jones Family to recommend it. Shirley Deane, the Jones' eldest daughter, is now newly married to her florist, Russell Gleason.

They have the love and orchids, but no furniture in the honeymoon cottage, and the only reason for this lack is that Russell is staunchly holding out against his bride's pleas to make use of that great American institution, the installment plan. The crisis arrives, though, when Uncle Charlie comes to town. Uncle Charlie is a smooth talker and it isn't long before he's persuaded Russell to take a long shot on some bad investments. It's pretty awful, the way things turn out. Particularly for poor father Jones, who has at last had the honor of town mayor bestowed upon him. It's the best "Jones Family" to date, and with practically the same cast as in the ones before, you are assured of genuinely good performances by everyone concerned. Directed by Herbert Leeds.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ Love Is a Headache

This newest vehicle for Gladys George will provide pleasant diversion for most audiences, although the story material is not up to the smooth performances.

Story concerns Miss George's efforts to become a great stage star, and Franchot Tone's efforts to put her over via his Broadway column. When Tone announces over the air that he is looking for a home for orphans Mickey Rooney and Virginia Weidler, an alert press-agent pounces on the idea as a publicity gag for Miss George. Tone is genuinely interested in the kids, and refuses to believe the adoption is on the level. He kidnaps the two, and Miss George, whose maternal instincts have come to the fore in the meantime, catches up with them and takes them off. Tone gets back into action just in time to be married to Miss George at the point of a female sheriff's gun.

Bewildered by the situations cast upon him by his stooge, Frank Jenks, Tone handles his oppressed comedy situations with the exact amount of understatement necessary. The late Ted Healy, Barnett Parker, and Frank Jenks furnish an abundance of comedy, and Ralph Morgan gives another suave characterization. Directed by Richard Thorpe.—*M-G-M.*

★★ Penrod and His Twin Brother

Warners' second Penrod feature is a not too bad excuse to keep the Mauch Twins in the public eye after their work in "The Prince and the Pauper." Pets, parents, gangsters, juvenile G-men, and a case of mistaken identity are the lighter sum and substance of the picture.

Don't be misled by the title. Penrod (Billy Mauch) does not have a twin brother, but a new kid in the neighborhood is his double (Brother Bobby.) Although Penrod owns a personable pooch, the double owns a double pooch who is vicious.

The Mauch Twins handle their parts like seasoned troupers. Spring Byington, as Penrod's mother, is winning as always, and Frank Craven, Charles Halton, and Claudia Coleman are convincing as the other parents. Directed by William McGann.—*Warner Brothers.*

★★ Swing Your Lady

To really get you out of the doldrums, we prescribe this picture instead of your favorite alkalizer. "Swing Your Lady" is full of pep and punch and that old per-



Spring Byington and Jed Prouty have some inside news on "Love on a Budget."



Penny Singleton and Eddie Acuff all set to step out in "Swing Your Lady." Penny is the young lady who used to be known as Dorothy McNulty.

sonality. A whole cast of hill-billies assure you the laughs, and the characterizations are ably handled by a cast including Louise Fazenda, Humphrey Bogart, Frank McHugh, Nat Pendleton, Allen Jenkins and Penny Singleton.

It's burlesque from start to finish, but entered into with such apparent enjoyment by the players that you'll be in the swing of the thing in no time and find yourself clapping hands and stamping feet. The plot concerns the local yokel, Nat Pendleton, who's fighting for Humphrey Bogart, his astute manager. Nat, though, just doesn't seem to have his heart in his work and things are looking pretty dark for Humphrey—until he meets up with Louise Fazenda.

Now Louise is a wrestler, too, and besides that she's the village blacksmith with large and sinewy arms. It looks like the perfect set-up to Humphrey to match Louise and Nat in the battle of the countryside. Nat thinks it's swell, too, but he reckoned without his emotions. For he takes one look at his buxom opponent—and it's love! With the plot go some hilarious hill-billy songs and dances by the Weaver Brothers and Penny Singleton. Miss S. (formerly Dorothy McNulty) is a personable and talented new Warner Brothers recruit. Directed by Ray Enright.—*Warner Brothers.*

★★★ A Yank at Oxford

In a fine spirit of hands-across-the-sea and commercial sagacity, his studio sent Robert Taylor to England to make a picture with Oxford University as the background. It's too early to report on the success of the hands-across-the-sea gesture, but commercially the picture is a howling success. What's more, it offers Robert Taylor the best role he's had in pictures. As a wise-cracking, cocky American athlete, Mr. T. goes to town with a portrayal that will definitely establish him among the he-men stars and do much to dispel the silly publicity about his "beauty."

Taylor, a star athlete in a midwestern school, goes to Oxford with the avowed intention of showing the English what's being done in the way of sports. He gets off on the wrong foot with his British cousins, but eventually, of course, everything is adjusted. The picture is most entertaining during Taylor's belligerent period, and sags only when Lionel Barrymore, as the proud father, indulges his penchant for chewing scenery.

Backing up the swell performance by the star are several expert characterizations by British members of the cast, notably Robert Coote, Edmund Gwenn, Griffith Jones, and Vivian Leigh. Maureen O'Sullivan is adequate in the feminine lead. Directed by Jack Conway.—*M-G-M.*

★★ Arsene Lupin Returns

Those of us who had given up Arsene Lupin, the French super-thief, for dead are in for a bit of a shock. He's back again, as a gentleman farmer in love with Virginia Bruce—both highly commendable occupations. Arsene has assertedly given up his life of crime, but he becomes seriously entangled in a series of events built around an emerald necklace belonging to Virginia's family. For several reels, skeptics in the audience will doubt M. Lupin's sincerity.

The picture is a fairly interesting mystery thriller of the smooth-as-satin school. Not particularly violent, it turns into a battle of wits between Lupin (who is admirably played by Melvyn Douglas) and an American detective (Warren William) who gets into the case in New York and follows it to its conclusion in France. The emeralds themselves are in transit most of the time—in fact, in spite of their ample protection, they seem to be the most accessible gems in all of France.

Both Melvyn Douglas and Warren William are more than capable in their assignments, and Virginia Bruce is both lovely and effective as the young lady of the piece. Of the supporting cast, John Halliday, Nat Pendleton, and E. E. Clive are outstanding. Directed by George Fitzmaurice.—*M-G-M.*

Strong light . . . hard on your face

"Glare-Proof" Powder

picks up softer rays only —softens your face

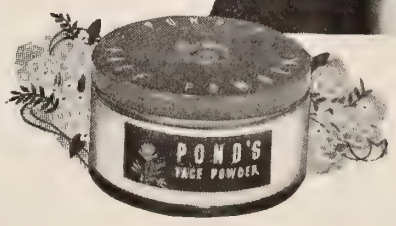


AFTER THE MOVIE or theatre—the midnight snack. Glittering lights everywhere. Even your own kitchen light blazes hard on your face!

Does it show up faults? Sharpen your face? Give your powder that chalky look?

Try Pond's under the brightest lights. See how it softens your face. Pond's shades are "glare-proof"—blended to catch and reflect only the softer rays of light. Pond's Powder gives your face a soft look in any light. ***And doesn't show up!***

True skin tones, uniformly blended. A shade for every type. Special ingredients make Pond's Powder cling—fresh looking, flattering for hours. Decorated screw-top jars—35¢, 70¢. Big boxes—10¢, 20¢.



FREE! 5 "GLARE-PROOF" SHADES

Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PR, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test. (This offer expires June 1, 1938.)

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be sure of yourself with a clear SKIN from WITHIN



A SKIN that glows *naturally* bespeaks radiant health *beneath* . . . it is alive . . . stays fresh! So, be good to your skin from within and it will be good to you.

The reason for this is quite simple . . . skin tissues must have an abundance of red-blood-cells to aid in making the skin glow . . . to bring color to your cheeks . . . to build resistance to germ attacks.

It is so easy for these precious red-blood-cells to lose their vitality. Worry, overwork and undue strain take their toll. Sickness literally burns them up. Improper diet retards the development of new cells. Even a common cold kills them in great numbers.

Science, through S.S.S. Tonic, brings to you the means to regain this blood strength within a short space of time . . . the action of S.S.S. is cumulative and lasting.

Moreover, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better . . . natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more value. A very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . to strengthen nerves . . . and to give to your skin that natural health glow.

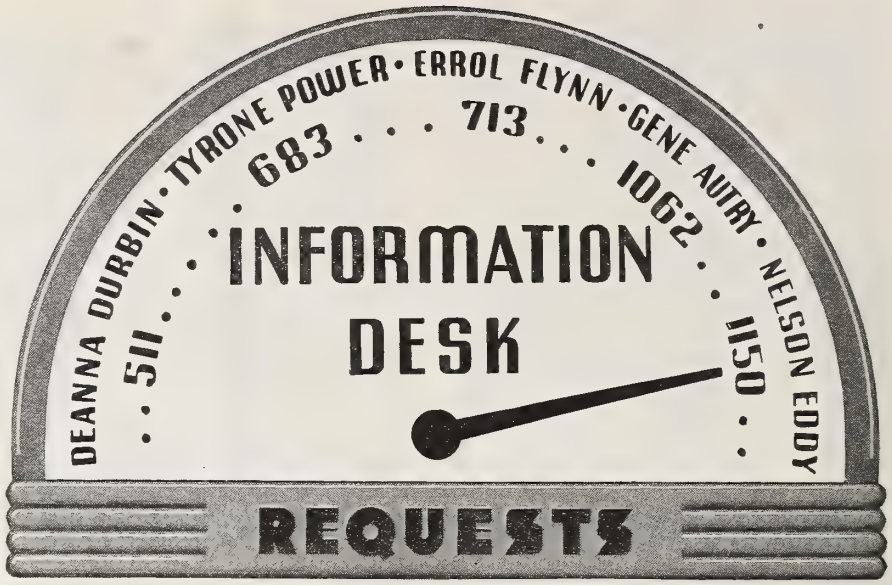
Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel . . . and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health by restoring deficient red-blood-cells and it is time-tried and scientifically proven.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

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WE CONGRATULATE THE WINNER OF OUR SCREEN STAR LETTER CONTEST WHO HEARS FROM ELEANOR POWELL THIS MONTH



EDDIE QUILLAN (first printing) From the time he was able to walk and recite, Eddie Quillan demonstrated his theatrical ability. He was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on March 31, 1907, and it may have been significant that the home of his birth was on Hollywood Street in that city. His entire family were theatrical folk and at a very early age he became an important part of the Quillan act, touring the big time vaudeville circuits with two brothers, a sister and his Scotch-Irish parents. His vaudeville experience, however, didn't interfere with his schooling, which he received at St. Gabriel's School in South Philadelphia. Later, he finished his education at Mt. Carmel. During the World War, Eddie served as a Four-Minute Speaker and did his work so well that Lieutenant-Commander Payne paid the youngster a signal honor in giving him a special memento of the occasion. In the early part of 1926 the Quillan troupe played the Orpheum Theatre in Los Angeles, and Mack Sennett was so impressed that he arranged a screen test for Eddie and his two brothers. Eddie's was the only one that turned out well and Mack Sennett immediately drew up a contract, only to learn that the Quillan family had left town with the completion of their Orpheum engagement. Mr. Sennett had to hire detectives to find Eddie, but he was finally located and there began a promising screen career. Since that time he has appeared in roles too numerous to list here and is at present free lancing. He's five feet, six inches tall, weighs a hundred and forty pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. His favorite sports are swimming, tennis, volley ball and golf. He is not married.



ELEANOR POWELL (second printing) She was born in Springfield, Mass., and spent the first sixteen years of her life in that city. When she was six, her mother sent her to dancing school, not to learn to dance, particularly, but to overcome her extreme bashfulness. The idea worked like a charm as far as Eleanor's shyness was concerned and she also became an excellent dancer. Her mother took her to Atlantic City the summer she was thirteen and Gus Edwards, famous producer of children's revues, saw Eleanor doing an acrobatic dance on the beach. He was so impressed that he asked her mother

January 24, 1938

Dear Phyllis Hirsch:

I feel very proud in acknowledging you the winner of Modern Screen's Information Desk Screen Star Letter Contest, for though I am writing you a letter, think of all the votes you must have sent in for me.

We screen players may seem in a world apart to you, but in reality we are just like everybody else who works hard at a job. Making pictures is my job and the only way I know I'm succeeding at it is by the response accorded me by fans like yourself.

I sincerely hope that you'll continue to like my pictures and again, thank you for those votes.

Cordially yours,

Eleanor Powell

WHAT YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR

Want to know your favorite player's address? In fact, would you like to have a complete list of all the Hollywood stars' mailing address? It's yours for the asking! So many of you have written to this department wanting to know where to write this one or that one for an autographed picture, or perhaps you just want to write a fan letter, that we've compiled a complete list for you, listing the players alphabetically, according to their studio, and giving their complete mailing address. They are all there, even the featured players, printed in such a compact form that you'll be able to keep the list in your movie scrap book for reference whenever you want it.

To receive one of these lists all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a *large* self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with unless we receive your stamped and addressed envelope. Send your requests to the Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

if the child might not appear nightly at the Ritz Grill, agreeing that she would only be required to do one dance a night and could spend her days on the sand. Mrs. Powell agreed and so began Eleanor's professional career. Each winter, for several years following, the girl and her mother went back to Springfield where dancing lessons became almost a ritual. In the summer, they would return to the seaside resort and Eleanor would dance professionally each evening. Her teacher, Ralph McKernan, thought, by the time she was sixteen, that she should go to New York for a try at the musical comedy stage, but they wouldn't give her a job on Broadway because she didn't know any tap steps. Determined to succeed, she took ten tap lessons from Jack Donahue. After that, she worked alone for several weeks and just five years later she was given an award as the "World's Greatest Feminine Tap Dancer." Her first New York show was "Follow Thru." She wired her old dancing teacher in Springfield to come to Broadway to see her debut. She bought him a seat in the front row. Just before the opening of the show, her teacher died and in order to keep Eleanor from knowing what had happened, his wife occupied that seat and fulfilled her husband's greatest ambition in seeing his favorite pupil make good in New York. She appeared in many stage productions after "Follow Thru" and made her first movie for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in 1936. Her rise to screen fame was as spectacular as her stage successes and today she ranks at the top of the list as a movie dancing star. Her current release is "Rosalie." She has always been a great lover of sports. She doesn't smoke or drink, sleeps at least eight hours a night and is too interested in her work for any serious romances. She's five feet and a quarter inch tall, weighs a hundred and twenty-two pounds, and has blue eyes and chestnut hair.



BOB STEELE (first printing) Here is another son of theatrical parents who now carries on the histrionic tradition of the family by pursuing a picture career. He was one of twin boys born to Nita and Robert N. Bradbury on January 23, 1906. His parents were prominent on the vaudeville stage and at the age of two, Bob made his stage debut in a Fanchon and Marco comedy sketch with his father. His name was at that time, Robert Bradbury but he was billed with his father as the Murdock Brothers. When he was fourteen years old he began his screen career under the Pathe banner, making "The Adventures Of Bill and Bob," with his twin brother. He next signed with FBO and made numerous Western pictures, establishing himself as a well known he-man of the wide open spaces. Since that time he has made pictures for World Wide, Monogram, Columbia, Mascot, RKO, and Supreme Pictures. He is now under contract to Supreme. He's five feet, ten inches tall, has brown hair and blue eyes and weighs a hundred and fifty-eight pounds. He attended Glendale High School in Portland and while there starred in all forms of athletic prowess. He uses no doubles for the most harrowing scenes in his pictures and today lists swimming, tennis and horseback rid-

(*Continued on page* 118)

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print, in this department, a brief life story of:

.....

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

If you would like our chart with weights, heights, ages, birthplaces and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.

If a stenographer's abused hands could talk, they'd say:

Office jobs are terribly hard on your hands. Typing one minute... filing the next... washing carbon smudges off your fingers a dozen times a day. First thing you know, your skin is all dry, chapped, and "sandpapery" ...rough, red, and ugly! What your hands need is quick-acting Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.



Use Hinds every time your hands feel chapped. Hinds soothes that drawn feeling ...rubs in *quickly.* Hands feel comfortable right away. Not gummy.



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Go home every night with smooth, kissable hands. You can!... Even one application of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream helps bring your skin soft enchantment. Hinds works fast... helps put back the softness that office work, harsh soaps, hard water, and blustery winds take away. Contains the "sunshine" Vitamin D—and Vitamin A, too. $1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c sizes. Dispenser free with the 50c size.

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream for Honeymoon Hands

He's so perfectly proper . . . !
She's so properly furious . . . !

YOU'LL BE SO DELIGHTED . . . THEY'RE PERFECTLY DELIGHTFUL TOGETHER!

What do you think happens? . . . when a butler with un-butler-like ambitions serves a lady who thinks he isn't entitled to . . . ambitions!



Bill at his debonair best . . . and the girl whose breath-taking beauty and dramatic fire you merely glimpsed in "Wings of the Morning" . . . now, in her first American-made picture, the most glamorously exciting personality ever to grace the screen!

WILLIAM POWELL *and* ANNABELLA *in*

"The BARONESS and the BUTLER"

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with
HELEN WESTLEY • HENRY STEPHENSON
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT • NIGEL BRUCE
J. EDWARD BROMBERG • LYNN BARI

Directed by Walter Lang
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Screen Play by Sam Hellman, Lamar Trotti and Kathryn Scola
Based on a play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete
Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production

The year's gayest and brightest romantic-comedy sensation!



ALICE FAYE

MODERN SCREEN PORTRAIT GALLERY


SPENCER
TRACY



M Y R N A L O Y


DON
AMECHE



VIRGINIA BRUCE


JOHN
BEAL



BY GLADYS HALL

IS BARBARA STANWYCK STILL "TOPS" WITH BOB OR DID HIS LONG ABSENCE IN EUROPE CAUSE HIM TO DISCOVER NEW INTERESTS?

BOB, NOT long returned from abroad, wearing American clothes, tan and brown checked tweed coat, brown slacks and minus an English accent, joined me for luncheon in the studio commissary. It was his first appearance at the studio since his return from England some weeks before. And it would be any good fellow's idea of Old Home Week, for Clark Gable clapped him on one shoulder, Spencer Tracy on the other, Jimmy Stewart yanked his hair, Tyrone Power hulloaed to him, Reginald Gardiner made noises like paper coming off the wall and insisted that they were "ecstatic noises, welcoming noises." Myrna Loy and Sophie Tucker, Rosalind Russell, Fanny Brice, Maureen O'Sullivan, Judy Garland blew him their own individual brands of kisses; directors, cameramen, publicity men, members of the Press, gave him such a hand as would have warmed the cockles of the most frigid heart.

Bob consulted the menu, said to the hovering waitress whose whole mind did *not* seem to be on her job, "Something light, please, like steak and potatoes and onions."

"Hi," I said, "what about the fruit salads you used to order for lunch? You haven't gone roast-beef-of-old-England on us, have you? You haven't changed?"

"Gosh, no," laughed Bob, "not me. What's all this about my 'changing' anyway? You might suppose I'd been gone ten years in the wilds of Tibet or somewhere. Instead of which I spent four months in England doing exactly what I do here at home. The only way I've changed is that now when people mention the Champs Elysee I can look intelligent. When folks speak of the Place Vendome or the white cliffs of Albion I can adopt that bright expression of one who is in-the-know.

"I can also look knowing, knowing nothing, when old wines are discussed, the aged vintages of Italy and France. I can act discriminating about roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. When the low fogs of California chase me off the tennis court, I can wave it away with dour comments about the pea soup fog of dear ole Lunnon. In other words, I can lie more convincingly now than I ever could before, because now I have travelled."

AND THAT is true. Bob is much as always, for always he has had a nice dignity, a quietness, a certain mature fund of reserve which has instilled what in any other young man would be surplus good looks, with something deeper than looks, a something you respect.

Now that dignity is, perhaps, a little more pronounced; that quietness and sense of soundness and steadiness emphasized. Whatever of adolescence belonged to Bob Taylor, whatever of the collegiate, went overboard somewhere between here and England.

Barbara Stanwyck talked of Bob, on the eve of his departure for England, and she said, "Bob will soon be in England, making a picture. He will be away for four months, possibly six. Certainly when he goes, all my affection goes with him. That's true now, today, as I say it. Who knows about tomorrow? I don't. Perhaps it is the best thing that could happen to us, this separation. We have been together every day, every evening for the past two years. We don't know whether we can live happily, one without the other, or not. This parting should tell us, one way or the other. If we find that we can't, then, when Bob comes back, we will stop this dilly-dallying. We have a great deal in common, Bob and I. When Bob is in England he must go out, entertain, be entertained. We have talked it over very sensibly. We are not engaged. We are not married. If we were either it would be different."

Remembering this, Bob smiled and said, "Well, now it's 'tomorrow' and nothing has changed. We still go together, Barbara and I, just as we did before I went away. It is exactly, for both of us, as though that interlude, that interruption, had never happened. We spend all of our free time together, every minute of it, just as we did before I left. And we spend all of it in the Valley, at her place or at mine. We never come into town, haven't been in since I got back, several weeks ago. We sometimes go to a movie in one of the neighborhood houses in the Valley. We play games and listen (*Continued on page 78*)

HONEYMOON HOME

COME WITH US ON AN INTIMATE VISIT TO MIRIAM HOPKINS' DREAM HOUSE. SMALL WONDER IT ECHOES LAUGHTER AND CONTENTMENT, YOU'LL AGREE

SHE SAW it first from an airplane. A Continental-looking house with a single turret, standing on a promontory overlooking the whole of San Gabriel Valley and the sea. Behind it rose the mountains, picturesque, dark, verdant.

"What a perfectly perfect spot!" said Miriam Hopkins.

"It belongs to John Gilbert," explained the stewardess. It was the home he had brought Virginia Bruce to as a bride. The place where he had arranged for her the most luxurious suite in the whole luxury-loving Hollywood. A lush Louis XVI white satin wonder suite with solid gold fittings in the bath.

Later, after Gilbert's death, the place was auctioned off to a mysterious buyer. Some said it was Marlene Dietrich. Some, a Spanish refugee princess. It turned out to be Miriam Hopkins.

Slim, blonde, scintillating Miriam. The girl who swishes through life on the tail of a comet. Here today, off to Europe tomorrow. Irrepressibly gay and gathering momentum as she goes. How would she transform that house into a background for herself? Frankly, I thought it was going to be French. French and feminine as a lace frill. It's neither. It's almost strikingly simple. I don't know what happened to the gold faucets, but they're not there. Not a touch of frou-frou in sight.

"I loathe the word 'modern'," declared Miriam, who happens to be as modern herself as a Thurber drawing. "Please call my house anything but that!" I call it charming.

She never does anything by halves. She sent for an interior decorator and worked with him in a fine frenzy until the last ash tray was in place. So that when you see her house you see Miriam. Her own ideas and her personality are reflected in it as if it were a pier glass.

Shortly after she moved in she came to a certain decision—and Hollywood pricked up its ears over the news flash: "Miriam Hopkins Weds Director Anton Litvak in Yuma." Litvak, who is blonde and laughing, too, and as big as Miriam is small. (Strangely, they fell in love while he was directing her in "The Woman I Love!")

"Do I carry you through the door even though you've been here before?" he teased.

"Indeed you do!" said young Mrs. Litvak. The house echoes their laughter, their deep contentment.

When each of your rooms blends into the others



The outdoor living-room is a jolly place, all in white duck with nautical blue trim and bamboo wood. Much fun is had here.



The master's bedroom is done in creamy white, burgundy red and old mahogany. Miriam, as Becky Sharp, is on the wall.

BY VIRGINIA T. LANE

The master and the mistress of Honeymoon Home fell in love while he was directing her in "The Woman I Love."

—that's harmony! When they blend with your own individual coloring—that's smart! For instance, every time Miriam, with that mop of gold hair of hers, walks into her living-room it springs to life. You can imagine—with great yellow and copper bowls on the tables and walls of the softest hydrangea blue. And what it does for her eyes! You find it repeated in that Metisse painting hanging over the old Italian cabinet, in the 18th century Chinese lamps sitting at the end of the sofas. Usually there are giant bowls of hydrangea to add the final touch. Harmony plus!

Miriam never sits on a chair when she can help it. She sits on the floor or on those ivory leather hassocks. "Stark white in a house always reminds me of chloroform and ambulance clanging. So," she explained, "we used old ivory." It's the color of the two hand-tufted rugs sweeping down the floor, and of the giant fabric couches drawn up for a view of the grate fire. The other color accent in the room is brown. (*Continued on page 84*)



Regiments of books march up and down the walls on either side of the fireplace in the large living-room.

LOVE IS OUT!

BY
JAMES REID

"I've given up a lot to become a singer," declares Nelson Eddy. "There are books I'd like to read and shows to see, but I haven't the time for either."



Nelson has luncheon in the studio commissary with Eleanor Powell. A new romantic duo? Just you step up to Mr. Eddy and ask that question. We dare you.



ROMANCE RUMORS HOUND NELSON EDDY EVEN AS BILL COLLECTORS HOUND YOU AND ME—BUT I' ISN'T HIS HEART THAT HAS HIM WORRIED

In "The Girl Of The Golden West," Nelson has his most colorful role to date, and a musical score that should delight his fans. Yep, Jeanette MacDonald is the lucky gal again.



AT THE head of a singularly happy-go-lucky group of bandits, Nelson Eddy swings down the dusty road, astride a golden-brown horse. He is their chief, *Ramerrez*.

On his head is a price of five thousand dollars, gold. Also on his head, is a tremendous Mexican sombrero. Over one shoulder is slung a colorful Mexican serape. His clothes are the leather ones of a hard-riding hombre of 1848.

On one side of him is Leo Carrillo, his face creased with that familiar Carrillo smile. On the other side is Leonard Penn, looking unfamiliar with a long scar (strictly make-up) on one cheek. Behind them, also on horseback, string a nondescript crew of cut-throats, loaded down with loot.

Apparently indifferent to possible pursuers, they are all singing a robust song about a playful mosquito. But the focus of attention is their leader. A carefree caballero, singing handsomely on a handsome horse.

Thus does Nelson Eddy make his entrance in "The Girl of the Golden West." A highly effective entrance. No member of any audience will be inclined to deny Jeanette MacDonald the pleasure, later in the script, of falling in love with him.

It isn't too difficult, seeing him and hearing him, to get the idea that he could be Caballero Number One of Hollywood without much struggle, if he were really interested. But he isn't. He told me so. We were in his dressing-room, after the day's shooting.

"Don't talk to me about love, or expect *me* to talk about love," he said, pointedly. "I'll talk about anything else under the sun. But that subject is out.

"Maybe I'm in love, and maybe I'm not," he went on. "Either way, it's strictly my business. If I keep my mouth shut about it, I can't hurt anybody.

PEOPLE TRY to tell me I'm hurting myself, not encouraging more romance rumors. Don't worry, I don't have to encourage them. They'll print them anyway, true or not.

"It may be a matter of curiosity whether movie stars are, or are not, in love. But it isn't a matter of importance, except to the stars concerned. The only thing about them that's important, in the long run, is: 'How are they doing their jobs?' All right, I'm not forgetting that.

"I don't go out, running newspapers," he continued. "I fail to see why I should let the newspapers run my life. When I go out, I want to go out for fun, not publicity. When I give a party, I want my friends to have the feeling that it's for them, not for publicity. I may have a dozen people in, or forty, but there won't be a columnist, or a reporter, or a photographer in the crowd. I don't like to embarrass my guests. I believe in letting them relax.

"But don't get me started on this subject of a right to a private life, part of the time, or we'll both be here till tomorrow morning.

"And don't get me wrong. Don't get the notion that I'm a big party man in secret. I'm not. I just want to put across the (*Continued on page 76*)



Claudette and Gary Cooper are getting set here for a scene from "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." It should have been a love scene but Mlle. Colbert had a cold Gary might catch.

Maybe Gary looks like this because he and Claudette have just finished ninety-two dollars' worth of caviar in three days, and they both loathe it!



CLAUDETTE TAKES HER MEASUREMENTS

AND ADMITS SUCCESS HAS MADE A DRASTIC CHANGE IN HER! HOW MANY OTHER STARS WOULD BE FRANK ENOUGH TO SAY SO?

BY GLADYS HALL

AT A TEA in New York some ten years ago, a fellow guest said to a dark, shy girl named Lily Cauchoin, "You ought to go on the stage, my dear." The fellow guest may have been making a pleasant remark to a pleasant youngster, just to pass the time of day. Or she may have had the gift of second sight. Whichever the motivation, the dark, shy girl said, "How?" The guest replied, rather vaguely, that she happened to be a friend of a friend of Ann Morrison, the playwright, and that she could introduce

Mademoiselle Cauchoin to Miss Morrison. "When?" asked Lily Cauchoin.

Pinned down, thus, by a force far stronger than the drifts of pleasant chit-chat at a party, the friend of the friend effected the introduction and Lily Cauchoin, re-christened Claudette Colbert (because her mother always called her Claudette, though she doesn't know why) got a three-line part in "The Wild Westcotts."

Now, mind you, Lily Cauchoin, not long arrived from France, not long bereaved of her father, had never so much as dreamed of going on the stage. She had planned to become a dress designer, possibly an artist. She knew that she had to earn her own living. More importantly, she knew that she could. Essentially independent, she had no doubt that she could make her own way in the world. But that that world would be the theatre world was as far from her imagining as that she should suddenly be offered a job in the mythical Land of Oz. The stage had simply not occurred to her. But when it did occur to her, she acted with such directness of purpose that any little obstacles which might have cluttered the pathway of a less realistic young person, fell over like the frail toy ninepins with which children play.



This is all very sedate and pleasant, but the day before Gary and Claudette slapped each other for hours, as part of the plot, of course.



It appears as though Claudette might be singing here, but in the picture Gary makes *his* singing debut, with "Lookie, Lookie, Here Comes Cookie."

Which provides Key No. 1 to the fundamental character of Claudette, now as then.

For Claudette is a realist, not a romanticist. She didn't go about dreaming that she might go on the stage, dramatizing herself. But when the opportunity came to go on the stage, she seized it with both her practical young hands. I said to her, just to check my own conclusion, "You are really a realist, aren't you?" And she said, "Oh, but definitely." She added, "I don't believe that the moon is made of green cheese, you know. I'm not that realistic. But neither do I believe that it is inhabited by a sloe-eyed gentleman made of ectoplasm."

And so there she was, on the stage. And those three lines were, for the young novice, three whips that scourged her. For she was completely lacking, then, in self-confidence, in self-assurance, not to mention her enormous lack of experience. But being a realist, and French, and practical, she held firmly to her one major motivation, which was that she had to earn her living and that here it was, on the stage, laid in her lap by a lady at a tea party.

The career of Claudette began as a mixture, a blend, of chance, courage, opportunism and necessity.

Having survived the run of her three lines, she was recommended to Brock Pemberton for the leading role in "The Marionette Man." She got it, but the play was a dismal failure, with such slams from the critics as "The play was bad enough but Colbert was worse."

In spite of this, however, other plays followed. "A run of luck" she calls it, for Claudette was then, and is now, riddled with superstitions.

She said, the other day, in her portable dressing-room on the set of "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," "I am horribly superstitious. I believe that luck runs or it doesn't. And when it doesn't, you'd better rest your feet, too. I shudder at the sight of a black cat. I say 'bread and butter' whenever indicated. I make wishes on hay wagons. I look at the moon over my left shoulder. If I break a mirror I have a nervous breakdown myself. I had a spasm when Marlene Dietrich told me one time that if you look at the moon through glass, it doesn't do any good. I've nearly caught my death of cold ever since, running out in the rain and cold to look at the moon over my left shoulder with no window glass intervening."

TODAY, Claudette has completed the conquest of Broadway, and put Hollywood into her make-up box and walked home with it, trailing the stardust of such spectacular successes as "The Gilded Lily," "Maid Of Salem," "I Met Him In Paris," "It Happened One Night," "Imitation Of Life," "Private Worlds," "She Married Her Boss," "Tovarich" and, now, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." She is happily married to Dr. Joel Pressman, has built her own home to her own taste, her mother with her, her friends about her, contracts and offers of contracts literally falling on her dark, unturned head.

But *how* is she? *What* is she, now? (*Cont'd on page 115*)

HOW TO BE RUDE POLITELY

HAVE YOU EVER FELT THE URGE TO BE IN-

BY IDA ZEITLIN

WHEN A man is by nature courteous, as Bill Powell is, yet finds himself on occasion in a spot where the ordinary forms of courtesy do him no good, there ensues a problem.

The problem is how to be rude politely.

Powell has solved it to his own satisfaction and, judging from his reputation for good manners, also to the satisfaction of all concerned.

When I asked him to describe his system, he said, "System? Perish the thought. I close my eyes and trust to my mother instinct. Wait a minute, though. There *is* one rule that works under certain conditions. Rule: Say all the bitter things that boil within you, but keep your mouth shut. In other words, preserve an impassive front and say them to yourself. Thus you purge your spirit of venom, yet hurt no one, killing two birds with one stone,



Bill has a constitutional objection to getting up in the morning, which his man Theodore completely ignores. Mr. P. has a trick way of dealing with the situation.



William Powell may be a celebrity to the fans but at home he's just Mr. and Mrs. Powell's Bill.

which they taught me at school was an admirable feat. Myself, I don't hold with bird-killing, two stones or one. Some of my best friends are birds."

Mr. Powell likes to go off on tangents. The faraway hills look greenest, and his nimble mind leaps goatlike from peak to peak, to nibble at a juicy quirk here or a fresh fancy there. This is partly good spirits, partly a flair for adventures of the imagination. I drew him back to the point.

"Oh, yes, well, that's a method I apply mostly in the mornings. You see, I have a constitutional objection to getting up. There's no particular harm in it, really just a lovable idiosyncrasy except that, being a son of Adam, I must toil. When one toils, as you may have discovered for yourself, one toils by the clock. And I hate clocks. I was born prematurely, and I think I've been trying to catch up with myself ever since. I was built to saunter, not to gallop. I am known about the studios as Flash Powell, with two speeds, Slow and Stop. There are times when this feud between me and a clock develops into something like a mania.

"I remember, for example, when Dick Barthelmess and I were living in Great Neck and working on a picture in New York. It became a contest as to which of us could get up last, and still make (*Continued on page 98*)



We'll let you in on a secret. Some of Bill Powell's best friends are birds. He says so himself.

BY DORA ALBERT



DEBUNKING DAVIS

Sweet and demure might be the words for Bette here, but she insists she's neither. And she'll always speak her piece, out loud, too!

NEVER EXPECT BETTE DAVIS TO TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT HERSELF BECAUSE SHE DOESN'T KNOW HOW, BUT OUR TOP NOTCH "INVESTIGATORS" SEE ALL, KNOW ALL AND WHAT'S MORE—DISCLOSE ALL!

BETTE DAVIS' blue eyes were bright with fury. She got up from the divan, picked up a magazine that was lying on her library table, and flung it open contemptuously. Then, her voice like a whip, she read, "I know that a blonde (the type I am) is supposed to be something of a gaiety girl—in for fun and petting parties and gin and this modern thing called 'freedom.' I never have any fun. I couldn't swallow gin. Petting would turn my tummy upside down.

"That writer was supposed to be quoting me," she said, her voice rising angrily. "What are people supposed to believe, that I read nothing but grave books and medical essays? Why, all my life I've never had anything but fun. And as for not liking the taste of gin, I guess I can drink as much as most girls. What will people think of me?" she demanded indignantly.

Bette didn't know how funny she was being; how utterly incomprehensible from an interviewer's point of view. For it is something unheard of in Hollywood for an actress to resent being painted as better than she really is. Most Hollywood girls would like to be portrayed as little tin angels. They think that the fans might be shocked to know that they dyed their hair. They would rather the public didn't know how much and what they drank.

Hollywood is full of masqueraders. But the strangest of all the masqueraders is Bette. In almost every interview she has given, Bette has lied about herself. She has painted herself to the world and to her fans as a completely selfish person; a hard-boiled soulless young vixen without family ties, without any real loyalty to her husband, a woman who'd trample on everyone and everything to become a success.

"I am hard-boiled," she has said. "I am ruthless. I am not in human bondage to anyone or anything except myself. I am a completely selfish person."

Never will you get the truth about Bette from Bette herself. So this picture must be drawn from what I actually know about Bette and what I have gathered from the people who know her best.

The day I first met her, she was making personal appearances in New York, right after she had played with George Arliss in "The Man Who Played God." I waited for her downstairs in the lobby of the theatre, hoping for an interview.

Suddenly a man, obviously drunk, a shabby, disreputable looking creature, approached the doorman and said that he wanted to see Bette, that they had once been in the same show together.

The doorman went into a little side room to 'phone up to her dressing-room and he came back and said, as though he could hardly believe the words he himself was speaking, "Miss Davis will see you right away."

He turned to me and, looking bewildered, he said, "Gee, I don't know what she wants to see him for. I told her that he was drunk and that he just wanted to make a touch."

So I wasn't very much impressed when several years later, she gave out an interview in which she said, "I have no sort of use for the under-dog. Women never have. They never 'mother' the under- (*Continued on page 100*)





Bette and Hubby Harmon Nelson do a little stepping out. Cruel gossips have whispered that every time he buys her a corsage he uses her money to pay for it. Nothing infuriates Bette more, she violently declares, because it isn't true.

Bette's young sister, Barbara, was the reason why Bette stayed at one studio even though she felt it might cost her her entire picture career. At the time it meant money, however, and money was badly needed in the Davis household.

CLOSE-UP OF A COMER

JANE BRYAN KNOWS WHAT SHE WANTS AND SHE'S NOT LETTING ANYTHING STOP HER FROM GETTING IT, NOW THAT SHE'S HEADED IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

BY SONIA LEE

THERE WAS considerable commotion in the O'Brien household. Jane was missing again!

While her mother was frantically searching for the strayling in clothes closets, hidden nooks and under the rear porch steps, the two-year-old Jane was giving her first dramatic performance in the gloom-laden secrecy of the attic.

In the audience was her amiable teddy bear, sitting all attention, her vacuous-eyed rag doll, and the incessantly approving papier-mache duck, whose hinged neck bobbed up and down to every vibration. Jane's appreciative audience was drafted into the cast when the dramas of derring-do demanded it. After her plays, Jane always had an elaborate tea party for the cast.

You know that child today as Jane Bryan, a girl who, without professional experience and little training, has in something less than two years, been certified for screen stardom.

By classic standards, Jane Bryan is not beautiful. But she fulfills the modern idea that the first requisite of beauty is an electric, vital emotionalism mirrored in a mobile face. Jane is the American ideal—sweetness and strength; a dreaming quality combined with an understanding of reality, a fine hopefulness, youthful sincerity, a bubbling, overwhelming aliveness.

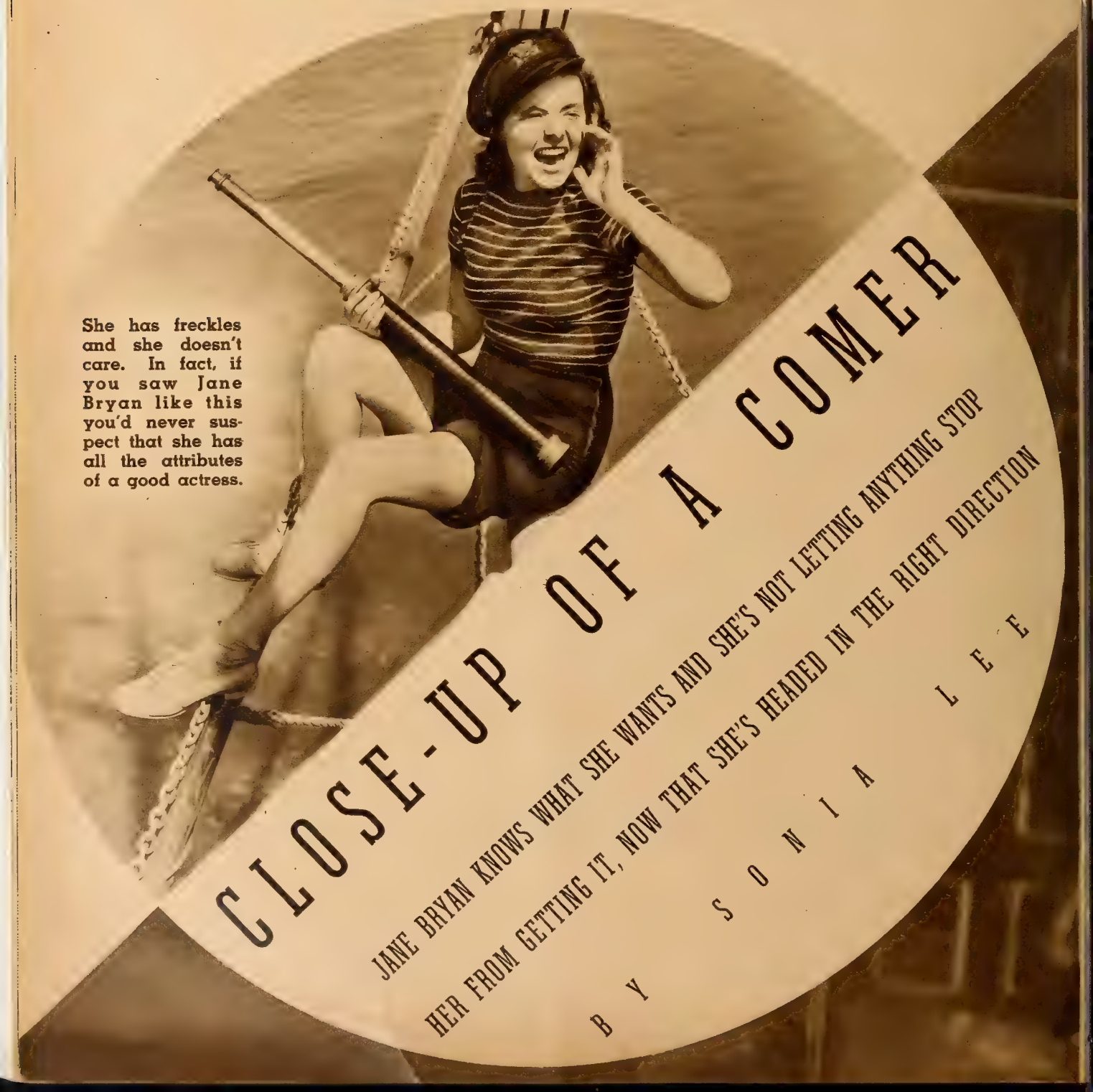
A very young nineteen she is, in her blazing enthusiasms and sudden descents to despondency.

"I am either frightfully happy or frightfully unhappy," she confesses over the luncheon table. "Do you think I'll ever find a middle ground?" she asks wistfully.

She is as alive, as refreshing as a tumbling brook with the noon sun shimmering in its folds. There is not one atom of sophistication in her system.

Her hair is wind swept; her face generously peppered with little girl freckles; her mouth is wide and sweet and parts often in laughter over strong, white, even teeth. Her clear, straightforward eyes, under their sensible eye-brows, have humor and seriousness in them.

Neither inherited nor cultivated are her dramatic talents. They are instinctive with her. (*Continued on page 120*)



She has freckles and she doesn't care. In fact, if you saw Jane Bryan like this you'd never suspect that she has all the attributes of a good actress.

Though she specifies "no love, please," either in her pictures or her personal life, Jane goes places and has fun with Phil Kellogg, a cutter at her studio.





"Watch her, she's going places," Bette Davis has said of Jane. Here, Bette assists with a bit of make-up.



At the age of two, Jane began her dramatic career in the secrecy of the attic. After the show there was always tea.

HOLLYWOOD HUSBAND

HERE IS THE TRUE LOVE STORY OF A STAR YOU ALL KNOW, WHOSE MARRIAGE MIGHT EASILY GO ON THE ROCKS. DO YOU KNOW A WAY TO SAVE IT?

When the star arrived in New York, she was surrounded by reporters while I, her husband, was left unnoticed in the background.





The fact that I was watching didn't embarrass my wife in the least when she was making a love scene for a picture.

I'LL CALL myself John Murdock. If I were to tell you my real name, chances are you wouldn't know it anyway. Nor are you likely to remember my face. It got into the papers exactly once, the first time I flew to Hollywood to visit my famous wife.

My wife's name isn't Mona Carne, but I'll call her that. You all know *her*. You've waited for her latest picture to open in your theatre. You've thrilled to her dark beauty. You've wept with her, laughed at her madcap escapades. Perhaps you've envied her, thinking, "She's so radiant. She must have happiness as well as success. She must have love!" If you're a bachelor, I'm sure you've also envied me.

If you have, it's a sorry joke. Because the lovely girl of the screen is not a very happy woman. Nor am I a happy man. Our marriage has, through no fault of hers, through no fault of mine, reached a crisis. We're still crazy about each other—yet it doesn't seem we can go on.

Does that sound strange? Well, ours is a strange story. Maybe it's just that a star shouldn't try marriage with a man outside the picture business. It isn't only that three thousand miles lie between where her work is, and where mine ought to be. There's the huge difference in income, in mode of life.

I'm a physician, you see. My life belongs to science more wholly than it can ever belong to a loved woman. If I compromise with my work, the price is self-respect.

It wasn't like this I dreamed my marriage would turn out! Through the years of medical school and interneship, I thought of Mona as the fragile girl next door, ripening into the wife whom some day I would cherish.

Mona and I have always known each other. Dad was the Carne's family physician, and often, when she was still a spindly-legged little girl, I remember her rushing into his office. "Uncle Murdock, please do something for my sniffles."

Sometimes I was the one to do the doctoring. I was in medical school when Mona was fourteen, and the difference in our ages—eight years—seemed enormous then. I was, she said, her grown-uppest friend. She'd come to me with her troubles.

In the course of time her problems became boys. "Dick Smith tried to kiss me. I shouldn't let him, should I?" It was a shock, my little Mona (*Continued on page 108*)

TAKE IT FROM JIMMY STEWART, WHO KNOWS—THE PROBLEMS OF BACHELORHOOD ARE PLENTY AND HE TELLS YOU WHY



IT'S TOUGH TO BE SINGLE

BY CAROLINE S. HOYT

WELL, I'LL tell you," said Jimmy, his sad voice sadder than usual, "Daisy said to me this morning, she said, 'You're very hard to cook for, Mister Jimmy,' and that's what I mean about inconveniences. If I had a wife, now, she could cope with Daisy.

"Daisy," continued Jimmy, "is our cook."

I was conscious of a pang of disappointment. I had hoped, not unreasonably, that Daisy would prove to be a romance, perhaps one of those sirens who ensnare the feet of the unwary bachelor.

But Jimmy said no. Jimmy, it may lighten the hearts of sub-deb America to know, is not in love. Jimmy is not contemplating matrimony. Jimmy is not involved. He is heartwhole, fancy free and both feet loose, despite the newspaper rumors linking his name with Rosalind Russell, the shadow of the altar in the foreground. Jimmy was polite but firm. He is not, he insists, altar-bound. Still, there are those about town who insist that the glittering new sparkler Roz sports on the important finger is a gift from Jimmy.

"Daisy," continued Jimmy, "cooks for me and for John Swope and for Josh Logan, in our place in Brentwood. She also cleans the house and picks up our clothes which we always just step out of and leave lay. She does our laundry, answers our phones, sends our clothes to the cleaners, makes our beds. In fact, Daisy does everything for me except act my parts in pictures. She may be doing that before long.

"The reason Daisy said I was hard to cook for was because I complained about a salad. Now it was a nice enough salad; it *is* a nice enough salad, I should say, for if you think I'm not going to keep on getting it, you don't know Daisy as I know Daisy. It's a very nice salad, sort of complicated and incognito and all that. But I don't like to have the same salad *every* day no matter how worthwhile it may be. And I told her so. I kind of yelled, I guess. We all yell at Daisy, all the time, about everything. And she looked very superior and said that she had made this salad for years for the best people and that the best people write her fan letters about the salad and ask her for the recipe and all, and that she gets many more fan letters, she'd like me to know, than she's ever noticed me getting. And that they all say that their lives are not worth living since Daisy and her salad have gone away, and that there is more genuwine emotion in her fan letters, she'd like me to know, than she's ever noticed in my fan mail or in the fan mail of anyone like me.

"And when I yelled, 'I *still* don't like it!' well, it was then that Daisy said grimly, 'you are very hard to cook for' and went out, slamming the door behind her and muttering that she wasn't interested in going into the matter any further.

SO YOU see," said Jimmy, almost apologetically, "the inconveniences of being a bachelor are not what you might expect, not all about girls and dates and all. Most of the girls I take out, like Roz and Sonja Henie and Ginger and one or two others are in pictures, too. And they know how it is if I have to call off a date at the last minute or ask for a date at the last minute. For the past four months I haven't had any conveniences or inconveniences about what to do with my spare time because I've always known what I'd do, work. I've been doing "Benefits Forgot" (I consider it the best part I've had since I came to Hollywood) and I've been doing radio, which is exciting to me and now I'm working in "Vivacious Lady" with Ginger and, well, I haven't even had time to make a date, let alone break one. I haven't even had time to get my hair cut, which you may notice from the kind of Byronic effect I'm sporting. How d'you think I'd look with braids? I certainly haven't had time to think of getting married because you have to have time to fall in love first, and I tell you, if there's any convenience at all to being a bachelor it's that you don't have to worry or think up apologetic speeches when you have to work late every night for weeks. All I have to do is call Roz or Ginger or Sonja and say 'Look, I'm working tonight' and they answer, 'Okay, I know how 'tis' and that's that.

"Yep, the inconveniences of being a bachelor are certanly manifold, but of these (*Continued on page 86*)



There are those who insist that the sparkler Roz Russell is wearing came from Jimmy.

Meet Daisy, right, Jimmy's housekeeper, who finds Mr. S. to be a difficult lad.

WHAT HAVE THEY— THAT YOU HAVEN'T?

BY KAREN HOLLIS



Directors called Roz a blue-blooded clam and tried to shy clear of her. Could you take that?

IT ISN'T fair," you may have told yourself a dozen times as you watched Bette Davis on the screen, holding an audience in breathless admiration. "I could do that." Or it may have been tales of Carole Lombard's fabulous jewels that got you down, or the assurance of your best beau that you are cuter than Simone Simon. Your mirror may, with entire truth, tell you that you are just as limpidly beautiful as Virginia Bruce. Then why are you lagging behind while these girls have all the glory and the fun?

Bette's hit pictures follow each other in dizzy succession. While the giddy nonsense of "It's Love I'm After" is still ringing in your ears, you'll see what a tornado she is in "Jezebel." Any newcomer, however brilliant, would have a hard time catching up with Bette.

Carole Lombard is the box-office darling of the year. "Nothing Sacred" and "True Confession" having cheered multitudes and strained the box-office cash registers. And soon you will see her romping merrily through "Food For Scandal" with the French challenger, Fernand Gravet. As if that weren't enough to fill any girl's life, she has to go and captivate Clark Gable, too.

Simone Simon won the admiration of those supposedly hard-boiled feuders, Winchell and Bernie, while they were making "Love and Hisses" and the best talents on the

THEY HAVE BEAUTY, BRAINS



Virginia Bruce was relegated to the "beautiful but dumb" class, but refused to stay there.



Carole Lombard spent months in a hospital, but learned a valuable lesson there.



When the hammer-throwing brigade began on Simone Simon, it took courage to face it. What of yours?

20th Century-Fox lot are engaged in giving her all the breaks in "Josette." She doesn't sit around home lonely of an evening, either.

Virginia Bruce stepped from the last scene of "Bad Man of Brimstone" into marriage to Walter Rubin who adores her, and Rosalind Russell, having shown that she could hold her own even with Myrna Loy in the cast of "Man Proof," visited the home folks back East and caused no end of damage to men's hearts in the select social circles into which she was born.

These girls are enjoying success in pictures and all the prerequisites that follow in its trail—deferential friends, rare jewels and furs, opportunity to travel and meet interesting people, boxes at Santa Anita, the love of the one man of their choice, or of many. They have all the luck. But do they?

If you will follow me in a game of truth that is going to be pretty uncomfortable some of the time, I am sure we can find out why these girls are in the money and the limelight while you are—just where?

When mama told you to practise on the piano for a whole hour, did you kill time pretending to look for your music, drum aimlessly away on last week's lesson instead of struggling with today's, and then move the hands of the clock ahead? When you finished school did you heave a sigh of relief that that was over at last? When you have set aside an evening for altering a dress, or doing posture exercises, or brushing up on typing speed tests, do you do it right then, or do you put it off until tomorrow if the boy next door asks you to go to the movies?

DON'T TELL ME; I fear the very worst. And I am going to be very cruel and tell you that all the luck in Hollywood couldn't make you a success in pictures if you haven't the stamina to concentrate on your own development, no matter how many times the phone rings, or who is determined to get a crowd together for a party.

When Virginia Bruce went to New York to be a featured show girl after playing small parts in several pictures, she could have been the belle of the night clubs. Invitations poured in. But Virginia figured it was time for a turning point in her career, and she wanted to be ready for it by filling in gaps in her education. She had always done well in English and history in high school back in Fargo, North Dakota, but started working in pictures before college courses for which she had registered in Los Angeles began. So, instead of going to parties, she sat in her hotel room at night and read the plays of Eugene O'Neill, seeking to figure out why he was such an important influence in the modern theatre. Then she delved into theatrical history, reading all the old plays of Sheridan and Congreve. The moment she could afford them, she took music and diction and dancing lessons. With no one but herself to care if she practised regularly, either.

Bette Davis helped pay her way through school by waiting on tables, and had to do her studying at odd hours. Later when she was making the dreary rounds of managers' offices in New York, friends insisted that she needed some diversion and begged her to go out nights. If a worthwhile play was suggested, Bette went, but if it were just dinner and dancing and fun, she stayed home. She read dozens of plays, learned parts that she never expected to play. She was just sharpening up her tools for the jobs she would have some day.

Rosalind Russell has perhaps the most thorough educational background of any girl in pictures. She has travelled a lot, associated with cultured people all her life, vied with six lively brothers and sisters in every competitive sport. Theology was her major interest at Marymount; journalism, chemistry and French were attacked with gusto when she was at Barnard. She followed this with courses in stagecraft and acting and diction in dramatic school, but she still figures she has a lot to learn. She digs into any books that she thinks will help her today, not tomorrow.

Maybe you are hooting now at the suspicion that I am going to tell you Simone Simon is the studious type. Well, she isn't in the ordinary sense, but she (*Continued on page 96*)

AND LUCK AND MAYBE YOU HAVE TOO—BUT THEY'RE BIG NAMES WHILE YOU'RE A NOBODY!



BOB SPEAKS UP

AND TELLS ALL ABOUT THAT MUCH PUBLICIZED CHIP ON HIS SHOULDER

BY FRANC DILLON

TALL, STRAIGHT as an arrow, with brown hair and eyes, Robert Kent is a little more than just good-looking. There is a boyish quality about him that makes him seem less than his twenty-odd years, and his frankness and cordial manner contradict his confession that he sometimes has been guilty of carrying a chip on his shoulder.

There never was an actor who didn't honestly believe he had something to "grouse" about, and Bob is no exception. He thinks he made too many movies during the past twelve months. "People will get tired of my face," he fears. He had little time to rest between pictures and was tired out and just recovering from influenza.

"I couldn't even have the 'flu' in comfort," he complained, "because I was in the middle of a picture and had to get back to work in order not to hold up production." And it was a fact that for a few days they were virtually holding him up, he was so weak, in order to get him through the film.

Bob was born Douglas Blackley. His father was a Scotch-Canadian wall-paper manufacturer, who died when little Douglas was six years old. In order to support her son, Mrs. Blackley secured a secretarial position. She put Douglas in the best schools, but he never stayed long in any one. The curriculum demanded too much history and algebra, and didn't devote enough time to drama to suit Douglas, who, at an early age, showed a decided preference for that subject; and so it happened that sometimes he was expelled, and other times he got the idea of leaving first—and did.

"Douglas never wanted to do things exactly the way he was told," his mother says, which may account for the fact that he often says "no" when he might say "yes," if he didn't think he was being pushed around. As one friend of his describes it, "he puts up his elbow to ward off a blow before the other (*Continued on page 70*)



Robert Kent is saving his movie money to go into the advertising business.

The Kents were married twenty-four hours after Astrid Allwyn said "Yes."

NOT SO DUMB

BY MARTHA KERR

BEAUTIFUL MARY KNOWS THE ANSWERS WHEN IT COMES TO LOOKING OUT FOR LITTLE CARLISLE

The producers tell the directors, but Mary tells the producers—and gets away with it.



Johnny Downs is Mary's beau these days. They're as inseparable as ham and eggs.



SHE LOOKS like a mischievous angel," said Carl Laemmle, Jr., when he saw Mary Carlisle lunching with her uncle.

"I'll call someone else to talk money with you," said William Le Baron of Paramount. "You'll be too tough for me to handle."

Somewhere between those two statements lies the reason for Mary Carlisle, movie actress. She got in, like so many others, on the strength of her pretty face. Unlike so many others, she stayed in, on the strength of more than prettiness.

Mary got her first break, but followed it up with no smashing hit to establish her snugly in the minds of producers and fans. No one was interested in furthering her career, not even an agent. She was backed only by herself and her own good sense. And it's the latter commodity, even more than her blonde beauty, which has lifted her from the also-ran class to a frontline place among Paramount's comers.

A little over five feet, with cornflower eyes, a beguiling smile and hair the color of ripe wheat, she looks like the kind of girl who has only to lift her lashes in a certain way, and the world is hers. Physically, Mary Carlisle might pose as a princess, but she's a child of the twentieth century and not of a fairytale. She *does* lift her lashes—and her eyes are not soft with appeal, but bright with purpose. She does smile like an innocent, but the corners of her mouth curve in mockery of her own demureness. She is a beautiful blue-eyed blonde, but she isn't dumb.

"Maybe I was when I started," she said, then, lips still parted, brought her small fist thumping down on the table. *"No!"* Though her eyes were alight with laughter, her mouth was firm. "I think it's just as silly to run yourself down as to brag. If I'd been dumb then, I'd probably still be dumb. But I was fourteen and going to school and having fun and not giving much of a darn about anything else."

That was when Carl Laemmle saw her and sent his secretary over to summon her to his office. "Shall I go?" she breathed to her mother. "Of course, go." She appeared on the threshold, a "mischievous angel" of fourteen, with most of the mischief wiped from her face by awe. Conrad Veidt was there and they were all talking German, and she didn't understand a word they said. But it was in English that Laemmle finally told her he wanted to make a test of her with Veidt.

So what did she do? Spoiled her chances, as any three smart girls of her age might have done. "I tried to turn myself into a glamor girl, and made a fool of myself instead." She bought herself a pair of high-heeled shoes and a dress ten years too old for her. She had her nails stained a shrieking red and her softly waved hair shellacked into a permanent. She presented herself, teetering as if on stilts, tripping over a skirt she couldn't manage, on her face a smile of haughty unconcern, as becomes a movie star. "They were kind enough not to laugh outright. Still, I'd rather draw a quick curtain over the rest."

BUT SHE'D tasted blood, and what started as an accident developed into a firm resolve. At sixteen she put childish things behind her and went to an uncle who worked at Metro. "All my uncles seem to have worked at studios. But that doesn't (*Continued on page 68*)



Andrea Leeds' lovely lashes aren't a happy accident. She made 'em that way!



Luise Rainer takes time out to fix up her mouth. You must, too. It's simple!

TRICKS OF THE BEAUTY GAME

COMES THIS month, ladies, a miscellaneous bunch of beauty data which doesn't sit so hot under any particular title. However, the above label will do as well as any to hold together this issue's collection of do's and don'ts, stunts, tips and trick plays in the beauty game. Dear me, suz, I have so much to tell you, I dunno exactly where to start. I guess I'll pitch right into figures—that's always a good beginning.

A friend of mine just lost an unnecessary ten pounds in a month by going without lunch every day. She's a working girl, and she said that she had been in the habit of going out to lunch with other girls in the office, and just because they ate hearty lunches, she ate, too. Often ate much more than she wanted. However, she said she did eat a hearty breakfast and a bang-up dinner. Breakfast always consisted of fruit, two eggs, toast and coffee.

I know that when I was an office slave, I used to consume what amounted to two dinners every day, just because it was pleasant to eat and chat with a co-worker. Since I've been slaving at home, I find that a bowl of soup or a piece of fruit is all I require. This advice, of course, is only for overweights. Underweights, go right on eating substantial lunches.

And speaking of underweights, I was wondering if this advice, which doctors give for children who are picky about their food, might not work for thin people in general. That's the advice about "miniature meals." You thin people so often have capricious appetites, maybe this would work. Have a very little to eat—very often. You might actually measure the quantities you serve yourself, keep a chart on your progress, and blow yourself to something elegant when you've achieved a woman-size dinner. Start out with two teaspoons of cereal for breakfast, and try to work up to three tablespoons. Take a quarter of a can of cream soup for lunch, and work up to a whole can. And so on.

Then, too, there are the thin folks who eat like lumberjacks and, as they so often tell their friends, "don't gain an ounce, my dear!" Did you ever try lying down on the sofa with a hot water bottle on your stomach immediately after a meal? You feel rather silly, but it's a helpful poundage-gainer.

To return to overweights—married overweights who do their own housework. It has been said time and again that housework won't reduce you, but, by golly, I lost twelve pounds in about six weeks, and I can't think what else did it. I was pinched for time, and I know that millions of other housefraus are pinched for time, too—so much so

There's a trick to Madeleine Carroll's good hair-grooming—and it's easy to learn.



If you will work at it, your figure can approach the beauty of Jean Parker's.

BY MARY MARSHALL

ATTENTION, LADEEZ! HERE ARE SOME STAR STUNTS, TIPS AND TRICK PLAYS IN THAT POPULAR GAME CALLED BEING BEAUTIFUL

that they feel they can't spare twenty minutes for formal exercise, nor do they feel like coping with a special diet for themselves when they have the whole bloomin' family to cook for. Perhaps it's a makeshift way of doing things, but who cares, so long as you get results.

When I began to notice that the tweed number was getting slack around waist and hips, I decided to make a real exercise routine out of the bed-making and so on. How? Well, first place, no time out for a cigarette, a phone call, or an additional cup of coffee until your work is done. Second place, consciously hold your stomach muscles as tense as you can the whole time. Third place, keep your knees stiff every time you bend over—and the feet shouldn't be more than eight inches apart either. When you reach up to put things on shelves, take a second to reach for a point just a bit too high for you to touch —that's fine for slimming the waist.

A great percentage of the questions beauty scriveners (*Continued on page 94*)

IT'S KELLY TO YOU!

BY NANETTE KUTNER



While Cary Grant was making "Topper," Patsy visited the set. It was Laugh Day for the cast!



At nine, Patsy Kelly proved to be the most promising kid in Jack Blue's Dancing School.

THE WAITER brought a bottle of chili sauce and set it down, next to her dish of scrambled eggs.

"I could marry you for that," said Patsy Kelly.

An hour later, upon being introduced, a reporter, from the dignified *New York Times,* declared she was his favorite comedienne.

"I could marry you for that," repeated Miss Kelly.

And when I asked whether, now that she is in the big money bracket, she intends building a California house and swimming pool, she exclaimed, "I haven't that much conceit!"

She means it.

Since she commenced working, at sixteen, Patsy Kelly has never been without a job, nor has she looked for one. Mentally knocking wood, she says that, up-to-date, hers has been a charmed existence. An Irish disposition, naturally superstitious, makes her positive this good luck will end. Should such an unfortunate day arrive, it will not catch Miss Kelly unawares.

She said, "I've just signed a new long-term contract with Hal Roach. But what's a Hollywood contract? I can get fired, then what? Suppose my house were only half built? I'd have to marry the contractor to pay for it!"

That gives you a rough idea. For a word portrait of Patsy Kelly must be rough, drawn in thick crayon-like sentences, a caricature outline. She is a live cartoon, definitely slapstick. A dizzy wave of one hand, a round-shouldered lunge, a devastating remark, and she turns anybody's preconceived notion of a screen star into riotous burlesque.

The representative from her studio, sent to preserve caution, sat, stunned into submission. What good was his gentle negative nod, his frantic, pleading eyes? What good against Miss Kelly's corned-beef-and-cabbage honesty?

"I'm not going to be caught off guard," she announced. "Only last night I ate spaghetti in the company of a real princess. I nearly died until I saw she was having a hard time balancing it, too." Came a Kelly after-thought. "Remind me, tomorrow I got to get etiquette."

Having finished her eggs, she strolled across the room. She wore high-heeled pumps. They looked odd accompanied by bare legs. She had (*Continued on page 106*)

PATSY'S IS A CHARMED LIFE WITH LUCK "TOO GOOD TO LAST"—BUT SHE'S READY FOR WHATEVER COMES







THE WINNAH!

LUCKY PHYLLIS WELCH IS LEAD FOR HAROLD LLOYD

Phyllis is set for "Professor, Beware!" She went through a rigid test before being accepted. 1. Phil undergoes scrutiny of Cameraman Archie Stout. 2. Choosing hat for test. 3. Being fitted. 4. Ready for the camera. 5. The "take" is recorded. 6. With Lloyd on location, having triumphed.









The younger set in Hollywood are Big Apple mad, even as you and I. Here Jon Hall and Bobby Clark pause to catch their breath.



Those newlyweds, Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable are right out in front when it comes to fancy stepping.



No doubt about it, the Big Apple is strenuous! Jean Parker takes time out to fa' down after a session of rug cutting.

THE BIG APPLE



This may look complicated but if you know your Big Apple as Jon Hall, Alexander Darcy and Pat Wilder do, it's a cinch!

Not exactly a step to try in public, but it's fun, Wendy Barrie and Alexander Darcy claim.



Patricia Wilder and Alexander Darcy exhibit another variation, which takes plenty of pep.

Lana Turner and Milton Berle go into a bit of truckin', part of the fun when you do the Big Apple.

PLAYING





PROBABLY more money changes hands during the racing season at Santa Anita than on the stock market during a similar period of time. From Christmas day to Easter, Santa Anita stays open and everybody in Hollywood and points East suddenly goes into the matter of horse racing very thoroughly.

The track itself, built flush up against the Pasadena Mountains, is probably one of the most beautiful in the world. But it is more than beautiful . . . it has glamor. For it is there that the movie stars gather in droves, whether they know anything about horses or not. Carole Lombard and Claudette Colbert and Myrna Loy and Bette Davis turn out in their smartest creations. They are much more particular about what they wear at Santa Anita than at the Troc or any other night spot in Hollywood. For Santa Anita is also the gathering place of Society with a capital S. Whitneys and Vanderbilts and Hitchcocks pop out of every nook and corner, since they all have stables and since their horses all race.

The movie stars own horses, too. Bing Crosby has quite a string, though they are known as losers, and Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck have their own stables, too. So has Clark Gable.

Playing the horses has become Number 1 sport in Hollywood. There seems to be something in the atmosphere that makes laying a two-dollar place parlay imperative. Even school children catch the gambling spirit during the racing season and some of the picture colony's children make ten dollar bets more calmly than you would split a two dollar show ticket on a one to ten shot.

Among the stars, Al Jolson and Ben Bernie are the heaviest bettors—and the most nonchalant losers. Al has been known to place a seventy-five thousand dollar bet and turn his back on the race to discuss the weather



HOW TO WIN

Bing Crosby, whose horses never come in first, has, what he considers a system for winning. First pick a good horse, not one of his. Always wear a smile to throw off bad luck. Always look worried when asked about your horse's chances. Never shut your eyes at the finish.

THE HOSSES!

with an acquaintance. And Ben Bernie drops five thousand dollars on a loser without flickering an eyelash. As a matter of fact, many a wailing secretary in Hollywood couldn't get a five dollar raise if her widowed mother were starving, but her boss probably loses many times her salary every day in the week at Santa Anita.

This particular track however, is considered to be one of the squarest tracks in America. Of course, there is undoubtedly a small coefficient of dishonesty. Horses are occasionally found doped, odds on horses are pulled, awaiting more favorable odds and owners don't always try, but generally speaking, almost every race is really a true race. Chiselers find it hard to make the long trek to California which accounts for the lack of the usual racetrack touts found everywhere else in the country.

Hollywood women are pretty passionate racing enthusiasts but they are, by instinct, a lot more conservative than their husbands or their best beaux. Connie and Joan Bennett are the most sporting of the lot and will bet a fifty dollar bill when something looks good, but the average glamor girl is content with a two or five dollar ticket. Neither Mae West nor Greta Garbo have ever been known to appear at the track and neither of them play the horses. Aside from these two, however, every big name in Hollywood shows up at one time or another at Santa Anita.

Telephone bills ride sky high while the season is in full swing. Employees, from writers down, who can't get to the track, spend half their time at the phone calling for results. Bookies roam the various lots and find plenty of eager prospects, despite the efforts that are made to keep them outside the gates. In fact, when the horses come to town, everybody who *is* anybody in Hollywood, leaves town. And it would seem that all roads lead to Santa Anita.



HOW TO LOSE

George Raft has different ideas. He tips on how to lose every time. Pick any horse. Always look happy while they're waiting at the post. Always watch some other horse after the start, thus saving the agony of watching your own. When it's over, keep your chin up.

REEL ROMANCE

MAY LOOK LIKE FUN TO YOU —BUT THERE'S A CATCH TO IT


1




3


4

1—Thomas Beck and Marjorie Weaver show how it's done. This kiss is taboo 'cause he's looking down at her.

2—When kissing in the movies, you have to think of camera angles. No fun.

3—This is okay. A gal can kiss down at a man any old time she likes.

4—Here is a posed kiss. Not spontaneous, but more attractive than the real thing.





5—Now this is a natural kiss, making both Tom and Marge look pretty awkward.

6—Oh, Mr. Beck, stop! It's against the rules to kiss down at a girl.

7—No hesitation stuff. Mr. Hays insists you have to go right through with it.

8—The ideal movie kiss is on horseback. Marjorie and Tom try to give you an idea.

9—This isn't in the rules, but for privacy out in public, it does the trick.



Nothing like a ranch to take your mind off your work, Hugh Herbert believes. Of course, it's work, running a ranch, as you can see.



An over-sized lily pond in the living room is just the thing for ranches. And it's deep enough for practical purposes when unwelcome guests arrive.

GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL



If a man's best friend is his dog, Hugh believes in making it go double. Here he is surrounded by friends.



If you find you suddenly need a manicure, why wear yourself out with a file is what Hugh would like to know. There's the garden shears!







Can Hughie sing? Well, you should hear him! Even the coyotes out around his ranch join in the chorus when he feels an attack of melody coming on.

There's so much to do around the place, complains Hugh, that he has to write it all down or he'll forget. What about the chickens? Have they been fed?

Monarch of all he surveys! With scenery like this, is it any wonder that Hugh likes to spend all his free time on the ranch? Such inspiration!

Hugh grabs himself a cat nap. This business of relaxing is too strenuous for him. Looks like he should hie himself back to the studio to rest up.





ROBERT TAYLOR TAKES TO WORK AND DANIELLE DARRIEUX RESTS

Robert Taylor claims he's a "slow study" so he's taking no chances with the script of "Three Comrades." In it he has a he-man role with opportunity to prove himself an actor rather than just a handsome man. If that recent unfair "Beautiful Bob" publicity has done this it proves even a knock can give a boost.



With troupers like Bob Young and Margaret Sullavan in "Three Comrades," Bob must be on his toes. Weeks before production, he rehearsed on the quiet and during the actual shooting was on the sidelines whenever he wasn't in a scene in order to learn any tricks of the trade that he may have missed.



AS OUR CAMERAMAN CATCHES THEM UNAWARES

Danielle Darrieux soaks up some California sunshine while waiting for her first American picture, "The Rage of Paris." This 21-year-old was not only the rage of Paris but the entire continent when J. Cheever Cowdin, Universal executive, signed her, while touring Europe, to a contract guaranteeing her a million dollars. American audiences took her to their hearts in "Mayerling," the French picture with Charles Boyer, which won the critics' award. Her husband, Henri Decoin, is a noted writer and director and their romance started on the set.

STEPPING OUT

Those heavy "dates," Mr. Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane, are still at it!

The Tony Martins (she's Alice Faye y'know) out to confound the "rift" rumors.



Now who says you can't stay married in Hollywood? The Darryl Zanucks celebrate their fourteenth anniversary.

Douglas Fairbanks escorts Norma Shearer to a preview, but Ty Power landed the role in "Marie Antoinette."



Those Don Ameches, truly the town's happiest wedded, take in the "In Old Chicago" preview.



Here you have real romance! Phyllis Brooks and Cary Grant, dancing toward the altar, their friends say.





Joan Blondell and her Dick Powell are stepping out as often as possible before the stork arrives in June.

GOOD



Lili Damita sports a hat Hubby Errol Flynn gave her as a birthday present.



Now it's Margaret Lindsay's turn to step out with Alfred G. Vanderbilt.



Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Robinson seem in high good humor on their way to the tennis.

BY LEO TOWNSEND

Fred MacMurray has been in many a tough spot in pictures, but he never experienced anything like the awful hour he spent on the Paramount lot the other day. He was seen with a Pomeranian! Tried to explain it away by saying he was watching it for a friend, but there was no conviction in his voice. Turned out he had bought it himself, as a gift to Mrs. MacM., who likes Pomeranians.

Proud Papa

Reporters have finally discovered a way to get the usually reticent Gary Cooper to talk. All you have to do is ask after his daughter. Gary, who seldom discusses women, can tell you the weight, height and disposition of this young lady, as well as furnish interesting highlights of her brief but apparently eventful life. The young lady's name, in case you don't know, is Veronica Maria. She's named after her mother, who was Veronica Balfe before she changed her name to Sandra Shaw for picture purposes.

A literal minded fan recently wrote to ask if "True Confession" were really the true life story of Carole Lombard. The answer is No. Miss Lombard, unlike Emile Zola and the U. S. Navy, has never had her personal history immortalized on celluloid. However, it's not a bad idea. You'd have a very swell comedy drama, and just look at the cast. Very few gals have Bill Powell and Clark Gable for leading men.

Lombard Preferred

Speaking of Miss L. reminds us of the writer who was being interviewed for a success story. "If you had your choice," asked the interviewer, "where would you prefer to live?" Said the guy: "At Carole Lombard's house."

■ ■ ■

Sylvia Sidney is one young lady who likes Hollywood only for practical purposes. She likes the work, and the cash involved, and she thinks it's a nice place to visit, but she prefers to live in the East. She prefers it so much that she has just bought a 13-room farmhouse in New Jersey, near the Lindbergh estate, and the minute she finishes a picture she rushes back to the farm.

NEWS





Dark glasses 'n'all, we know you Cary Grant. And that's Phyllis Brooks.

Some hat Dolores Del Rio's sporting! But Connie Bennett's is staid.



Meet Mr. Shane

Twenty years ago neither Wayne Morris nor "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen" imagined that one day their careers would merge. But when the modernized chant became an overnight hit Warners bought it for "Love, Honor and Behave," and in the picture Priscilla Lane sings it to Morris. Incidentally, it's the toughest song title of all time, according to music publishers, who get orders from dealers with weird conceptions of its name. Most popular right now are "My Mere Bits of Shame" and "Buy a Beer, Mr. Shane." Mr. Shane, meet Mr. Morris.

■ ■ ■

Inveterate followers—and even a few of the veterate ones—of the doings of Shirley Temple will be happy to know that she is now a cop. The Los Angeles chief of police managed somehow to take a moment off from his relentless drive on local vice to confer an honorary badge on little Shirley. It's a miniature of the regulation badge, and it has a diamond in the center. So Shirley is now a Junior Policewoman, and the chief of police has gone back to work. Incidentally, little Miss Temple is as proud of her new badge as she is over being such an important movie star, believe it or not!

Love's Triumph

Phyllis Brooks had planned for weeks on a vacation trip to New York with Claire Trevor. Day before they were to leave she discovered that Cary Grant's birthday would arrive during the time she planned to be away. Love's triumph was New York's loss, or something, and Phyllis cancelled her trip to stay home and welcome in a new milestone with Mr. G.

■ ■ ■

While she was in Chicago visiting her htisband recently, Dorothy Lamour tossed a luncheon party for a group of elevator operators from Marshall Field's. Reason is that Dorothy once ran an elevator at the department store herself, before she got a job singing with Herbie Kay's orchestra. Dorothy reports she liked Chicago immensely. Had a nice visit with her husband, and was pleased to note that nobody in Chicago goes about in a sarong.

Phrase Twister

Greatest phrase twister in Hollywood is Director Michael Curtiz, whose eccentricities of speech make Sam Goldwyn sound like an

Oxford professor in comparison. Almost everyone has heard his famous crack at a prop boy who brought him an object he didn't want. "If I have to send someone so dumb," said Mike, "I go myself." And for a scene in a recent picture he wanted a horse without a rider. So he ordered "an empty horse." And a few weeks ago a visitor on the "Robin Hood" set was introduced to Curtiz by Errol Flynn. The visitor arose from his chair to shake hands. "Sit down," said Mike, "Don't relax."

■ ■ ■

In a scene for "Jezebel," Eddie Anderson is supposed to row Bette Davis through a swamp. Before they shot the scene, Bette looked doubtfully at the aged rowboat and turned to Anderson. "Can you row a boat?" she asked him. "Well," said Anderson, "I played 'Noah' in 'The Green Pastures'."



Debonaire as ever, Doug Fairbanks steps out with the Fred Astaires.



We think Freddie Bartholomew and Olivia De Havilland look alike. Do you?

Pat Paterson gets practice talking French with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux.

No Blind Dates

While on location for "Test Pilot" Spencer Tracy was approached by a young lady who wanted his autograph. Spence was all set to sign when he took a second glance at the piece of paper the gal handed him. It read: "I'll meet you at nine." Mr. T., who doesn't meet strange women at nine, refused to sign. The girl was pretty mad about the whole thing and flounced off in a huff muttering things while Spencer could only shrug and feel uncomfortable.

This should be a lesson to young gals who are silly rather than sentimental. Speaking of this famous star—as almost everyone is these days: It must be love at Spencer Tracy's house. At Santa Anita a few days ago, Mrs. T. was busily picking Spencer's horses for him.

■ ■ ■

This could happen only in Hollywood. Benny Baker's agent, who was once the fiance of Baker's wife, is negotiating with director Bill Wellman for a part in "Men With Wings." Wellman was once Mrs. Baker's husband.

Alligators Before Stars

On the set of "Her Jungle Love" at Paramount, they have a large pool of water filled with alligators. Dorothy Lamour, Ray Milland and several Malayan extras were drifting on a raft in the pool one day when some visitors dropped in. They spotted a couple of swarthy men in swimming trunks on the banks and asked the director in scared whispers if they were there to prevent fatalities should the raft capsize. "Oh, no," said the director, "in case the raft tips it's the job of those men to watch the alligators. They're very valuable." Needless to say, the visitors were left quite speechless.

Carole Lombard arrived at the commissary at M-G-M the other day to lunch with Clark Gable. She was wearing an unbecoming, if not an atrocious, hat. "We've just had a fight," she explained, "and I always wear this hat until we make up."

They've Parted

Gene Markey and Simone Simon have come to the parting of the ways —and Gene's way may lead to New York where Gloria Swanson is going to make her home. For the time being David Niven is at the receiving end of the Simone smiles.

Deanna Durbin headed for New York right after "Mad About Music" was in the can. Eddie Cantor was taking his radio troupe East and we thought perhaps that was the reason for Deanna's trip. But nothing like it! "That's just incidental, though very nice," said Deanna. "I'd like to see what the women in New York are wearing before I do my shopping."

(*Continued on page 91*)



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(ABOVE) *Entertaining in the white drawing room of her New York apartment.* (CENTER) *Mrs. Richardson greeting friends after the opera.*

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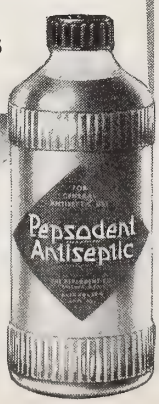


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NOT SO DUMB

(*Continued from page 45*)

make me a studio relative. "Because," she pointed out, "they didn't have influence enough to get me jobs."

"I'm going into pictures," she told this uncle. "What can you do for me?"

"I can introduce you to the casting director. After that you're on your own."

"Would you work on a weekly basis?" the casting director asked.

"I'd work on any basis, so long as I can work."

She was sent to the studio dramatic school, and before long the coach presented her and Bob Young as the leads in one of his plays. Mayer and Thalberg were impressed with the work of both young people and put them under contract.

The seventeen-year-old might have been excused at this point for regarding the world as her oyster. "I was gay and I did have fun, but not nearly so much as I got the name for. More than anything else I wanted to work, and I couldn't understand why they put me into so few pictures."

Again she put into practice her theory that what you wanted you had to go after. She went to a woman high in authority. "Why don't they let me work more?" she asked bluntly.

"Well, I don't know, Mary. Maybe they think you're a little flighty. Maybe if you settled down and seemed more serious—"

"Settle down, huh?" she thought grimly. "All right, I'll settle." She subdued her laughter and practised a Garbo smile. She walked sedately. Instead of waving and calling "hello" across the commissary, she bowed with dignity and murmured "how d'you do." Much good it did her. One day she was summoned to the front office. "What's wrong with you, Mary? We hear you're going high hat."

She broke into a wail. "Well, tell me what you want me to do and I'll do it."

"Want you to do? Nothing. Just don't go snooty on us."

"That was when I learned my lesson," said Mary. "I'd pretended to be a glamour girl and flopped. I'd pretended to be a grand lady and flopped. Right then and there I made up my mind. 'You're going to be just your own no-make-believe self, Mary Carlisle, and if you can't make a go of yourself, you'll quit.'"

MARY'S agent had a good many clients, of whom she was not the most important. Option time came along, and she was due for a salary raise. The agent told her that the option would be taken up, but without a raise.

"Go in and fight for it," said Mary.

"Well, these things have to be handled carefully."

They were handled so carefully that nothing happened.

"All right," thought angel-face Mary. "If he can't do it for me, I'll do it for myself."

She went to headquarters. "We'd like to keep you, Mary, at the same salary."

"Then I don't want to stay," she told them flatly. "If you're not interested enough to give me my raise, then you're not interested enough."

Nor was she bluffing. She knows how to face facts. "Of course I'd have been terribly unhappy if they'd let me go. But also I knew there was no sense in staying unless they believed in me. And the proof would be, raise or no raise."

It proved to be raise, and from that day to this she's been her own agent.

Not long ago she had a crucial decision to make. Two companies were interested in signing her, one of them Paramount. The other offered more money. As against the larger salary she weighed these facts in the balance: she'd already made a favorable impression at Paramount. She liked the people she'd worked with and the atmosphere of the studio; at this stage in her career, money was less important than building solidly for the future, and she felt that her best chance lay with the reorganized Paramount under Zukor.

But she didn't fling herself headlong into their arms, crying: "Take me."

"I'll be glad to sign on certain terms," she told William Le Baron.

That was when he threw up his hands and yelled for somebody who could handle Mary.

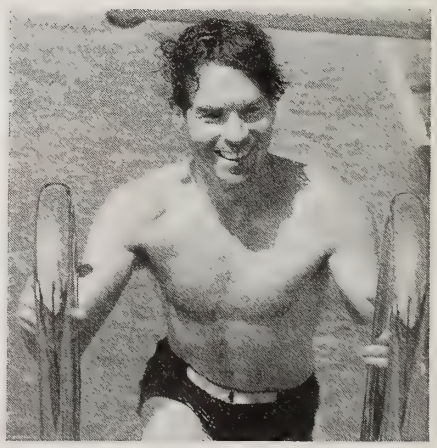
Mary just smiled. "I've agreed to less money than I could have got elsewhere. In return, I want the studio to take care of my fan mail, to provide my shoes and stockings, and transportation for my mother when we go on location. Also I want a three months' holiday before the contract starts. I'm going to Europe. I won't haggle about any of those things. If you want me on those terms, all right. If not—"

The terms were agreed on, and she went abroad. When I tell you that she went primarily to see Europe's great paintings, you'll probably get that pained look and say, "Oh sure." To be honest, I felt the same impulse. I, too, have accepted the cliché that to actresses, and especially little blonde ones, pictures mean moving pictures and nothing else. Mary Carlisle shamed me out of my smugness.

SHE had another reason for taking her trip when she did. "I was just getting over a big romance," she admitted, "and I thought I'd get over it faster away from home. I did, too. Now it doesn't hurt any more, and we're the best of friends. I mean that, you know," she said earnestly. "Please don't think it's just Hollywood bunk. If two people make a mistake, why should they suddenly stop speaking and stick their noses in the air and hate each other? That's good enough for children. Grownups are supposed to be sane. I don't hate this boy. I like him. And why should I stop being his friend just because once I thought we'd be more than friends? It doesn't make sense."

She flashed one of those smiles that must have been Laemmle's reason for "mischievous angel." "How I feel about it is rather mixed. I think it's silly to say you won't fall in love. I see a lot of Johnny Downs now. First, you can't help it, and second—gosh!—why should you hide away from happiness?

"Just the same, I'd like not to fall in love or marry for a while yet, since I'm young and haven't done much in pictures."



Nothing like an exhilarating dip to give Fred MacMurray that zip for which he's famous.

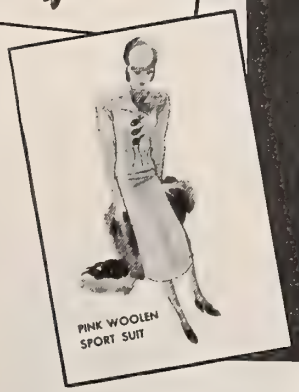
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Regular massage with Forhan's stimulates gums, retards formation of tartar, makes teeth gleam! For generous trial tube send 10¢ to Forhan's, Department 419, New Brunswick, N. J.

Forhan's DOES BOTH JOBS
CLEANS TEETH · AIDS GUMS

BOB SPEAKS UP

(*Continued from page 44*)

fellow has thought of hitting him."

"If I happened to be on the street where there was a fight, I'd always find myself left with the fighting to do," he laughed. "Maybe I didn't know what the fight was about, but it was always little Douglas who did it and got the blame for starting it. One day I was innocently roped into a row and it ended with a cop giving me a broken nose. That cured me."

When he was sixteen, he decided it was time for him to assume the burdens of the family, so he left school permanently and got himself a job as messenger boy for the Seaboard National Bank.

"And that was one time when honesty wasn't the best policy," he told me. "I lost that job because I told the truth."

Messenger boys were required to wear their wallets strapped to their shoulders, but Bob's was always slipping off, so he carried it. One day he lost it, along with checks, money, and other valuables in it. The wallet was recovered. It was the boy's first offense, and he would undoubtedly have been excused with a reprimand if he had not admitted that he was carrying it in his hand. As an example, he was fired. Next he was riding instructor at Mt. Vernon, New York, and after that he signed aboard several boats of the Grace Line, shipping as an ablebodied seaman. He made the trip between New York and California several times. Toiling twenty hours a day didn't seem right, however, so he quit the sea when he docked in New York at the end of one trip.

A friend suggested that he pose as a model until he could get some other job. Posing was always fallen back on by thespians who were "resting." Finally he joined a little theatre group and while connected with it, began to make the rounds of the casting offices. His first professional role was in "Criminal Code".

In rapid succession he played in one stock company after another. While appearing with Cecilia Loftus at Bar Harbor, Maine, a motion picture talent scout persuaded him to make a screen test. As a result Bob came to Hollywood with a Paramount contract. Then he learned that having a contract didn't necessarily mean that he was an actor. Although he appeared in several pictures, it was only in minor roles. Finally he asked for a release from his contract and went into a stage play with May Robson.

While he was appearing in this play, Darryl Zanuck saw him and offered him a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox. Up to this time he had been known as Douglas Blackley, but his new employers planned to re-christen him Robert Kent.

Bob appreciates the opportunities the past year has offered. He appreciates the chance to make money. But when he is through in pictures he wants to go into the advertising business. He doesn't want ever to be a character actor, he says firmly.

"Of course," he said seriously, "no one can say what he is or isn't going to do. That would be silly. But advertising is what I would like to do when I'm not working in pictures anymore."

THE Kents are living temporarily in the little white house that his wife, Astrid Allwyn, occupied before their marriage. "And Doug pays the rent now," she informed me. "This house is too small for two people," she continued. "It was just right for me, but look," and she opened a drawer in the huge, white dressing table which she had made and which occupies one whole side of the room, "I've had to give him half the space."

"Well, there's your horse," Bob laughed, pointing to a little horse carved out of wood. "And there's yours," replied Astrid, pointing to another one on his end of the table.

Giggling, they explained that the horses were to be used as messengers if one ever tires of the other. If Bob should find a horse beside his plate at the breakfast table some morning, it would mean that as far as Astrid is concerned, the romance is over. And vice versa. The idea was that by using the little horses, it would save a lot of argument.

"We don't argue, because if one of us gets upset, the other kids about it," Astrid said, and Bob agreed with a nod.

They met for the first time when they worked together in "Dimples", these two, and Bob said, "I got that buzz, you know. It couldn't be anything but love."

The first day of the picture Bob startled her by apologizing for staring at her. "I can't help it," he told her. And Astrid, having been in Hollywood for five years, thought to herself: "Another flirt."

They didn't get on very well at first. For instance, there was the scene where the script indicated they must kiss.

"I don't want to kiss him," Astrid complained.

"It's a silly place for a kiss," Bob protested to the director, while secretly hoping it would be left in. The kiss was left in and later seemed such a good idea that they practiced it in private. Bob always fights for what he wants and he wooed her enthusiastically but without marked success. One night he had given her a sales talk on marriage all evening. It got to be twelve

"All right," he said, "I suppose you think I'm not good enough to marry you."

Astrid didn't pull that old bromide about it being "so sudden," but she did intimate that they might wait a little longer. At the first hint of success, Bob took new hope and at one o'clock she said "yes". They were married the next day.

If Astrid makes the pictures she has contracted for, she will be as busy as Bob will be with his new contract. "But if the stork comes around, I'm not going to send him away just for a picture," she said firmly. "I want to have children. We both do," and Bob nodded vigorously.

"When Doug gets to be a big star and starts upstaging me, I'll have a lot of children—so many he can't hide them from his public," Astrid threatened. "And if he starts bragging about what a big star he is, I'll just say, 'Well, look what a big producer I am!'"

"You win!" he told her, but the look in his eyes belied his words. He has won the girl of his choice, he is winning success in his work, and it seems to me he will always win—at life.



Toby Wing, Fernand Gravet, and Ethel Merman partying.

"I've found LOVE"

says ANNE SHIRLEY



STAR OF
RKO-RADIO'S PRODUCTION
"Condemned Women"

"With women, Romance comes first... that's why I always advise: Guard against COSMETIC SKIN this easy way"

"LOVELY SKIN wins romance—and *holds* it," says this charming young screen star. "So don't risk unattractive Cosmetic Skin. You can guard against it easily as I do—by removing stale rouge and powder *thoroughly* with Lux Toilet Soap."

Choked pores cause dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—Cosmetic Skin. Use cosmetics all you like, but before you put on fresh make-up, ALWAYS before you go to bed, protect your skin with Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather. It keeps skin *smooth!*

• Don't let unattractive Cosmetic Skin spoil *your* looks. Screen stars use such a simple, easy care to keep skin smooth—gentle Lux Toilet Soap.



• And clever girls everywhere guard against Cosmetic Skin Hollywood's way—by removing cosmetics *thoroughly* with this ACTIVE lather.



• They take the screen stars' tip—win romance—and *hold* it—with skin that's lovely to look at, soft to touch.



9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use it

"SNAP OUT OF IT!"



BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

"SMART GIRL—you know I can't hang on to a grouch when you tempt me with Beeman's. Now there's real flavor—fresh, lusty flavor that wakes up your taste! Smooth on your tongue yet chockful of fresh pep.

Of course it's this ingenious airtight package that keeps Beeman's so extra fresh and flavorsome. I say—we ought to keep Beeman's on hand *all* the time!"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

THE FOREIGN STARS TAKE THEIR BOW

Though they come from distant shores, these players have won the heart of the great American public. As a result, they rate high at the box office


Danielle Darrieux


Charles Boyer


Marlene Dietrich


Herbert Marshall


Errol Flynn


Sonja Henie


David Niven


Merle Oberon


Beatrice Lillie


Annabella


Binnie Barnes


Reginald Owen


Fernand Gravet


Simone Simon


Isa Miranda


Olympe Bradna


Greta Garbo


Luise Rainer


Franciska Gaal


Madeleine Carroll

Why don't you try it?



How long has it been since you tried a completely different way of fixing your hair? With your ringlets brushed high like this, we bet *he* would look at you with new interest . . . with an adoring new gleam in his eye! A beguiling hair-do has been known to change a woman's whole life! Why don't you try it?



An artist looking at you might advise you to wear some of the very colors you think are unbecoming! A fixed notion about certain colors has made many a woman miss being the sparkling, vivid person she could be. Some new shade might do wonders for you! Why don't you try it?



Maybe you're one of them! One of the women who still buy the same brand of sanitary napkins you started asking for years ago! Then lady—here's grand news! There's something better now! Modess is so much *softer* . . . so much *safer*...it is changing the buying habits of women everywhere! Why don't you try it?



Get a box of Modess today--and discover the amazing difference! Cut one of the pads in two. See . . . feel . . . the fluffy, soft-as-down filler. Compare this with ordinary pads made of crêpey, close-packed layers. You can easily see why Modess never becomes stiff and rasping in use . . . never chafes.



Now— remove the moisture-proof backing from a Modess pad. Drop water on it! See why you need never fear embarrassment. Only Modess gives you this "certain-safe" feature! Yet—for all its greater comfort and security Modess costs *less* in most places, than any other nationally known napkin!

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

IF YOU PREFER A SMALLER, SLIGHTLY NARROWER PAD, SAY "JUNIOR MODESS"

SPRING SMARTNESS

BY ANN WILLS

MOVIES GIVE EXCITING HINTS FOR YOUR IMPORTANT SPRING OUTFIT

WHEN YOU go to "The Goldwyn Follies," you'll see a musical film in Technicolor, with an all-star cast of singing and dancing stars. Andrea Leeds, Helen Jepson, and Vera Zorina—all these and many other stars will give you good entertainment. And, if you're the least bit clothes conscious, they'll give you something else, too—ideas for your spring wardrobe.

Now is the time when every smart girl starts planning the most important clothes of the whole year—her spring outfit! And if she's really smart, she doesn't buy blindly. She looks around carefully first, studies the styles that are being offered, makes up her mind (*Continued on page 90*)



Dancing, Andrea Leeds wears a pastel sheer over taffeta.



Andrea's daytime dress of dark, simply woven fabric has white trim.





Keep young

and Doubly Lovely with refreshing Double Mint gum

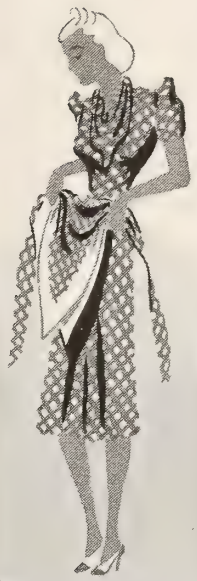
Easy to do . . just read below

WHENEVER you enjoy healthful, delicious Double Mint gum, the gentle natural chewing exercise stimulates sleepy face muscles, relaxes tense lines and brightens your teeth. This all helps to keep your face young and attractive, your smile more winning. And now, presented here is this youthfully lovely new scarf dress just created for you in Paris by the great Schiaparelli and made available by Double Mint gum in a Simplicity pattern. In this way Double Mint gum helps you look as smart, streamlined and charming as Hollywood's beautiful star, Anita Louise, *left*, of famed Warner Bros.' Pictures, who is modeling this dress . . . So you see how simple and easy it is to keep young and doubly lovely with Double Mint gum. Enjoy it daily. Begin today.

Millions of women daily buy this popular double-lasting mint-flavored gum. Beauty specialists everywhere recommend it. It is non-fattening, aids digestion and sweetens your breath . . . Daily chew Double Mint gum to keep young and lovely. Buy several packages today.

Picture yourself in this new **SCHIAPARELLI** *Double Mint gum scarf dress from Paris, modeled for you in Hollywood by the ever doubly lovely star,* **ANITA LOUISE** *of Warner Bros., whose next picture is* **"THE SISTERS."** *Made available to you by Double Mint gum in* **SIMPLICITY** *Pattern 2740. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety stores you can buy this pattern.* Or, write *Double Mint Dress Pattern Dept., 419 Fourth Ave., New York City.*

S-96



How Schiaparelli Double Mint dress ties scarf as apron.



Take apron off dress and use as handy platochek.



When in need of a bag, knot scarf-apron thusly.



More Double duty! *This is a* Double Mint dress.

THOUSANDS MARVEL TO SEE THEIR SKINNY BODIES FILL OUT

As these Wonderful New IRONIZED YEAST Tablets Add 10-25 lbs. in a Few Weeks



Posed by professional model

SCIENTISTS have discovered that thousands of people are thin and run-down only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Once these elements are properly supplied, as they now are in these amazing, new Ironized Yeast tablets, the improvement that comes in a short time is often astonishing. Thousands report wonderful new pep, gains of 10 to 25 pounds in a few weeks—complexions naturally clear and fresh—a new natural attractiveness that wins friends everywhere.

Why they build up so quick

Food chemists have found that one of the richest sources of marvelous health-building Vitamin B is the special rich yeast used in making English ale.

Now by a new and costly process, this imported English ale yeast is concentrated 7 times, taking 7 pounds of yeast to make just one pound of concentrate—thus making it many times more powerful in Vitamin B strength than ordinary yeast. Then 3 kinds of strength-building iron and pasteurized ale yeast are added.

The result is these new easy-to-take Ironized Yeast tablets, which thousands of formerly skinny people who needed their elements hail as one of the greatest weight-building, health-building discoveries of all time.

Try it without risking a cent

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the very first package you don't begin to eat better and get more benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength and pep—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the pounds of normally attractive flesh you need—the price of this first package will be promptly refunded. So get it today.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this valuable special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 34, Atlanta, Ga.



IMPORTANT

Beware of substitutes. Be sure you get genuine IRONIZED YEAST.

LOOK FOR "IY" ON EACH TABLET



Louise Fazenda arrives in New York to attend the premiere of her latest picture "Swing Your Lady."

LOVE IS OUT

(*Continued from page 31*)

fact that I have as much of a social life as the next fellow who has a job that takes most of his time.

"Actually, I have three jobs. I'm on the screen, I'm on the radio, I'm on the concert stage. Why work so hard? Well, I've got only so many notes in my throat, and I want to get them out while I can.

"On days like this, working from eight to six, singing the same song forty or fifty times, I get blamed sick of hearing my own voice. On days like this, I could give retirement a passing thought. If I had time. But tomorrow I'll be doing some other kind of scene, that's one nice thing about the movies, and probably looking forward to my next day of singing. That's life.

"No, seriously, I haven't any plans about retirement. Even indefinite ones. The last thing I want to do is to sit around, doing nothing. That doesn't appeal to me. The chief reason why I'm a singer is that it's the most interesting life I've encountered yet. If you know a job that's more interesting, bring it on, I'll consider that, too.

"I gave up a lot to be a singer. I had to struggle for years, learning how to use my voice, learning how to comport myself on the stage, acquiring a repertoire. This would be a heck of a time to retire. I'm just beginning to have the fun of working out what I've learned.

"Even when I'm working, I get in one to three or four hours of practice a day, building up my repertoire. By the time we go on our tour, my accompanist, Theodore Paxson, and I won't need any music. We can walk into a concert hall with our hands in our pockets and go to work. If television reared its head tomorrow, I'd jump in and find out what it was all about, try to be ready for it.

"Accidents don't often happen in singing careers. You have to be ready for the breaks when the breaks are ready for you, or you're sunk.

"There's been just one accident in my career. Pictures. They were pure accident. A lucky accident. I came out here for a concert, some studio executives heard me, and I was yanked into the movies. It had never occurred to me to try to be an actor. Particularly a movie actor. I had blue eyes and blond hair, which, I had been told, were what the movies *didn't* want. On top of that, I was an opera star, and people don't like that kind of singing.

"You know about the sitting around I did, learning something about movie-making. You know about the false starts I made. But I don't think one of the reasons for my slow start on the screen has ever come out. When I first landed in Hollywood, recording equipment wasn't what it is today. Sound engineers ripped their hair when I started singing; they told me I'd have to quiet down. But I was mean. I won't fix my voice for their machines. I made them fix the machines for my voice. Now I yell my lungs out, and they yell for me to sing louder."

He leaned back, enjoying his cigarette.

"What did I give up to be a singer? You wouldn't be trying, by any chance, to bring love into the conversation again? Nix. The principal thing I gave up was leisure. I gave up time to do countless other things I'd like to do. There are a lot of books I'd like to read, there are a lot of shows I'd like to see. There's a little trip to the Mediterranean I'd like to get out of my system. I'd like to sail more, do more fishing, ride horseback out in the wilds.

"There are a lot of interesting people I might have met if I had stayed in the East. But there are people out here who are just as interesting. Some of them have great stories. Listening to them sort of gets that old reporter blood in me pounding again."

That's right. For all his disinterest in newspapers today, he used to work on one, in Philadelphia. How did that happen?

"Well, I had to pay for music lessons some way. And as long as I had to have a job, I wanted one with a little variety. That was one reason why I liked newspaper work. And, afterward, work as a copywriter in an advertising agency. It wasn't the same old grind, day after day. Every day brought a new problem to tackle.

"I thought I was pretty versatile in those days. Actually, I was just being scattery. I could write a little, draw a little, sing a little, fish a little, hunt a little. But I wasn't really good at any one thing. Because I wasn't concentrating on any one thing. I was just drifting—and I didn't know where. The day I realized that, I started concentrating. I picked singing. I had been doing that since I was ten.

"I told you a few minutes ago that I'm just beginning to have the fun there is in singing. I used to be a much stricter musician than I am now. I had to be. A beginner can't take licenses. He has to follow all the rules of voice technique, if he wants the critics to listen to him. Just as a young painter has to paint straight, to prove that he can, before people will take him seriously if he tries to be original.

"Look at Chaliapin. One of the most popular singers of all time. Yet when he sings, the result is completely unlike the song as written. He *could* sing straight. But he believes in telling a story."

Nelson should know. He makes a concert tour across the country every year, singing two or three or four times a week, in as many different cities. As soon as he finishes "The Girl of the Golden West," he is starting a new tour. He has never started so late in the season before. But never before has he made two pictures in one year.

"I don't see any signs of a let-up ahead—thank God!" he told me. "Hollywood can't understand why I rush right from pictures into concerts. Hollywood thinks I must have a cash-register mind. But Hollywood has a habit of getting me wrong.

"I can use the money; I don't deny that. But I can think of easier ways to earn it than on concert tours. I go on these tours every year for two reasons. In the first place, they sublimate my lust for travel. At the same time, facing all kinds of audiences, in all kinds of towns, under all kinds of conditions, is invaluable experience. It keeps me toned up, on my toes, constantly trying to improve."

Everything was Lovely...



UNTIL HE STRUCK A MATCH!

Life's Little Close-ups; Can Your Complexion Stand Them? It Can if You Use Luxor Powder . . . It's Light-Proof! . . .This is the Greatest Make-up Improvement in Years

● Every change of light is a challenge to a woman's complexion. Does *your* make-up flatter you one minute—and betray you the next? Then give thanks for this discovery!

Luxor face powder is light-proof. It modifies light rays instead of reflecting them.

With a finishing touch of this powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night. Nor will you have all that worry over *shine* when you use this kind of powder.

Seeing is believing: Make this test

Look at the photographs reproduced here. See what havoc the light plays with unprotected make-up. See the improvement in the second picture—with light rays modified and softened by light-proof powder. A test before your own mirror will be even more convincing. Then put it to the real test of all kinds of light, day and night.

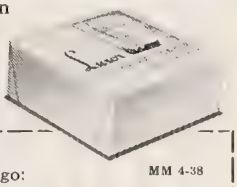
You will soon discover you can trust this powder under all conditions. It is light-proof, and it is moisture-proof. Note the complete absence of shine, with that same lovely softness at all times.

We especially invite all women who think they have a "shiny skin" to make this test and see if Luxor powder does not subdue all shine.

You can get it anywhere

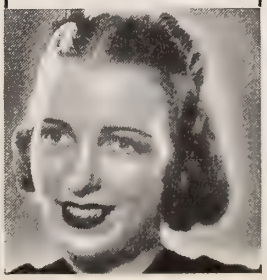
Large size box of Luxor light-proof powder 55c at drug and department stores; 10c size at the five-and-ten stores. Or, clip coupon for a complimentary box free and prepaid.

Luxor powder is offered in several shades, among which you will easily find the one best suited to your own individual complexion. But more important than any shade, more important than the soft texture and fine fragrance of this powder is its light-proof quality. You will find that this powder—in any shade—will positively subdue those highlights that have always been such a problem.



LUXOR *LIGHT PROOF* FACE POWDER

THIS is what happens with make-up that reflects every ray of light.



SEE the effect of powder that is light-proof and modifies the light rays.



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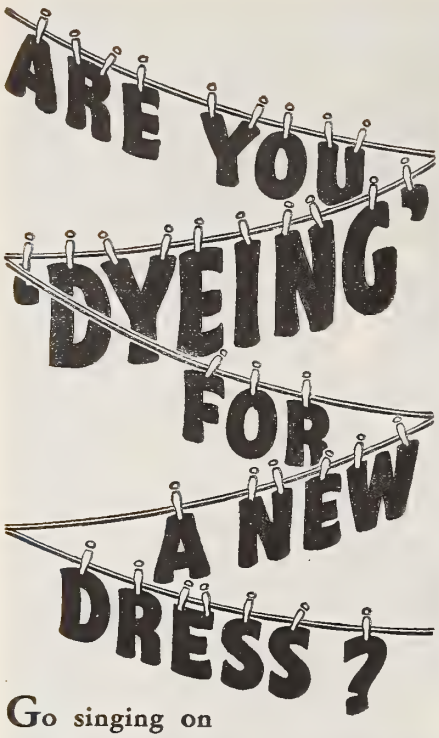
Please send me a complimentary box of the new Luxor LIGHT-PROOF face powder free and prepaid.

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Go singing on your way tomorrow in a dress made new, joyous, flattering with one of Rit's glowing shades that says your taste is grand. Rit's new formula contains "neomerpin" that makes color *saturate* the fabric quickly, evenly, beautifully. So easy—you'll "DYE" LAUGHING!



Never say "Dye"—say RIT!



Go to your nearest ten cent store and insist on **CRO★PAX Corn Pads**, waterproof, with medicated discs for safe, sure, quick relief. *Accept No Substitute.*

Price slightly higher in Canada

CRO★PAX PRODUCTS, CLEVELAND, O.

AT YOUR 5 & 10c STORE

CRO★PAX FOOT AIDS

FOR EVERY FOOT AILMENT

HAS BOB TAYLOR HAD A CHANGE OF HEART?

(*Continued from page 27*)

to the radio and fool around with the horses and read agricultural bulletins. We haven't changed. Nothing is changed.

"I've come back and I've picked up just where I left off. I've moved into my place in the San Fernando Valley. Two miles from Barbara's ranch, Marwyck, my place is. Thirty acres, I have, with a palatial mansion of four rooms thereon! On the goodly Taylor acres I have some horses, just to galumph around on, not to race. I also grow alfalfa, the better to feed the horses, my dear. I grow citrus and a thing called pineapple guava which, my mother and Barbara assure me, can be resolved into jelly! My mother still has her house in Beverly Hills and time marches on!

"As for other items which have been hinted about my person, let's see—I do not wear English clothes. Not a sock did I buy in all England, let Bond Street beckon as it may. I did buy some English clothes to wear in the picture but what with the duty and rough wear and tear they got I gave them all away before I shipped for home. I have not a trace of an English accent, as you have observed.

"I did try to acquire one, at first, thinking it would come in handy for the picture when, as a Yank at Oxford I am supposed to be quite Anglicized at the picture's end. But after losing my way in a maze of Cockney dialects and Kentish dialects and dialects from Surry and Shropshire and this 'shire and that, I gave it up and stuck to the Nebraskan I was born to. I have no trouble with the old familiar right hand drive because I never really learned the left hand drive over there. My house was twenty-five miles from the studio. I didn't know the roads nor did I have time to familiarize myself with the country and so I rented a car and a chauffeur. And felt like a damned fool, if I may say so, never having been chauffeur-driven before.

"I am four months and some days older than I was when I went away, there's no denying that. But whether I am older and quieter or younger and gayer I wouldn't be knowing. It all depends, I fear, on the mood, the wax or wane of the moon, the hour of the night and what I've eaten for dinner," laughed Bob.

"I cannot," he continued, with pleasurable malice, "discourse learnedly or romantically about the women of other nations, don't you know, because I didn't meet the ladies. I didn't have one single date the whole time I was away. Not *one*.

I STILL think Hollywood is the place of places to live. I'm modern enough, I guess, to like the white new houses, the newness and beginningness of it all. It looked good to me as my plane sighted it, flying in. I do want, very much, to go back to England. I didn't have a chance to really see it. I didn't even do any of the touristy things. I did not see the Royal Family nor visit the Cheshire Cheese and sit in the chair Charles Dickens once occupied. I didn't visit the Tower of London nor the British Museum. But I want to go back and do all of these things. I want very much to go back to Sweden. I've always had a terriffic yen to travel. If I've changed in any way, it's in an accentuation of that yen.

"I've been asked what I missed most, looking back on Hollywood from so many thousands of miles away. You guess! Right. Naturally, I missed my mother and Barbara the most, and our friends. Next I missed my car. In the studio I missed, most of all, the prop boys and carpenters and electricians who, over here, are my friends. I missed not being able to call the crew by their first names. I got so that I could decipher their dialects after a time and then everything was jake.

"No, I wasn't homesick. I'm not the homesick type. I knew that I was coming home again, anyway and besides, I adjust easily and happily to any environment. I'm the adaptable kind who could be equally content in a hovel or in a palace, in Paris or in Peoria. Doesn't matter a hoot in hell to me where I live!"

I said, "How did you feel about your own importance in the scheme of things when you got away and saw something of the 'great, wide, wonderful world?' How did you feel about the importance of pictures, the importance of Hollywood?"

"I don't know that I've ever had any passionate convictions about my own importance," Bob said, "except that I feel that any man doing any job is important in his own little niche, however small. A nail-driver at work on a skyscraper must have a steady hand and a steady purpose or he's apt to cause the whole structure to go haywire. As for Hollywood, well, Hollywood and New York are the two places everyone asks questions about, everywhere. But you know, they don't ask so many questions about personalities as they used to do, I'm told.

"Tell you one thing I learned, all right, and that's how important the foreign market is to us here in Hollywood. Boy! The foreign market can make all the difference between a star being tops on the box office list or twenty-seventh. It's a huge market, you see, wherever our pictures are freely admitted, England, Scandinavia, France and so on.

I LEARNED, too," said Bob, "why the English actors are such swell actors—Leslie Howard, Ronald Colman, Bart Marshall, Alan Mowbray and the others. It's because they care about the theatre, never get very far away from it, will drop any movie contract, however fat, to do a thing on the stage. It's because they would rather be paid a ha'penny worth of dried herring for a good part on the stage than millions for a picture. They care about *acting*, the English tradition, not care about Shakespeare and tradition, not about notoriety and noise-makers blaring how good they are. This chap Griffith Jones, who has as big a part as mine in the picture, if not bigger, he's terrific. The best type of Englishman, long and lean, with aquiline features. I told him he'd be tremendous in Hollywood but I doubt that he would come here. Not while the old Drury Lane and others still use actors.

"As for myself," said Bob, and now the depth of his voice was deeper, his blue eyes black with seriousness, "I don't care what I play so long as I can get out of dress suits, leading man things, romantic roles, all that tinsel. I've been limited, much too limited in the stories I've played in, the parts I've played. I'd play a Western if I could do one. I want to get parts where I can wear overalls, leave my hair uncombed and unbrushed, forget to shave for a few days. My first picture after my return is to be 'Three Comrades' with Bob Young, Franchot Tone and Margaret Sullavan, I believe. That's okay. Nothing dressed-up, fancied-up about that!"



★ *Ann Miller*

IN R K O PRODUCTION

"RADIO CITY REVELS"

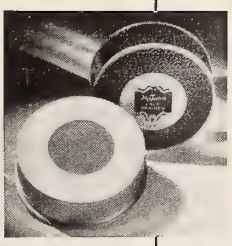
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Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray check type above and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	



Martha Raye knuckles down to the absorbing task of making a pastry shell for her favorite pie.



For the second step, she slowly adds a cup of pineapple juice to the rich filling of this dessert.



Our star cook now tops the filled pie shell with the fluffiest of meringue for that final touch.

EASY AS PIE

By MARJORIE DEEN

EASY AS PIE! Well that certainly describes Martha Raye's idea of a perfect meal, the sort she likes so well that she frequently prepares and serves it her very own self on the maid's night out. Martha is really very fond of cooking, as it happens, so she takes advantage of this once-weekly occasion by inviting her friends to join her and her mother for dinner.

And does she shine at the mixing bowl and stove? Well I'm here to tell you she does! Furthermore she asserts that she takes off her hat to no one when it comes to planning and dishing up, in short order, a simply grand and grandly simple meal. It didn't take long either, to discover that I could enthusiastically endorse her choice of foods.

Here then is Martha's favorite menu:

Hamburger Steak with Onions
Corn Pone
Shredded Cabbage and Raw Carrot Salad
Boiled Dressing
Pineapple Cream Pie
Coffee

No potatoes, you'll notice. But if you insist, you can take care of this missing feature very simply by baking the spuds along with corn pone.

As for the rest of the meal, well, with the exception of the pie (and I'm giving you the recipe for that) it requires but the fewest words of explanation and the shortest possible period of preparation. Much of the work can be done well in advance, too. The dry ingredients for the corn pone can be measured and combined in the morning if you choose. The carrots and cabbage for the salad should be placed in the refrigerator hours early to chill, though of course you wouldn't think of adding the salad dressing until the very last moment. Hamburgers and onions require but a moment's attention and there you are, all ready for dinner!

But how about the pie? Well that too can be made in one-two-three fashion well ahead of time. The shell can be baked even a day ahead, if you choose. The filling too, for that matter. Then a couple of hours before dinner time, you simply spread the filling in the shell, top it with meringue and bake it slowly. A short spell to cool off and there you are. But why go into that now, when you have Martha's recipe, right here, to follow.

"If you want to be really fancy," suggests Martha Raye, "you can place the meringue in a pastry tube and squeeze it out in professional-looking curleycues and doodads. But whatever you do, don't bake the meringue too quickly or you'll spoil it completely and past all hope."

Serve this delectable pie after just such a meal as the one she outlined for us and you'll discover, as I did, that Miss Raye's simple, homey menu will win you paens of praise.

PINEAPPLE CREAM PIE
with
"FEATHER-LIGHT" MERINGUE

Pie Filling

1 cup drained, canned crushed pineapple
1 cup pineapple juice and water, combined
4 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons cornstarch
1 cup sugar
1 cup scalded milk
3 egg yolks
1 tablespoon butter
¼ teaspoon salt
grated rind and juice of ½ lemon
baked pie shell

Open a large can of crushed pineapple (No. 2 size can). Turn contents into a strainer or collander, set over a bowl to drain. Measure resulting pineapple juice and add more water, if necessary, to make 1 cup of pineapple liquid. Combine flour, cornstarch and sugar. Slowly add scalded milk, stirring vigorously. Place in top of double boiler. Cook and stir over boiling water and, while stirring, slowly add the cup of pineapple liquid referred to above. Continue cooking 10 minutes longer, stirring occasionally. Separate eggs, reserving whites in refrigerator for meringue. Beat yolks slightly, add a little of the hot mixture to them, then add slowly to remaining mixture in top of double boiler. Cook 3 minutes longer, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add butter, salt, lemon rind, lemon juice and 1 cup of the very well drained crushed pineapple. Blend thoroughly, chill. Turn into a baked pie shell. Cover with the following Meringue and place in slow oven (300° F.) for fifteen minutes, or until meringue is puffed and a pale golden brown.

"FEATHER-LIGHT" MERINGUE

3 egg whites
6 tablespoons granulated sugar
⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar

Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Gradually beat in half of the sugar combined with the cream of tartar. (Use a wire whisk rather than a rotary beater for really "feather-light" results.) When half of the sugar has been beaten in, *fold* in the remaining sugar gently. If desired, a little flavoring may be added—about ½ teaspoon of vanilla or as little as ¼ teaspoon of other extracts being sufficient.

"Remember," says Martha, "the meringue mustn't *start* to brown for seven minutes or longer and if, after the specified fifteen minutes baking time, it isn't brown enough to suit you then it's far better to raise the heat for the last minute or so than it is to take chances with too hot an oven at the beginning! So mind Martha now!"

Some time try this delicious pineapple-flavored hot bread, too, all rich and fragrant and healthful with its honey, bran and chopped nuts. Better not have it when you are serving Martha's pie as dessert, however. Because it would be considered bad meal planning, you know, to have two

IF YOU FOLLOW MARTHA RAYE'S RECIPES BETTER HAVE DOUBLE PORTIONS ON HAND!



"Oh boy!" And Martha's right. Her pineapple pie is one scrumptious treat. Just try her recipe.

recipes calling for the same fruit on the same menu, yes, even when the fruit in question is as justly popular as is canned pineapple. However I do want you to have the recipe for this delicious quick-bread in your files because it provides you with such a grand suggestion for using up that extra cup of pineapple juice left over from breakfast. For that matter, once you've tried this Hawaiian Honey Bread, you'll not wait for any such excuse but will plan always to have on hand one of the small 8-ounce size cans which contain just the right amount for the one loaf recipe which follows.

HAWAIIAN HONEY BREAD

¼ cup butter
1 cup strained honey
1 egg
2¼ cups sifted flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
1 cup all bran
1 cup unsweetened canned pineapple juice
¾ cup chopped nut meats

Cream butter well. Add honey. Cream together thoroughly. Add egg and beat with rotary beater until light and creamy. Sift flour, measure. Add baking powder and salt and sift again. Stir one half of dry ingredients into honey mixture. Add all bran and pineapple juice and mix thoroughly. Add remaining dry ingredients to which nut meats have been added. Stir only until all flour disappears. Turn into greased loaf pan (lined on the bottom with wax paper and greased again.) Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 1¼ hours approximately, or until loaf is firm and a cake tester inserted in center of loaf comes out clean. Cool on wire cake rack. This bread may be eaten while still hot but it slices better after being kept twenty-four hours.

This bread is just the sort of thing to make a real hit with the youngsters, you'll find. Or, cut wafer-thin, it can be made into the most tempting of sandwiches for a company tea party. So with this simple-to-follow recipe you can please the family and win new cooking laurels from your friends.

THEY'RE THAT POPULAR



SECOND HONEYMOON

Ten Years Married!

HAPPY the woman whose husband still adores her after ten years of married life! She has kept his home neat and comfortable; she has fed him well—but when evening comes she still has pep enough left to go to the movies and have a grand and glorious time.

One of the things which will make your housekeeping much easier is Franco-American Spaghetti. This delicious spaghetti is all ready to heat and serve. It is on the table in a jiffy—your whole family will love it—and it's a great comfort in these days of high food prices to know that it costs only 3 cents a portion.

Give the children Franco-American for lunch with milk and fruit. Other days for dinner serve Franco-American as a main dish or use it to make that left-over meat into something that tastes like the creation of a French chef. Franco-American combines wonderfully with other foods because of that inimitable and savory sauce of cheddar cheese, sun-ripened tomatoes and other delicious selected ingredients.

Franco-American has become America's largest selling spaghetti because of delicious flavor, reasonable price and high nutritional value. It belongs on your pantry shelf and on your table often each week.

Franco-American is entirely different from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti—get some today and see how true this is. Your husband will say you're a fine cook and after a day's work you'll have pep enough left to enjoy yourself.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

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SECRET
of soft smooth skin



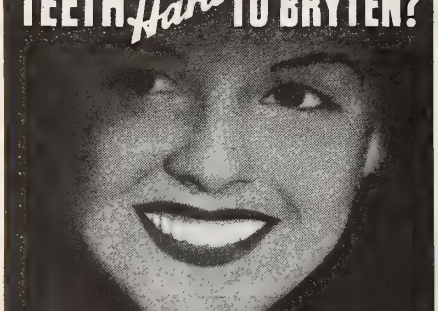
★ YOU too, like the Hollywood stars, can learn the secret of soft and youthful skin. Dry rough skin results from a lack of natural oils. Scientists have discovered very similar oils in rich, pure dairy milk. Now Duart extracts these vital milk-oils and brings them to your skin in a soothing new beauty creme. Simply use this new-type beauty creme one morning and evening. Then feel your skin. Like thousands of others, you'll be amazed at the results. At cosmetic counters for 40c, 80c, $1.65, and dime stores for 15c and 25c. Guaranteed to contain MILK-OILS processed with other oils.

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BLANCA VISCHER appearing in Paramount Pictures

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THRILLING NEW BEAUTY and sparkle for your teeth. Iodent No. 2 is specially compounded for teeth hard-to-bryten. Removes stubborn stains—even smoke stains. Minty in flavor—pure—smooth. Made by a Dentist to clean teeth safely. Also made in No. 1 texture for teeth easy-to-bryten. Try Iodent today!

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BETWEEN YOU



Why don't men vote for the Queen of Masculine Hearts?

$5.00 Prize Poem
A Tribute to Morris

You can have your Robert Taylor
With his lovely wavy hair
You can have your Ronald Colman
With his manner debonair.
You can have young Kenny Baker
With his voice just like a lark
And dashing Tyrone Power
Can always toe the mark.
Joel McCrea is always good,
For performance fine and dandy
As for singing, Nelson Eddy
Makes the fair sex melt like candy.
But of all these well known heroes
There is one—a shining star
A handsome unspoiled youngster
Who is bound to go so far.
To the amazing Movie Kingdom
His wandering feet did stray
And now his popularity
Will have no more delay.
He's very new this fellow
Whom my little pen does stress
He's starred in but two pictures
But he's now among the best.
As the handsome Kid in Galahad
He grinned his way to fame
In his performance in Submarine
He nothing did disdain.
You now know whom I speak of
For that smile that brought him fame
Belongs to no one other
Than that handsome boy named Wayne.
—Betty Munroe, Upper Darby, Pa.

$2.00 Prize Letter
Who Is Queen?

It is my belief that the men of America are the victims of a grave injustice. Every time a man picks up a movie book, what does he see? Raves about Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power or Clark Gable. Do the men like this? I don't.

If it were left to the women, the fair sex in Hollywood would rarely be mentioned in fan mail departments. Are the men supposed to sit down and take this without a murmur? You're right, they won't. So, girls, if you're on the level, give the girls a break for a change.

As long as the women have been given their chance to do their hero worshipping in print, suppose we men get busy and do some heroine worshipping. What we want to know is Who Is Queen of the Masculine Hearts?

I nominate Ginger Rogers, one of the swellest girls in pictures.—L. Gem Holmes, Adel, Ga.

$2.00 Prize Letter
Too Much Slapstick

When James Cagney squirted grape-fruit in his leading lady's eye, and Clark Gable struck his heroine harder than Emily Post okays, they were simply paving the way for a cycle of sophisticated slap-stick.

In "Double Wedding", Myrna Loy cracked a picture over the noble Powell brow. Carole Lombard and Fredric March have plenty of free-for-alls in "Nothing Sacred", and Irene Dunne had a rollicking good time aggravating Cary Grant in "The Awful Truth". What with Miriam Hopkins doing some hair-pulling and leg-biting in "Wise Girl", Claudette Colbert biting Gary Cooper in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife", and Gladys Swarthout receiving a lusciously ripe tomato in the face in "Romance in the Dark", it looks as though we're in for it!

The Mack Sennett custard-pie touch as practiced in "Private Lives" and "It Happened One Night" is appreciated now and then. But all this scratching, biting and packing a mean wallop—what will its effects be? Will these actresses be able to step back into "safe and sane" roles?—Mary F. Donner, Seattle, Wash.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Here's to you, Martha Raye!

My letter is about the story concerning Martha Raye in the February issue of MODERN SCREEN.

Aren't movie stars human? Evidently the columnist who panned Martha Raye doesn't think so. Wouldn't anyone who suddenly found he was making a salary large enough to make all his dreams come true rush out and buy himself some lovely clothes, a new car, and a beautiful home? I'm certain that I would; it's the human thing to do.

Martha Raye, in my opinion, is a grand comedienne and as long as she continues to turn in those hilarious performances, I think she's entitled to do just about as she pleases. So, here's to Martha Raye—may she buy all the furs and dresses that she wants! It's her money, and, as she says, "You can't take it with you."—Martha Earle, Nashville, Tenn.

$1.00 Prize Letter
A Plea For Simplicity

It can be recaptured, can't it? The refreshing sweetness of "Seventh Heaven" was still there when Simone Simon and James Stewart played the roles in the third production of the picture.

They are not handsome nor beautiful but much, much more. They symbolize the essence of life, youth—carefree and spirited. The secret of their acting ability is that they do not try to impress their audience. They seem to live the parts they are portraying. After all, real people on the screen appeal to us and we haven't lost our taste for real stories.

Why, why do the people who make our pictures give us so much ermine, sequins,

'N' ME



Stardom brings luxuries to Martha Raye—and why not?

winding stairways, and impossible stories when we are satisfied with less "foo" and prefer simpler, sweeter stories with humor, pathos, and romance?—Ula Atterberry, Peoria, Ill.

$1.00 Prize Letter
The Awful Truth

If more of our problems were presented to us in the vein of "The Awful Truth", we'd see just how silly and ridiculous some of them are.

In "The Awful Truth" we have a well-known problem gayly decorated with laughter and clever dialogue. Without preaching it drives home a point in a most subtle and effective manner. We are shown how a suspicious nature can make a mountain out of a mole-hill—especially in wedded life—and how this complex can nearly ruin the happiness of marriage. And most everyone thinks as the Warriners did that the divorce court is the only solution.

It's films like "The Awful Truth" which make screenfare more than just a pleasant way to pass time.—Samela Parkhurst, Seattle, Wash.

$1.00 Prize Poem
More Power, Please!

Whom do all the maidens cry for,
Whose charms do all young swains sigh for?
Power!
Whose pictures do we send away for,
Whose movies do we gladly pay for?
Power!
With whom do we annoy our mothers,
Who wins scorn from jealous brothers?
Power!
Who's the man who smashed that fable
That the girls all go for Gable?
Power!
Who's the hero of the hour
He's our idol, TYRONE POWER!
—Carmel Prashker, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(*Continued on page 122*)

I'M TEACHING GIRLS
A LOVELIER WAY
TO AVOID OFFENDING!

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I LOVE BATHING WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET... THE EXQUISITE, PERFUMED SOAP THAT KEEPS A GIRL FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

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—you have the natural glow that Tangee gives! Men detest painted lips...but thrill to the rosy softness of Tangee lips. Its magic color-change principle intensifies individual coloring...becomes a part of your lips, not a greasy coating.

Looks Orange—Acts Rose

Tangee looks orange in the stick... but changes on your lips to a warm blush-rose, blending perfectly with your complexion. Goes on smoothly—leaves no marks on teeth or handkerchiefs . . . lasts for hours. Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens lips. No drying, cracking, chapping. Get Tangee today. 39¢ and $1.10. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. See coupon below.



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Greasy, painted lips — Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.

Tangee lovable lips —Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.

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TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*



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Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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By the time you read this, all may be sweetness and light with Mr. and Mrs. Lew Ayres. As we go to press, Ginger Rogers and her estranged hubby are talking over reconciliation plans, 'tis said.

HONEYMOON HOME

(Continued from page 29)

the ceiling and fireplace panel are of pickled pine. And there's the deeper brown of fine antique pieces and the warmer brown of the sprawly loop chairs.

Miriam's paintings are a story in themselves. Sign posts of her career. For example that John Carroll lady, mounted in solitary glory above the mantel. Broadway had just begun to take the little Hopkins to its heart when she bought that. It took most of her savings but to her it was a symbol of success, of dreams fulfilled. It meant the small Alabama towhead who had started out with nothing much but spirit and a defiant young will, had reached her first milestone. The Metisse marked the second. She had scored with Chevalier on the screen and Hollywood, overnight, was distinctly Hopkins-conscious. Instead of celebrating with a mink coat she celebrated with a Metisse. Then came the Renoir (hanging above the Louis XV desk), and the two Picassos in Miriam's bedroom—evidences of the flood tide of fame. But it's as George Gershwin once said, "If Miriam didn't have a penny, she would still have beautiful things around her or make them seem beautiful."

Before his death, you could usually find Gershwin up there on Sunday evenings, sitting at the grand piano, idling over it. Miriam's Sunday evenings are famous.

They never start out to be parties. They simply grow that way. And you can be sure of two things—brilliant talk and a brilliant time. "Won't you drop over?" says Miriam. And half of Hollywood does. Writers, artists, composers. . . . She goes in for the gypsy type of entertaining, never formal "because you can't have so much fun!" Everybody sits on the floor and sings. Her cook, who comes from Prague and is a genius, shakes her head. Six were expected for supper. Twenty have turned up. But somehow Cook resurrects a turkey stuffed with truffles and a dozen other miraculous dishes. How she does it nobody knows. Sometimes a small Russian orchestra appears or a miniature Tzigani band that breaks into strange wailings. But as a rule the guests supply their own entertainment.

It was at that surprise birthday party Litvak gave Miriam, that George Antheil composed a song hit right on the spot and dedicated it to her. That's the way it is at Miriam's. Somebody casually tells a story and another movie is born. Things happen there.

She'd rather eat off a tray than a table any day but occasionally she does give a regular dinner party. Never for more than eight. First, of course, you have cocktails in the intimate little bar off the living-room. It's done all in the seasoned pine, and accordion doors open into it. You just have time to discover how funny the James Thurber drawings are and how fascinating your fellow guests can be when dinner is served. You're never kept waiting.

There is not a single artificial light in the dining room. Only candlelight. Even the side brackets hold candles set in glass prisms. The drapes are the same as those in the living room, printed linen in brown and white. The walls are the same soft blue tone as the other walls and the rug is old ivory. But the furniture is original Chippendale. In the cabinet are antique sepia marine plates that were new when Cape Cod was founded. It's a straightforward room with a quaint and fluty air.

An elegant balcony opens off the dining room. And when the moon comes up over it, a gypsy band is playing softly underneath, and you're dining in the candlelight—oh, Miriam knows how to give her parties the enchanted touch!

This is not the only balcony in the house. "Maybe it's the Southern in me. Or," she chuckled, "a throwback to some sentimental aunt. But I adore small balconies. There were three of them here to begin with and I added two." Since the living and dining quarters and master bedroom suite are on the second level (remember it's a mountainside house!) they can all boast balconies.

Miriam's private one is a dream. She can lie in bed and see "half of Hollywood" over it. Incidentally, she hates getting up. She would rather sleep all day and be up all night. ("Stage training, my dear!" she says.) The one highlight of her bedroom is—comfort. No feminine fussiness. There is a grand fireplace, a big woolly reading chair in sand color and a warm, woolly rug of the same shade. The bedspread of raw silk is in blue and those drapes are in a hand woven blue and chartreuse plaid. The furniture is bleached birch.

Over all this, presides Miriam's little French maid. Now Mimi, who has been with her for years, has a system. If Madame is in a pensive mood she lays out black velvet for evening. If she's very gay, Mimi lays out white—usually in a moire or crepe. Colors? Mais non, Madame seldom wears them in formal clothes. An occasional chartreuse, perhaps. Or a deep, rich burgundy. And for the soigné party she wears silver or gold lamés. "Around the house," says Mimi, "is another mattaire." Madame loves the little tailored pajamas and short brocaded jackets. She can lounge in them—and read. Mon Dieu, how she reads! Three books a week and all the magazines."

That accounts for it. The "book corner" in every room. In the living room, of course, there are regiments of books marching up and down the walls on either side of the fireplace. Not in stilted rows. In used rows. In her own room a half dozen or so lie conveniently on the round birch table.

Neat shelves of them are within easy reach of the big leather chair in Anton Litvak's room. This is done all in creamy white and burgundy red and old mahogany. There's an interesting lithograph by Henrietta Shore on the wall—and what Anton enjoys most are those costume sketches taken from Miriam's picture, "Becky Sharp," and matted on material from the gowns she wore in that production. His room is on the first level of the house—along with Michael's.

Michael, the small king of the establishment, is Miriam's four-year-old adopted son. She knows when he wakes. She's there at night when he goes to sleep. Michael has his own little dining room in blue and white like the nursery and seven million toys, but the Big Event in his life is going to the studio to watch "Mummy" work. "You see," he said solemnly, "we usually have ice cream. And the men with the lights let me play with them." I'm not given to drooling over children but I confess I'm a bit goofy over Michael.

Miriam's house is more than charming. It has that undeniable air of being a home.





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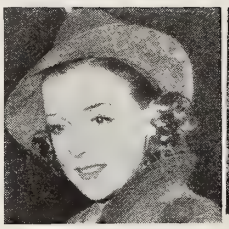
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HOLLYWOOD DIRECTORS CHOOSE THESE SIX PLAYERS AS THE



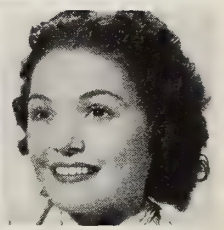
Phyllis Welch (MGM)



Annabella (Fox)



Olympe Bradna (Paramount)



Marjorie Weaver (Fox)

IT'S TOUGH TO BE SINGLE

(Continued from page 43)

manifold inconveniences the most manifold and mammoth is the servant problem.

"Take Daisy. When she came to us we'd been without a servant for months. Daisy came to us just in time. For we'd used up every canned tamale on the premises. Our three sets of dishes were all dirty, and what to do? Our beds hadn't been made for weeks. Our suits looked as though we had slept in them, and sometimes we had.

"Then Daisy came. Our hopes raised and our tummies growled. But for three mortal days Daisy refused point blank to cook for us. Our hollow cheeks and cavernous eyes moved her not a pang. She said that she had first to arrange her cupboards. She had every appearance of a director who is displeased with a set and just won't make mudpies, I mean pictures, until the set is rearranged. Anyway, she set to work arranging them and then, while Rome burned and our intestinal fortitude collapsed she rearranged them again. She put all the china, having laundered it, on the shelves where the canned goods had been. She put all that remained of the canned goods on the shelves where the potatoes and onions had been. Then she stood back and surveyed her handiwork.

"Our bleached bones would have been strewn about Brentwood by now had it not been for kindly folk who invited us to dinner parties, sometimes separately, occasionally together. But there is another inconvenience about being a bachelor, and a starving bachelor at that. I never can tell whether I'm being invited out for the pleasure of my company or whether I'm being invited for the same motives as prompts people to give to the community chest and the foreign missions.

"I DON'T know," sighed Jimmy, "but people don't seem to care about working for us. I call employment agencies and tell them what we want and they tell me they have a Jewel which they will drop into my lap quick like anything and then I wait around the house and no one shows.

"They think it will be too difficult, I guess. Maybe it's got around that I never remember to phone that I'm not coming home for dinner until I'm just sitting down to another dinner somewhere. Maybe they think I'm inconsiderate, not the kind of person they want to know or something. Then they may have got wind of the fact that when our dinner bell is rung we alway take it as a signal to take our showers or make those phone calls we've neglected or perhaps we're seized with a nostalgia to write long newsy letters to the folks back home or something. But Daisy is very grim about this. When she rings the dinner bell she rings the dinner bell and we come down and eat, or else.

"Before Daisy, we had a colored couple. We thought we were all set when they first came. The meals started out to be fine and dandy. Of course the bills were such that you might have supposed we were hotel proprietors doing a rush business. We told them that we should deal with a cheaper market, a sort of cut-ratish market. That night they brought in a sort of duck for dinner. The cook brought it in herself. She said 'this was a very tired duck when it arrived, suhs. It had circles under its eyes. But I have done the best I could with it, the life it has led and all. I have worked very hard to revive this duck, suhs, and the least you can do now is to eat it and like it.' I did eat it. And in the night it up and bit me on the ear and caused me many minor discomforts which I cannot go into here as there are some things a gentleman does not make public. The duck, we were told, had limped around from the cheaper market and the inference on the word 'cheap' did not seem to apply wholly and exclusively to markets. We went back, not to the cut-rate markets but to the cut-throats.

"Well, next we began to notice an appreciable falling-off in the quantity of our food. We did a little quiet sleuthing and discovered that our treasures were passionately fond of dogs. There was every intimation that the more they saw of men the better they liked dogs. We would catch, all through the days, savory odors of cooking but when the dinner hour came we would get only what might be called a snack. They were feeding the dogs, not the crumbs from our table, but the cream of the cream, and plenty of it.

"We knew that we had to get rid of the pair. But how? Not one of us had the nerve to fire them. So there we were. We didn't know what to do. We held more conferences than movie producers ever do. At last we hit it! We'd move! We'd move out of the house and leave 'em flat. We didn't like the house any too well, anyway, we said, though we'd never said so before. But there was our out. And we took it. We just folded our tents one dark and stormy night and, like the Arabs, silently went away.

"This litany of woe," said Jimmy, timidly suggesting a chicken sandwich and a glass of milk to the waitress in the studio commissary, "is not yet over. For when we disappeared from that house we turned up, somehow or other, in an apartment in the Normandy Village here in Hollywood.

"For days and weeks we did without a servant and it got to lookin' like something. Then, just as things were getting all out of control and the cupboard was bare and this little dog had none I awoke one morning to hear strange stirrings in the kitchen regions. Maybe it was a burglar, I thought. But it was too early to get

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED



Mary Maguire (Warner)



Wayne Morris (Warner)

up and see. So I went to sleep again and hours later I awoke and wandered out to the kitchen and there was Ellen! Ellen, without benefit of employment agency or anything. Ellen, and miracles had happened while I slept. The mounds of ashes which had given the place the look of Vesuvius after an eruption had disappeared.

"Now how, I wondered, had she managed that? The sink no longer resembled a china rummage sale. Yep, Ellen was there, big and black and competent. She worked, we learned, for the Normandy Village, part time for each tennant. We took Ellen right away from the Normandy Village. And for a time there were practically no inconveniences.

BUT all too soon it developed that Ellen was a tap dancer. And it soon further developed that Ellen's art was more to her than the combined stomachs of Stewart, Swope & Logan. She really didn't care about us compared to doing a dusky version of Fred Astaire or Eleanor Powell. And so one night Ellen went forth to her dancing lesson and just never came back. We thought of suing her for desertion but the best legal advice assured us that there is no such thing.

"Yeah," said Jimmy, tugging at his collar-length hair, "yeah, the inconveniences of being a bachelor are something like the inconveniences of married life, I bet. It's seldom the colorful, dramatic things that cause the ructions and the Reno-vatings.

"Some of the inconveniences are, really, more than just inconveniences. Some of 'em give you a kind of an ache of missing things, of time passing and cheating as it passes. For instance, I want a home. I want a home of my own and want it badly. I want to build me a house, design it, be my own architect.

"I studied architecture at Princeton, you know, with the intention of expressing myself in steel girders. So I want to put it to some use. I want to have my own furniture. I want to hang my hat on my own hatrack. I want to have my own garden and books and things. I'd like the feeling of walking on solid earth and being able to say 'this is mine.'

"I'm a possessive cuss, at heart. But as a bachelor, I don't dare to strike roots. I might build me a Georgian mansion and turn around and marry a girl who wouldn't be happy in anything but a Mediterranean type villa. The result is, I don't build. I don't settle down. I don't have anything permanent or satisfying or mine own.

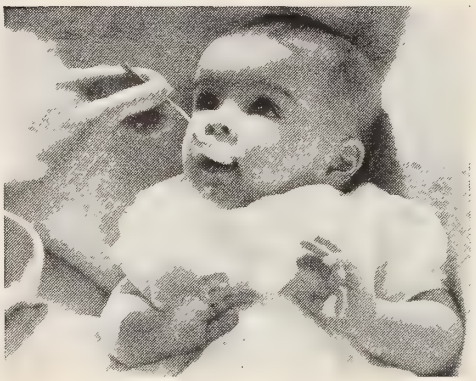
"So I guess," drawled Jimmy, grinning above his pain, "that it's not the girls you take to the Troc and all who cause a bachelor his inconveniences. It's the Daisys of the world and what they do to us. I guess when you ask me about the inconveniences of being a bachelor I should just sigh and roll up my eyes and say, 'My dear, this servant problem, it will be the death of me!'"

Elizabeth Harkrader at 4 months



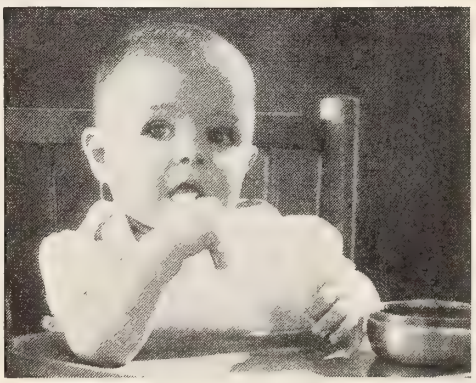
A picture-book baby is little dark-eyed Elizabeth! Along with many of her contemporaries in a pleasant New Jersey community, she's contributing her health and growth records to a study of infant diet. Last month she started Clapp's Baby Cereal—and only a few days ago she struck up a great friendship with Clapp's Strained Spinach.

now Elizabeth is 7 months old



Just a luxury, that reclining position during meals, for she's quite able to sit up alone now. There's luxury, too, in the variety offered by her Clapp menus —four soups, three fruits, seven vegetables, and cereal! All vitamin-rich, because they're pressure-cooked. Result: Elizabeth has gained more than a pound and grown ¾ of an inch every month.

look at 10-months-old Elizabeth



Creeping for a month now, and still gaining fast, she's a happy, hearty little consumer of all the foods that babies ought to like. Clapp's Foods really do taste better. And they have the texture that baby specialists recommend —finely-strained, but not so liquid that a baby marks time, with no advance over the bottle.

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at your eyes

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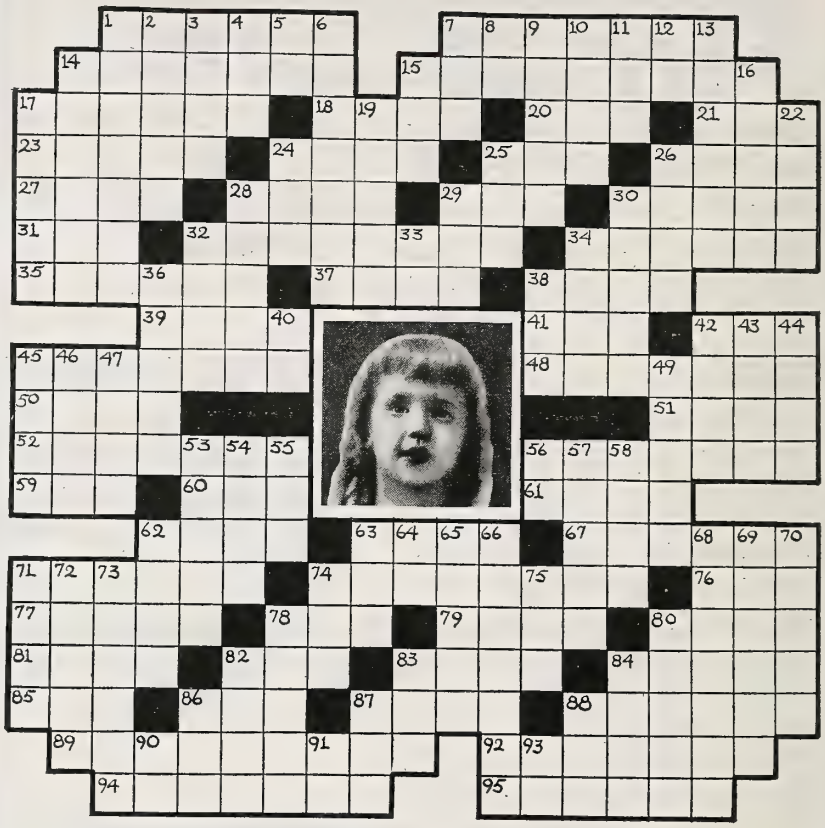


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Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
Color of your hair?.....

OUR PUZZLE



Puzzle Solution on Page 123

ACROSS

1. Star pictured
7. She comes from Georgia
14. Star of "Second Honeymoon"
15. The warden in "The Hurricane"
17. Loads
18. Barbara ----
20. Daisy in "True Confession"
21. Bustle
23. Amido
24. Plot
25. "--- In A Million"
26. Baby's bed
27. Robinson's wife in "The Last Gangster"
28. Sheltered places
29. Martha --- eper
30. Mediterranean island
31. Narrow passage between hills
32. "The Girl of The Golden West"
34. Showy
35. Heretofore
37. Male star of "Rosalie"
38. Joint
39. Dominique in "The Buccaneeer"
41. Go astray
42. Buddhist pillar
45. Male lead in "There Goes The Groom"
48. First name of our star's husband
50. South African liliaceous plant
51. "Susan Lenox, Her Fall And ----"
56. Miss Brewster in "Girls on Probation"
59. The Great Goldwyn
60. Star of "Every Day's A Holiday"
61. Beulah ----i
62. "---- Get Married"
63. A blow
67. Seethed
71. Policeman O'Roon in "Doctor Rhythm"
74. Lorelei Dodge-Blodgett in "Doctor Rhythm"
76. The self
77. Madge -----
78. "Don't --- On Blondes"
79. Monumental stone
80. Our heroine stars in "Wise ----"
81. "One ---- From Heaven
82. Our star played in "--- Are Not Gods"
83. Demolish
84. Ladle: var.
85. Unwell
86. Beverage
87. "---- Meets West"
88. Defects
89. "Her Husband's ---------"
92. Pleases
94. Howdy Nelson in "Thrill of a Lifetime"
95. Closer

PAGE

DOWN

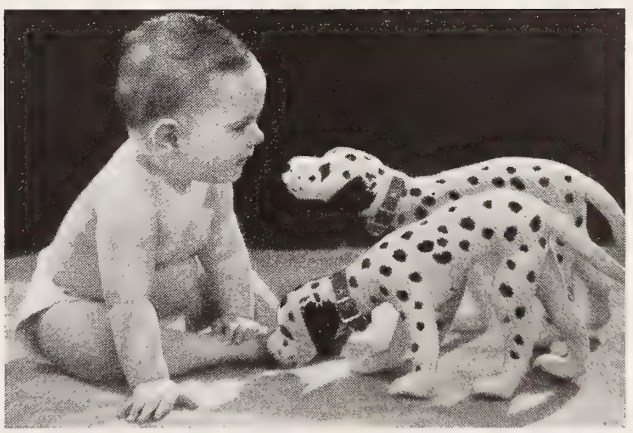
1. Dressmaker
2. Star of "The Awful Truth"
3. "Road to - - - -"
4. "- - - Love I'm After"
5. "Blondes - - Work"
6. Star of "Angel"
7. "She - - - to Eat"
8. "Beg, Borrow - - Steal"
9. Dried plum
10. Catherine (Sugar) - - - -
11. Mrs. Eddie Cantor
12. Nickel: chem. symbol
13. Traps
14. Dorothy in "The Big Broadcast of 1938"
15. "You - - -'t Have Everything"
16. "Little Miss Roughneck"
17. Big
19. Relieved
22. Yield submission to
24. Small vegetable
25. Comedian Olsen's first name
26. Crowd
28. Judge Douglas in "Bad Man of Brimstone"
29. Pen for swine
30. - - - - - Kimball Young
32. Jest
33. Elena in "Fire Over England": init.
34. - - - - Andra
36. Conrad - - - - -
38. "Souls At - - -"
40. Star of Broadway's "Stage Door": init.
42. - - - - January
43. Too
44. Provoke: Scot.
45. Bleats
46. Bone of the forearm
47. Wander
49. Barter
53. Forbodes
54. Door
55. "- - -, My Darling Daughter"
56. Hero of "Gold Is Where You Find It": init.
57. Lotus in "The Good Earth"
58. Grafted: Her.
62. Section of an actor's part
63. Movie stage
64. Initials of Ginger Rogers' ex-husband
65. Volume of maps
66. Male lead in "Everybody's Doing It"
68. Little girl in "Love Is A Headache"
69. Herons
70. What Shirley Temple collects
71. Prefix signifying half
72. Sins
73. First name is Rudy
74. Feuding bandleader in "Love And Hisses"
75. "Thin - - -"
78. Thrashes
80. Measure
82. Jeeters in "You're A Sweetheart"
83. Our heroine's hero in 80 Across
84. Den
86. Prefix: three
87. Sea eagle
88. Birth state of Frances Langford: abbr.
90. Col. Ferris in "Gold Is Where You Find It": init.
91. Indo-Chinese dialect
93. "- - hind The Mike"



● *"H'm. You pups have got a bad rash all right. Don't know as I ever saw anybody worse broken out... Oh, you feel fine, do you?... Well, you don't look so good! You ought to see yourself in the mirror!"*



● *"Funny—your tail looks O.K.... By Jove, I see it all now! Your mother's been stingy with the Johnson's Baby Powder—giving you little dabs in the rear instead of good all-over rubs!"*



● *"Listen—stick around at bath-time and get in on my Johnson's rub-down. You'll feel like a different dog—so slick that rashes and chafes and prickly heat can't get a toe-hold!"*



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NAME
ADDRESS Shade



Priscilla Lane has chosen these smart navy gabardine pumps with dotted patent trim to wear with her first Spring print frock.

SPRING SMARTNESS

(Continued from page 74)

which of these styles are most suitable for her type and position, and decides just what she is going to buy to make her ensemble as perfect as possible. For one of her best sources of inspiration she goes to the movies and studies the styles worn by the stars, because she knows that all the ingenuity of the most talented designers has gone into the creating of these clothes which will be an important influence in future fashions worn the country over.

Andrea Leeds, as the leading feminine heart-interest in "The Goldwyn Follies," the little lady who makes good, is a typical American girl and is dressed accordingly, in good-looking, practical clothes that really are wearable and within the reach of the not-so-large clothes allowance.

ANDREA'S dark daytime dress with its refreshing touches of white at the neck and cuffs is the type of frock that is recommended to the city girl, to the girl who works in an office or store. Because the fabric is dark and simply woven, particular attention has been given to the lines and draping, which are especially suited to a beautiful, youthful figure like Andrea's. The skirt hangs straight and is slightly gathered by the soft pleats in the front. The treatment of waistline and bodice is interesting, the midriff being snugly fitted, while the top of the dress looks almost like a little bust-length jacket, buttoning with four small buttons.

The crisp white collar with its perky bow and the white cuffs on the set-in puffed sleeves give that freshly-tubbed look that is so essential to a well-groomed appearance. The ensemble is completed with accessories consisting of calf pumps trimmed with little leather bows, calf purse, doeskin gloves. Andrea's off-the-face bonnet gives her a very wide-eyed look, don't you think?

You young things who love to dance, and who go to lots of parties, will find them even more enjoyable if you look for a frock like Andrea's charmingly shaded pastel triple sheer, worn over a rustling taffeta slip. The huge "pouff" sleeves are an attractive feature, as is the wide skirt whose hemline is made to stand out bell-like with a two-toned banding of heavy corded silk ribbon. The white collar is of the same material as this band. A narrow sash from the sides ties in a tiny bow in back. The tightly-fitting waist is closed at the back with a row of small buttons leading up to the modest slit, which reaches to the neckline. Springtime is Prom time, and the gay young "prom trotter" will find a light dance frock like this invaluable.

Another of Andrea Leeds' costumes which I hope you will notice particularly is her two-piece wool suit. The straight pencil line is the most popular for suits of all types this spring. Andrea's skirt is slim and straight, as is her full-length coat. Smart details of this season are seen in the huge patch pockets, the straight sleeves, slightly puffed shoulders and the extra-wide high notched lapels of the coat. She seems to like off-the-face hats, for this one too is a simple up-in-the-front down-in-the-back model. You'll get lots of wear out of a two-piece suit like this one, with a long or three-quarter coat that can be worn over your spring prints as well. You can wear a soft silk blouse with it, as Andrea does, or one of your sweaters for spectator sports occasions.

SUITS have always held an important place in spring fashions, and this year they're being given more attention than ever before. In fact, a suit is practically a "must" for your spring wardrobe.

With your tailored suit, I would suggest that you wear a low-heeled style of shoe, such as the one Rosemary Lane has chosen for her personal wardrobe. These tan calf high-front sandals with the new punch trim on the vamps are practical as well as smart, comfortable to walk in, and easy to look at. Your spring prints, on the other hand, call for a "dressier" shoe, something like the blue gabardine pumps shown above that Rosemary's sister, Priscilla, selected. These have a higher heel, but are equally as comfortable as Rosemary's sandals. The dotted patent leather trim is a smart spring detail. If you would like to have the very same shoes worn my Rosemary and Priscilla Lane to wear with your tailored suit and spring prints, just write to me for the name of the nearest store that carries them, for both these styles are sold throughout the country. A penny postcard addressed to Ann Wills, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City, will bring you a speedy answer.



Gracie Allen and George Burns in "College Swing" talk it over and decide how they're going to improve education.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 66)

Marriage Expensive

There's one man in Hollywood who doesn't believe that a gal can mix marriage and career successfully. It's Harold Lloyd who's put Phyllis Welch—his new leading lady—under a contract that stipulates she'll lose $6,000 if she marries or becomes engaged within the next six months. And Harold's the one real authority on the subject—for proof look at his own marriage with his former leading lady who gave up all thoughts of the screen when she said her I do's.

■ ■ ■

Franciska Gaal, who made such an auspicious debut in "The Buccaneer," arrived in Hollywood from Budapest without a word of English to her credit. The studio hired an English tutor for the actress immediately, and after three weeks of study with him, Franciska was called for a conference at the studio to talk over her forthcoming role. She understood hardly a word spoken to her, until a producer asked her in Hungarian if there was something wrong with her tutor. "Not a thing!" Franciska assured him in her native tongue, "Only—only we liked each other so much, and had so much to talk about, that—well, he learned Hungarian."

His Knee Was Sharp

Making movies is really an unromantic business—as was evidenced on the "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" set. For a scene, Claudette Colbert had to sit on Gary Cooper's knee. And this she did for almost five hours before the director was satisfied with the scene. Claudette didn't mind for she was comfortable—after the first hour. At that time she excused herself, and returned carrying a small pillow. "Hope you don't mind, Gary," she smiled, "but the knees are a bit sharp." "Perfectly all right," said Gary agreeably, settling the pillow and Claudette again on his knee, "you're a bit on the sharp side yourself."

■ ■ ■

Want to know who's boss around the Claudette Colbert-Joel Pressman menage? It's the doctor who rules with an iron hand, and here's the proof: When the two of them left for Europe recently, Claudette wanted to take her dog, Smoky, along as far as New York. The doctor said no, and Smoky stayed home, probably thinking bitterly of the good old days, when Claudette was single and a soft touch for a dog with nice manners and a way about him.

You Never Can Tell

Two examples of the unpredictable ways of children, even in Hollywood: The Bing Crosbys, expecting a girl, had the nursery entirely done over in pink. You know what happened. George Burns and Gracie Allen spent a week selecting expensive toys to make young Ronnie's Christmas a happy one. After Ronnie had opened them all, the item he liked best was a piece of red cellophane wrapping.

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To be different, Madcap Mabel Todd of "Hollywood Hotel" chews chains instead of nails when she's in a quandary.



"Take a memo, Mabel" brings out that Todd industry and determination. Watch out or that pencil lead will snap!



Mabel is a study in concentration as she puts her all into her knitting. She never drops a stitch. We believe it!

During John Barrymore's recent hegira in New York, he submitted to a caricaturist in Sardi's. When the sketch was finished and handed to Barrymore for his signature, he refused to sign until the artist removed what he considered exaggerated jowls. The artist erased the jowls, Barrymore signed and left. The artist, an unscrupulous gent, immediately replaced the jowls.

■ ■ ■

Freddie Bartholomew is a practical young man. On the "Kidnapped" set, a scene called for him to approach Warner Baxter and announce, "I am David Balfour." Freddie removed the brace from his lowers and stepped before the camera. "What about that brace on your uppers?" asked the director. "When I say 'I am David Balfour'," explained young Mr. B., "I don't move my upper lip."

No Place Like Home

Robert Taylor now has his San Fernando ranch-house completely finished and furnished. "With the maximum of comfort and the minimum of style," to quote Mr. T. And that's just about the truth. For there are just four rooms in all—and all full of furniture which has been specially built in over-sizes. The result is hardly artistic, but it's home to Bob.

■ ■ ■

Wallace Beery and his wife and Carol Ann are setting off any day now for that flying trip through Europe. He won't take his own plane, though. He'll rent planes over there. Carol Ann isn't in the least enthused about the trip. Since playing that bit—that very small bit—in "Bad Man of Brimstone" she is convinced that leaving Hollywood at this time is sheer folly.

That's Vengeance!

A year ago Helen Broderick tried to peddle her son, Broderick Crawford, to RKO for $250 a week, but the studio turned him down. Now a hit on Broadway in "Of Mice and Men," Crawford will probably receive flattering film offers when the play closes, but mama has made him promise he won't sign with RKO. If no one else offers him a job, Miss B., insists she'll pay him $250 a week herself.

Now that Bill Powell has finished "The Baroness and the Butler" with Annabella, he is seldom seen around the town's night spots —or even around the town. Once one of the gayest of the local cavaliers, he now plans to spend most of his time between pictures out of the city. He can stand Hollywood without Jean Harlow—just so long at a time.

She Got Sympathy

During the recent trial over the custody of her adopted son, Barbara Stanwyck suffered some humiliation, but she certainly lost no prestige. Frank Fay, many believe, used the trial for publicity purposes. Since the trial, Miss Stanwyck has received over 7,000 letters commending her for the honesty and sincerity she displayed during the unfortunate ordeal.

■ ■ ■

Carole Lombard's gambling instincts went wild the other day and she let herself go to the extent of taking a chance on one of those "name" punchboards. The name Carole punched was Pansy. And we regret to report that Pansy didn't do a thing for her sponsor.

He Wants Dough

The most determined riding Gene Autry ever did happened the day he rode out of Republic studio and threatened to keep riding until his contract was adjusted. Gene makes six pictures a year, and receives approximately $6,000 per picture. Considering the fact that he's Number One Cowboy these days, Autry feels the studio should share a bit more of the profits. Winning the finest gal in all the West six times a year is all right, but a guy has to be able to support her.

And So Goodbye

About to leave for New York recently, Elizabeth Patterson dropped into the office of a Paramount executive to say goodbye. "But," said the guy, "you can't leave. There's a picture listed for you on the schedule sheet." Elizabeth doubted it, so he handed her the sheet for inspection. What it said was: Elizabeth Patterson—LEAVE OF ABSENCE.

Retakes on "Having Wonderful Time," the Ginger Rogers-Doug Fairbanks, Jr., picture, were ordered because producers felt that Boy didn't meet Girl soon enough. So Ginger and Doug slapped on the greasepaint and went back to meet each other again—but sooner. Which reminds us of a standing rule for scenarists at Columbia studios. Boy must meet Girl by page 22, or the script is tossed out.

Highbrow Reading

At a newsstand on Hollywood Boulevard, a dignified and very British looking gentleman in tweeds and monocle thumbs through the racy picture magazines, puts them back on their piles and buys a pulp detective magazine. Reason this is reported is that the tweedy gentleman was George Arliss.

Lady in Distress

While Doug, Sr., and his wife were away, Doug, Jr., lived in their house at Santa Monica beach. It's next door to Norma Shearer's home. Of course they knew each other, but imagine Doug's surprise to be wakened one morning about one o'clock by his butler. "Miss Shearer's at the door. Wants to see you right away." Seems that Norma had come home, opened the front door and found the hall flooded with almost a foot of water. Being a girl of ingenuity, Norma picked up her long party dress skirts, knotted them around her waist, and climbed over the fence to her neighbor's yard. There she called the plumber who had the burst pipe all fixed up, the hall drained out and everything in apple-pie order before the Shearer servants or children had a chance to be alarmed.

Just a Doodler

Monumental news from a studio press release: "Fanciest doodler in Hollywood is Fred MacMurray, star of 'Cocoanut Grove.' The actor took a course in show card writing once, and therefore doodles by making neatly formed block letters instead of the aimless curly-cues scrawled by most people." Let that be a lesson to all of us. Aimless doodling must go!

The girls who have been working with Deanna Durbin in the boarding-school scenes in "Mad About Music" have had the



A constant companion of Tyrone Power is his dog, Pickel. A mongrel, but Ty likes him.

time of their lives. For all during the picture, there have been parties given by directors, producers and actors for the girls. Elizabeth Risdon finished up the picture with a dinner-party at a big hotel. There was fried chicken, and not a fork in sight. But that wasn't the best thing about the dinner—it was that Arthur Treacher donned his best butling outfit and manners and served them in the height of celluloid style. And if you know anything at all about butlers, celluloid or otherwise, you know that Mr. Treacher is the absolute tops! Needless to say, he was one of the most popular guests present.

Secret's Out

Marjorie Weaver, who caused a flurry in "Second Honeymoon", caused another one when she denied having stolen off to Indiana to become the bride of a naval lieutenant. However, the Indiana records prove she is now Mrs. Kenneth Schacht (pronounced Shock). But the most interesting angle of the thing is that Marjorie flew East on a pass obtained for her by a local gentleman friend, to whom the secret wedding was, to put it mildly, something of a Shock (pronounced Schacht.)

■ ■ ■

When Franchot Tone arrived back in Hollywood after spending the greater part of his vacation in New York without the Little Woman, none other than Joan herself met him at the train, thus spiking those rumors of a separation that flew all over the place while he's been away. Whether or not it's all sweetness and light with Mr. and Mrs. Tone, they always manage to act pretty for their public.

Chip on His Shoulder

Bing Crosby's eldest son, Gary, has very definite ideas as to his attitude toward the new baby. When the youngest member of the clan was brought home from the hospital, Bing wanted to know what Gary thought of him. "I'll tell you one thing," Gary declared in no uncertain terms, "I'm going to be meaner to this guy than I was to the twins." It seems young Gary had his heart all set on a baby sister and he's that put out about it all.

■ ■ ■

The night of the "Goldwyn Follies" preview brought out everybody in Hollywood, it would seem. In fact, the lobby of the theatre was almost as star-studded as though it were an opening night. Andrea Leeds and Edgar Bergen arrived together with Charlie McCarthy sitting between them in the front seat of a baby Austin. Alfred Vanderbilt and Margaret Lindsay and Loretta Young and Jock Whitney made up a foresome while Jon Hall escorted Gertrude Niesen. Rudy Vallee made his entrance via the back door while Gloria Youngblood went in the front, but it was all right because they got together inside. They still seem to prefer each other.

(*Continued on page 103*)



Mickey Rooney and Frankie Darro rest between halves of a charity football game.



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TRICKS OF THE BEAUTY GAME

(*Continued from page 49*)

get has to do with bust'r trouble. "How can I develop, firm or otherwise improve my frontal contours?" That's a pet question, and just about the hardest one to answer honestly. For, truthfully speaking, you cannot regain the contours of Venus or who-have-you when the muscles have started to sag. You *can* improve matters and here is an exercise which is swell, backed up with a good uplift bra. If you have bozzom trouble, do not, I beg of you, wear the all-in-one type of foundation. No matter how excellently cut in other respects, there is a slight downward pull. Wear a girdle and separate bra. But the exercise—the exercise:

Sit on a backless chair or stool. Take a stick in your hands. Hands should be a little more than shoulder width apart. Rest the stick across your knees to start. Now bring the stick up over your head, arms straight, and at the same time, bring your legs up to right angle position with your body, knees stiff. Do it slowly. Now, legs still at right angle position, bring the stick down behind your head until it rests on your shoulders. Take two great big deep breaths in this position, and return to the start. The arm business is easy, but you must feel the pull in the chest muscles. The leg business is just to make things harder—to encourage proper balance and posture of the whole body, in other words.

Enough about the body beautiful for now. You know, if you work at it, you can have a figure as lovely as Jean Parker's and that's the tops! Here are some tips on types of hair, too.

Have you decided, as so many are doing, to let your hair grow? And is it just about getting you down, so that you think you'll go and have it whacked off again? Perhaps this notion may make life easier while you're making up your mind. If your hair is thick, and getting longish, and awfully hard to do up on curlers and things, get a hunk of electrician's wire. It's sturdy, but nice and pliable. That's something of a contradiction in terms, ain't it, but you know what I mean. Use it to make that neat roll at the back which, in spite of what is said about hair going up, is still a practical solution of the hair problem for every day. You can spread the hair out more across the back of the head with this beauty aid purloined from the hardware store. You can use it, too, to make a soft roll curl.

I know a girl who brushes the daylights out of her medium-brown hair every day, wears it parted in the middle and absolutely straight on top—and does it shine, with all that brushing—and she has this single roll curl slanting from a just-below-the-ear length at the sides to that little bone which you can find at the base of your neck.

Nobody seems ever to pay any attention to the girl with the too-curly hair—the kind that is next door to frizzy. I asked a good hairdresser about this problem, and he asked had I ever heard of the de-permanenting machine? Seems this will straighten hair some. I asked was it efficient and practical and he said, "We-e-ell, you have to keep right after it all the time and have professional hair sets once a week." Ennyhoo, I pass the information along if there is anybody in the audience who would be interested.

Miriam Hopkins, y'know, has exceedingly curly hair, though not frizzy, and in her latest picture, she had to wear an almost straight hairdo. Just a little soft curl on the ends was all the script allowed her. They gently brushed quite a lot of brilliantine into her hair, then ironed it down, also gently, with a stone cold curling iron, turning up the ends just the slightest bit. Another solution of the too-curly hair problem is to saturate it with plenty of waveset, push in waterwave combs at strategic points—very wide apart—and to let the combs stay in until the hair is absolutely dry, and then not to comb the hair out at all. The ends of the hair look well turned into soft ringlets, or, better still, cut rather short, and swirled to one side or the other.

This type of hair, too, will go up on top of the bean easily, since its tight curl gives it so much body and staying power. But if you decide on this type of coiffure, take your troubles to a professional hairdresser, have him or her cut and set your hair in a definite hairdo and return for a profesional set every ten days.

Speaking of cold curling irons, two handsome Hollywood blondes swear by this method of hair-beautifying—Carole Lombard and Madeleine Carroll. When Carole wants a rather definite curl, she uses a warm—not a hot iron. For the familiar Lombard bob, she uses the cold iron. Madeleine has a set every now and then, and keeps it looking nice by going over it with the cold iron.

ONE of our most delightful newcomers and seekers after stardom is Andrea Leeds. It was while she was doing a brief bit in "Come And Get It" some months ago that I met her, and I couldn't help noticing her eyelashes. "What, no false fringe?" I asked. She was as pleased as punch with the implied compli-



After making "I'll Take Romance", Grace Moore and her husband, Valentin Parera, returned to New York.

ment, and said that when she was in her early teens, her lashes were thick enough, but so short they were completely lacking in glamor and she began putting dark eyelash grower on them, every single night of her life. She's still doing it, and the Leeds blinkers are unbelievably silky. The stimulation of creamy eyelash grower, as I've said time and again, will make lashes look more luxuriant than they are.

What else did I want to tell you about? Oh, yes. Have you ever noticed Luise Rainer's mouth? And Bette Davis' mouth? Both ladies' rosy lips are rounded at the corners. I was thinking, if you were dissatisfied with the shape of your *mouche*, and can't successfully improve it by the fashionable method of widening it at the bow, howz about getting a small artist's paint brush and practicing on the corners. You need a soft paste rouge to do this. Or you can scoop a hunk of your favorite lipstick out of its socket, for an experiment, and mix it up with a little tissue cream or vaseline. Be pretty sure of yourself before you barge out into the the waiting world with this innovation.

Do your ears stick out? Do you know what the male movie actors do, who are similarly affected—all except Mr. Gable, who just doesn't give a damn. They tape them back with adhesive tape.

Have you a slide-away chin? Put rouge right on the point of it, blending it in, of course.

Are you troubled with mean little hairs on your face, where the skin is too tender to use a dipilatory? Try bleaching them with a solution of peroxide and household ammonia. Use one part ammonia to ten parts peroxide, gradually increasing the strength until you have equal parts of each ingredient. When the hairs are pretty much bleached and dry, rub the spot gently with a pumice stone. Gradually, the peroxide and ammonia will weaken the annoying hairs and the rubbing with the pumice will break the hairs off, and pretty soon you'll only have to do a little dabbing with peroxide now and then to cope with this troublesome problem.

If the skin becomes irritated while the treatment is in process, stop for a couple of days, and apply a nourishing cream to the spots. No, Annabella—cream does not stimulate the growth of hair on the face. If it did, why wouldn't all the bald-headed men be using it, huh? The above home-made depillating process, by the way, isn't good for arms or legs. Use a regular depilatory there.

DO you want to add at least sixty per-cent to your charm and sex appeal? Then use perfume in the right way. I know—I know, you can't afford the best, so you'll not have any. But have you paid a visit to the perfume counter of your local five-and-dime recently? Have yuh seen the tiny little vials of very expensive perfume done up for ten cents? Only a drop or two of the precious fluid is contained in these vials, but that's all you need. Put it on furs whenever possible. On the lining of your best hat. On two thicknesses of flannel, sewn together, and sew the flannel to your dress.

Buy, also, the small flacons of toilet water. Find out about that scented paste which one rubs into the lining of bureau drawers. This is more expensive, but the scent lasts a whole year, on my honor, and smells up the lingerie, hankies, gloves and everything too booful for words. Take an atomizer and spritz perfume on your hair. Put it at the base of your neck, behind your ears, and on the palms of your hands if you can afford to put it where it must soon be scrubbed off. But don't put it on handkerchiefs or directly on your dresses—that ain't the way.

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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

WHAT HAVE THEY—THAT YOU HAVEN'T?

(*Continued from page 45*)

knows enough to make the most of her opportunities. Going to schools in Marseilles, Madagascar, Budapest and Berlin, topped off with a session at art school in Paris gave the little Simone rare opportunities to observe people. She is always watching, making sly sketches of people that show how deftly she can indicate character in the turn of a head, the clutch of a hand.

The chief advantage of study for a screen star, Carole Lombard told me long ago, is that it teaches you to concentrate. Carole's formal education was a bit sketchy, but during that pain-wracked year when she was bedridden following an automobile accident, Carole read the sonnets and plays of Shakespeare. She read them with such intentness that without realizing what she was doing, she memorized long passages. So great was her concentration that she forgot her pain. Her roles nowadays are a far cry from the classics, but the concentration comes in handy. You can't let your mind wander when you are in front of the camera.

Let's assume that you have the grit and determination and curiosity to make you study all the time. What else do you need? Well, how are you on bounce? When Fate kicks you around, delivering one staggering blow after another to your pride, do you cringe and expect defeat, or do you live up to that Astaire gem that counselled "Pick yourself up, dust yourself off, and start all over again?"

IF ANY girl ever got ahead in pictures without heartbreaking disappointments, I never heard of her. Most girls you idolize are like rubber balls. The harder they are thrown down, the higher they bounce.

"But actresses must be sensitive," I can hear you saying.

Quite right. They must be responsive in order to project emotions, but they cannot allow themselves the extravagance of a trace of self pity. It isn't the emotions you feel, but what you can make others feel that make you a skilled actress. The fact that you cried all night after an old friend snubbed you, does not mean that you have the makings of a tragedy queen. When Bette Davis was thrown over by her first love, she settled down to work harder than ever. But often in pictures, by a mere shrug of her shoulders she has made you feel the impact of frustration, defeat.

How truthful are you to yourself? How about that double-rich chocolate malted you sneaked yesterday after your dieter's lunch of green salad and tea? And how about those towering-heeled pumps, a size too small, that you bought because they made your feet look cute? And as long as we're being mean about it, how about that habit of swinging your foot that you have always meant to stop, but just haven't?

The motion picture camera never goes in for day dreams. It tells the brutal truth. All your resolutions to carry out the beauty regime so wisely advised by Mary Marshall, all your determination to shed nervous habits, to have a more radiant and interested outlook on life wouldn't show on the screen. Only what you *have* accomplished can be caught by the camera.

Can you take criticism, or does it crush you?

Perhaps the toughest problem our screen favorites have solved for themselves is how to remain sensitive to constructive criticism and yet be unaffected by malicious attacks. If Rosalind Russell had taken it to heart when directors said that they would rather direct any instinctively-emotional little gutter-snipe than a blueblooded clam, she would not be in pictures today. Instead of shrinking from the directors who found her too coolly intelligent, she just gave them every chance to see how vivacious, how spirited she really is.

Simone Simon probably wished that she had never learned to understand English when the hammer-throwing brigade concentrated on her. Everyone granted that she was cunning as can be, a childish face with a Circe's seductiveness, but see her once and you have seen all, they insisted. Simone did not discard the provocative pout that is practically her trade-mark, but she is concentrating on study of a wide range of roles, comic and tragic, and on developing her singing voice. Say what you will about her today, she is determined to impress you by her versatility tomorrow.

Because Virginia Bruce has the most beautifully-serene manner, and because Carole Lombard was always so happy-go-lucky, they had "Just a dumb blonde" hurled at them from all sides. And Bette Davis, incredible as it may seem, was criticized for being limp and colorless.

Somewhere, tucked away in the most caustic criticism by people jealous of you, there may be a grain of truth. Look for it, don't just get riled and think up a crack to hurl back at them. The girls who get ahead in pictures are the ones who have learned to confound their critics by saying, "If what you say is true, perhaps you can suggest something that I can do to get over it."

If I haven't asked too much of you al-



Martha Raye gives first aid to those tired tootsies.

ready, how is your confidence? I don't mean conceit, which is no more like confidence than tinsel is like silver, I mean assurance that makes it possible for you to ask for opportunities with the knowledge that you have done everything to train yourself to make the most of them. I am asking if you have convictions about yourself that are so strong that nothing that could happen to you could alter them. How would you feel at the end of a year like Bette Davis' first in Hollywood? Could you keep going confidently after all the producers at Universal said you could act but were a colorless little wren that no one would ever notice? Could you, like Carole Lombard, slam your hat rakishly on your head, say, "Never let it be said that Lombard was a bad loser," and go off to another studio bright as paint when a producer told you he was afraid to risk you in a leading role?

Maybe you could stand all that, and if you can I am proud of you, but how is your patience? After you had played a scene, getting the feel of it just right, and knowing that you could never feel so inspired again, could you repeat it ten—twenty—fifty times, one right after another?

I promised you a game of truth a while ago, and now is a good time to play it. Get five or six other attractive girls to play it with you and promise me that you will be absolutely ruthless with yourself and them. You would have to take ruthlessness in Hollywood, not from selected friends, but from strange producers, directors, costumers, make-up experts, newspaper critics and candid cameramen. Players don't live in a goldfish bowl in Hollywood. They live under a magnifying glass.

Now for our truth game. Write the names of the actresses I have been telling you about down on slips of paper, and in another column write your name and those of your fellow players. Allowing yourself only a minute or so, write down the word that immediately occurs to you as you glance at each name.

Here is the result from a playwright I just sprang it on, Rosalind Russell, pedigree; Virginia Bruce, compassion; Simone Simon, cunning; Bette Davis, gusto; Carole Lombard, sportsmanship. All very definite qualities, aren't they? Next I gave him the names of five young girls we know who are trying to get on the stage or in pictures and he wrote down, "Brittle, shy, vague, dissatisfied, and rebellious." Those girls have a lot of work to do on themselves, haven't they?

But suppose that you are a girl who makes a knockout impression the minute people meet you. Suppose you are the good little girl who eats her spinach and does her lessons, doesn't let failure get her down and looks herself straight in the mirror. Suppose you have endless determination, too, and you still aren't up with Bette and Rosalind and Simone in the marquee lights. And you aren't even doing too well on dates, to be candid about it.

Did anyone ever tell you that you are just like any of these girls we have been talking about—or like Janet Gaynor or Myrna Loy or any other favorite?

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FRESHNESS! It's the very life of Hollywood! Money's no object in the hunt for fresh plays and players. *When a star goes stale, his light goes out!*

But when a cigarette goes stale, *it should never be lit at all!* For every drag you take on a stale cigarette is a drag on you. Freshness is the life of cigarette quality, too. Old Gold spends a fortune annually to put an extra jacket of Cellophane on its every package. You pay nothing extra for it . . . but it brings you a world of extra enjoyment. The full rich flavor of fresh-cut, long-aged tobaccos; prize crop tobaccos at their best.

Buy your Old Golds where you will . . . in damp climates or dry. They're as good where they're sold as where they're made . . . and that's as good as a cigarette can be made!



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TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tues. and Thurs. night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

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Without Drugs or Laxative Salts



DO NOT gamble with your health while reducing! Reduce with Dietene — and lose weight steadily, easily, safely.

Accepted by the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association

Dietene is accepted for reducing because it provides meals low in weight building calories which you do not need, but Dietene is high in proteins, minerals and vitamins A, B1, D-G, which you do need! Dietene comes in powdered form, makes a nourishing, pure food drink. Easy to use. Simply replace breakfast and lunch with Dietene meals and eat your usual dinner. You will not feel starved or irritable. Dietene meals cost much less than the meals they replace!

DIETENE



15 Ounce Size..... $1



If your store cannot supply you, send $1.00 to Dietene Co., Mpls., Minn., for a 15-ounce can, postpaid. Offer limited to U. S. Please give store for future purchases. MS-438

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Address.....

City.....State.....

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NOW! Beautiful NAILS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

So natural they even have *half-moons.*

NEW! Smart, long, tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.



NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGER NAILS

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TIRED OF LOATHSOME SCHOOL-AGE PIMPLES?

Let millions of tiny, living plants help keep blood free of skin irritants

Thousands of young people have said good-by to the curse of youth—a pimply skin. They know what happens between the ages of 13 and 25, the time of life when important glands develop. Your system is upset. Poisons may pollute your blood stream and bubble out on your skin in ugly pimples. Then you need to cleanse and purify your blood.

Let Fleischmann's Yeast help remove these impurities the natural way. Millions of tiny, active, *living* yeast plants will help keep poisons from the blood and help to heal your broken-out skin. Many report amazing results in 30 days or less. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast now. Buy some tomorrow!

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HOW TO BE RUDE POLITELY

(*Continued from page 35*)

the train. If we missed it, there wasn't another along for an hour. It finally reached such fantastic proportions that we might have been seen by anyone who cared to look, and some did, skithering down the main street, hats and shoes and neckties draped over our arms. We always made it, though sometimes by a single finger, and would dangle from the car-step, thumbing our noses at the clock and feeling very pleased with ourselves.

"But that's being rudely rude, isn't it? However, I doubt if the clock minded. A clock, the one thing I should like to insult, seems singularly insensitive to insult. Where was I? At my morning grouch, I believe. Well, it begins when Theodore, the butler, calls me and says: 'It's seven o'clock, Mr. Powell.' Here we have a strange interlude. 'Shut up,' says my inner self. 'Never speak to me again. You're fired,' says my inner self. 'Chirp, chirp, tweet, tweet,' says my mouth, and I hang up.

"Then he pops in with the orange juice, all beaming and bright. Which in itself constitutes a grievance. 'What's he looking so cheerful about?'

"En route to the studio, I work up a fine new series of hates. For traffic signals, for pedestrians who insist on crossing the street, for other cars that presume to use the public highways. I scorch them with silent vitriol, which so relieves me that I am able to pause respectfully at traffic lights, to beam at pedestrians, to slink from the path of every horn that honks.

"And so I arrive. The gateman who is required to check me in says: 'Good morning, Mr. Powell,' which is fine, makes me feel he likes me, we're friends, fellow-workers, comrades and all that, two poor dubs who have to get up in the morning. I love that gateman, till he looks at the clock. Then my brotherly sentiments melt away. He becomes an enemy. I'm morally certain he's giving me none the best of it. I resent his audacity in looking at the clock at all. My impulse is to pop him one on the nose. I smother that impulse, look at the clock myself, and ask him the time. Inwardly I'm saying: 'Dare to cheat me by so much as a second, you so-and-so.' If it's six to nine and he calls out five to nine, I say thank you and depart, hurling silent anathema. If it's four to nine and he calls out five to nine, I say thank you and depart in adoration. I reach the set, ready to outglare any glarers, discover that no one pays the least attention to me, that, in fact, I'm on time. A mantle of peace descends. My bout of morning rudeness is concluded."

"What about afternoon and evening rudeness?" "I'm giving a practical demonstration now," he replied, slightly craning his neck from which he had just removed his stiff collar. "It's manners out of joint to remove your collar in the presence of a lady. Yet I am one who chafes at bonds. Both my soul and my throat crave freedom. Hence, I take you into my confidence. I disarm you with frankness. I implore you to understand that this is no affront to



Evelyn Brent and Anthony Quinn enjoy a cup of coffee between scenes of "Highway Racketeers." They're sure to get the right cup!

etiquette, but a passion for wide-open spaces. I say, in effect: 'With collar, I interview badly. Without, I'm not so hot,' no pun intended, but I manage. I attempt to take the curse from rudeness by offering cosiness instead. Let's take down our back hair, that's the general idea. I can bare my heart better when my neck is bare."

I inquired as to his procedure with autograph hunters. "Now that's really a problem," he said, "and I mean it seriously. I'm genuinely grateful to people who are good enough to like me. Only a pig wouldn't be. But there is also the instinct for self-preservation, not to mention the preservation of one's outer garments. When they come singly, I can handle them. When they come in numbers, I surrender the reins to a better man than I am, usually a member of our glorious publicity department, and let him take the rap.

"And that reminds me. We may as well get the topic of interviews off our chests. I'm sometimes asked to give them at lunchtime. I'm rude enough to refuse. And here we have another method of being rude politely—what is known as the transfer method. I don't enjoy giving interviews at lunchtime. They'll tell you round here that I sleep my lunchtime away. That's a canard. I use the time to gird up on my lines, excuse it, please, for the afternoon. But I can hardly use that as an excuse not to lunch with the press. I'd be told to gird up my lines the night before.

"Therefore I persuade you, I say to you for the sake of euphony, dear, dear, there I go again, you'd probably rather starve than have lunch with me. I persuade you then, the generic you, that you don't enjoy *getting* interviews at lunchtime, thus removing the onus from my shoulders to yours, and getting the reputation for being a good fellow at the same time.

"Then there's another interview problem to cope with. I am sometimes asked to discourse on such topics as how I enjoy being a midget, what it feels like to weigh four hundred pounds, thoughts of a man of twenty and so on. Now it happens that I've never been a midget, never weighed more than three hundred, and it's a year or two since I passed the age of twenty.

"Now I might of course simply mention these facts and bow my visitor out with what grace I could muster. That would be the logical course. It would also be the obviously rude one. I've engaged to spend an hour or two with the interviewer. I feel I owe him that hour. So when he asks me how I enjoy being a midget, I lean back, become brightly animated and say: 'How do you?'

"This may lead anywhere on up to giants, on down to fleas or on out to the lunatic asylum. It once led to a brisk and absorbing discussion on how it would feel to be a midget, twenty years old and weighing four hundred pounds. The point isn't *where* it leads, only that it *should* lead somewhere, to avoid the somewhat embarrassing alternative of having two people sit facing each other silently in a small room for an hour, at the end of which time they would rise, shake hands, to indicate there was no hard feeling, and separate.

"Possibilities there. You'd open a magazine and instead of seeing printed words, there would be a picture of me on one side, the interviewer on the other, both fish-eyed, and a lot of white space between. How's that for an angle? No? One can only offer his best. That's what I try to do. The man may come in for a midget story and depart with one on the high cost of kilowatts. That doesn't matter. The point is he's got a story. He's happy. I'm happy. The studio's happy. And the goose hangs high.

"By the way, have *you* got a story?"

A QUEEN OF HEARTS ...since she bid goodbye to Misfit Makeup



"Twenty-eight tonight...and not a boy friend in sight!"



Dot's sister guessed—"Do something about your misfit makeup."



...And now..."You're the only girl in the world for me!"



HOW CAN YOU be sure your makeup *matches?* Sure it's right for you? There's never any doubt when you wear Marvelous Matched Makeup. For the face powder, rouge, and lipstick...the eye makeup, too...are in complete color harmony. And this makeup *matches you* ...for it's keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes, *the color of your eyes!*

BEAUTY EDITORS, fashion experts, artists and colorists agree this new matched makeup is right with your skin tones, your hair, your type. Stage and screen stars, lovely women everywhere, have changed to Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup because they find it brings them immediate new beauty.

THE PRICE IS LOW . . . start to build your matched set now. Buy that lipstick you need... or rouge, face powder, eye shadow or mascara ...in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup...only 55¢ each (Canada 65¢). Your drug or department store recommends this makeup, advises:

If your eyes are { BLUE . . . . . *wear Dresden type* / BROWN . . . *wear Parisian type* / HAZEL . . . . *wear Continental type* / GRAY . . . . . *wear Patrician type*

TONIGHT...you, too, can be a queen of hearts, —try this *matched* makeup that matches *you!*

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JOAN PERRY
Columbia Pictures



NEW!

We asked women everywhere...in homes, in beauty shops, in stores and offices...and they said "Give us a curler that will make large, soft, natural-looking curls." So we designed the HOLLYWOOD GIANT, *pictured here in actual size.* Curls made on this big cylinder look softer, more natural. They comb without becoming frizzy. And they give the large, full curls so favored in the new hair styles. The HOLLYWOOD GIANT is easy to use...rolls smoothly, dries quickly, withdraws without spoiling curl. They're 2 for 10¢ at dime stores and notion counters.

ACTUAL SIZE
3 *inches by ½ inch*
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Giant
HOLLYWOOD
Rapid Dry CURLERS
AT 5c AND 10c STORES & NOTION COUNTERS



DEBUNKING DAVIS

(*Continued from page 37*)

dog, they kick him. And they're right!"

All those who knew Bette Davis before she climbed to fame agree that the underlying keynotes of her character were her determination to become an actress and her shyness. It is difficult for those who know Bette today to grasp the fact that she was painfully self-conscious, but it is true.

SHE first got the idea of going on the stage when she played the lead in one of the school plays at Cushing Academy. The principal of the school congratulated her, saying, "I hope, my dear, you will never think of taking up acting as a career." That gave her the idea of doing just that.

At first she took dancing lessons with Roshanara, but Frank Conroy encouraged her to give up dancing and try to get dramatic roles. Realizing that it would be a wonderful thing for her if she could be associated with Eva Le Gallienne even in unimportant roles, Bette went to Miss Le Gallienne and begged to be given a chance to play in the Civic Repertory Theatre. But she was so wretchedly nervous that when Miss Le Gallienne asked her to read some lines, she acquitted herself very badly.

It was then that Bette's mother, who believes that people ought to be allowed to follow the work they want to do in the world instead of being forced into conformity, suggested to Bette that she attend John Murray Anderson's dramatic school in New York. Though Mr. Anderson agreed to take her on as a student, she impressed those who met her at the time as very timid. "She was like something the rain had whipped," one man who knew her at the time said.

While she was attending dramatic school, James Light of the Provincetown Players, directed a school play, "The Famous Mrs. Fair." He liked Bette's work so much that he gave her a small part in a play the Provincetown Players were producing.

No one who met Bette today could possibly forget her. But in those days, it was altogether different.

"She was such a charming girl," Blanche Yurka told me, during a lull at a rehearsal for a play. One of Bette Davis' early roles on the stage was with Blanche Yurka's company.

"You know," Miss Yurka said, "in those days she was just an ingenue. The part she played in 'The Wild Duck,' was that of Hedwig, a wide-eyed innocent young woman. Bette seemed eminently suited to the part. She had such a soft face. I never dreamed in those days that she would play such roles as that of Mildred in 'Of Human Bondage' or the girl in 'Dangerous' or any of the vicious women she has since created on the screen. I never watch her that I do not marvel that the very quiet, subdued girl I knew can play such roles."

Oscar Serlin was one of the few people who saw the stamp of greatness on Bette. One day he saw her playing at the Provincetown Playhouse in "The Earth Between," a bitter, tempestuous drama of a farmer's unnatural love for his own daughter and the unholy means he took to keep the man who loved her away from her. With quiet conviction, Bette played the daughter.

And because Serlin had an unerring instinct for what makes greatness in the theatre, he decided that one day he would make use of her ability.

His chance came soon, when he decided to produce "Broken Dishes" in New York.

Bette was very humble and very grateful for this grand chance. But when she began to rehearse the role, she sensed an air of tension in the atmosphere. It didn't take her long to guess what caused it. Though Mr. Serlin believed in her, there were other people associated with him in the production of this play who did not like to stake the play's success on a player who had had so little experience as Bette. One day Bette learned that she might lose the role.

"Her reaction? It was a typical feminine reaction. She burst into tears," Mr. Serlin said, chuckling mildly.

For in those days Bette hadn't developed that elaborate defense mechanism.

"Don't worry, Bette," Serlin told her. "Everything will turn out all right."

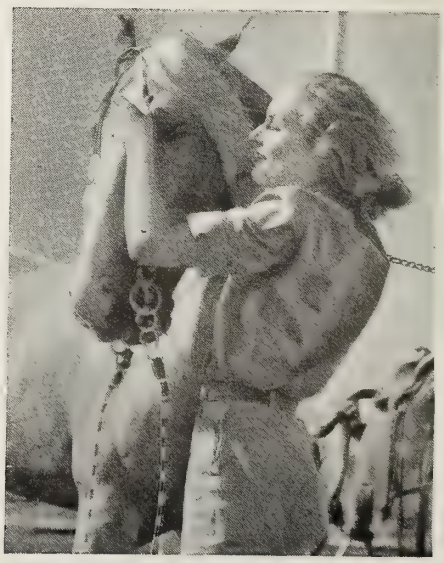
And whenever his associates suggested getting someone else for the role, he told them that he was certain Bette could play the part. She was excellent!

To Serlin she said, "I'll never forget what you've done for me." And she hasn't.

One of the things that distinguishes Bette from the Margaret Sullavans and the Katharine Hepburns of Hollywood is the simple, honest quality of her gratitude. I was present once at a party which Bette attended in New York, where she greeted several press agents from the different companies. Each of them was anxious to remind her of how much his studio had done for her. In her warm, enthusiastic voice, she said to the man from RKO, "If it were not for your company and for the role I played in 'Of Human Bondage,' I'd be on the streets today. Nobody would want me."

Teddy Newton, who played the crippled young man in the the New York production of "Dead End," and who is one of Bette Davis' best friends, said of her: "During Bette's first year in Hollywood she was very unhappy. As everyone knows, she was put into roles for which she was very badly suited. Bette realized that if she kept on playing these roles her career might be ruined. She made up her mind to quit Hollywood."

About that time her sister Barbara began to suffer from a nervous breakdown occasioned by overstudy. Money for doctor bills was badly needed. So Bette, jeopardizing her own career, stayed on with Universal.



We give you a nifty pair of blondes—Carole Lombard and her Palomino gelding.

"You see, it's this way," he explained. "Bette, being a few years older than Barbara, has taken care of her financially. It was Bette who saw to it that when Barbara was of college age, she had her chance to go to college. Naturally, when Barbara was ill Bette wanted to do everything she could for her.

"As you might suspect, Barbara adores Bette. Last summer when Barbara eloped she chose Bette's wedding anniversary upon which to have her wedding in order that they might always have a double anniversary celebration.

BETTE is one of the kindest-hearted human beings I have ever met. When I first came to Hollywood a few years ago I was horribly lonesome. Then I met Bette and Harmon, and after that it was impossible to be lonely. They invited me to their home for week-ends, played golf with me, and treated me in general as if they'd known me all their lives."

Bette has given out very few interviews about her marriage, and a few of the Hollywood writers have been cruel and inaccurate in writing about it. I remember once how badly Bette was hurt when a writer said that she was supporting her husband, and that every time he bought her an orchid, he used her own money to buy it for her.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Shortly after Bette's marriage to Harmon, they separated and he went to New York just so that he could build up a reputation for himself as a musician. There were times in New York before Harmon proved himself as a musician when he was close to the verge of starvation. Times when he was lucky if he had a sandwich and a cup of coffee to sustain him in that tiny, cold, hall bedroom.

Bette knew nothing of all this. Wild horses wouldn't have dragged the information from Harmon. It wasn't until Harmon had returned to Bette that a friend told her the truth.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Bette asked him. But all the time she knew in her heart that if she had been in Harmon's place, she would have done the same thing. For these two mad, lovable children are strangely akin. Both of them have the same rigid New England conscience, the same hot pride. Even the crazy presents they give each other are alike.

Bette once bought Harmon a toy orchestra with four little men holding musical instruments made of wood. This toy was kept constantly on Harmon's night table, until one day Bette bought two pink elephants with phosphorus pin-points for eyes. Without Ham's knowing it, she took away the toy orchestra and put the elephants on the night table instead.

In the middle of the night Ham was suddenly aware of those elephant eyes blinking at him. He blinked right back. The elephants didn't disappear. He knew they had no right to be there, so he pretended they weren't.

Next morning he said to Bette, "Listen, darling, wait till I've really earned those D. T.'s by drinking and then those pink elephants will help to reform me," and he and Bette burst into a great gale of laughter.

It's because of these things that people who know her, feel like shaking Bette when she gives out an interview telling how hard-boiled and ruthless she is. Once she admitted, "My bark is worse than my bite. But I'm so constructed I cannot feel like saying anything about myself by way of praise. I would feel like a fool."

And so this story says it for her. It's high time Bette Davis was exposed.



*Oiliness results in unflattering shine. Dermatologists identify excessive oiliness as Seborrhea. Germs aggravate this condition. Woodbury's Powder retards germ-growth, helps subdue nose shine.

YEAR IN, YEAR OUT, Shiny Nose goes on unchecked, despite the constant dabbing of protesting powder puffs.

But now at last something has been done to overcome nose shine! Woodbury provides you with a *germ-free* powder which adds glamour to your skin!

Germs Tend to Aggravate Shiny Nose

That glistening shine may indicate a skin condition dermatologists call *Seborrhea.* Germs can make it worse! Then Shiny Nose becomes a chronic nuisance.



How important to use face powder which cannot spread infection-germs to skin or puff! As you wear Woodbury's Facial Powder, it inhibits germ-growth on your skin. The only powder among 20 leading brands tested that proved germ-free both *before* and *after* use.

This exquisite beauty powder instantly gives your skin a color-awakening loveliness, warding off harmful germ-life and embarrassing shine!

All seven shades are enchantingly natural. The newest, Windsor Rose, softly blends with the skin's clear undertones.

Try Woodbury's today . . . and discover its flattery! In the new blue box, $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢. Woodbury's Lipstick and Rouge, also germ-proof, come in four brilliant shades. Smart make-up for your skin!

Send for 7 Thrilling Youth-Blend Shades

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9188 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

Please send me 7 shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder; trial tubes of two Woodbury's Beauty Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap. I enclose 10¢ to cover mailing costs.

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"WHAT MAKES MY HAIR SPARKLE?" A quick rinse with Nestle Colorinse after each shampoo brings out all the natural color and radiant, youthful highlights. Try it and see!



COLORINSE WORKS WONDERS! Gives richer color and gleaming lustre to every shade of hair. It's so simple and easy to use—and costs only a few pennies for each magic Colorinse!

Complete every shampoo with Nestle Colorinse . . . . It's the pure, harmless rinse-tint -- not a dye or bleach.

Colorinse removes shampoo film. Faded or gray streaks are blended in with the enriched natural color. Waves last longer. Colorinse glorifies your hair! It's America's favorite.

There's a shade of Colorinse for every shade of hair. Consult the Nestle Color Chart at your nearest toilet goods counter -- today!

10c for package of 2 rinses at 10c stores.
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Nestle COLORINSE

CORNS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL PREPARATION

Say goodbye to clumsy corn-pads and dangerous razors. A new liquid, NOXACORN, relieves pain fast and dries up the pestiest corns, callus and warts. Contains six ingredients including pure castor oil, iodine, and the substance from which aspirin is made. Absolutely safe. Easy directions in package. 35c bottle saves untold misery. Druggist returns money if it fails to remove corn.

NOXACORN

Happy Relief From Painful Backache

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

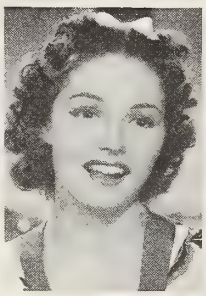
The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

THESE PLAYERS SCARE THE STARS

We take off our hat to these talented picture stealers. They have not yet achieved stardom but their fan-following rates them top notchers



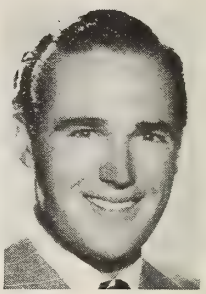
Marjorie Weaver



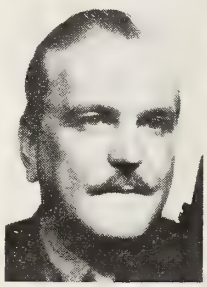
Hugh Herbert



Patsy Kelly



Patric Knowles



Frank Morgan



Alice Brady



Mischa Auer



Mabel Todd



Billie Burke



Ed. Everett Horton



Marie Wilson



John Beal



Stuart Erwin



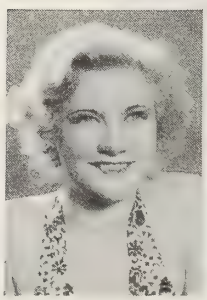
Andrea Leeds



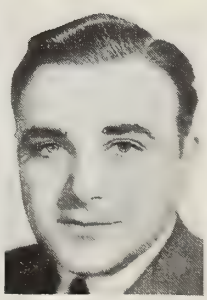
Wallace Ford



Edna May Oliver



Una Merkel



Akim Tamiroff



Isabel Jewell



Eric Blore



Bonita Granville and Brian Aherne go for ice cream lollipops in a big way between scenes of "Merrily We Live."

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 93*)

New Contract

Luise Rainer's new contract with M-G-M is really an achievement. She's been holding out against making any more movies until she was given permission to take five months a year off to do a play in New York. Metro, however, was scared of the idea after the floppolas of so many Hollywood stars on the New York stage. But perseverance won in the end and Luise has the kind of contract she wants and she's very happy, thank you. Chances are she'll appear in a play written for her by Hubby Clifford Odets.

■ ■ ■

Tyrone Power was so gloomy over being detained on the "Marie Antoinette" set

(*Continued on page 104*)



Franciska Gaal (on right) studies with her English language coach as she must lose her accent for "Never Say Die".

Imagine! LOVELY WINDOW SHADES *For Only* 15¢ *Each*



MILLIONS NOW SWITCHING TO *New* CLOPAY *Lintone* WINDOW SHADES

REVOLUTIONARY new window shade—developed from cellulose fibre—is causing a sensation among women everywhere. This amazing new material called CLOPAY *Lintone* permits greater window shade beauty . . . yet a full-size 36" x 6' shade costs only 15c! Years of use in millions of homes show CLOPAYS hang straight, won't curl, wear two years and more. Resist pinholing, cracking and fraying. No wonder millions of women now replace shabby soiled shades with lovely new CLOPAY *Lintones* and get 5 gorgeous shades for what they used to pay for ONE! CLOPAYS come in a wide variety of charming colors. Cost only 15c each, ready to attach to old rollers in a jiffy with patented gummed strips. No tacks or tools needed. See them today at all leading 5c and 10c stores.

SIZES AVAILABLE:
15c CLOPAY *Lintones* . . . . . 36" x 6' and 48" x 7'
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35c EACH COMPLETE ON ROLLER WITH "EDGE-SAVER BRACKETS"

Sensational CLOPAY window shade material is now coated on both sides with a special oil finish. This makes possible new CLOPAY WASHABLE shades. These amazing low-cost shades are actually 100% washable with plain soap and water. They won't stain, water-mark, or streak. Astounding resistance to pinholing, cracking, and fraying. Yet, WASHABLE CLOPAYS, with their richly-beautiful, linen-like appearance cost only 35c each, complete on roller! See them today in all leading 5c and 10c stores. For FREE color samples, write

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1358 YORK STREET • CINCINNATI, OHIO

New! CLOPAY CELLOPHANE WINDOW CURTAINS
Reinforced Edge
WON'T TEAR!
New, improved type. Reinforced edges prevent tearing. Rub clean with a damp cloth. Perfect for kitchens, play rooms, bathrooms, etc.
10 LOVELY PATTERNS
Only 50c A PAIR



Excite men's admiration the Admiracion way

● You can't blame men for preferring girls with clean, soft, youthful hair—such qualities enchant a man! So guard *your* loveliness with Admiracion—the new Oil shampoo that is different from all others. Its rich, creamy lather whisks away dirt, dandruff and dulling film—rinses away completely in water—leaving your hair clean, soft, manageable, alluringly beautiful. And remember, Admiracion does not *dry* nor *age* your hair—leaves it *fresher* and *younger!* At drug, department, 10¢ stores.

Should you prefer an oil shampoo that makes no lather, ask for Admiracion Olive Oil Shampoo in the RED package.



In new GREEN package
ADMIRACIÓN
FOAMY OIL SHAMPOO

that Director Woody Van Dyke finally let him off to bid a fond farewell to Janet Gaynor, who attended the President's ball in Washington. Yes, that romance is still very much on.

Whimsical Dietrich

Are the gals burning over Marlene Dietrich! Seems that she sent Gregory Ratoff around the Troc the other night as a sort of talent scout to ask the men she liked to dance with her, a la command performance. Leave it to Dietrich to think up the new whims.

■ ■ ■

Francis Lederer and his bride, Margo, are so in love that they refuse to be parted even by their careers. Mr. L. has had several very flattering offers to go to London and Paris for pictures but he has refused to leave until Margo can go with him. Therefore, if Guthrie McClintic's new play goes into production with Margo in the lead, Francis will stay right in New York with her during the entire run, no matter how many offers come his way. Later, they'll go to Europe.

He Gets Around

How that Vanderbilt gent does get around! We thought Margaret Lindsay was the lucky gal at the present writing but just listen to this: In a single week Alfie has been seen with Margaret Lindsay, Claire Dodd, Florence Rice and Beverly Roberts, who, though last mentioned, seems to be first-favored right this minute.

■ ■ ■

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Rains are now Momma and Poppa and are they proud of their new daughter! Sir Stork is set to pay visits to the Mervyn LeRoys and the Dick Powells in the near future too, so it looks like business will be picking up in the baby departments of the shops around town.

Big Hearted Hollywood

The benefit performance for Ted Healy's widow and baby grossed twelve thousand dollars. Everybody in Hollywood attended and George Jessel acted as master-of-cere-



Cesar Romero steps out in Hollywood with his sister—and right pretty she is, too.



Chief among the brave, sorely oppressed Saxons—and bravest of all—was the dashing Robin of Locksley. Robbing the rich to feed the hungry—loyal to his sovereign King . . . his name was echoed from the depths of Sherwood forest to the massive gates of Nottingham Castle.

Come back with us through the pages of history to merrie old England. Read how the roguish Robin won the heart of the fair Marian. . . . How he led the courageous Band of Sherwood Forest against Norman tyrants.

Fascinatingly told, the immortal tale of "Robin Hood" appears in the April issue of

SCREEN ROMANCES

ON SALE EVERYWHERE

Don't neglect your CHILD'S COLD

Don't let chest colds or croupy coughs go untreated. Rub Children's Musterole on child's throat and chest at once. This milder form of regular Musterole penetrates, warms, and stimulates local circulation. Floods the bronchial tubes with its soothing, relieving vapors. Musterole brings relief naturally because it's a *"counter-irritant"* —NOT just a salve. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.

Good Housekeeping Bureau

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MILD

BANISH DANGER of LOOSE WIRES with JUSTRITE PUSH CLIPS

Keep lamp, radio, telephone wires SAFE and neat — off the floor with JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIPS. In colors to match lamp cords or woodwork. Insist on famous Justrite Quality Push-Clips — set of 8 for 10c.

8 for 10¢

EASY TO INSTALL NO TOOLS REQUIRED

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HAIR KILLED FOREVER

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From face or body without harm to skin. Our electrolysis device is guaranteed to kill hair forever by following easy directions or money refunded. Electrolysis is endorsed by physicians. Your electric current not used. Only $1.95 complete prepaid or C.O.D. plus postage.

CANFIELD ELECTROLYSIS CO., 4-H, 2675 Broadway, N.Y.City



Andy Devine looks a bit bored, but Bee Lillie and Fanny Brice look delighted—or is it shocked—with what they eavesdrop.

monies for the occasion. All of which goes to prove that Hollywood stands by its own in times of trouble.

■ ■ ■

There's a chance in Hollywood just waiting for some lucky little orphan girl. Remember Baby LeRoy? He was taken from an orphanage to play the part of the baby opposite Maurice Chevalier. Jack Warner now has an idea of doing a repeat on the LeRoy episode with an older child. He has a story entitled "Little Lady Luck" and local orphanages are being searched with a fine tooth comb for the proper child for the part. What a Cinderella story it will turn out to be for the lucky child!

Touring Africa

Dolores Del Rio and Hubby Cedric Gibbons have sailed for Europe. They will be met on the other side by Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper and from there the foursome will tour South Africa. When Gary returns to Hollywood, he'll do "The Cowboy and the Lady."



None other than "Beauty and Her Beasts" is Florence George. You will see the former Chicago opera singer in "College Swing."

ARE YOU THE TYPE THAT'S *Lucky in love?*



Let one of these 10 new face powder colors bring out the dancing light in your eyes—breathe new life, new radiance into your skin!

How often have you admired the girl who can "put herself across" on every occasion... win more than her share of dates and attention? In every group there seems to be one whose luck is unlimited...I know, because I've seen it happen....Why not be that lucky type yourself? Why not win new confidence, new poise and a more radiant personality?

But to do all this, *and more,* you must find your one and only lucky color. That's why I want you to try all ten of my glorifying new face powder shades...so you *will* find the one that can "do things" for you.

For *one certain color* can breathe new life, new mystery into your skin...give it flattering freshness . . . make it vibrant, alive! Another color that *looks* almost the same in the box, may fail you horribly when you put it on.

Find your one and only color!

I want you to see with your own eyes how your lucky color can bring out your best points—help bring you your full measure of success. That's why I offer to send you all ten of Lady Esther's flattering face powder shades free and postpaid. They are my gift to you.

When they arrive, be sure to try all ten colors. The very one you might think least flattering may be the *only color* that can unveil the dancing light in your hair and eyes . . . the one shade that can make your heart sing with happiness. That's why I hope you will send me the coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (41)

Lady Esther, 7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me your 10 new shades free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

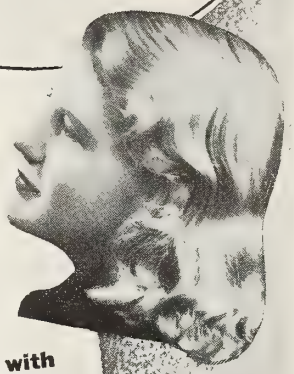
*City*_____ *State*_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

A

BEAUTY SECRET
FROM SOCIETY AND SCREEN
TO MAKE

You Lovelier!



"Marchand's will restore your blondness just as it keeps my hair light and radiant."

says LUCY T. SAUNDERS
charming debutante, whose natural blonde hair attracts admiration in Newport, Palm Beach, Saratoga, on the Riviera . . . where smart society gathers.



"Keep your hair lovely . . . with Marchand's. I use it regularly to keep my hair the same light, even shade."

says lovely MARVELLE ANDRE
talented Hollywood actress, appearing in "Something to Sing About"
A GRAND NATIONAL PICTURE



"Marchand's will protect your blondness just as it keeps my hair naturally light and golden, always."

says BERNADENE HAYES
beautiful blonde actress appearing currently in "My Old Kentucky Home"
A MONOGRAM PICTURE

60% OF ALL WOMEN WERE BORN BLONDE...
But time darkens and dulls any shade of hair!

THINK! *Does this mean you?* Follow the advice of these lovely women who know the charm of radiant blonde hair. Use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, as they do, to restore your hair to a golden, sunny blonde shade. Buy a bottle of Marchand's today . . . follow the simple directions . . . and double your attractiveness, overnight. Remember, only with Marchand's will you get Marchand's results. Marchand's is a scientific preparation. It will not interfere with permanents or harm the hair in any way.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

IT'S KELLY TO YOU

(*Continued from page 50*)

forgotten her stockings. She wore a yellow sport suit with a black silk tailored waist. A small jaunty feather poked up from her coat lapel. The feather, being brown, failed to blend with any part of the outfit. It was a cute touch, but, like Patsy, pert, careless and a little wrong.

Her hair, straight on top, frizzed at the ends, falls out of place, thick, black, stringy. "I should do something about my permanent," she admitted. "I haven't had it washed or set in three weeks. Besides, I hate sitting under dryers. I leave that for the glamor girls.

"They tried to make me glamorous!" she shrieked, amused at the memory. "A make-up man worked three hours on my face, gave me false eyelashes, new eyebrows, everything. I thought I looked swell. You should have seen the rushes. I was worse than ever! So they gave up. A good thing too. It means I can get to the studio a couple of hours later than the glamor girls. All I do is slap powder on my face . . . and I'm ready. I just can't be beautiful."

IN discussing her work, I found nothing of the clown about Patsy Kelly.

"I'm slapstick, no matter what I play," she says. "When I have to register a serious love scene I look like a sick cow. Yes, I'm slapstick, but you can be slapstick without throwing a pie. I believe in contrast.

"Carole Lombard falling in the gutter is funny. If I do the same thing it means nothing. Let me trip in a place like the Waldorf-Astoria and that's a sure-fire laugh."

She confessed to working hard.

"Four years in Hollywood and I've worked in forty shorts and twenty features. Outside of three days last year, this is my first holiday. I motored from the coast with a friend. It took us ten days to cross the country. I discovered I still have a charmed life. I drove, and in trying to avoid running over a dog, bumped into a telegraph pole, turning the car completely over. Neither of us were hurt. In Texas I woke up one morning to see that one side



"You didn't follow suit," says Clarence Kolb to Patsy Kelly as they wait their turns before the camera of "Merrily We Live." As if Patsy didn't know!

of my face was swollen to twice its normal size. I didn't feel any pain so I figured the mirror was wrong! It wasn't. I had an abscessed tooth without pain . . . the charm again!

Patsy is sincere and utterly natural. I arrived before the studio man and the press.

"I'm not used to all this fuss," she said. "I feel like a high school kid. I wish you'd stick with me."

While we waited we discussed the old days, when I was press agent for a Broadway show, Delmar's "Revels," which had, in its cast, an unknown youngster named Patsy Kelly. The unknown girl had to sing a song. It was one of those serious revue numbers, an excuse for show girls to parade up and down dressed as perfume bottles and jewelry. On one side of the stage sat Patsy Kelly with a singing partner. But she couldn't be serious.

"It was my sick cow look."

Anyway, the number was thrown out, only to appear in another revue, where, sung by Bill Robinson, it became the national hit known as "I Can't Give You Anything But Love."

"It's a wonder they didn't fire me for ruining that song," said Patsy. "That's what I mean by a charmed life."

And we continued to reminisce, I, recalling the first rehearsal day when I collected the names of the cast, and she had held out her hand and said, "It's Kelly to you."

"It still is," said Patsy.

"To your fans, too?"

"In spades!"

So, if you know your cards, you know that means double!



Errol Flynn arrives at the Newark airport for a well-deserved vacation in the East.



Richard Arlen, now appearing in Columbia's "No Time to Marry."

Richard Arlen DRIES A LADY'S TEARS



"ON A RECENT FLIGHT from the East, I heard a girl across the aisle confiding her troubles to the plane's stewardess . . .



"SHE HAD LOST her job — was returning home a failure. She couldn't believe that her work had been unsatisfactory . . .



"ALTHOUGH YOUNG and well dressed, she had let unsightly, rough, chapped lips spoil her looks. All men — even employers! — like to see a girl looking her best, with smooth, lovely lips . . .



"I TOLD HER, before we landed, about a special lipstick with a protective Beauty-Cream base that I've heard praised by many screen and stage beauties. The other day I had this letter from her..



Kissproof Lipstick in 5 luscious shades at drug and department stores . . . 50c

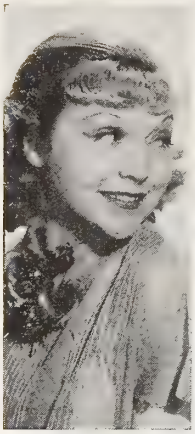
Match it with Kissproof rouge, 2 styles — Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry) Kissproof Powder in 5 flattering shades.

Generous trial sizes at all 10c stores.

SCENARIO BY RICHARD ARLEN

SMOOTH YOUR SKIN NEW HOLLYWOOD WAY

WITH THE SAME CREAM THE STARS USE



Here's That Amazing New Cream with Skin Softening Emollients That's Thrilling All America

TAYTON'S CREAM

Floats Away Dirt, Dissolves Dry, Rough Skin. Smooths—Softens. Powder Stays On

★ **Joyce Compton**

The Lovely star with Stuart Erwin in "Small Town Boy" says—"I use Tayton's Cream to cleanse and keep my skin smooth and youthful looking."

Test This Thrilling Beauty Discovery UNDER MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Make your skin smooth and alluring like the Stars do. . . . TAYTON'S CREAM releases precious triple-whipped emollients that cleanse and also dissove dry, scaly skin cells that cause roughness, your powder to flake off, skin to shine, look parched and old. Lubricates dryness. Flushes blackheads. Rouses oil glands. Helps bring out new, live, fresh skin. Thousands praise it. Get TAYTON'S CREAM at your 10c store, Drug and Dept. Store. Cleanse with it, also use it as a night cream. If your skin is not smoother, fresher and younger looking after first application your money will be refunded.

FREE Also test TAYTON'S new glamour face powder the stars use. Send your name and address to Tayton Company, Dept. B, 811 West 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif., and generous samples of all six shades will be sent you free so you can choose your most flattering shade.



HOLLYWOOD HUSBAND

(*Continued from page 41*)

wondering if she should let herself be kissed. Though at the time, I didn't yet guess the reason for the way it hit me.

Then suddenly she was in high school, and a beauty. Her body took on graceful curves. Her eyes glowed with mystery. Her blue-black hair was under control.

I remember the night I became aware of all this. Mona had got the lead in her class play, and she'd asked me to be her escort for the evening. She was all excited, not only over the acting, but because there was to be a dance and supper.

Her mother, when I called at the house, told me, "She's almost ready." We heard the tap-tap of heels overhead.

Next moment I held my breath. This girl coming down was a princess. Her arms and throat, bare above the chiffon of her dress, were delicately veined marble. She walked with grace.

In her high-heeled slippers, she was taller than I. She made me feel clumsy. Humble, too. In the taxi, I said, "What made you pick on me, Mona? There must have been boys your own age, crazy to take you."

She said scornfully, "Oh, boys! They bore me! They are all right to dance with, but afterwards, I've nothing to *say!*" She snuggled against me. "But you're grown-up, you're almost the rock-of-ages."

The dark cloud of her hair was close to my lips. With an effort of will, I controlled myself. "Kidlet," I said gravely, "I hope you still mean that a couple of years from now. Because if you do, I'm going to ask you something."

Womanlike, she knew at once what I meant. Her eyes sparkled. "Ask me now!"

"No," I said, "You're too young. But some day, darling, I mean to ask you to be my wife."

Her eyes were shy now. "Oh, John, that's what I used to tell my dolls I'd be! John . . . " She held up her untouched lips to be kissed, and I asked myself what I'd done to deserve such luck.

A year later, I was graduating from medical school and Mona sat beside my father. Afterwards, Dad disappeared, leaving us the car. It was in that old car that I fastened my little pearl-studded fraternity pin on Mona's dress.

"But the waiting isn't over," I warned. "There's a year of interneship. Afterwards, even if Dad takes me in . . . "

She laughed tenderly. "I can wait."

Long engagements—empty days filled



Martha Raye and Bob Hope ogle and croon in perfect comfort in a scene from "College Swing," their newest and goofiest picture to date. All kidding aside, however, Martha can be a glamor gal too when she's in the mood for it!



Ready, all set, go! And petite Alice Faye bowls them over again.

with nothing more substantial than dreams. Maybe the seed of our trouble was planted then, maybe Mona learned too well how to do without me.

An interneship isn't like medical school. It means a room in the hospital, hardly a day a man can call his own. I saw little of Mona and she grew restless. First thing I knew, she was looking for a job.

"I've alway had a passion for the stage," she said, "and now I mean to find out if I'm any good. Even bit parts pay a salary. I'll save it, so we can have a nest egg for a honeymoon."

How could I make an issue of her acting, then? And later, when she walked into a hit that played through summer, how could I object?

Fall came, and with it the break of my life. Even as a student, I had been interested in the problems of perfecting a new type of anaesthesia to help women in childbirth. At the hospital, I did some research which attracted attention. And now a world-famous specialist in Vienna wrote and invited me to work with him.

I was thrilled. I rushed to the theatre and tore into Mona's dressing room. "Darling," I cried, "how soon can you marry me? We're going to Europe on our honeymoon."

Mona was lovely about it, excited, but she didn't react as I'd hoped. "Vienna?" she said. "But what in the world would I do in Vienna? I'd be alone. Wouldn't even see you, because *you'd* be buried in the hospital."

"You mean, you won't come with me?"

She made it sound less harsh, but that's what she did mean. We argued about it uselessly. "Mona, if you loved me . . ." "And if you love *me*, John, you'd let me go on with the work I've learned to love."

I gave in. Mona said we'd waited so long, a few more years wouldn't matter. And I thought, "She's young. She's reluctant to be rushed into marriage." Since then I've wondered how our life might have turned out had I been stubborn.

The years did not fly, they crept. I buried myself among test tubes. Eve-





They Still Talk Behind Her Back

BUT *NOW* THEY SAY:

"What a Lovely Skin!"

She is "Miss Popularity" of her set because she knows the value of a beautiful complexion. She is the glamour girl who keeps her skin looking youthful with the help of the Linit Beauty Mask.

Why not try this gentle, quick-acting facial treatment which helps to stimulate the skin, and eliminate "shine".

Here's how quickly the Linit Beauty Mask is prepared. *Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit that is so popular as a Beauty Bath) and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it generously to the face and neck. Relax during the twenty minutes it takes to set, then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.

You will enjoy pleasant facial smoothness after the Linit Beauty Mask treatment. It leaves a velvety "film" that is an excellent powder base and heightens the allure of make-up. Your grocer sells Linit.



*1st STEP
Mixing takes a minute.



2nd STEP
Applying takes a minute.



3rd STEP
Resting for 20 minutes.



4th STEP
Rinsing off completely.

How's your baby's appetite?



Feed your tiny tot Heinz Strained Foods and see how eagerly he eats! He'll like their natural color! He'll appreciate the tasty flavor Heinz cooks in—never out. Choicest fruits and vegetables are prepared *scientifically* to preserve vitamins and minerals. There are 12 delicious Heinz Strained Foods from which to choose. You pay no premium for their extra quality.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN.

GUARD YOUR BABY'S HEALTH—LOOK FOR THESE SAFETY SEALS

57 HEINZ
STRAINED FOODS

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

(44th Year.) Stage, Talkie, Radio. Graduates: Lee Tracy, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, etc. Drama, Dance, Musical Comedy, Teaching, Directing, Personal development. Stock Theatre Training. (Appearances). For catalog, write Sec'y Teller, 66 West 85th St., N. Y.



Relieves TEETHING PAINS within 1 minute

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved in one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS
DR. HAND'S
Teething Lotion

nings, I wrote ardent letters to my touch-me-not girl. I called her the marble princess in the ivory tower.

She wrote back frequently, but through the tenderness of her words I sensed a new restless excitement. She had been in another hit. She made a short, very bad movie in the Eastern Studios—just for a lark. I went to see that movie in Vienna's newest picture house. The picture had been every bit as bad as Mona warned, but the leading man was handsome, and they seemed to enjoy their clinches.

I went home soon afterwards, but Mona wasn't at the pier to meet my boat. She was in Hollywood, having her first real fling at films. Dad told me about it. About the talent scout spotting her in a Broadway show.

At midnight I called Hollywood, not caring what it cost.

Mona's voice on the wire made my pulses throb. "Darling! I'll be home in three months. Oh, John, do you love me?"

I thought, three more months. Always waiting.

She did come home, on schedule. She flew. I met her at the airport. I couldn't believe that at last I held her in my arms.

"Beloved," I whispered, "I'll never let you leave me again! I've missed you so."

She said shakily. "I told them at the studio I wouldn't be back for a while."

That meant she was going back eventually. Mona still loved me, but she had had work she wanted to do and a purpose she wouldn't dream of relinquishing. And I couldn't help smiling at her glowing picture of the future. "Don't you see, John—I'll be making money. Some day it will grow into a research fund for you. Just think, me endowing my husband to do great deeds!"

How could she guess that some day this very love of hers would come near to destroying me!

We were married that same day.

I shan't tell you about our honeymoon. It belongs among those precious sacred memories one doesn't air. But in the end it was over, and Hollywood claimed my wife. She was as miserable about going as I was, yet eager, too. "Can't help it, Johnny darling. It's in my blood—and you're in my blood. Lord, what a tangled life I've picked for myself!"



Ah, Grace Bradley, we never would have guessed it. Slacks—to be sure!

The most expensive Shoes may RUIN BABY'S FEET



X-Ray of baby foot in a properly fitted Wee Walker Shoe.

X-Ray of baby foot in an expensive shoe that has been outgrown.

Many a mother, with the best intentions, is RUINING her baby's feet by buying expensive shoes and *then failing to discard them when they are outgrown.* The X-Ray shows how terribly little bones are warped and twisted in outgrown shoes.

Save baby's feet with inexpensive *Wee Walker* Shoes and change to new ones often. *Wee Walkers* have every feature baby needs. They are made over live-model lasts, hence are correctly proportioned, full-sized, roomy shoes that give real barefoot freedom. Good-looking, soft, pliable leathers. Because they are made by the largest manufacturers of infant shoes exclusively, and are *sold in stores with very low selling cost* the price is very low. Look for them in the Infants' Wear Department of the following stores:

ACCEPTED BY PARENTS' MAGAZINE

W. T. Grant Co. S. S. Kresge Co. J. J. Newberry Co. H. L. Green Co., Inc. (F & W Grand Stores, Isaac Silver and Bros., Metropolitan Chain Stores, Inc.) McLellan Stores G. R. Kinney Co., Inc. Sears, Roebuck Charles Stores Schulte-United Stores Lincoln Stores, Inc.



NURSING MOTHERS?

Consult your doctor regularly. Ask about Hygeia Nipples and Bottles. Nipple, breast-shaped, easily inverted and thoroughly cleaned. Patented tab keeps nipple germ-free. New inside valve prevents collapse.



HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

SAFEST *because easiest to clean*

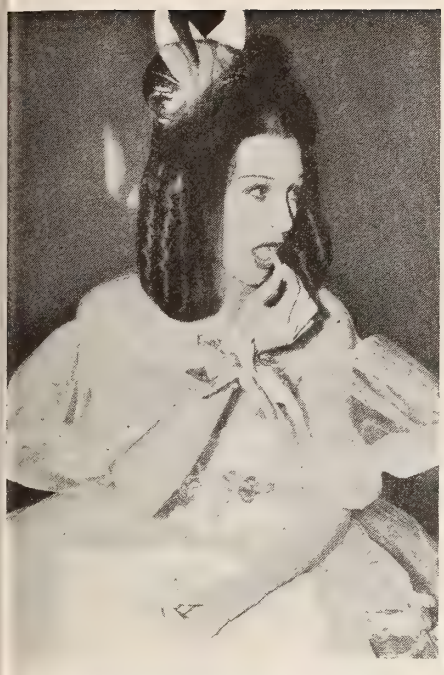
Relieve Baby's Cough the Moist-Throat Way!



WHEN you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough. Pertussin stimulates these glands to again pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal from your respiratory system. Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal remedy for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN
The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief



Between scenes for her latest picture Shirley Ross has a snack.

We didn't know yet how true that was. For Mona was headed now towards fame, a salary due to grow more fantastic every few months. And I? I was nothing but a good doctor who some day might be tops in his profession—within limits.

Again I was alone. But loneliness was harder to bear, for now I missed, not a dream girl, but a woman of flesh and blood. And jealousy began its insidious torment.

Mona flew east between pictures, and every time she tried to reassure me. "Darling, there's nothing to it! The studio insists I go places. After all, a girl can't go to the Brown Derby and the Troc and the races all by herself! The men who take me are good sports, but mainly they're canny." She explained, "They want to be seen too."

"I know, darling. I know motion pictures are a business like any other, and that you must follow rules. But how do I know you won't fall for your leading man?"

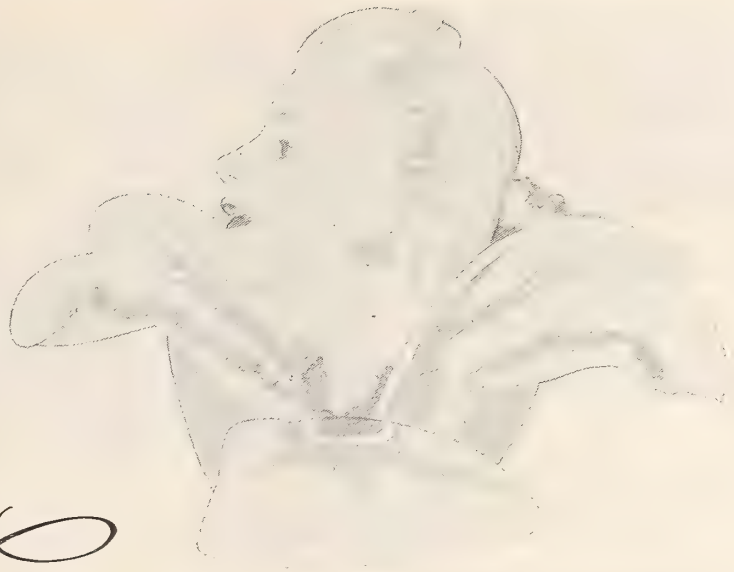
SHE was terribly hurt. "How can you even think of such a thing? After all these years when I haven't looked at any other man!"

Yet the fact remained I was nothing but a sandy-haired, average looking man gliding towards middle age, and I had no illusions about myself. If I'd had, my first visit to Mona in Hollywood would have dispelled them anyway. I shall never forget that visit, because it was like a bird's-eye view of our whole married life. I shall never forget the day I got there.

Like Mona, I flew across the continent. I couldn't afford it as easily as she, but I was impatient to be with her. I had expected her to come to me, but at the last moment she changed her plans. "Please," she'd written. "Please, darling. I'm so tired. And Malibu Beach will be heaven. Surely you can get away."

So I arranged with a colleague to take care of patients, handed over to him an operation which meant a thousand dollars. I didn't grudge any of it.

I remember thinking, as the plane circled over the airport, how clear and brilliant California sunshine really was. Then we were landing. I strained to pick my wife out in the crowd on the field, but she wasn't there. I was sick with disappointment.



Cleanliness IS PART OF LOVELINESS

The charm of attractive womanhood is made up of many things. Above all, a quality not to be measured merely by birthdays . . . a quality of fresh, sweetly fragrant daintiness, which proper care can assure at *any* age. With more accuracy than romance, let us call it frankly . . ."cleanliness". It means even more than bath-and-laundry cleanliness. It means that unsullied personal immaculacy which is the most compelling charm of a lovely young girl, *and of truly happy wives.* For no husband fails to notice, and resent, any neglect of intimate feminine cleanliness. Yet too many women never realize that the freshness, which is so *natural* in youth, requires constant care as maturity advances. A cleansing douche with "Lysol" disinfectant, in proper solution of water, is the frequent and regular feminine hygiene habit of fastidious modern women. They know that "Lysol" in solution cleanses thoroughly, deodorizes — dependably. Many hospitals use "Lysol"; many doctors recommend it for feminine hygiene. Complete directions are on every bottle . . . at any druggist's.

You must surely read these six reasons why "Lysol" is recommended for your intimate hygiene—to give you assurance of intimate cleanliness.

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

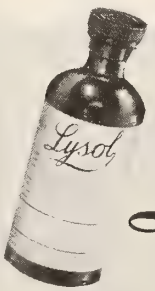
2—Effectiveness . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide,* active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs.*

4—Economy . . . "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.



For your cleansing douche

Lysol Disinfectant

What Every Woman Should Know

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Removes nail polish slick and quick! Prevents drying.

YOU merely dab your ten nails with one pad and off comes the nail polish—slick and quick! Especially treated to lubricate nail and cuticle and to prevent peeling or cracking. So convenient... nothing to spill or waste. Contains no acetone — non-drying. Daintily perfumed and no objectionable odor. 15 Pads 10c.

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This simple, all-in-one cleansing, softening, lubricating cream sloughs off the discolored, blemished surface skin in tiny, invisible particles. Your underskin is then revealed clear, smooth and beautiful. Bring out the hidden beauty of YOUR skin with Mercolized Wax.

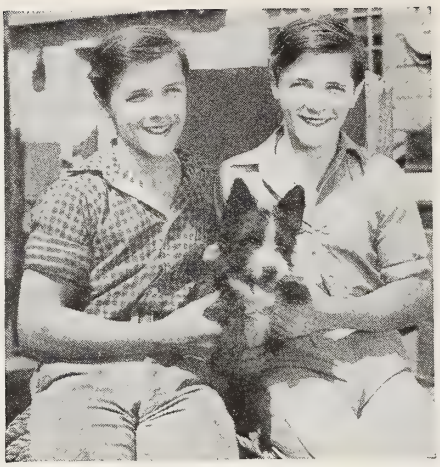
Try Saxolite Astringent

A DELIGHTFULLY refreshing astringent lotion. Tingling, antiseptic, helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel. Use this lotion daily.

Choose Phelactine Depilatory

For removing superfluous hair quickly. Easy to use.

At drug and department stores everywhere.



The Mauch twins keep us guessing in "Penrod and His Twin Brother."

The usual detail of newspaper men and photographers looked us over and decided none of us were worth bothering with. They were turning away when a limousine drove up. Mona jumped out of it and ran towards me, calling my name.

"John! The studio called a conference and . . . Darling, will you forgive me for being late?" Instantly, the press snapped to attention. Cameras clicked. We were—or rather Mona was—the center of attention.

I wanted to ignore them. But Mona, having learned about the behavior of a young star, pacified me. "Sorry, sweet." She was nice to them. "I'd catch hell from the studio if I tried to high-hat the press."

Oh, it wasn't being kept out that burned me up! What does a doctor want with publicity, anyway? It was their attitude. How would *you* like to be told that for your own wife to be seen with you is bad business.

That whole visit was a nightmare. In the first place, Mona's week of rest was cancelled, so that on my very first day in the film capital she went to work. I went with her. She said it might be fun. Fun! Throughout the afternoon I stood watching her kiss the same man again and again while a director shouted, "More passion, Miss Carne!" Finally I walked away.

It did little good to tell myself that she



Joan Carol, newest Fox starlet, pays a daily visit to Jane Withers on the set of "Gypsy." Orange juice is served!

MEN LOVE Peppy GIRLS!



IF you are happy and peppy and full of fun, men will take you places. If you are lively, they will invite you to dances and parties.

BUT, if you are cross and lifeless and always tired out, men won't be interested in you. Men don't like "quiet" girls. Men go to parties to enjoy themselves. They want girls along who are full of pep.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

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Lydia E. Pinkham's

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"Has She Anything Left to Want?" Jeanette MacDonald candidly answers this and many other intimate questions in May MODERN SCREEN

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ALL over America men and women who want to cleanse kidneys of waste matter and irritating acids and poisons and lead a longer, healthier, happier life are turning to GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules.

So now you know the way to help bring about more healthy kidney activity and stop getting up often at night. Other symptoms are backache, irritated bladder—difficult or smarting passage—puffiness under eyes—nervousness and shifting pains.

This harmless yet effective medicine brings results—you'll feel better in a few days. So why not get a 35¢ box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today—the original and genuine—right from Haarlem in Holland—Don't accept a counterfeit—Ask for and get GOLD MEDAL.



"Love Is a Headache" is the reason for Gladys George's and Franchot Tone's seriousness.

didn't enjoy those kisses. But I never returned to the set. I said the lights hurt my eyes.

There were other things. There was the party Mona gave for me. A madhouse of extravagance. Everyone in the room was a Name, the huge off-white living room was a perfect setting for Names, and it was my wife's home and I was a stranger in it.

Oh, she tried to tell them I was the guest of honor, but I was only a movie star's husband. I had nothing to contribute to the talk. They talked shop, and the only shop talk I knew was science. Theories and formulas. Some day they might benefit humanity, but they are pretty deadly in a drawing room.

I left at the end of the week. It wasn't until I was back in New York, not until the hospital with which I'm connected telephoned for advice on an urgent case, that I began to feel my self-respect coming back. Oh, it was good to know I was useful, a necessary cog in the machine of life.

I made several visits to Hollywood after that, but mostly I tried to have Mona come to New York. "The commuting couple," columnists named us.

Mona's visits to me were more successful than mine to her, because in New York even a film star can be squired about without too much ballyhoo. But it wasn't like old times. I wanted to do sentimental things like taking a boat to Coney Island, like lunch at the Automat. Mona said that was out. "A star can't afford that kind of slumming. Besides, I'd be mobbed by autograph hunters!"

Oh yes, she was a full-fledged star now. Her salary had risen to five thousand dollars a week when, during a whole year of practice, I was lucky if I cleared ten!

WHAT could I offer her? The enormous star sapphire on her engagement finger she'd bought herself. It practically hid the platinum band I'd put there once. She said, "That's good. The public doesn't like to be reminded I'm an old married woman."

And yet, through all the misery, our love lived on. Each time we parted, we clung to each other like lost children. And it was sweet to know that I was as dear to my wife as she was to me.

Once she whispered, "You're still—my rock of ages. I don't know what I'd do without you. Everything else—Hollywood, success, fame—they're grand, of course. But only because you're there in the background, loving me. If ever I lose you, everything else will be—well, just the glitter that isn't gold."

If ever I lose you. . . . So she too was

READING TIME LESS THAN 2 MINUTES • AND WELL WORTH EVERY WOMAN'S TIME

FACTS

about sanitary napkins!

•

Here are the questions women asked:



Is there a way for me to secure greater Comfort and Security?



Suppose my needs differ on different days . . . what can I do?



What kind of deodorant should I use for positive protection?

Here are the answers to your questions!

WOMEN know that the ideal sanitary napkin is one that can't chafe, can't fail, can't show. So, naturally, this was our goal. With the introduction of Wondersoft Kotex,* we were confident we had achieved it!

But to be honest, even though Wondersoft Kotex did create new standards of comfort and safety for *most* women, it did not completely satisfy every woman! Fortunately, we found out why . . . *We discovered that one-size napkin will not do for every woman, any more than one-size hat, dress or pair of shoes. And, for many women, one-size napkin will not do for every day, for a woman's personal needs may differ on different days.*

To meet this problem, we developed 3 types of Kotex . . . for different women, different days. Only Kotex has "All 3" . . . Regular Kotex, Junior Kotex, Super Kotex.

We sincerely believe that these 3 types of Kotex answer your demands for sanitary protection that meets your exact needs, each day. We urge you to try "All 3" next time, and see how they can bring you the greater comfort and security you seek.



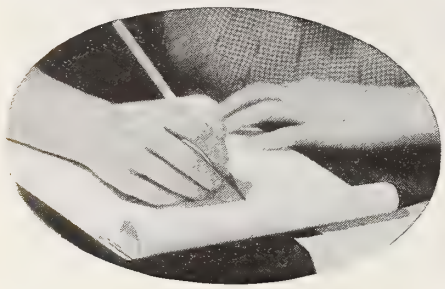
Try all 3 types of Kotex, then judge for yourself. The proof is in the wearing! Perhaps you will decide you want one type for today, another for tomorrow—or maybe all 3 types for different times.

Quest is the new *positive* deodorant powder that is completely effective on sanitary napkins. Only 35c for the large size.

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. . . get a jar of Barrington Hand Cream and use a little of this remarkable cream regularly. Whether it is office work, or house work, or gardening, Barrington gives wonderful results in transforming rough, red hands into soft, attractive hands that are smooth, pleasant to the touch, lovely to look at.

Barrington Hand Cream is very inexpensive, and the popular 10 cent jar is convenient to keep handy in desk drawer or on kitchen shelf.

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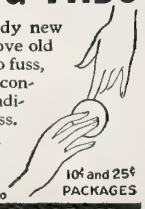
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being tortured by that fear. I cried, "If only we needn't spend most of our lives apart! If only there were some way. . . ."

That's when she had an idea. "But John, maybe there is a way! A good doctor is necessary—wherever he happens to be. . . ."

I didn't understand at once. She went on, "Come to Hollywood. Open an office there. Even in Hollywood people get sick, you know. Why not?"

Why not, indeed? It was so simple we might have known there was a catch to it.

My father was frankly dubious. "A doctor should stick to the hospital where he's doing effective work. Do you want to become a fashionable dispenser of pills?"

We laughed, and since Dad believed you can't stop a man from making his own mistakes, he said no more. It wasn't six months before I acknowledged how right he'd been.

Because practice in Hollywood—and I was successful in a big way once the movie colony took up Mona Carne's husband as its official healer, was a farce. No time for days given freely to work in a clinic, now. No time for research. Instead, there were endless private calls, the kind a good doctor can easily settle over the telephone.

But the stars wanted attention, personal and undivided. They wanted flattery. And I, hating myself, gave it. Because I knew that if I didn't, they'd stop calling me in and then once again I'd only be a drag on Mona.

No, we didn't find happiness through living under the same roof. Mona still kept going out with more spectacular men. And while she danced, I'd go to the home of some other languid lady, summoned on an urgent call.

Half the time there was nothing the matter with the patient. "I've got the jitters, Dr. Murdock. What does science prescribe in a case like that. Could a cocktail for two be the cure?"

I writhed inwardly. At first I'd thought my own studies might be of some use, because stars are women too, and women have babies, and whether you're rich or poor the suffering is the same.

But even that wasn't so. They didn't have babies, they adopted them. The studios advised it. Why, a great star's time and popularity were too precious.

Once, I had dreamed that the crowning achievement of my career would be to help Mona bring our own son painlessly into the world. But she had other ideas. . . .

Can you understand that my nerves cracked under the strain? A doctor, like a musician or an engineer, requires constant practice of his best faculties. Mine were seedy. I became obsessed with a fear that if I were faced with some complicated case, I would fail.

MY father died, leaving me the big brownstone house in New York, and little else, except a touching letter of farewell. He ended it with these lines. "Remember, son, what a great poet said. 'To thine own self be true. Thou canst not then be false to any man.'"

I knew well what he meant. And Mona knew, too. Tears came into her eyes. "Oh John," she said. "It *is* true, isn't it? Everything's my fault. I've made you—be untrue—to yourself."

I took her in my arms and let her sob against my shoulder. Yet I couldn't find it in my heart to say the words which would have soothed her.

And then, like a bombshell, another letter came. It was from the famous specialist in Vienna whose pupil I had once been. He was coming to the United States, to work for several years in one of those imposing endowed institutions of science which are the wonder of the rest of the world.

He wanted me to work with him. He said, "You're a young man, John Murdock, and you will carry on where I leave off. There is so much to do, and not enough men to do it."

My big chance. Not much glory in it, certainly no money beyond a living wage. But oh, the thing every man wants most—achievement.

But there was the other side of the picture. Gone would be my comparative "equality" with my wife. No more expensive, shiny Hollywood doctor's office. No more jaunts across country at thousands of dollars a throw. Only work.

I showed that letter, also to my wife. We talked it over quietly. She cried desperately, "But John, where would there be, in your new life, room for—us? For me?"

I said gravely, "There's always room for you. You *are* my life." But she shook her head.

"No, if you go away, it'll be the end. Not at once, perhaps. But sometime. I feel it."

"And if I stay?" I asked her.

She buried her face in her hands. "I know," she moaned. "If you stay, it will be the end, too. You couldn't forgive me for keeping you to work that isn't worthy of you. And I don't think I could love a man who wasn't true to himself."

It is a week now since that letter has been lying on my desk. I don't know how to answer it. We've searched for the solution. Driving in the sunlight, we've tried to see into the future. Lying close in the night, we've tried. And always, we go round in a circle, and in the end the riddle is still the same.

If I turn down that offer, I'll become a Hollywood husband for good, a failure in my own mind. Mr. Mona Carne. If I accept it, it will mean the end of our marriage.

Because sooner or later Mona will slip away from me. She mayn't think so now. But glamor and success have their lure. Men will court her. And in the end one of them will win out. I might as well admit I know it.

What are we to do, then? Please write to me and tell me, you who read this! We've thought so much we can't think for ourselves any more! Have we reached an impasse? We're both career people, Mona and I. We both love our work. Should I sacrifice my own to hers? Can I be a man and do this? Perhaps your letters will decide for me, one way or another.



Lionel Stander and Harold Lloyd hold roadside conversation while on location for "Professor Beware."

CLAUDETTE TAKES HER MEASUREMENTS

(*Continuing from page 33*)

I said, "Let's unroll the tape measure and begin. You know, you measure a child every so often to take stock of development, if any. Why not a star? Let's begin with the face."

"Oh, let's not!" laughed Claudette. "You'll go deuces wild with that tape measure if you try to make my face conform to movie measurements with it. Experts have tried and failed. It needs a lot of doing, that's the bare fact about my face. Too broad across the eyes, too narrow across the chin. Nose wrong. I have no illusions about my face. I have to have careful lighting, careful make-up if I am trying to look glamorous, which I seldom am. I must play parts which call for changes of expression, vivacity, using the play and mobility of feature which will distract attention from the tape-measure deficiencies."

So the tape measure was out. It would get hopelessly snarled if used on Claudette. She doesn't match, and when you add up the contradictions, you have a provocative personality, all the more provocative because it cannot be card-indexed, tagged, trade-marked.

Claudette perceived the pitiful little wad into which the tape measure had been rolled and she helped me out. Which is also characteristic and the one undeniable consistency among the contradictions of Claudette, her desire to help out, her practicality when she does help out. As when someone is ill, for instance, some worker in the studio, perhaps. She doesn't spill over and send large gobs of fancy flowers. She sends bowls of strong soup, bottles of strengthening wine, things that will do substantial good, not just attract the eye, and the attention.

She doesn't spill over in any way. She will not discuss her husband, her marriage, her private life for publication. She doesn't spill over in her friendships, either. She doesn't spread her affections thinly, calling chance acquaintances "darling," inviting the crowd to "drop in, any time." She has never had an uninvited guest in her home. No one has *ever* just "dropped in." She invites her friends to come to dinner on Wednesday evening the 18th, at 8 o'clock and that is when they come, and only when they come.

And because contradictions embroider the firm foundation of the Colbert character, she is, also, informal. She likes to have daytime guests because they can play tennis, jump in the pool, be out of doors; she likes to wear slacks and forget make-up. She has only a few friends but the few are her intimate friends, without reservations. And she is fiercely loyal to them. A friend of Claudette's would just about have to run the gamut of sheer viciousness before she could be made to disbelieve in him, or her. She is "crazy about Carole Lombard"; she is "terribly fond of Roccy and Gary Cooper," a handful of others.

So, now, she came to my aid. She said, "I'll tell you one thing your tape measure would not have found in me, measure as it might, and that's an inferiority complex. I haven't one." She is, she added, awfully bored with inferiority complexes, with people, nine out of every ten, who announce that they suffer from this epidemic malady which is, one would assume, more common than the common cold. She said, "I never had a terrific inferiority at any time. I always knew that I would get along, whatever I did." (She still knows so. She is confident that, had she not gone on the stage but had, instead, done dress designing, as she planned, she would have been successful. For Claudette believes that if a person is at all successful, in any thing, it's reasonable to suppose that they have the stuff of success in them.)

"I did have a terrific shyness," Claudette was saying. "I was inhibited. I was stiff. I couldn't let myself go. That was the result of my French upbringing. For a French girl is, you know, trained never to show any emotion of any kind, for any reason. Naturally, when I was projected from that sheltered background plunk into the stage, of all places, I froze. More so when I first went into pictures. I felt so self-conscious. It seemed to me that I was living all my life, my most intimate moments and emotions, in front of a mirror.

IT has only been in the past four years that I have gained self-assurance. The parts I have had have helped, yes. 'The Gilded Lily,' 'Private Worlds,' 'Tovarich,' now this 'Bluebeard's Eighth Wife' are pictures which have contributed largely to my feeling of self-assurance. I know my

23 and no sign of "middle aisling"?

DON'T LET THE BEST YEARS FOR MARRIAGE SLIP BY!

Here are some suggestions...



No matter what your age, remember: romance comes to girls with charm. If it seems to pass *you* by, you may be neglecting charm's first essential . . . remember it is *daintiness* that wins.

Avoid Offending

Just one hint of "undie odor" is enough to spoil any romance. Don't risk it! Lux undies every night!

Lux takes away all odor—protects your daintiness. Saves colors, too. Avoid soap with harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing. These wear out delicate things too fast. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Protect daintiness—Lux lingerie daily

est years for marriage:

gures based on 60,000 marriages show that most girls arry in their early 20's—58% before they are 24. However, women who are truly charming can marry at any age.

New beauty for your hair . . . *with this new* 4 Purpose Rinse



Lovalon, the 4 Purpose Rinse does all these four things for your hair in one quick, easy operation:

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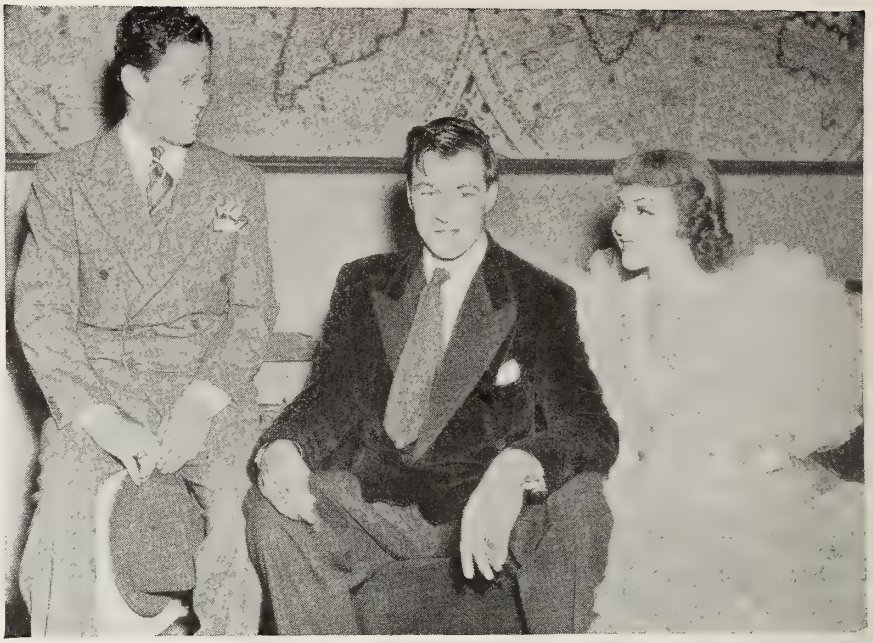
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On his return to Hollywood, Rudy Vallee visits Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert on the set of "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

job now. It is, after all, highly technical, and technique can be learned. The emotions you build, the reactions you try to get, are like pieces of a puzzle, and once you have learned the trick of putting the pieces together, you have that feeling of competency which is self-confidence.

"Does having achieved self-confidence mean that you never worry now?"

"No!" laughed Claudette, that rich silk laugh of hers, "I worry about everything. A curl out of place, the way a piece of furniture is placed on the set. I used to worry about my health, but having a doctor-husband takes care of that. They had a lot of fun with us on the set of 'Tovarich,' Charles Boyer and me, because Charles is, if anything, a better worrier than I am."

And here, again, a contradiction in the Colbert composite. For she is, she insists in the next breath, always optimistic about the future. She will always gamble with futures. She told how she onced moved from a small apartment into a very large, swank one without the faintest idea of where the next month's rent was coming from. But that was the next month. Something would turn up.

"I worry about my work now, today this hour," she said. "For the future, well, I know what I want to do. I'd like to be, on the screen, what Ina Claire is on the stage. I want to do the same sort of sophisticated comedy. For sophisticated comedy is ageless. And comedy is the only way, I believe, in which age can be bridged over. That's why I'm so pleased about 'Bluebeard's Eighth Wife.' It was one of Ina Claire's plays."

She is, she says, no business woman at all, again in spite of her fundamental practicality. She never sees her own checks, doesn't know the color of them. And as for lists of stocks, and income tax blanks and the like, they might as well, she laughed, "be the funny sheets!"

She enjoys fame and the rewards thereof, enjoys being recognized, applauded, as any normal, healthy-minded person does, if the truth is told. "I enjoy it," Claudette said, "except on the occasions, very rare, when I want to get away, let down my hair, have nothing on my face and can't do it." But even when she does go away she keeps her hair up, doesn't wear smoked glasses, doesn't try to palm herself off as Miss Brown from the Middle West.

SHE isn't temperamental. She does have a quick temper, and it is, she told me, "like milk soup, which boils up quickly and furiously and subsides just as immediately." She detests shopping for clothes . . . gets around it by buying an entire season's wardrobe at one time, in one place. She is extravagant only about houses, always has been. She has built her home in Bel Air, Georgian and gracious, and she says, "I go crazy, buying things for the house." Her hobby is 18th Century china, English, not French.

She is easily influenced by the moods of others. She is easily hurt, easily offended, supersensitive. She is more cynical than trusting. She says, "I never take people on faith. I am suspicious of everybody."

She is exacting with the people who work for her, fair but exacting, expecting them to know their jobs and to do them. She is equally exacting with herself. She isn't neat. She added, amused, "I'm terribly neat if somebody does it for me, and somebody always does. My mother has spoiled me in that way.

"I'm always late for appointments and I don't mean ten minutes late, either. I can't bear to be alone. I even invite someone to lunch with me here on the set every day because I can't be alone. I'm gregarious to the extent that I have to have someone with me all the time, one or two people, not a crowd. I'm a terribly routine person, too. I seldom go away. I haven't taken a trip in over four years. The trip Jack and I are about to take to Europe will be my first in four years."

And right here, Ernst Lubitsch came in, asked Claudette about the pronunciation of a French word, and said, "We are ready for rehearsal, please."

And Claudette, without a glance at the mirror, left, saying, "I think that if you had measured Lily Cauchoin, you would have found all of the same qualities, with the exception of the one—self-assurance.

"THE BEWILDERING BRADY"
The inside story of Alice's chance at drama in May MODERN SCREEN

COOK'S DAY OUT

Hold it! Our cameraman catches the stars in action as they dine at famous Hollywood spots on the cook's day out. Reading clockwise, you'll find Loretta Young, Judy Garland, Tony Martin, Wendy Barrie and Gloria Stuart.













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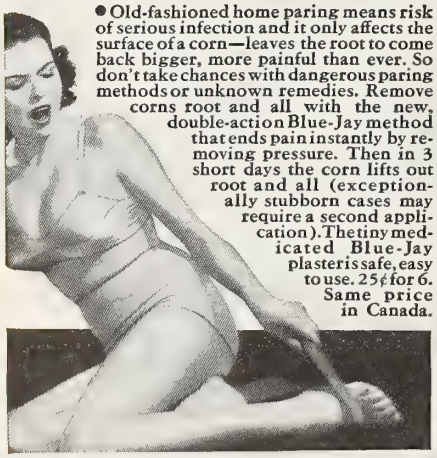
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Anna May Wong refused to let her Pekingese dogs work when they were offered roles in "Highway Racketeers."

INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 17)

ing as his favorite pastimes when not making pictures. He is idle very little of the time, however, since he crowds as many pictures into a year as possible. This, in closing, should be welcome news to his hosts of feminine admirers. He's still a bachelor!

We receive so many letters in this department from movie-struck fans who long for screen careers that we are taking space this month to give all of you a few plain facts about the situation. You might as well face the blunt and discouraging truth that only about one in ten thousand actually make the grade, unless backed by stage experience, dramatic coaching, personality and ability that has had public recognition, and, last but not least, the right connections. The Cinderella stories you read about are published merely because they are so unusual. Screen tests aren't available to the public and even if you were in Hollywood itself, your chances would be practically nil, since you wouldn't even get your nose inside a studio gate as an extra, unless you registered with Central Casting Bureau. This in itself is an impossibility these days, since their lists are so overcrowded already that they are not taking any new applicants. Far better for you to apply yourselves to something practical and forget the day dreams. Hollywood is full of beautiful, inexperienced, hopeful girls and boys who feel all they need is a chance. But they won't get that chance, and in the meantime, they're all but starving.

L. Dalling, Chicago, Ill. The list you refer to appeared in the June, 1937, issue of MODERN SCREEN. If you will send ten cents to our subscription department, the magazine will be mailed to you.

Mary Gowska, Scranton, Pa. A brief story of Gene Autry's life appeared in the July, 1937, issue of MODERN SCREEN. We will be glad to mail you a copy if you will send ten cents to our subscription department. Sorry not to have been able to answer you before this.

Barbara Hunn, Parma, Mich. Fredric March is very much married to Florence Eldredge. His latest picture is "The Buccaneer." A letter addressed to him in care of United Artists Studio, Hollywood, Cal. will reach him. He is forty years old.

Leah Kaufman, Pittsburgh, Pa. Since your letter is one of many showing a misunderstanding in regard to our printing biographies of stars, we hope this answer will explain the matter to everyone's satisfaction. Each month this department prints, in MODERN SCREEN, several brief life stories, chosen according to the number of requests sent in. Once a biography has been printed, that particular life story is not reprinted for six months, thus allowing for greater variety. In no instance do we mail out life stories of the stars, free of charge or otherwise. It is entirely a feature of the Information Desk carried each month in the magazine and dictated by requests sent in by our readers.

Marjorie Lee, Memphis, Tenn. The cover of Shirley Temple which you refer to was on the May, 1936, issue of MODERN SCREEN. If you will send ten cents to our subscription department we will be glad to mail you a copy of that issue.

Minnie Wolfevitch, Montreal, Que. Nelson Eddy was born in Providence, R. I. in 1901.

Eleanor Meyer, New York, N. Y. James Cagney's next picture will be "Angels With Dirty Faces." At this writing, no leading lady has been chosen. Address Mr. Cagney in care of Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

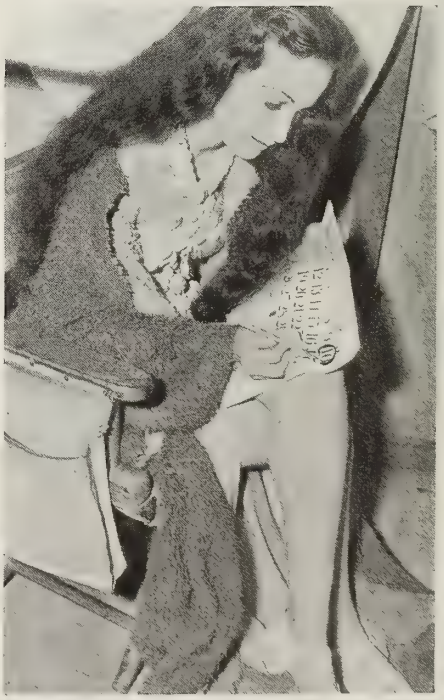
Max Jones, New Zealand. We do not furnish photographs through the magazine. However, if you write to Eleanor Powell in care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., requesting her picture, you will receive one. But be sure to enclose twenty-five cents to cover mailing costs.

Harris Huerth, St. Paul, Minn. There is a tentative deal in the air which may bring Jessie Matthews to this country in the very near future to make a picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Her latest English release is "Sailing Along" with Jack Whiting and Roland Young.

Sylvia Kaylor, Brooklyn, N. Y. In printing life stories we try to answer the requests of our readers according to the numbers received each month. Don't lose patience, your favorite's biography will appear soon.

Muriel Haddon, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y. Tony Martin's latest picture release is "Sally, Irene and Mary," in which he plays opposite his wife, Alice Faye.

Alberta Jackle, Glen Ridge, N. J. Ronald Col-



The red-letter day Dorothy Lamour is marking up is to be the start of a one-year vacation film executives have promised her.



Guinn Williams tries to convince Sylvia Sidney in their newest picture, "You and Me."

man was born in Richmond, Surrey, Eng. He is not married but has been rumored engaged to Benita Hume.

Thyony Theofiler, Houston, Tex. Gene Autry is thirty years old, weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds and is five feet ten inches tall. He is married to Ina Mae Spiney.

Elmer Schule, St. Albans, N. Y. As far as we know, Deanna Durbin has made no plans to appear in a New York stage play. Her latest picture release is "Mad About Music."

F. V. Navascues, Philippine Islands. Sorry, the only address we can furnish you with for Deanna Durbin is care of Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Anne Rust, New York, N. Y. Nelson Eddy's current release, as you know, is "Rosalie." "The Girl Of The Golden West" will probably be released late this month or next. Mr. Eddy is not a ladies' man, but seems to prefer his own company, or that of his mother, who is usually his companion at openings and previews.

Jeane Evans, Springfield, O. It is true that Clara Bow has talked about making a screen comeback but at the present time she is awaiting a visit from the stork and has temporarily abandoned thoughts of her career. Sorry, but we cannot furnish you with her personal address through this column. At this writing, the first ranking five male stars include, in order of their importance, Nelson Eddy, Gene Autry, Errol Flynn, Tyrone Power and Robert Taylor.

Nelda Thomas, Sacramento, Cal. Yes, Tony Martin and Alice Faye were both in "You Can't Have Everything." The Ritz Brothers are just that . . . brothers. "Rosalie" is Eleanor Powell's latest picture.

Barnadine A. Schulte, Philadelphia, Pa. Address Ronald Colman care of United Artists Studio, Hollywood, Cal., and enclose twenty-five cents to cover mailing costs of the photograph. If you'll read through this column you'll find other addresses given to cover your questions.

Grace Ruby, Clayton, Mo. In spite of what you have read, Errol Flynn happens to be the young man's correct name and don't let anybody tell you differently.

Richard Storey, New Orleans, La. Jane Bryan is under contract to Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, Cal., where you may address her. The stars do read their own fan mail so she will see your letter. She was born Jane O'Brien in Hollywood on June 11, 1918. She's five feet three inches tall, weighs a hundred and thirteen pounds, has gray eyes and light brown hair.

Anthony Parker, Denham Springs, La. You can get Frances Langford's picture by writing to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. She is twenty-two years old, unmarried and at this writing not set for her next picture as yet.

Virginia Novak, Seymour, Conn. Eleanor Powell plays opposite Nelson Eddy in "Rosalie."

Margery Green, Philadelphia, Pa. Yes, you are right. Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald are set to play opposite each other in "Girl Of The Golden West."



Claire Trevor and Michael Whelan enjoy a chat on the set of "Walking Down Broadway."

Emogene Savage, Indianapolis, Ind. If you write Norma Shearer at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., and enclose twenty-five cents with your request for her picture, she'll send it to you and it will be autographed by her.

Rosemarie Schwartz, Trenton, N. J. Address Ramon Novarro in care of Republic Pictures, Hollywood, Cal.

Marlis Nilsen, Shadehill, S. D. Jack Oakie's friend who died was Bill Boyd, the stage actor. There is another Bill Boyd in the movies, you know, and he is the one whose marriage you saw announced.

Betty May Keller, Philadelphia, Pa. Sonja Henie was born on April 8, 1913 in Oslo, Norway.

Florence Kaye, Pittsburgh, Pa. Alice Faye's newest picture is "Sally, Irene and Mary." Yep, it's a musical and Hubby Tony Martin is with her in it.

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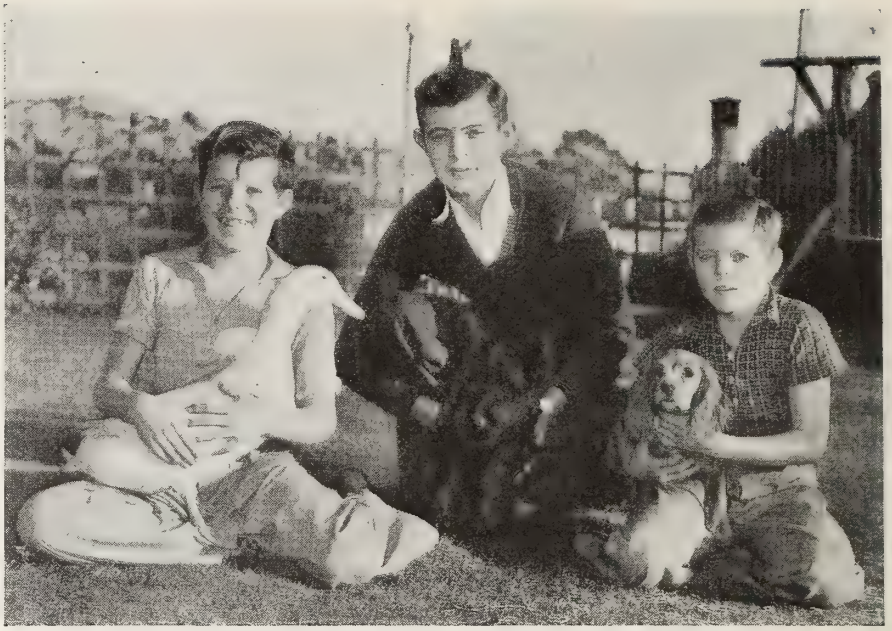
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Jane Bryan's brothers, Bill, James Murray, Jr., and Don, pose with their pets. You can see they believe in being impartial.

CLOSE-UP OF A COMER

(Continued from page 39)

Acting is as effortless for her as breathing. In the family O'Brien (Jane's name was changed to Bryan by Warners to avoid confusion with Pat O'Brien on theatre marquees), there is no trace of that histrionic urge which possesses Jane. Unless her mother's flare for elocution might have a suggestion of it.

LONG before Jane was into her teens, her parents recognized that they had an embryo actress on their hands. Even the three younger brothers early realized that this sister of theirs was something very special.

It must be the singular alchemy of the Gaelic blood which drove Jane relentlessly in her single-track devotion to the stage. For never once in all her nineteen years has Jane swerved from her one ambition to be an actress.

Very recently May Robson said to her, "What would you do if you had to give up acting?"

"I wouldn't give up acting," was Jane's definite reply.

Jane is shy and hesitant as she discusses her brief past and her schoolday venturings into drama.

"Those performances in the attic went on for years," she recalls. "The plays were extemporaneous and it depended on my mood whether I was the princess in the tower, the villain who held her there, or the hero who rescued her. Mother stopped worrying about my periodic disappearances eventually. She knew that I was off somewhere strutting on imaginary stages and reducing phantom audiences to inarticulate admiration of my performance.

"I was in a class play or two at Marymount Convent, but important vistas opened to me when I entered University High School. Here were drama classes, a dramatic coach, plays to be given, scenery to be painted—in short, the theatre.

"The only trouble was that I always talked out of turn. I'd be chosen for an important part in a play, and then the coach and I would disagree as to the interpretation of the role. Or perhaps I felt the timing was wrong in the delivery of lines.

"I would wave my hands and scream, 'It shouldn't be done that way, it isn't right,' and before I knew it, someone else was in my part, and I found myself making the announcements before the curtain went up.

"When high school was over, I thought to myself, 'Now at last, I can go out and be an actress.' I had only vague notions of how I was going to do it, but I thought a good beginning would be with a term in some good dramatic school.

"Very gently I made the suggestion to the family. But my mother and dad had other plans for me. They felt that a course at the University, which was within a stone's throw of our house, was indicated.

"So we made a bargain. I lacked half a credit in algebra for University admission. If I would work off that required entrance credit, I could also at the same time attend Jean Muir's experimental theatre. I would have six whole months to test myself. If no exceptional talents were discovered by the teachers in that time, I was to be a good girl and go on with my education."

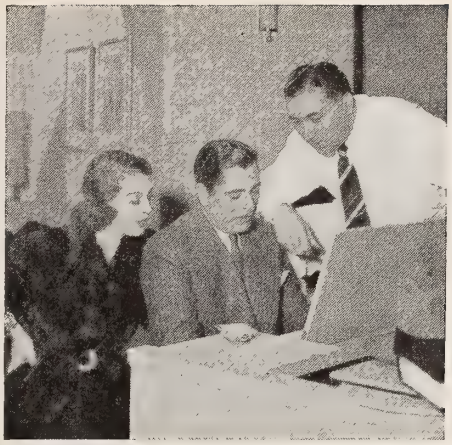
So in exchange for that one hour of drudgery at algebra, Jane received the fulsome delight of classes in drama, dancing and fencing, stage-setting and costuming. Miss Muir's school had an excellent staff, and Jane received invaluable training.

IN February of 1936, "Green Grow the Lilacs" was chosen by the Theatre Workshop for presentation. Lynn Riggs, the author, was in Hollywood, under contract to a major studio, and he was sufficiently interested to undertake the direction of his own play.

Jane O'Brien was cast in an important role!

In deference to the playwright and Miss Muir, the audience was star-studded. Among those attending was Bette Davis. In reality it was Fate sharing a seat with Bette.

The following morning she went to Max



One of the most accomplished musicians in Hollywood, Warner Baxter, entertains Loretta Young and Director Walter Lang at the piano.

Arnow, then casting director at Warners and said, "I wish you'd go down to Jean Muir's school. They're giving 'Green Grow the Lilacs.' There's a girl called Jane O'Brien in it. She's a natural, if I've ever seen one."

Mr. Arnow promptly attended. No possible bets are ever passed up in Hollywood by talent scouts and casting directors.

A week later, Jane was invited to make a screen test. She chose the love scene from "Green Grow the Lilacs." And on March 9, 1936, she signed a long-term contract. But before becoming a full-time actress, Jane finished her algebra and her workshop course.

"If things didn't work out," she says, "I wanted to be able to have that algebra credit so I could go to college. Otherwise, I wouldn't have kept my part of the bargain with Dad and Mother."

Jane was cast in two pictures in unimportant roles. Did this child really have it? Was she really a natural actress? Did she possess that undefinable, intangible quality which every fine actress must have?

In her first few days on the set, she proved that she had it. She took to acting before the camera like a duck to water.

Long before "Marked Woman" was released, in which she played the role of Bette Davis' younger sister, Bette said to me, "There is a girl whom you must know. She is one of those rare things, a natural actress. Watch her.

"She goes into a scene as if she were hypnotized; as if she were following directions, taking orders from some unseen power. It's uncanny."

Jane is still wide-eyed with delight at her break and she is now intent on justifying the faith of the studio and her sponsors in her.

"I hope I'll be given a lot of little sister roles," she declares. "I prefer not to carry the love interest in a picture, for I still don't believe I'm sufficiently mature emotionally to do it."

Her special request now is, "No love, please," applied equally to her personal life and her screen life.

Her interests are diverse. Reading, tennis and walking and hunting, with Phil Kellogg, a cutter on her home lot, as her companion.

Jane's special enthusiasm centers around her three brothers: Jim, seventeen, Billie, fourteen, and Don, eleven. "Billie," she confides, "is going to be a real actor some day. He has that special something."



Mary Garden visits MacDonald on the set of "Girl of The Golden West," the musical score of which is said to be sumpin'!

The only drawback to the young brothers is that their important activities keep Jane broke buying uniforms or footballs or camp paraphernalia for whole groups at a time.

"And then I have to borrow from the boys for my own spendin' change. But I have to pay it back the following week—so there's no week when I'm not financially embarrassed."

In a town indifferent to its local talent, Jane Bryan, a Los Angeles product living in the shadow of motion picture studios—daughter of a prominent attorney—has through luck and talent made an excellent bid for fame!



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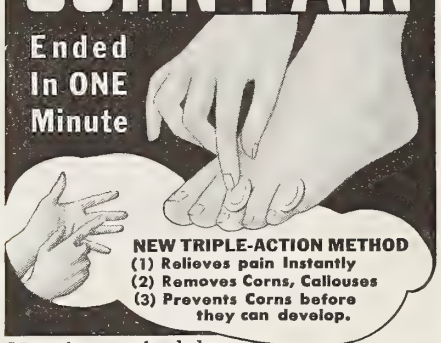
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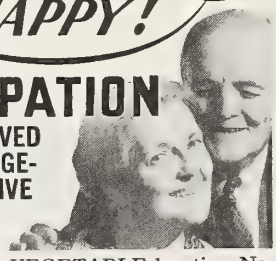
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Nature's Remedy REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE NR-TABLETS-NR

BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME

(Continued from page 83)

$1.00 Prize Letter
More Drama For Claire

I saw a grand picture, "Dead End". I saw those boys make those "Dead End" hoodlums startlingly real, Joel McCrea ignite another brilliant light along his movie road of success, Sylvia Sydney add another impressive portrayal to her preceding ones as did Humphrey Bogart. But I also saw an actress do with her tiny role what the stars did with theirs. I mean Claire Trevor as Francey.

I've seen Claire in numerous films before, but her roles never allowed the verve she put into her performance as Francey. At last a part, if small, into which she could get her teeth and prove she is as good as Hollywood's best dramatic stars!

Claire should no longer be cast in support to some star but as the star in a Class A production like "Dead End". The emotion and vitality she put into Francey should be rewarded with a starring role for Claire.—Josephine Crutcher, So. Boca Grande, Florida.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Shirley, the Kid Sister

Ever since the day I made public my admiration for Shirley Temple, I have been the victim of an abundance of kidding. I pretend to be able to take it but inside it hurts. Because in kidding me, my friends say things about her that to me seem mean.

Being a lad in my late teens, I regard Shirley as I would a kid sister. My love for her is something far deeper than mere fan worship. I like to imagine her as one of my dearest friends because I feel that I know her as well as anyone. Whenever I read or hear mean and catty little things about her I wonder how people can possibly have any love in their hearts and still criticize the little girl who stands for everything that is good and right.

Her beauty, ability and genius are something for the whole world to love and respect, as I do. But Shirley, as a little child I have prayed to some day walk and talk with as a true friend, is the little girl I have grown to love.—Bill Dawkins, St. Albans, N. Y.

WRITE A LETTER—WIN A PRIZE

This is an open forum written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, $5; two second prizes of $2 each; six prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You and Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.

Your Hair Stays in Place HOURS LONGER with



No Matter How Lovely You Look—



it all can be spoiled by a run!

RUN-R-STOP saves you embarrassment as well as money. Just a drop will stop a run or snag *permanently*. Handsome RED & BLACK VANITY protects tube in purse. Ask for it at chain, department and shoe stores. Only **10c**

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping *as advertised therein.*

RUN-R-STOP

FREE—we will send you a handy purse-size case of Nail White in a new convenient form. Simply mail the instruction sheet from a package of Run-R-Stop to Dept. M
CAMILLE INC.—49 East 21st Street, New York

BECOME AN EXPERT

ACCOUNTANT

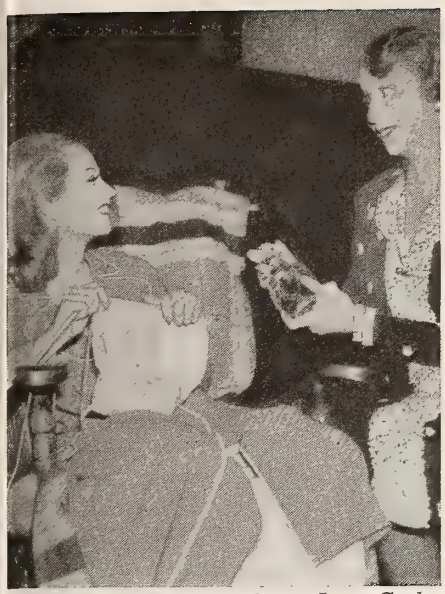
Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 16,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C.P.A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

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The School That Has In Its Alumni Over 1,450 C.P.A.'s



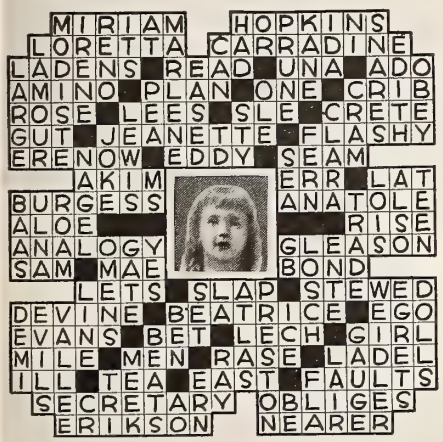
Why Blonde Hair Requires A Special Shampoo

Unless blonde hair is given special care it is sure to darken and lose beauty with age. But here at last, is a shampoo and a special rinse that brings out the lustrous beauty, the alluring sheen and highlights that can make blonde hair so attractive. Try New BLONDEX, this amazing Blonde Hair Shampoo and Special Rinse today. Costs but a few cents to use and is absolutely safe. Used regularly it keeps hair lighter, lovelier, gleaming with fascinating lustre. BLONDEX in new combination package (shampoo with separate rinse) sold at all stores. Large size costs less per shampoo.



Helen Broderick bribes Ann Sothern with a bottle of expensive perfume. Ann, remember that New Year's resolution to keep the next sweater you knit for yourself!

Solution To Puzzle on Page 88





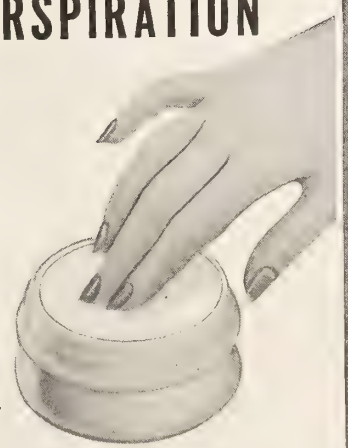
Katharine Hepburn has joined the knitters, too. In typical attire of slacks and blouse, she works away between scenes of "Bringing Up Baby."



NEW . . . a CREAM DEODORANT
which safely
STOPS *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

Arrid is the ONLY deodorant to stop perspiration with all these five advantages:—

1. Does not rot dresses, does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days—removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid is the ONLY deodorant to stop perspiration which has been awarded the Textile Seal of Approval of The American Institute of Laundering for being HARMLESS TO FABRIC.



39¢ a jar
At drug and dept. stores

ARRID



TRIAL JAR: Send 10 cents (stamps or coin) for generous size jar of Arrid. Feminine Products, 55A Park Place, New York, N. Y.



"KEEP NAILS SHAPELY THE *Wigder* WAY".....

MEN love to see a girl's fingertips well-groomed. Keep them always lovely-to-look-at with the daily use of a Wigder Nail File. The **triple-cut** teeth file faster, more smoothly; the special **Improved Cleaner Point** safeguards the tender skin under the nail. Ask for the WIGDER Nail File!

On sale at all drug and 10-cent stores 10c



Wigder NEWARK NEW JERSEY
quality costs no more
NAIL FILES • TWEEZERS • NAIL CLIPS • SCISSORS

KILL THE HAIR ROOT



Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, following simple directions with proper care. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 45 years of successful use all over the world. Also used by professionals. **Send 6c** in stamps **TODAY for Illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever."** D. J. Mahler Co., Dept. 36D, Providence, R. I.

Sensational FREE *Offer*

SEND COUPON FOR 3 LIPSTICKS AND REJUVIA MASCARA CREAM



It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the famous FLAME-GLO Triple Indelible Lipsticks **FREE**... each in a different fascinating shade, so you can discover the color most becoming to you. To introduce our newest achievement, we will also send you a tube of REJUVIA Mascara Cream, with brush. It's Guaranteed Waterproof and Smear-proof; perfectly Harmless! Just send 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs. For beauty's sake, send coupon TODAY!

Flame-Glo REG U S PAT OFF TRIPLE INDELIBLE

REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS.
DEPT. AJ, 116 WEST 14TH ST., N. Y. C.
Send me 3 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks and REJUVIA Mascara Cream; enclosed find 10c (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost. (15c in Canada)

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CHECK MASCARA COLOR DESIRED
☐ BLACK ☐ BROWN ☐ BLUE

10¢ AND 20¢ AT LEADING 5 & 10¢ STORES



Important stars flock to Grauman's Chinese Theatre to record their footprints. Ty Power and Loretta Young.

Loretta Young puts her hand on the nice gooey cement to leave her mark for posterity. The stamp of fame!



MAKING THEIR MARKS

PRINTS IN CEMENT MARK THE SPOT WHERE TY POWER AND LORETTA YOUNG HAVE PASSED

Look what the Young gal has written! "To Sid, Affection." Is Mr. Grauman proud!

Tyrone Power and the Young lady are pretty pleased with their morning's handiwork.





New Cream with "Skin-Vitamin" does More than Ever for your skin

TODAY something new is possible in beauty creams! A thing not dreamed of only a few years ago!

One of the vitamins has been found to be a special aid to the skin. This vitamin is now known to heal wounds and ugly burns—quicker! It even prevents infections in wounds!

And this "skin-vitamin" you are now getting in Pond's Vanishing Cream.

You have always used Pond's Vanishing Cream for melting away skin flakiness and making skin smooth for powder. Now this famous cream brings added benefits.

Use it as you always have. After a few weeks, just see how much better your skin looks—clearer, fresher!

In Pond's Vanishing Cream, this precious "skin-vitamin" is now carried right to the skin. It nourishes the skin! This is not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. It is the vitamin that especially helps to maintain skin beauty.

Same Jars . . . Same Labels . . . Same Price

Get a jar of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream tomorrow. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Women who have tried it say they're "just crazy" about it.



Melts Roughness Holds Powder



The Countess de la Falaise says: "I've always felt I couldn't do without Pond's Vanishing Cream before powder and overnight. Now, it's simply magical. In 3 weeks it has made my skin seem finer, livelier!"

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!

Test it in 9 Treatments

Pond's, Dept. 9MS-VR, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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People with "go" are always the most popular. Yet the secret of abounding energy is often merely a matter of keeping regular. For tiredness, headaches, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, mental depression can all be caused by constipation.

Truly, proper elimination is all-important to your well-being. So if more than one day goes by without it, assist Nature. Use Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This laxative is extremely mild. And Olive Tablets are marvelously effective *because they stimulate the liver's secretion of bile without the discomfort of drastic or irritating drugs.*

Let Olive Tablets help safeguard *your* welfare and pep. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢ at all druggists.

Wear this *FREE* Dress

Gives You Chance to **MAKE** UP TO **$23** in a **WEEK**



All you do is to wear it, or choice of 100 other late style dresses, and show to friends. You can earn up to $23 in a week taking their orders. It is easy, pleasant work, requires no house-to-house canvassing. And no investment or experience are necessary. Send your name, address, age and dress size for free details of this amazing offer. See the complete portfolio of lovely new spring and summer dresses.

FASHION FROCKS, Inc., DEPT. CD-250 Cincinnati, O.

BE SAFE! WORM PUPS AND TOY BREEDS WITH SERGEANT'S PUPPY CAPSULES



There are 23 tested "Sergeant's" Dog Medicines. Trusted since 1879. Constantly improved. Made of finest drugs. Sold under money-back Guarantee by drug and pet shops. Ask them for a free copy of "Sergeant's" Dog Book, or write:

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORP.
504 W. Broad Street • Richmond, Va.

Copr. 1938, Polk Miller Products Corp.



Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Adventure's End (Universal)	2★
Adventurous Blonde (Warners)	2½★
Alcatraz Island (Warners)	2½★
Ali Baba Goes to Town (20th Century-Fox)	3★
All Over Town (Republic)	1½★
Annapolis Salute (RKO)	2★
Another Dawn (Warners)	2½★
Artists and Models (Paramount)	3★
Ave Maria (UFA)	3★
The Awful Truth (Columbia)	4★
Back in Circulation (Warners)	2★
Bad Guy (M-G-M)	2★
The Barrier (Paramount)	1★
Beg, Borrow or Steal (M-G-M)	2½★
Behind the Mike (Universal)	2½★
Between Two Women (M-G-M)	2★
Big City (M-G-M)	2½★
Big Town Girl (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Blonde Trouble (Paramount)	2½★
Blossoms on Broadway (Paramount)	1★
Born Reckless (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Boots and Saddles (Republic)	2½★
Boss of Lonely Valley (Universal)	2★
Breakfast for Two (RKO)	2★
A Bride for Henry (Monogram)	1★
The Bride Wore Red (M-G-M)	1★
Broadway Melody of 1938 (M-G-M)	3★
Bulldog Drummond at Bay (Republic)	1½★
Bulldog Drummond Comes Back (Paramount)	1★
Bulldog Drummond's Revenge (Paramount)	2½★
Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Charlie Chan on Broadway (20th Century-Fox)	2★
*Checkers (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Colorado Kid (Republic)	2★
Confession (Warners)	2★
Conquest (M-G-M)	4★
Counsel for Crime (Columbia)	2★
Courage of the West (Universal)	1½★
Crashing Hollywood (RKO)	2½★
Criminals of the Air (Columbia)	2★
Crusade Against Rackets (Principal)	2★
A Damsel in Distress (RKO)	3★
Dance, Charlie, Dance (Warners)	2★
Danger—Love at Work (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Dangerously Yours (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Danger Patrol (RKO)	2★
Dark Journey (United Artists)	3★
Daughter of Shanghai (Paramount)	2½★
Dead End (Samuel Goldwyn)	4★
Double or Nothing (Paramount)	2★
Double Wedding (M-G-M)	2★
*Every Day's A Holiday (Paramount)	3★
Escape by Night (Republic)	1½★
Ebb-Tide (Paramount)	3★
Expensive Husbands (Warners)	2½★
52nd Street (Walter Wanger)	2★
Fight For Your Lady (RKO)	2★
The Firefly (M-G-M)	3★
First Lady (Warners)	3★
Fit for a King (RKO)	2★
Flight from Glory (RKO)	2★
Footloose Heiress (Warners)	1★
Forty-Five Fathers (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Forty Naughty Girls (RKO)	2★
Frame-Up (Columbia)	2★
The Game that Kills (Columbia)	2★
Gangway (GB)	2½★
The Gold Racket (Grand National)	2★
The Great Garrick (Warners)	3★
Headin' East (Columbia)	2★
Heidi (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Here's Flash Casey (Grand National)	2★
High, Wide and Handsome (Paramount)	3½★
Hitting a New High (RKO)	2★
Hold 'Em, Navy (Paramount)	2★
Hollywood Hotel (Warner)	3★
Hot Water (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Hurricane (Samuel Goldwyn)	3½★
Idol of the Crowds (Universal)	2★
I'll Take Romance (Columbia)	3★
I Met My Love Again (Walter Wanger)	3★
In Old Chicago (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
It Can't Last Forever (Columbia)	1½★
It Happened in Hollywood (Columbia)	2½★
It's All Yours (Columbia)	2★
It's Love I'm After (Warners)	4★
King Solomon's Mines (GB)	2★
Lady, Behave! (Republic)	2★
The Lady Escapes (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
*The Lady Fights Back (Universal)	1★
Lancer Spy (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Last Gangster (M-G-M)	3★
Life Begins in College (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Live, Love and Learn (M-G-M)	3★
Look Out, Mr. Moto (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Life of Emile Zola (Warners)	4★
The Life of the Party (RKO)	1★
Lost Horizon (Columbia)	4★
Love and Hisses (20th Century-Fox)	3★

Picture and Producer	Rating General
Love Is on the Air (Warners)	2★
Love Takes Flight (Grand National)	1½★
Love on Toast (Paramount)	2★
Love Under Fire (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Madam X (M-G-M)	1½★
Make a Wish (RKO)	2½★
*Mama Runs Wild (Republic)	1★
Mannequin (M-G-M)	3★
Man-Proof (M-G-M)	2½★
Married Before Breakfast (M-G-M)	2½★
Marry the Girl (Warners)	1½★
Mayerling (Nero)	4★
Merry-Go-Round of 1938 (Universal)	2★
Missing Witnesses (Warners)	2★
Murder in Greenwich Village (Columbia)	1★
Murder on Diamond Row (London Films)	2½★
Music for Madame (RKO)	2★
Navy Blue and Gold (M-G-M)	3★
New Faces of 1937 (RKO)	3★
Night Club Scandal (Paramount)	2★
Non-Stop New York (GB)	2★
Nothing Sacred (Selznick-International)	3★
One Mile from Heaven (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
On Again—Off Again (RKO)	1★
100 Men and a Girl (Universal)	4★
On Such a Night (Paramount)	1★
Ourselves Alone (GB)	2½★
Over the Goal (Warners)	1★
Paid to Dance (Columbia)	1★
Partners in Crime (Paramount)	1★
The Perfect Specimen (Warners)	3★
Prescription for Romance (Universal)	1★
Portia on Trial (Republic)	3★
Prisoner of Zenda (Selznick-International)	4★
Reported Missing (Universal)	2★
Renfrew of the Royal Mounted (Grand National)	2★
Rosalie (M-G-M)	3★
The Road Back (Universal)	3★
Roaring Timber (Columbia)	2★
San Quentin (Warners)	2½★
Saturday's Heroes (RKO)	2½★
Second Honeymoon (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Sea Racketeers (Republic)	1½★
She Asked for It (Paramount)	2★
The Sheik Steps Out (Republic)	2★
Sh! The Octopus (Warners)	2★
She's Got Everything (RKO)	2★
She's No Lady (Paramount)	1★
Snow White and the 7 Dwarfs (Disney)	4★
Small Town Boy (Grand National)	2★
Some Blondes Are Dangerous (Universal)	1★
Something to Sing About (Grand National)	2½★
Sophie Lang Goes West (Paramount)	2½★
Souls at Sea (Paramount)	3★
Spy Ring (Universal)	2★
Stage Door (RKO)	4★
Stand-In (Walter Wanger)	3★
Stella Dallas (Sam Goldwyn)	4★
Super Sleuth (RKO)	1★
Strangers on a Honeymoon (GB)	2★
Submarine D-1 (Warners)	2★
Swing It Sailor (Grand National)	1★
Tarzan's Revenge (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Tes Rides with the Boy Scouts (Grand National)	2★
Texas Trail (Paramount)	2★
The Shadow (Columbia)	2★
There Goes The Groom (RKO)	2★
That Certain Woman (Warners)	2★
They Won't Forget (Warners)	3★
Thin Ice (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Think Fast, Mr. Moto (20th Century-Fox)	2★
This Way, Please (Paramount)	1★
Thoroughbreds Don't Cry (M-G-M)	2½★
Thrill of a Lifetime (Paramount)	1★
Thunder Trail (Paramount)	2★
Trapped by G-Men (Columbia)	1½★
True Confession (Paramount)	4★
The Toast of New York (RKO)	3★
Topper (Hal Roach)	3★
Tovarich (Warners)	3★
True Confession (Paramount)	3★
Under Suspicion (Columbia)	2★
Varsity Show (Warners)	3★
Victoria the Great (RKO)	4★
Vogues of 1938 (Walter Wanger)	3★
Wee Willie Winkie (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Wells Fargo (Paramount)	3★
West of Shanghai (Warners)	1½★
The Westland Case (Universal)	2★
White Bondage (Warners)	1★
Wife, Doctor and Nurse (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Wild and Woolly (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Wild Money (Paramount)	1★
Wine, Women and Horses (Warners)	1★
Wise Girl (RKO)	3★
You're A Sweetheart (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
*You're Only Young Once (M-G-M)	2★
You Can't Have Everything (20th Century-Fox)	3★

Turn to our Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. It's a valuable guide in choosing entertainment. Instead of giving the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.



Beautiful, blue-eyed and blonde, Phyllis Brooks proves Hollywood is sometimes very slow to recognize talent. Phyllis was a model for several noted artists until her picture in a toothpaste advertisement caught the eye of film scouts who gave her a screen test. The roles that fell her way dissatisfied Phyl, and, refusing a renewal of her screen contract, she left for New York and the stage. She was given the coveted role of second lead in the Broadway production of "Stage Door". The favorable criticism she received again brought a film contract—this time with 20th Century-Fox. And now, watch Miss B, for she's rocketing to stardom. Her new picture is "Walking Down Broadway".

"MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN?
DON'T TRY TO SCARE ME...
WHY, I'M ONLY 22!



THEN... WHAT A SHOCK!

WELL, NO WONDER YOUR POWDER "FLAKES"! YOU'VE LET YOUR SKIN GET SO DRY, LIFELESS, COARSE-LOOKING... YOU'VE ACTUALLY GOT "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

IF YOU'RE SMART, YOU'LL CHANGE TO **PALMOLIVE SOAP** RIGHT AWAY!

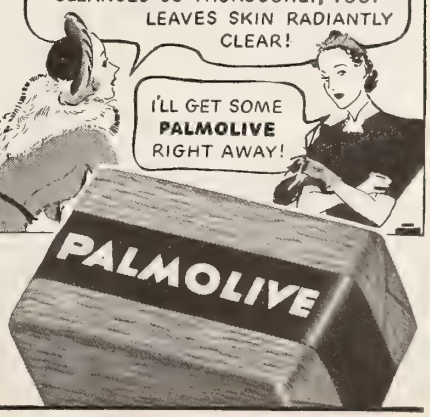
WELL, **PALMOLIVE** CERTAINLY KEEPS YOUR COMPLEXION LOVELY, BUT WHY IS PALMOLIVE SO DIFFERENT?

BECAUSE **PALMOLIVE** IS MADE WITH **OLIVE OIL**... A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE AND PALM OILS! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT SOFTENS, SMOOTHS, REFINES SKIN TEXTURE. ITS GENTLE LATHER CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY, TOO! LEAVES SKIN RADIANTLY CLEAR!

I'LL GET SOME **PALMOLIVE** RIGHT AWAY!



THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE! FROM NOW ON I'M USING ONLY **PALMOLIVE**, THE SOAP MADE WITH **OLIVE OIL** TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!



Lady Lillian

Introduces

NEW BEAUTY

With the new, smart crème polish in her trial kit for only 10 cents. Revel in the fashion-right shades of Rust, Robin Red, Old Rose, Thistle, Cloverine, Tulip Red. Kit contains bottle of nail polish, polish remover, nail white, manicure stick, cotton — all for 10 cents. Lady Lillian's Trial Kit is on sale at 5 and 10 cent stores. Approved by Good Housekeeping.



Special 3c Trial Offer

For single generous trial bottle send this ad and 3¢ stamp to LADY LILLIAN, Dept. M-11, 1140 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Specify shade you prefer.

MOVIE STARS
AUTOMATIC HAIR CURLER



★ BEAUTIFUL HAIR . . . IN A JIFFY . . . WITH ONE CURLER



ON SALE AT DIME & DEPT. STORES EVERYWHERE



10¢ & 20¢ Boxes

SITROUX

AT YOUR 5 and 10 cent STORE!

Stars of stage and screen prefer Sitroux Tissues (pronounced "Sit-true.") So soft, yet so much *stronger*. They *hold together*. Care for YOUR complexion with Sitroux Tissues. Get a box today!



There was a time when Stu Erwin wanted to be tall, dark and handsome—but he's over that now!

BRIGHT BOY

(Continued from page 12)

But instead of a hayseed shuffling to meet him, Mr. Sheehan was met by a good-looking young man with keen grey eyes and wearing excellently tailored clothes.

"Why—why," stammered Sheehan, "I came to offer you the role of the hammiest hick that ever saw celluloid, but how would you like the romantic lead?"

"Thanks a lot," he said, "I'd rather be the goof. I like those guys!"

That was nine years ago—but today you would have as big a surprise as Mr. Sheehan—were Stu Erwin pointed out to you.

You would probably recognize Mrs. Erwin first, for she looks like the movie star she used to be. That same delicate beauty which was June Collyer's alone.

And if you were fortunate enough to



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

LEARN TO DRAW AT HOME

COMMERCIAL ART
- ILLUSTRATING
- CARTOONING

Perhaps you have the desire but not the ability to draw. If so we can train you at home like we have done for so many others since 1914. The ability to Draw offers recreation and pleasure, and a profitable career in Art. **Write for free book, "Art for Pleasure and Profit".** State age, occupation.

STUDIO 324E, WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
1115—15th STREET, N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Good News

ASTHMA PAROXYSMS RELIEVED

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Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name_____
City_____ State_____ Age_____

meet Stu Erwin you would find he has a charm that is friendly and direct.

If you were twice as lucky and had a chance to visit him in his home, you would find your first impression backed up a hundred per cent. More than likely the door of that hospitable, rambling Spanish home would be opened by Stu himself. The whole house breathes the spirit of hospitality right to the "play-house" at the back where you would probably be taken for some fun. Maybe it would be for games with the children, around whom the lives of June and Stu revolve. There's Bill, who's almost six. Bill is really named Stu, Jr., and his dark eyes hold the same twinkle as the eyes of his famous dad. June Dorothea is three.

Or perhaps it would just be chatting and sipping a drink in front of the huge, open fireplace of the comfortable room.

You'd certainly hear about Stu's prize-winning dogs. He has two bulldogs, a Doberman Pinscher and six scotties—one of which, Craghaven Clinker, is a national champion. "And being in the dog house isn't half bad," Stu will tell you. "My purps have showerbaths, sunmachines, private rooms and a special patio in theirs."

AND you might hear of the latest shopping expedition which Stu and June went on. June loves clothes—and Stu, believe it or not, could win Hollywood's Best Dressed Man contest if he bothered to enter the race. You'd probably hear about Santa Anita, and the gay places they had been lately. For they're beautifully ballanced people, these Erwins, believing in enjoying the world as much as they do the contentment of home.

And particularly you'd love the stories which Stu tells on himself and on his favorite actress, June Collyer. Which brings to mind one which June told us once on her favorite actor. Stu had been telling about visiting Bill in kindergarten. "This modern education gets me," he said. "The curriculum for children seems to consist of drinking orange juice, taking naps and playing games and then drinking more orange juice. It's no doubt all right, but methods have certainly changed since my day."

"Perhaps it's just as well," mused Mrs. Erwin, and then told this experience of Stu's with the educational methods of *his* day. Stu was in fourth grade at the time, and his teacher just couldn't break him of the habit of saying "I have went home." She told Stu to remain after school and write on the blackboard "I have gone home" one hundred times. Having finished the assignment, Stu left a note on the desk. "Dear Teacher. I followed your instructions. And I have went home. Stuart."

Stu gave his first Hollywood party, oddly enough, in New York City. It was eight years ago, on his first trip there. He had only a tiny apartment rented for his stay, and after fitting chairs up to the table, decided he could invite twenty. Ninety arrived. Victor Moore, playing in a musical show at the time, brought his whole company!

Stu is as unaffected as was Will Rogers —to whom he bears a striking resemblance in manner and philosophy. There is the same easy acceptance of human frailties, the kind-hearted twist to every observation.

Will Rogers wasn't afraid to be simple, either. Only men of big hearts dare to pass up the affectations and emphasize the humanness of their characters. Will Rogers knew that people loved his homely heart. And Stu Erwin knows that long ago he was right in charting his course along the route that was honestly human. The years since have proved it—and the years to come will bring more evidence to play on the fact that Stu Erwin was smart when he chose to be dumb.



Yesterday, romance was distant . . . today, love is singing in her heart. That's because she discovered the secret of allure—the magic fragrance of Blue Waltz Perfume—the haunting, flower-like scent that no man can resist. ¶You, too, can win adoration. Dab the exquisite bouquet of Blue Waltz Perfume on your hair, your throat—and the very air about you will seem transformed by the witchery of your charm. *10c, at 5 and 10c stores.*

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To introduce HOLLYWOOD'S Newest ORIZABA Diamond reproductions. Dazzling, Brilliant, Full of Blazing Fire (worn by Movie Stars) we will send ½ Kt. simulated Brazilian DIAMOND MOUNTED IN SOLID GOLD effect ring as illustrated (looks like $150. gem) for 15c sent postpaid. Money back if not delighted. AGENTS WANTED.

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HOLLYWOOD HOTEL



The 35th anniversary of the Hollywood Hotel brought them all out. Rudy Vallee with Rosemary Lane.



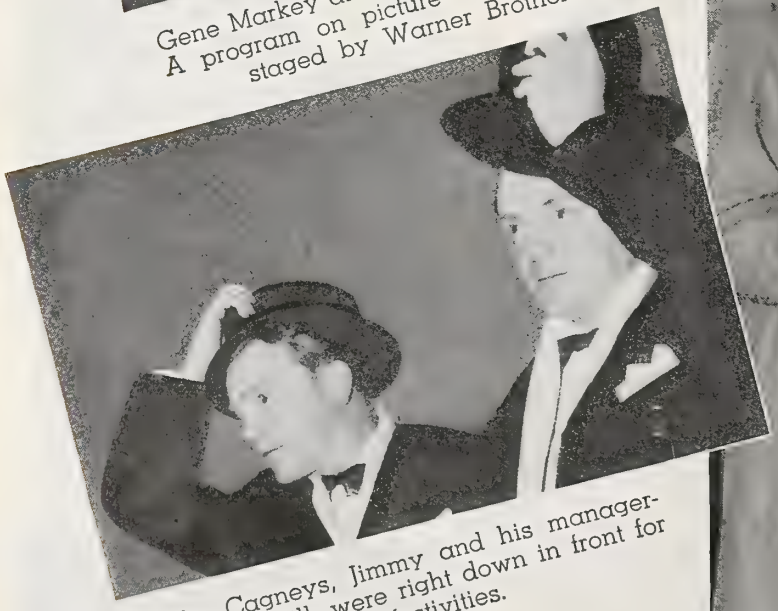
Annabella learned a lot of Hollywood picture history when she attended with Hubby Jean Murat.

Another newcomer, Danielle Darrieux, attended with her writer-husband, Henri Decoin, below.



Gene Markey and Anita Louise attended. A program on picture exploitation was staged by Warner Brothers.





The Cagneys, Jimmy and his manager-brother, Bill, were right down in front for the festivities.

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Beautiful Eyes HELP "Miss Typical America" WIN Hollywood Career

Eleanor Fisher
"Miss Typical America"
appearing in
Paramount's
"True Confession"

Radiant Eleanor Fisher—chosen from thousands of America's most dazzling beauties in a great magazine's nationwide search for "Miss Typical America!" —Her crowning reward now a chance at Hollywood heaven in Paramount's new romantic achievement, "True Confessions!"

Of supreme importance in helping her to win, were Miss Fisher's beautiful eyes, framed with the glamour of long, romantic lashes. The charm of beautiful eyes, with natural-appearing long, dark, luxuriant lashes can be yours too, instantly, with but a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara, in either Solid or Cream-form. Both forms are harmless, tear-proof and non-smarting.

Do as America's loveliest women do—form graceful, expressive eyebrows with Maybelline's smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil.

Frame your eyes with glamour—accent their color and sparkle with a faint, misty tint of harmonizing Maybelline Eye Shadow, blended lightly on upper lids.

Guard against crows-feet, laugh-lines and wrinkles around the eyes—keep this sensative skin soft and youthful—by simply smoothing on Maybelline Special Eye Cream each night.

The name Maybelline is your absolute assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purse sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman—at all 10c stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in *your* appearance.

Tested and Approved — Good Housekeeping Bureau



Maybelline famous, economical Solid-form Mascara in brilliant gold metal vanity. . . Black, Brown, Blue. 75c. . . Refills, 35c.

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Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. . . Colors to match your Mascara. Black, Brown, Blue.

Maybelline creamy, harmonizing Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline Eye Cream—to soften, protect and smooth the tender skin around your eyes.

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
Co-starring in Paramount's
"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"





From Laughs to Tears in 30 Seconds



CLAUDETTE COLBERT tells how the throat-strain of emotional acting led her to Luckies..

"Emoting to order" is a real strain on the throat. That's why an actress thinks twice before choosing a cigarette. Miss Colbert says: "After experimenting, I'm convinced that my throat is safest with Luckies."

Ask a tobacco expert why Luckies are so easy on the throat. He'll undoubtedly explain that the choice tobacco Lucky Strike buys, makes for a light smoke. And he may add that the exclusive "Toasting" process takes out certain irritants found in *all* tobacco.

Here's the experts' actual verdict... Sworn records show that, among independent tobacco experts not connected with *any* cigarette manufacturer, Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as all other brands combined.

Sworn Records Show That... **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST – IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

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UNDREDS OF PICTURES IN THIS ISSUE!

Modern Screen

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE



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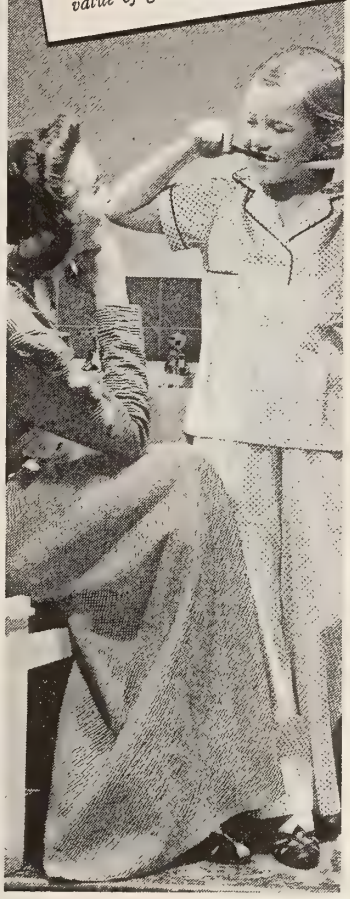
WHAT HAS BOB TAYLOR DONE TO STANWYCK?


Irresistible
Romantic as your first rose...thrilling as your first bouquet . . . IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, patterned from a blend of flowers, is romance woven into fragrance. Buy Irresistible Perfume if you want to be Irresistible. Be fragrant if you want to be pursued. Men adore fragrant hair, fragrant lips, and soft fragrant skin.
Use Irresistible Perfume tonight. To be completely fascinating, use all of the Irresistible Cosmetics...each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Laboratory tested and approved.
10c Each at 5 and 10c Stores
Irresistible
TALC
IRRESISTIBLE
BE IRRESISTIBLE TONIGHT WITH IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

Unhappy Sally! She is good-looking, good company—yet many an evening she spends alone, reading magazines! (*Men won't call the girl who has a dull, unattractive smile!*)



Only seven—but Janet could tell Aunt Sally how *easy* it is to have a lovelier smile! (*Janet knows more than lots of grown-ups—she's learned in school the value of gum massage.*)



Sally's life could be so happy! She'd have plenty of dates, she'd win *romance*—if she'd learn how irresistible men find a radiant smile! (*Sally should try Ipana with massage, for dental science teaches that gums as well as teeth need special care.*)



Does your mirror tell you—

"A Lovelier Smile would make you more attractive!"

A GAY, friendly smile, revealing sparkling teeth, is so *appealing*. The girl who has a lovely smile can't help but win! Tragic that so many girls lose this charm through carelessness—tragic that they neglect the warning of "pink tooth brush"—let teeth that are lustreless and dull actually spoil their *own good looks!*

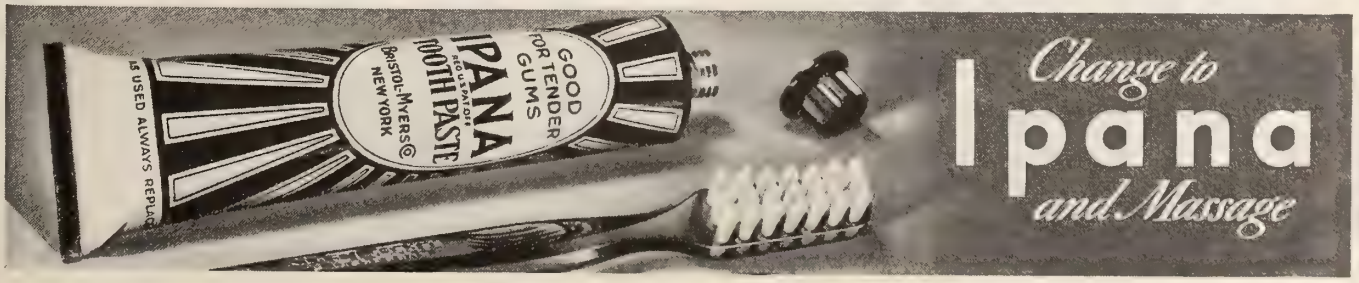
If *you've* seen a tinge of "pink," *see your dentist.* It may be nothing serious, but let him decide. Usually, however, he'll tell you that it's only another case of gums deprived of exercise by our modern, creamy foods. And, as so many dentists do, he'll probably advise more work and resistance—the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help keep gums healthy, as well as keep teeth sparkling. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation in the gum tissues increases, gums tend to become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage—and change today! Let this very practical dental health routine help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth—a lovelier smile!

* * *

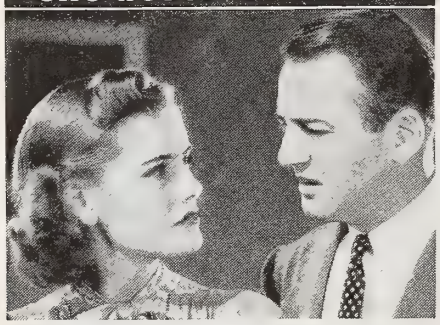
DOUBLE DUTY—Ask your druggist for Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush, designed to massage gums effectively as well as to thoroughly clean teeth.



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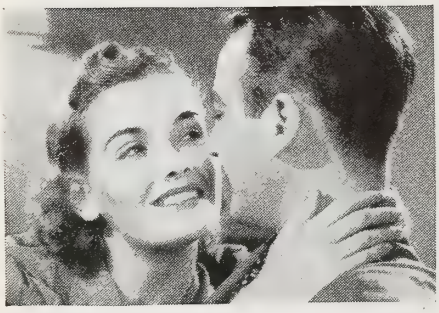
APR -2 1938

Cruel Words ... but she knew she deserved them



She knew that frequent headaches and lack of pep had begun to get on her nerves. But she didn't quite realize how irritable she had become, how hard to get along with—until one night her fiancé lost his temper and threatened to break their engagement. She was frightened, but she still could hardly believe that her constipated condition was back of it all. Then—

A friend advised—and the world looked brighter



What a wonderful thing for this girl that on a friend's advice she got FEEN-A-MINT promptly! This famous laxative in delicious chewing gum relieved her constipation and the troubles it caused—gently, effectively, and easily. She found, as you will too, that no other type of laxative CAN do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does. FEEN-A-MINT is so thorough, so dependable—so different.

You get ALL THREE of these important benefits in FEEN-A-MINT

1. **NO STOMACH UPSET**—With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there is nothing to further burden an already overburdened digestion.
2. **CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION**—The chewing stimulates the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.
3. **ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT**—FEEN-A-MINT's tasteless laxative ingredient does not affect stomach action. It passes to the intestine and does its work where it *should*—easily, pleasantly, comfortably.

FEEN-A-MINT won't gripe or nauseate you—won't disturb sleep. Your whole family will appreciate this modern laxative—children especially. 16 million people have already changed to FEEN-A-MINT—do *your* folks a favor and get FEEN-A-MINT today! At all druggists, or write for generous FREE trial package, Dept.67, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.



DELICIOUS
Tastes like your favorite chewing gum

MODERN SCREEN

Regina Cannon.....Editor
Leo Townsend.....Hollywood Editor
Abril Lamarque.....Art Editor

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They're yours..in a heart-walloping love story!

The King and Queen of the Screen, with the star of 'Captains Courageous', bring you love and adventure that will set your nerves a-tingling!





Laughter too . . . as Clark makes Spencer act as Myrna's stand-in! Spencer's willing but not able...if you get what we mean.

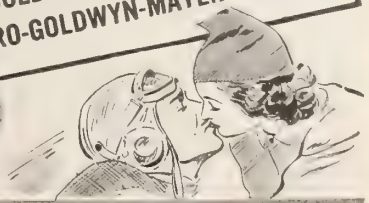
CLARK GABLE · MYRNA LOY
SPENCER TRACY

In VICTOR FLEMING'S *Production*

TEST PILOT

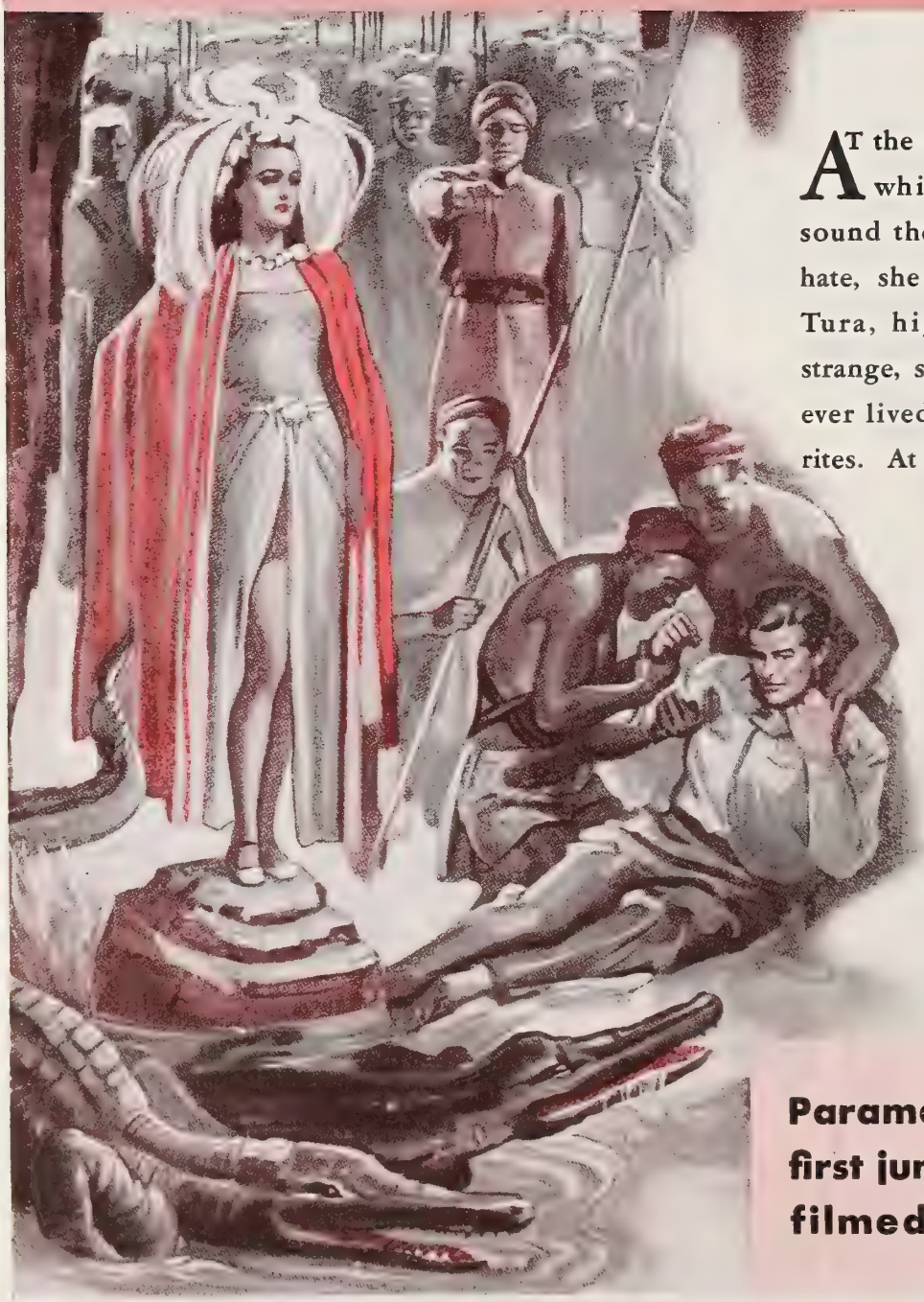
WITH LIONEL BARRYMORE

SCREEN PLAY BY VINCENT LAWRENCE AND WALDEMAR YOUNG
ORIGINAL STORY BY FRANK WEAD · PRODUCED BY LOUIS D. LIGHTON
DIRECTED BY VICTOR FLEMING · A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



...Mysterious

WHITE GODDESS OF THE JUNGLE BARES HER HEART!



AT the altar of the Crocodile God, while the drums of voodoo sound the terrible tocsin of jungle hate, she stands, thrilling, beautiful Tura, high priestess of a cult so strange, so weird, no white man has ever lived to describe its awesome rites. At her feet, shackled, helpless in the iron grasp of voodoo-maddened tribesmen, is the young aviator who has taught her the meaning of a white man's love. Behind her, sinister, threatening, the all-powerful ruler of the Malayan wilds, Kuasa, gives the dread com-

Paramount presents the first jungle picture ever filmed in Technicolor.



THE PLANE CRASH IN THE JUNGLE . . .The most thrilling action-picture ever filmed in Technicolor.

mand . . . . Will she obey—will she send this man who loves her to a hideous death in the crocodile pit — or is her love great enough to withstand the fury of jungle hate?

And what a story this is, the drama of the mysterious girl of the Malayan wilds and the young English aviator who invades her jungle realm, falling like a meteor from the tropic skies. You will thrill to the first words of their love, spoken to the whispering melodies of the wind through tropic palms beneath the jungle moon. You will thrill to the dangers into which this love hurls them . . . dangers which defy the telling, dangers which must be seen in all the radiant excitement of this great natural color film to appreciate their amazing, thundering, emotional power. The mighty jungle typhoon . . . the amazing charge of the crocodile legion . . . the great earthquake . . . scenes like these mark the dawn of a new epoch in the history of moving picture adventure-drama, adventure-romance.

HEAR DOROTHY LAMOUR, *golden voice of the networks, sing "Lovelight In the Starlight" and "Coffee and Kisses".*



THE PUNCH THAT'S JUDY

BY ROBERT McILWAINE

IF YOU can't be terrific, then don't try at all," advises Judy's sister.

There are three Garland girls, but it took the very youngest member of the trio to deliver the punch that rang the gong of fame.

Judy has only been around fourteen years, but she's made each and every one of 'em count. Born in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, Miss Garland had only seen two summers when she embarked upon the road to success. It seems that during a Christmas performance, little Judy was allowed to speak her piece—or sing it.

"I wanted to sing, so they let me go on for one verse of 'Jingle Bells.' Finally, I was coaxed off after about ten stanzas and I guess I'd still be there if they hadn't used a little force with their persuasion. One reason I got away with it all might be because Dad owned the theatre," explained Judy.

Even at this tender age, Judy had plenty of punch and was the type that, given an inch, invariably took a mile. Perhaps this is one of the reasons she is a star today.

Recently the Garlands visited New York and Judy made personal appearances. We saw her backstage in her dressing-room. The happy youngster was surrounded by flowers, make-up and costumes equal to any prima donna's, but featured none of the formalities of a lady warbler. Curled up in a comfortable chair, Judy was busily engaged doing her lessons for next day. It seems that during her brief sojourn in the East she was accompanied by a tutor. He had gone to the country, but left a little reminder behind. It read: "Since we did not cover the French verbs today, will see you tomorrow (Saturday). Please be prepared."

Even though Judy's mother and sister are usually present, little Miss G. does her own talking. She is smart and poised without being precocious, and her vivacious personality is a factor of her extreme popularity.

Between her studies and the five-a-day at a Broadway theatre, she had managed to see her boss's doctor—just in case. (*Continued on page* 14)



Miss Garland's favorite gentleman friend is Mr. Mickey Rooney.



The youngest of the Garlands is the peppiest. She's into everything.

SHE'S ONLY BEEN AROUND FOURTEEN YEARS, BUT, OH, HOW SHE'S MADE 'EM COUNT

Sh-Sh-h-h! DON'T TELL A SOUL! . . .

CAROLE LOMBARD *and* FERNAND GRAVET



ARE SIMPLY

"FOOLS FOR SCANDAL"

AND SO ARE

RALPH BELLAMY

ALLEN JENKINS • ISABEL JEANS

MARIE WILSON • MARCIA RALSTON

A Mervyn LeRoy Production

Screen Play by Herbert Fields and Joseph Fields

Additional Dialogue by Irv Brecher

From the Play, "Return Engagement," by Nancy Hamilton, James Shute and Rosemary Casey

Music and Lyrics by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart

Their romance is scandalicious, scandalovely, scandalirious!

A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

presented by

Warner Bros.



FRENCH FOR DELICIOUS

BY MARJORIE DEEN

Oo! la! la! you'll adore Simone's pet strawberry pie!

In the words of the popular song, "Spring Is in the Air!" Yes, in the florists' windows as well as in the gardens, on the fashion pages as well as in the shops, everything helps to back up the calendar's contention that once again, definitely, officially (and happily) it's spring. In our culinary department, too, the season has us, it seems. For here—as timely as the robins, as cheery as the daffodils—are Simone Simon's suggestions for the sort of dainty fare that will serve as a spring tonic for your menus, lifting them out of the winter doldrums into the realm of the unusual.

But wait a bit! Did that word "unusual" throw you for a minute? Well, it needn't. For though the foods Simone recommended have a French "accent" as intriguing as her own, the recipes specify no strange ingredients that you never heard of. Nor do they call for rare viands difficult for anyone except a linguist or a world traveler to procure. Indeed not, for as with most French cooking, it is the combination of foods, the delicacy of flavoring and above all the excellence of the sauces that give distinction to the dish and serve to prove, to even the most skeptical, that France is richly entitled to the culinary laurels she wears so proudly.

So says Simone, at any rate. Furthermore, she went on to prove her point by providing us with two or three well chosen recipes. Who, then, are we to argue? We can far better profit by following her directions for preparing Petits Pois Nouveaux à la Francaise, Poulet à la Façon de Simone and Omelette aux Fraises. Which, my pets, in plain English is simply new peas fixed delectably in the French fashion, chicken cooked according to Simone's favorite recipe and a strawberry omelet that will delight all who try it, whether it is served as a main course luncheon dish or as a dessert.

Nor must we overlook another dessert treat for which Simone expressed real enthusiasm, even though it bears no fancy French title. It's Strawberry Chiffon Pie! And it's as spring-like a sweet as one could imagine, according to our piquante little star who was first introduced to this light, frothy concoction at the Café de Paris (20th Century-Fox's own restaurant) during the making of "Josette." From now on, Simone assures me, she will order the season's most popular fruit in this form whenever it appears on their menu.

So, with this assurance, I lost no time in getting the recipe to add to the others she had provided. I was also fortunate in being able to procure a picture that would give you some idea of what this pie looks like when made according to the directions that I'm passing along here for all of you to try. Unfortunately, no picture in black and white could do justice to the delicate color that adds so much to the appeal of the dessert in question.

Piquant and French, Simone Simon loves unusual delicacies.

Here, then, you'll find this and other recipes for Simone Simon's favorite foods, carefully tested and simple enough for all to follow. So get busy with the scissors or the pencil (you see, I take it for granted you will want to keep copies!) and try these French dishes. In so doing you'll discover for yourself just what the French word for delicious—which is *delicieux,* by the way—really means!

NEW PEAS, FRENCH STYLE

2 tablespoons butter
6 small white "pickling" onions
2 cups shelled, tender young peas
1 head hearts of lettuce
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
2 tablespoon water (or, preferably, chicken broth)

Melt butter in a heavy saucepan or Dutch oven. Add onions and brown them slightly. Add peas and the head of lettuce cut into eighths. Season with salt and sugar. Sprinkle with the water or broth and cover tightly. Cook gently until peas are tender. Some chefs also recommend the addition of a little parsley and chervil during the cooking.

STRAWBERRY CHIFFON PIE

1 pint of strawberries
3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 package strawberry flavored gelatin
½ cup hot water
¼ teaspoon salt
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Wash and hull berries. Crush enough berries to make ¾ cup pulp and juice, reserving remaining berries to use as a garnish. To beaten egg yolks add one half of the sugar and the lemon juice. Cook in double boiler until it will coat spoon, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Stir in the strawberry gelatin which has been dissolved in the hot water. Add the ¾ cup of fresh strawberry pulp. Chill in bowl in refrigerator until slightly thickened. Beat salt and remaining sugar into the stiffly beaten whites. Fold lightly into gelatin mixture. Pour into cold baked pie shell or one of the popular graham cracker or cornflakes shells. Chill until firm. Before serving, garnish with whole berries.

STRAWBERRY OMELET

1 pint strawberries
½ cup granulated sugar
1 tablespoon orange juice
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
4 eggs, slightly beaten
3 tablespoons cream
1 tablespoon powdered sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons butter (preferably sweet)

Select 1 dozen of the firmest berries in the box. Sprinkle these with ¼ cup of the granulated sugar. Add orange juice and rind and allow to stand for ½ hour before starting omelet. Mash remaining berries, add remaining ¼ cup sugar. Stew gently for 5 minutes. Beat eggs only until mixed, add cream, powdered sugar and salt. Melt butter in omelet pan, pour in the egg mixture. Cook omelet gently, lifting edges with a fork as the omelet becomes firm on the bottom so that the uncooked portion can run underneath and cook. When omelet is fairly firm, but not quite done, spread the uncooked berry mixture over the top of it. Cook a minute or two longer. Shake pan gently to loosen omelet, cut two slits in the omelet at right angles to the handle and fold over carefully with a spatula. Transfer to a heated platter and pour over it the hot cooked syrup and serve.

CHICKEN FAVORITE

1 broiler (2½-3 pounds)
¼ cup butter
1 small bud of garlic
½ teaspoon salt
a few grains pepper
1 tablespoon flour
1 cup water (or stock made by boiling neck, wing tips and giblets)
½ cup red wine (Bordeaux)
a tiny pinch of thyme
½ bay leaf
1 teaspoon minced parsley
¼ pound fresh mushrooms, cooked

Have broiler cut into small pieces as for fricassee. Dust lightly with salt and pepper. Melt butter in a skillet. Cook garlic bud in the butter for 5 minutes. Remove garlic, add chicken and fry to a golden brown. Remove browned chicken to a baking dish or earthenware casserole. To the fat remaining in the pan, add salt and flour. Stir until blended. Add water or stock, cook until smooth and thickened. Add red wine, thyme, bay leaf, parsley and mushrooms. Stir until thoroughly blended, then pour over chicken. Cover tightly. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) until chicken is tender (about 1 hour). Add cooked mushrooms last 10 minutes of cooking. Serve in casserole surrounded by cooked vegetables.



MATILDA: There! That's why the bride's having plenty of grief, Susan—look what's in her box of groceries!

SUSAN: Never mind, Matilda, pick up your skirts and run! I don't think that dog likes old ladies.



MATILDA: But, Susan, you know it's that weak-kneed soap the bride buys that leaves dirt sticking in her clothes. She'll never get rid of tattle-tale gray—if we don't show her the right kind of soap to use.



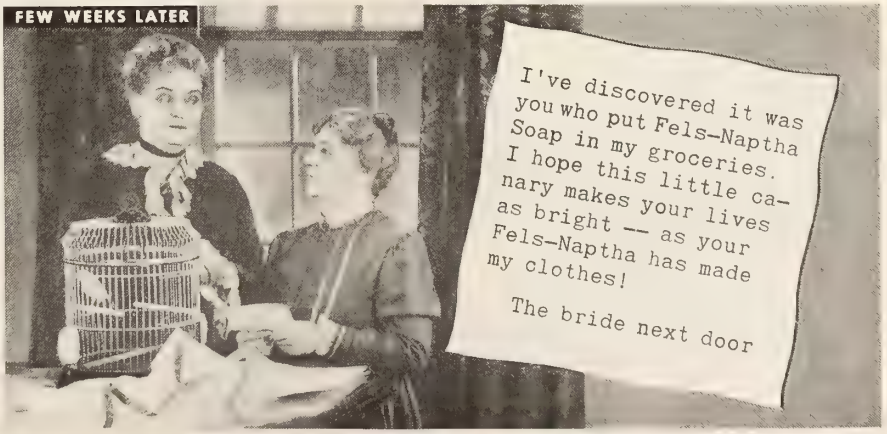
SUSAN: But the dog! . . .

MATILDA: Don't be a 'fraidy-cat—I'll take care of the dog. You take that lazy soap out of the bride's groceries and put in our bar of Fels-Naptha Soap.



SUSAN: Nice doggie! We're only trying to be helpful. We're only trying to show the bride how to get whiter washes.

MATILDA: Yes, doggie. Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and *lots of naptha* get clothes so clean, tattle-tale gray simply has to scamper.



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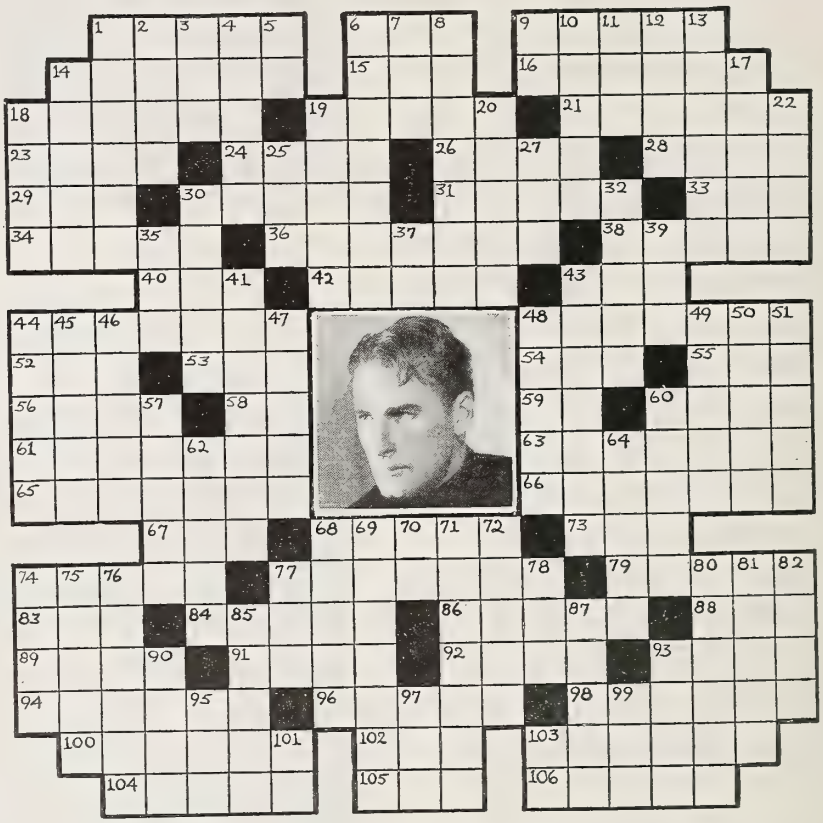
Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name_____ (Please Print)

Address_____

City_____ State_____ MM58

OUR PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. First name of star pictured
6. Laboratory: coll.
9. Last name of 1 across
14. Col. Ferris in "Gold Is Where You Find It"
15. Small fresh water fish
16. Group of illustrious persons
18. Lounged
19. An insertion
21. Aquatic fish-eating mammals
23. Leave out
24. Pauline - - - -
26. Hero of "Bringing Up Baby"
28. - - - - Hugo Borg
29. Bandleader in "Love and Hisses"
30. Ginger Rogers' ex-husband
31. Chiefs
33. Employ
34. Build
36. Varnishes
38. Antiquated
40. "In - - - Chicago"
42. Oglers
43. Kind of discharge
44. Our hero first starred in "- - - - - - - Blood"
48. Storm
52. Alcoholic beverage
53. French coin
54. Anger
55. Tony - - - tin
56. Applaud
58. North central state: abbr.
59. Sally in "Sally, Irene and Mary": init.
60. Popular term for microphone
61. Principal feminine player
63. Retails
65. Stores in a silo
66. Our star married one
67. Distress signal
68. Boiling
73. A kind of loving cup
74. Mrs. Mason in "First Lady"
77. "The Buccaneer"
79. Parlor game
83. "- - - Dancing Daughters"
84. First Jewish high priest
86. The Barrymores' sister
88. Old Dutch measure
89. Spoken
91. Cut of meat
92. Hawaiian wreaths
93. Phillip Reeves in "Change of Heart"
94. Last name of our star's wife
96. Exclude
98. Suit-maker
100. Famous Biblical dancer
102. "- - - Dollar Raise"
103. Where our star was educated
104. Yvette in "Love and Hisses'
105. Comedian who died recently
106. Lance

Answer to Puzzle on Page 107

PAGE

• DOWN

1. Mrs. John Barrymore
2. Cooper's pal in "Souls at Sea"
3. Jack La - - -
4. Queerly
5. Frances Farmer's husband: init.
6. Amy in "Jezebel"
7. Public notices
8. Morgan's wife in "Beg, Borrow or Steal"
9. Fortepiano: abbr.
10. Bob Anders in "Highway Racketeers"
11. Still
12. Young insects
13. Birthmark
14. One newly arrived
17. "Ladies Must - - - - -"
18. Part of the ear
19. Star of "The Awful Truth"
20. Chinese weights
22. Dirk
25. Native metal
27. A short-napped fabric
30. Volume of maps
32. Froth
35. Portable bed
37. "You and - -"
39. Viper
41. The Quints
43. Our star was in "The - - - - - - - Specimen"
44. Hiding place
45. Male star of "Sally, Irene and Mary"
46. Kinds of fruit
47. Undraped figures
48. Coronet
49. "The Life of - - - - - Zola"
50. Motives
51. Lock of hair
57. Hover
60. Mrs. Francis Lederer
62. - - - - - Massey
64. Photograph from a movie
68. Plant of the arum family
69. Star of "Merrily We Live"
70. Helen Br - - erick
71. Birthplace of star pictured
72. Metric measure of capacity
74. Our star's latest, "The Adventures of Robin - - - -"
75. Subtle emanations
76. Plays
77. Jane - - - man
78. "Sweetheart of Sigma - - -"
80. Star of "A Yank at Oxford"
81. Claw of an animal
82. A sheaf
85. The poplar
87. Impede: law.
90. First name of our star's wife
93. Girl's name
95. "The Adventures of - - - Sawyer"
97. Guy Kib - - -
99. Priscilla, Rosemary and Lola L - - -
101. G - - e Raymond
103. Al Jo - - on

ONLY NICE GIRLS WANTED NO OTHERS NEED APPLY



Just one hint of underarm odor, and a girl misses out with men

Eleanor's got everything—at least that's what men think. And yet she's not the prettiest girl in the world...nor the very best dancer. Why then is she so popular? Why is it always Eleanor who dances every dance?

Any *man* could tell you one reason why! Eleanor is always *sweet*, nice to be near... Eleanor never risks underarm odor!

And Eleanor would tell you: "I take a daily bath, of course, but I never think it's enough! A bath takes care only of *past* perspiration—it can't prevent odor *to come*. Underarms must have special care. So after every bath, and before every date, I always use Mum!"

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MUM IS SURE! No matter how long or how late you dance, trust Mum to keep you fresh. Just a dab under each arm—and you're *safe*.

MUM IS QUICK! Just half a minute to use. Apply Mum even *after* you're dressed. It will not harm fabrics.

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Follow the Stars! If you have corns, callouses, bunions, tired, aching feet, fallen arches, burning or itching feet, ingrown nails—or any other foot trouble—go at once to your Drug, Shoe, Department or 10c Store and get Dr. Scholl's Relief for it.

CORNS—SORE TOES



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly relieve pain and remove corns. Thin, soothing, healing. End cause—shoe friction and pressure—prevent corns, sore toes, blisters and tender spots.

CALLOUSES



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for callouses, relieve pain quickly, safely loosen and remove the hard, dead skin. Stop pressure on the sore spot; soothe and heal.

BUNIONS



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for bunions, give instant relief to tender or enlarged joints; remove shoe pressure on the sore spot. Thin, protective, healing.

SOFT CORNS



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for corns between toes, relieve pain in one minute; take pressure off the sore spot; quickly, safely remove soft corns.

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EASES FEET



Dr. Scholl's Kurotex, a velvety-soft, cushioning plaster; relieves corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots; prevents blisters. Flesh color. Easily cut to any size or shape.

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THE PUNCH THAT'S JUDY

(Continued from page 8)

"Mr. Mayer wanted me to have cold shots so I wouldn't be sick," Judy explained. "They aren't so bad, but they do hurt my arm. Each time the nurse says, 'Turn your back and this won't hurt one bit.' When it's all over she says, 'Now, didn't I tell you it wouldn't hurt?' I feel like saying, 'Oh, no! Only when you stick it in my arm and pull it out. The rest I don't even feel!'"

When Judy was on the stage you could hear a pin drop. Dressed simply in a white dress, which might have been for the graduation of any fourteen-year-old, she held her audience spellbound. Each number she sang brought deafening response.

Complimenting Judy on her good taste, she quickly gave the credit where it was due.

"Thank you, but my accompanist should get the credit because he picks out all my clothes and the flowers I wear, too."

Then came the surprise for the day. Judy's mother brings her a present each day and this time it was a stuffed dog that delighted its new owner no end.

"Oh, Mummy, he's adorable and looks almost real," Judy exclaimed with glee. "You know, I have two real live ones at home. One is a German Shepherd and the other's just dog—y'know, the fifty-seven variety kind!

"Honestly, everyone is so wonderful to me I 'most feel like crying sometimes. I don't even get tired doing the shows because when I come out there are lots of people waiting for me. I think it's so nice of them to want me to sign their books, don't you? But, there is a cop downstairs who thinks I'm pretty bad," Judy confided. "Yesterday I walked to the window to look out and everyone began to throw up their books for me to autograph. Everything was fine till one hit me on the nose when suddenly I heard an awful commotion. I looked out and the traffic was blocked by people just standing around looking up. The cop was awful mad.

WE were coming down to the theatre in a taxi today and the driver said, 'You folks are actors, ain't you?' I told him we were acrobats! Then he said, 'I thought so. Who is this Judy Garland kid?' I almost said, I know her and she's an awful brat! But, then I remembered that you have to be careful because he might have relatives on the newspaper."

Of all the shows in New York, Judy picked George M. Cohan in "I'd Rather be Right" and Ed Wynn in "Hooray for What" to see. She was quite frank as to her reasons, saying that she could learn so much in the acting line from them. After the final curtain it was Miss Garland's idea to go backstage and have a talk with Mr. Cohan and receive a few pointers, which she explained helped her immensely in her very first appearance at the State. Proving that this sagacious Miss, chock full of punch, has plenty on the ball. Mention of her pictures and those lovely brown eyes fairly danced.

"I liked the latest best of all," Judy began. "Maybe because it's my first real honest-to-goodness part.

"In 'Everybody Sing', I worked with Miss Fanny Brice and we had some grand numbers, especially one I do in black face with a real southern drawl! Gosh, I guess I'll be pretty glad to get back home."

"Judy, how about Mickey Rooney? You did a marvelous job with him in 'Thoroughbreds Don't Cry.'"

"Oh, Mickey is my best friend and my favorite actor. You know, I think he'll be another Spencer Tracy some day. He's awfully funny though about trying to be grown up. You know, we go to the same school and the other day we were supposed to play some games, but Mickey flatly refused. He said they were too silly and it wasn't playing with us that he objected to, but to the childish games. He smokes a pipe and the minute class is out he runs around the corner, lights it up then comes back puffing and smoking like a steam engine. And the pipe is almost as big as he is, so it makes him look very young.

"Mickey's awfully generous with his praise and likes to tell people when they are good because he thinks it encourages them. He congratulated Spencer Tracy on his performance in 'Captains Coura-



Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant "Bringing Up Baby"—and not much more baffled than most parents.



Judy Garland, with admirer, looks happy because she is to play "Dorothy" in "The Wizard of Oz."

geous'. Mr. Tracy must have been very appreciative for he said, 'Thanks, Mickey. Coming from you, it's a real compliment.'

"Once someone wrote that I said Freddie Bartholomew would be another Ronnie Sinclair. Why I wasn't even interviewed! Can you imagine that!"

THOUGH her experiences have been extremely interesting, each shows that it's the punch in Judy that puts her across. In fact, her entrance to movieland proves an excellent illustration.

"All this isn't very new to me because I've been on the stage for ten years. Never headlining before, but we always worked steadily.

"My two sisters and I formed a singing trio. Once we almost played New York, but I got homesick so we turned around and went home. I guess we'd still be singing if Suzanne hadn't gotten married.

"Since we lived in Los Angeles, I decided that I should work in the movies. I thought Mr. Mayer's company was the best so I told them I had come to work. They laughed and wanted to know if I'd had experience. When I said eight years on the stage they said, 'All right, let's see what you can do.' I auditioned and they gave me a job in 'Every Sunday.' After that, it was easy.

"The only hard thing at first was to get on to the way you have to act for the camera. On the stage everything is timed fast, but if you do that in a picture you'll overact something awful."

Judy Garland's punch is probably responsible for her aptitude in learning quickly, for not long ago Beulah Bondi, one of the finest actresses, said it took her three years to acclimate herself to movie technique. But not Judy Garland!



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Heather Angel and Allan Lane in the Republic picture "The Duke Comes Back". She says: "Naturally I want clear camera skin. Woodbury's Cold Cream has given me a flawless complexion."

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THE BAROMETER TELLS A SIX MONTHS' POPULARITY STORY. ARE YOU BOOSTING YOUR FAVORITES?



JOEL McCREA (Second printing) Joel McCrea is one of the few dyed-in-the-wool Californians to be found in Hollywood. Not only is he a native son, but his two grandfathers were bound up in the early history of the state. One arrived via covered wagon with the '49-ers and established the first hotel in San Francisco. The other came West with the Army to fight Indians in the '70's. By the time Joel arrived on the scene in South Pasadena on a certain November 5th, the pioneering was over and the McCreas were socially established and well-to-do. When Joel was a young child they moved to Hollywood, where he attended the Hollywood School For Girls—a shame he shares with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. There was no other private kindergarten in the town, so especially nice little boys were sent there in spite of their protests. Hollywood High School was the next step, and then Pomona College—that cradle of movie heroes—where he distinguished himself as an athlete. Dramatics were also his specialty, and his movie ambitions were born when Director Sam Wood came to see a college play in which his daughter Jean and Joel played the leads. Encouraged by Wood, he decided on a picture career as soon as he finished college, but progress was slow for a year or two. His fame was confined to the beach, where at a Santa Monica swimming club he played volley ball every Sunday to a gallery of sighing ladies who felt instinctively that that lean brown physique and those forthright blue eyes should have a larger audience. Even after important roles in "The Jazz Age" and "The Poor Little Rich Girl" gave him a firm foothold on the screen, he went through a long, hard apprenticeship playing stiff and dull leading men—partly because the scripts called for dullness, and partly because Joel's talents had not expanded to the point of being able to furnish anything else, except his beautiful torso. When the breaks finally came, he had the experience and maturity to handle them capably, and the rest was easy. Samuel Goldwyn signed him to a contract and his future is assured. "Come and Get It," "Banjo On My Knee," "Woman Chases Man" and "Dead End" are some of the pictures which attest to Joel's coming of age. In "Wells Fargo" he played for the first time with his lovely wife, Frances Dee. Very happily married, they have two sons and a large ranch in the hills back of the Pacific, where on his vacations Joel rides the range with the other cowboys, master of all he surveys.

His address is: in care of United Artists Studio, 1041 N Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.



ANDREA LEEDS (First printing) Long before she had ever seen or heard of a motion picture camera, Andrea Leeds, had lived through grim drama. Though born in Butte, Montana, she was taken at a very early age to the Mexican state of Durango, where her father was a mining engineer. Here the Yaqui Indians were warring against the rebel soldiers who ravaged the countryside in periodic raids. Once on returning to Mexico for a vacation from her high school education in Long Beach, California, she stepped from her railroad coach into a chaos of smouldering ruins, wounded soldiers, and fear and hunger-crazed civilians. Rebels had raided Jiminez! That same summer, when trouble developed in the mine of which her father was superintendent, there was an enforced shutdown. More than one hundred drink-crazed laborers surrounded the house where the Leeds family was dining. After they had broken all the windows with rocks, Mr. Leeds reasoned with them and

WHAT YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR

Want to know your favorite player's address? In fact, would you like to have a complete list of all the Hollywood stars' mailing addresses? It's yours for the asking! So many of you have written to this department wanting to know where to write this one or that one for an autographed picture, or perhaps you just want to write a fan letter, that we've compiled a complete list for you, listing the players alphabetically, according to their studio, and giving their complete mailing address. They are all there, even the featured players, printed in such a compact form that you'll be able to keep the list in your movie scrap book for reference whenever you want it.

To receive one of these lists, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a *large* self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with unless we receive your stamped and addressed envelope. Send your requests to the Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

got them to agree to a conference. When her father was borne away by the motley crew, Andrea never expected to see him again. Her fear was proved unnecessary, but she will never forget this greatest scare of her life. After she had received her Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of California at Los Angeles, she returned to Mexico where she intended to pursue her chosen work, writing. She had been there seven months when unrest again prevailed and her father received several threats that she was to be kidnapped. She was hustled aboard an airplane and flown to Los Angeles. At the University she had appeared in several college productions including a motion picture photographed with a sixteen-millimeter camera. It was now that this film changed her life. For some weeks she had made the rounds of newspaper offices and motion picture studios trying, without success, to get some sort of writing work. Just then the college film bobbed up and Howard Hawks, the director, saw it and believed that Andrea had possibilities. He showed it to Samuel Goldwyn who put her under a long-term contract. Her first role was that of Edward Arnold's daughter in "Come and Get It," but it was from "Stage Door" that she emerged with laurels equal to those bestowed upon the stars. Now she is the outstanding personality in the new technicolor musical, "The Goldwyn Follies." Andrea is five feet, four inches tall, weighs one hundred and twelve pounds, and has brown eyes and brown hair which has been given a golden blonde tint for her present role. She lives with her parents, who left Mexico a year ago to be with her in the film capital.



JOHN HOWARD (Third printing) A young man who might have been an English professor, a pianist, or a painter, is already in his fourth year as a movie actor, at the age of 25. John Howard was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on April 14, 1913. His father, a graduate of the dramatic school of Carnegie Institute of Technology, had been thwarted in his ambition to become an actor. But this is not a case of the parent's disappointed ambitions being thrust upon the child. John's father consoled himself by selling theatrical equipment, and let his son choose for himself. John chose the academic life. Always a good student, in high school he won a scholarship to Western Reserve University in Cleveland, where he became the ideal college man, and distinguished himself in more ways than we can chronicle here. Member of Phi Beta Kappa, president of the Student Council, president of the University Players, senior manager of the basketball team, member of the National Collegiate Players, the University Choir, the Y.M.C.A. Cabinet and the Thalian Club, are a few of the honors he won, in addition to being chosen most outstanding man in the Senior Class. That's not all, but enough to show the direction in which John was headed. He aspired to be a professor of English, and to that end won a scholarship to the graduate school, where he would get his M.A. degree. At that point the moving picture industry entered his life. In the spring of his senior year a Paramount talent scout saw him in a campus show, learned that he was also broadcasting, singing and playing over a local radio station, and sized him up as good picture material.

(*Continued on page 19*)

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THE *fear of going stale* keeps half of Hollywood awake nights. For the brightest star becomes a falling star... once freshness fades.

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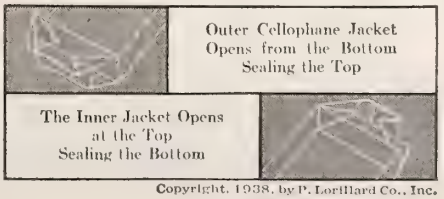
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"DANDRUFF ITCH?"



Use This Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of the scalp to prevent dryness.

To Accomplish This Is Easy With The Zonite Antiseptic Treatment

Just add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin . . . Then do this:—

1. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. *(This gives hair and scalp an antiseptic cleansing—stimulates scalp—kills all germs at contact.)*
2. Lather head with any good soap shampoo, using same Zonite solution. *(This cuts oil and grease in hair and scalp—loosens dirt and dandruff scales.)*
3. Rinse very thoroughly. *(Your head is now clean—your scalp free from scales.)*
4. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. *(This relieves dryness.)*

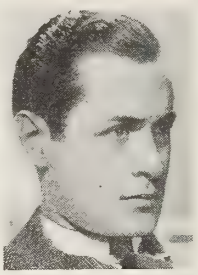
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THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF 1937

We feel these players scored individual hits in the more important pictures of the year. Do you agree with Modern Screen's selection?



Robert Montgomery (*Night Must Fall*)



Greta Garbo (*Conquest*)



Paul Muni (*Émile Zola*)



Luise Rainer (*The Good Earth*)



Beulah Bondi (*Maid of Salem*)



Spencer Tracy (*Caps. Courageous*)



Katharine Hepburn (*Stage Door*)



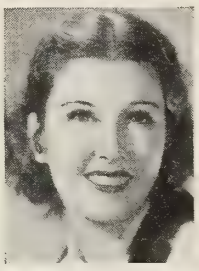
Alan Jones (*The Firefly*)



Ginger Rogers (*Stage Door*)



Fredric March (*A Star is Born*)



Erin O'Brien Moore (*Black Legion*)



Ronald Colman (*Lost Horizon*)



Janet Gaynor (*A Star Is Born*)



F. Bartholomew (*Caps. Courageous*)



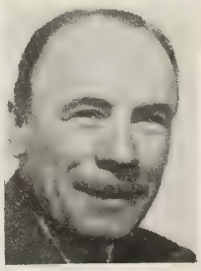
Claire Trevor (*Dead End*)



Carole Lombard (*True Confession*)



Bette Davis (*It's Love I'm After*)



Roland Young (*Topper*)



Marjorie Weaver (*2nd Honeymoon*)



Anne Shirley (*Stella Dallas*)

INFORMATION DESK

(*Continued from page 17*)

John, with dignity, declined his offer of a trip to Hollywood, his eyes firmly set on the professor's chair. But that night he learned that the family finances would make it necessary for him to go to work the next year, instead of taking his degree at the graduate school, without which there could be no professorship. So he gave in, and arranged to go to New York for a screen test. In September, 1934, he arrived at the Paramount Studio in Hollywood, but it was not until three months later that he made his screen debut in "Car 99." The interim was spent in studying moving picture technique with Phyllis Laughton, Paramount dramatic coach. John was christened John Howard, but he took the screen name of John Cox until, after his first picture, it was decided his own name was better. So he changed back, and now there is a mistaken idea in the mind of the public that John Cox is his real name and John Howard the assumed one. He is 5 feet 10, weighs 150 pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes. His first real hit was made in "Annapolis Farewell." You also saw him in "Lost Horizon," "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," and the "Bulldog Drummond" series. He is unmarried, and his hobbies are painting and piano. For a time he considered going back to take his M.A. degree, but this idea seems to have been abandoned.

Carrol Hood, Darlington, S. C. Yes, Robert Young is married. His latest picture is "Paradise for Three," and his address is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Kathryn Gezar, Ambridge, Pa. The birthplaces you asked for are: Gary Cooper and Myrna Loy, Helena, Montana; George Raft and Sylvia Sidney, New York City; Spencer Tracy, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Paul Muni, Lemberg, Austria; and Greta Garbo, Stockholm, Sweden.

Edward Borowy, Newark, N. J. I am sorry, but we do not give out the home addresses of the stars. You can reach Joan Bennett by writing to United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Mario Marzitelli, New York City. Write Jane Bryan in care of Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Marian Morris, Connellsville, Pa. To obtain a picture of Lee Dixon, write to Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Calif., and enclose twenty-five cents.

Mrs. Anna Bumstead, Staten Island, N. Y. Fredric March's real name is Frederic Ernest McIntyre Bickel. In January, 1938, he and his wife, Florence Eldridge, appeared on the New York stage in "Yr. Obedient Husband," but the play failed after one week. He is not going to leave the screen.

Mary Kathryn Dunlap, Austin, Minnesota. Edna Mae Durbin, now known as Deanna, was comfortably well off before her screen career began. Her father is a broker. Deanna is fifteen, and doesn't favor any particular sport.

Virginia Atemis, Brea, Calif. There are no movie stars who send their photographs free of charge. You should send a quarter with each request.

William De Lemmo, Harrisburg, Pa. Lois Lindsay is one of the show girls in "Golddiggers In Paris," now being made at the Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, Calif.

Iris Hemphill, Blythe, Calif. Errol Flynn was born June 20, 1908. He lives in Beverly Hills.

J. Schwartz, New York City. Joy Hodges played in Universal's "Merry-Go-Round of 1938." She is not under contract to them, but you can probably get her picture by writing to Universal Studio.

Ben Halprin, Bronx, New York. Joan Crawford and Charles Boyer have never played together.

L. Kamajian, Philadelphia, Pa. Joan Blondell is an American. She was born in New York City, and has been in every state in the union on vaudeville tours.

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You'll say "YES" when you find your lucky color among my 10 thrilling new face powder shades! See it bring you new radiance—breathe new life into your skin!

Wouldn't you say this was *Your Lucky Day* if you found a way to win extra compliments—extra attention—extra admiration? A way that can bring out the sparkle in your hair—the dancing light in your eyes?

The prize I'm talking about is the one flattering shade of face powder that can create a new "you". . . your one and only "lucky" color. For you know as well as I do that the *wrong* powder color can actually hide your best points instead of bringing them out and giving you a lift.

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When my gift arrives—try on every shade. Try each one carefully. Then STOP at the one and only color which whispers, "I am yours, see what I do for you. Look how I make your eyes shine. And how dreamy soft and radiant I leave your skin!" See how the color seems so natural, so lifelike, so much a part of you.

Have you a lucky penny?

Here's how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, and a generous tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream. Mail the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (42)

Lady Esther, 7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me your 10 new shades free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

REVIEWS • A TOUR



★★★★ The Adventures of Marco Polo

Mr. Goldwyn comes through with a solid hit, an exciting melodrama made more delightful because it is saturated with sparkling comedy.

Marco Polo (Gary Cooper), son of a Venice merchant, and history's first traveling salesman, makes the tedious journey to China to negotiate trade agreements. He discovers, in the order named, the wonders of a stringy substance called "spaghett", a mysterious exploding powder, and the beautiful daughter of the mighty Kublai Khan. The princess is betrothed to the King of Persia, but she is also looked upon by the wicked Amed, villainous counsellor to the Khan.

There is intrigue and bloodshed galore. The hero is noble, the heroine is lovely and the villain unspeakable, but the comedy overtones make the whole thing a gorgeous spectacle and certainly one of the best pictures of the season.

Gary Cooper plays Marco Polo with charm and sophistication, and the newcomer, Sigrid Gurie, lends distinction to the role of the princess. George Barbier is a highly comic Kublai Khan and Basil Rathbone plays Amed with all his subtle arrogance. Others who contribute are Alan Hale, Ernest Truex, Binnie Barnes, H. B. Warner and Lana Turner. Directed by Archie Mayo.—*Samuel Goldwyn.*

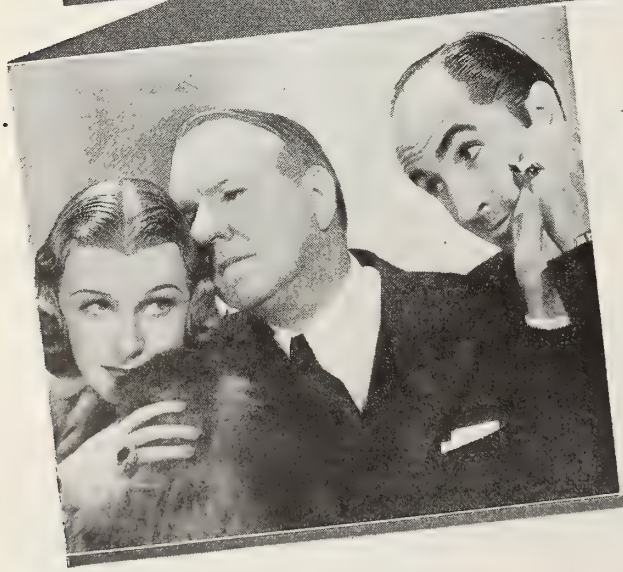


★★ The Baroness and the Butler

When a picture is listed as a continental comedy, you know it will have more than its share of talk, much bowing from the waist, and a generous quota of eye-brow-raising in period drawing rooms.

This is not meant as a condemnation of "The Baroness and the Butler," for, while it has all the standard ingredients, it also has the suave mannerisms of William Powell and the sparkle of Annabella, France's latest substitute for the War Debt. Powell, of course, is the perfect butler, just as Annabella is the perfect baroness, but one wonders just how and when they are going to strike the Boy-Meets-Girl level. Well, Powell goes to parliament as a representative of the labor party, and spends his days bitterly denouncing the aristocratic Prime Minister, who is the baroness' father. After a hard day of haranguing, he returns to his post as the Prime Minister's efficient and loyal butler.

On this slim foundation, Mr. Powell and the lady who refuses to call herself Annabella Annabella, assisted by such old reliables as Henry Stephenson, Helen Westley, Joseph Schildkraut and Nigel Bruce, present first-rate drawing room comedy. Directed by Walter Lang.—*20th Century-Fox.*



★★ The Big Broadcast of 1938

The big news about the latest Big Broadcast is that it returns W. C. Fields to the screen. Paramount has given the bugle-beaked comic the fattest role of his screen career, and he expresses his gratitude by brightening the proceedings with several hilarious scenes, notably a mad sequence on a golf course.

"The Big Broadcast" is really a vaudeville show. All its entertainment is crowded into the specialty acts. The story adds up to nothing but stage waits between the acts. It has something to do with a transatlantic race between two ocean liners.

Bob Hope, making his screen debut, has an ingratiating personality and helps furnish the picture's high point, when he and Shirley Ross sing the haunting lyric of "Thanks For the Memory." Martha Raye exhibits a pair of limbs which should send Dietrich into hiding, shouts "That Moon is Here Again" and performs a slam-bang adagio routine. Leif Erikson and Dorothy Lamour have little to do in the romance department. Tito Guizar adds to the entertainment with two pleasant Mexican songs, but Kirsten Flagstad is badly handled in a rendition of Brunhilde's Battle Cry. Directed by Mitchell Leisen.—*Paramount.*

BY LEO TOWNSEND

OF TODAY'S TALKIES



★★★ Bringing Up Baby

Since "Baby" is a leopard of considerable size and since bringing up this baby is the responsibility of Katharine Hepburn, a scatter-brained heiress, and Cary Grant, an absent-minded professor, you can get an idea what a mad comedy this turns out to be. Though Cary comes out of it all and finds he's won the Hepburn number and a cool million dollars, he takes a terrific beating throughout. For there's nothing too strenuous or too silly for Katie to concoct once she's decided to have Cary for her very own. Their escapades are guaranteed to wear any audience to a frazzle. You'll give up, unlike the hero, trying to make any sense out of the proceedings. But the courtship of poor Cary is probably the most delirious ever filmed.

Involved also is May Robson, the millionaire aunt, who's convinced her niece is stark, staring mad. Then there's Charlie Ruggles, Miss Robson's own B.F. Walter Catlett, Barry Fitzgerald, Fritz Feld and Leona Roberts are others who help to complicate matters. All performances are commendable. You know what Cary can do with comedy, but Katharine will no doubt surprise you. Directed by Howard Hawks.—*RKO.*



★★★★ The Adventures of Tom Sawyer

"Tom Sawyer" is a swell picture, and if you miss it you're missing one of the most heart-warming and enjoyable films in years.

Director Norman Taurog has wisely chosen not to tinker with Mark Twain's book. So there are no modern touches—everything is just as Twain left it. Tom still plays hookey from school to go fishing with Huck Finn, he takes his beatings regularly from Aunt Polly, he falls properly in love with Becky Thatcher, he rescues Becky from the cave after a breath-taking tussle with cold-blooded Injun Joe, and he and Huck realize every boy's dream when they uncover hidden treasure.

Young Tommy Kelly, making his screen debut, is Tom Sawyer come to life. His performance is really phenomenal. Another newcomer, Ann Gillis, is splendid as Becky Thatcher, and Jackie Moran is an ideal Huck Finn. Notable also are May Robson's portrayal of Aunt Polly, David Holt as the detestable Sid, Marcia Mae Jones as Mary Sawyer, Cora Sue Collins as Tom's erstwhile love, Walter Brennan as Muff Potter and Victor Jory as Injun Joe. Philip Hurlic, Donald Meek, Mickey Rentschler and Olin Howard are excellent.—*Selznick-International.*



★★ A Slight Case of Murder

From a play by Damon Runyon and Howard Lindsay, "A Slight Case of Murder" fails to capture the lingo and the peculiar appeal of the Runyon fiction characters, but it presents them in an amusing comedy gangster story which is a pleasant relief from the run-of-the-mill hard guy stuff.

Story centers around Edward G. Robinson, who, as Remy Marco, a Prohibition beer baron, goes straight with the advent of repeal and opens a legal brewery, with his former lieutenants as salesmen. While Remy is a very honest character personally, he forgets to change his beer formula, and the public, suddenly rebelling against the etherized nectar which had stood by them during prohibition's years, regards Remy's product as nothing more nor less than shellac. At that moment four parties who are not quite alive—in fact they are most definitely dead—assume surprising roles in steering Remy out of all his difficulties.

Edward G. Robinson turns in a swell performance in the lead, and there is first rate assistance from Ruth Donnelly, Jane Bryan, Willard Parker, Allen Jenkins, Harold Huber, Edward Brophy and Bobby ("Dead End") Jordan. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.—*Warner Brothers.*

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This fluffiest of creams, rich in delicate oils, gently aids to soften harsh, dry and weathered skin. Surprisingly soon, your skin is clean, soft and supple, glowingly fresh, relaxed and refreshed. A *modern type of cream, with the fragrance of fresh cut roses,* it is free from wax and grease. You can use it five different ways, for in one jar, you have the effect of five facial aids, both convenience and economy.

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Gertrude Niesen, in "Start Cheering," feels sorta romantic—could it be Jimmy Durante?



As "The Beloved Brat," Bonita Granville bestows a mean look on Emmett Vogan.

★ Start Cheering

Starting out as a satirical poke at typical college musicals, "Start Cheering" has all the indications of a swell ribfest in its early reels, only to fall apart in the middle and turn into what it manifestly is kidding—a typical college musical.

Out of the wreckage, however, one bright shining figure emerges. It is Jimmy Durante, who has been away from pictures too long. The Schnoz, as he is affectionately known, is completely ludicrous and very funny. His brand of humor is entirely his own. Give him a battery of phones, as in the picture's funniest scene, and he dials his own number, talks heatedly to himself and gets nowhere in a fine burst of frenzied hilarity.

Story has to do with a movie hero (Charles Starrett) who enrolls at good old Midland University to bolster that institution's waning popularity. He finds love, of course, with the dean's daughter (Joan Perry) after complications with some of the less Hollywood-minded underclassmen. A good supporting cast includes Gertrude Niesen, Walter Connolly, Raymond Walburn, Broderick Crawford, Ernest Truex, Chaz Chase, and the orchestra of Louis Prima and Johnny Green. Directed by Al Rogell.—*Columbia.*

★★ Radio City Revels

Stretching a good idea into a full-length picture is a tricky task and has its pitfalls. It can be said for "Radio City Revels" that the dull spots aren't too frequent, and that the original idea, plus a brace of good songs, is good enough to provide fairly diverting entertainment.

Jack Oakie and Milton Berle are a pair of Broadway song writers whose well of inspiration has gone dry. Good luck comes to them in the person of an Arkansas hill billy (Bob Burns) who writes songs in his sleep, but can never remember the tunes when he awakens. Oakie and Berle copy down his stuff and return to fame and fortune.

Biggest asset in the picture is the performance of young Ann Miller. Attractive and charming, she is an admirable dancer and a capable actress with a bright future. Kenny Baker's tenor voice is a distinct asset in his songs. Milton Berle shows great improvement, and Jack Oakie and Bob Burns perform with their customary gusto. Helen Broderick helps, and Jane Froman, singing one song, adds to the pictorial effect. Directed by Ben Stoloff.—*RKO-Radio.*

★ The Beloved Brat

Spirited treatment of a poor-little-rich-girl theme and consistent characterizations of a well-chosen cast make "The Beloved Brat" good entertainment for most audiences. However, clumsy handling of the dialogue, which inclines toward preachiness, slows up an otherwise worthy film.

Bonita Granville is the unbeloved brat who craves tenderness and affection rather than wealth and comfort. Her parents are much too busy to realize that they have a problem in their young daughter. Miss Granville whips herself up into a series of fine frenzies—rebelling against her sheltered life and all the unfeeling people in it so violently that she is sent to a corrective school for girls. Here she is heartily disliked by all her fellow pupils, until the gentle persuasiveness of the superintendent (Dolores Costello) begins to take effect.

Bonita is at her best in a performance very like her role in "These Three." Donald Crisp, as the remorseful father, does a memorable piece of acting in a father-to-daughter talk, and Dolores Costello is earnest and beautiful. Others who turn in good performances are Lucille Gleason, Stymie Beard, Donald Briggs and Natalie Moorhead. Directed by Arthur Lubin.—*Warner Brothers.*

★★ Penitentiary

Evidently director John Brahm took the words "moving picture" literally, for he has made a film that is just that—no time wasted on long speeches or unnecessary scene chewing, but a picture that moves rapidly and dramatically, and one which might be seen with profit by a number of Hollywood directors.

Most of the action takes place within prison walls, and although the theme is drab and there is no comedy relief, director Brahm has pointed the drama and paced his scenes so effectively that one's interest never lags. Basically, the story concerns the love of one of the young prison trusties for the warden's daughter. Around this theme there is the usual prison intrigue, made interesting by unusual handling.

Walter Connolly delivers an effective portrayal of the troubled warden, and John Howard has one of his best roles as the young prisoner. Jean Parker plays the girl without too much cloying sweetness, and there are excellent performances by Robert Barrat, Marc Lawrence, Arthur Hohl, and others. It's a well-made picture with no frills, and one which won't disappoint any audience.—*Columbia.*



Jack Oakie smiles upon the lovely newcomer, Ann Miller, in "Radio City Revels."



In "Penitentiary," nothing comes between Jean Parker and John Howard but the groceries.



Jimmy Stewart and Ann Rutherford are a new team in "Of Human Hearts."

★★ Of Human Hearts

This is a very quiet period picture. Walter Huston is Parson Wilkins, a circuit-riding preacher of the 1850's, and Jimmy Stewart is his son, Jason. Jason wants to be a doctor, and regards his soul-saving father as a failure—chiefly because his Dad's salary is paid in new potatoes and second hand clothes. The story covers a lot of time, carrying Jason from boyhood through college and on to a medical commission in the Union Army. His parents have sacrificed themselves generously to see him through, but Jason, a self-centered young fellow, doesn't realize it until he is brought up short in a very dramatic scene with President Lincoln.

The picture's best performances are turned in by the two actors who impersonate Jason Wilkins—Jimmy Stewart as the adult Jason, and Gene Reynolds as Jason aged twelve. This lad will really bear watching. Walter Huston is satisfactorily hard and earnest as the preacher, and Beulah Bondi charming as his wife. Charles Coburn is good as the small town doctor, John Carradine superb as Lincoln. Directed by Clarence Brown.—*M.G.M.*

★★ Love, Honor and Behave

A somewhat confused drama of parental influence, "Love, Honor and Behave" will depend largely on the popularity of Wayne Morris and the performance of Priscilla Lane for its success. And the much-publicized "real life romance" of these two players will undoubtedly bring many cash customers to witness their salaried necking on the screen.

Morris' father (Tom Mitchell) believes that everything in the world must be fought for, while his mother (Barbara O'Neill) holds that success and happiness are achieved by being a good loser. In the general confusion, at any rate you'll be happy to learn that the way to hold a wife is to sock her in the jaw, black her eye and administer a stern hand to her bottom.

Wayne Morris goes through the transformation from lamb to fanny spanker with becoming sincerity. Priscilla Lane turns in the best performance of the picture with a spirited portrayal of a forthright young lady who knows what she wants. Directed by Stanley Logan—*Warner Bros.*

(*Continued on page 122*)

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"Glare-Proof" Powder

reflects only the softer rays of light—looks soft and fresh in brightest light



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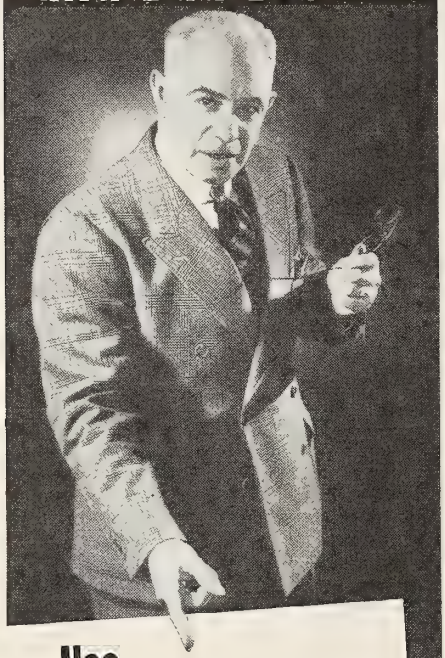
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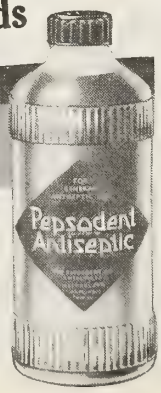
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No. 2640—This smart one-piece dress features the fashionable new bolero.



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AN IMPORTANT fashion feature for Spring 1938 is the bolero, and here we have it on this one-piece dress, whose air of smart simplicity is achieved by the striking white bands, high slanting pockets, buttons down the back, and crushable leather belt. This popular model can be worked up quickly, for it's made with the easy stockinette stitch familiar to all knitters. An unusual version of the ever-popular Calot is found in No. 2646, a scalloped model that you can crochet in a jiffy. You will probably want to make several of these in colors to match your different sports suits. Clip the coupon and send in your stamped, addressed envelope today for these new designs!

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Knitting Directions for No. 2640.....
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I am enclosing a stamped, addressed (large) envelope.

Name .....

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City..... State.....
(Check one or both patterns and please print name and address)

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MUTUAL BENEFIT

WE DON'T need that old adage about a person being known by the company he keeps to see that Bob Taylor's selection of Barbara Stanwyck for his off-screen, and occasionally on-the-screen-too, sweetheart did a lot for the career of that same Barbara Stanwyck. It didn't make her a better actress—Barbara has always been that—but it did bring her to the fore and onto the front pages and into the minds of millions of movie-goers as she had never been brought before.

But this story isn't about that—that is the obvious thing—and there is a Bob-benefit in Barbara's life which goes much deeper, a much more dramatic and heart-warming story. Countless stories have been written about what Barbara has done for Bob: how her advice guided him, how her confidence sustained him, how the constant companionship of this sturdy-fibered, common-sense girl was a safe tether in this giddy-gaddy town.

It's time now at last, that the other part of the story be told. It has somewhere been written that a love only lasts when each of the two who share that love gives something good and great to the other. In this story, then, you will also find the reason why Bob and Barbara are, just about now, celebrating their second friendship anniversary.

It was six months after Barbara had come to the end of her marriage with Frank Fay that she met Bob. To describe the girl she was at that time is to describe a drab-hearted young woman who already felt that her

BARBARA STANWYCK'S ROMANCE WITH BOB AN ANCHOR. BUT THAT'S NOT ALL! HERE'S WHAT



Dion Anthony Fay, Barbara's adopted son, has been the center of a battle.

ASS'N.

BY KATHARINE HARTLEY

span of happiness and activity, and that her place in the world, no longer existed.

In drawing her portrait at this period it is impossible to do so accurately without bringing in the dire effect that her past life with her husband, a long period of seven years, had etched on her. But since Barbara has only recently gone to court to say that her ex-husband is not a desirable companion for their young adopted son, and since she offered numerous signed affidavits to prove her contention, we are not overstepping the bounds of kindness and decency in touching on that subject. What goes into the courts and into the newspapers is public domain of a sort. Whatever Frank Fay's importance and worth as an entertainer and a man is, it is a fact that as Barbara Stanwyck's husband he wreaked a very great harm on her. Barbara lost the first round of her recent suit; the judge ruled that Fay should be allowed to see the six-year-old Dion at appointed times, but there are still those affidavits to be reckoned with and the case is being appealed. More than that, to go back to our point, there was Barbara Stanwyck, at the time the divorce was granted.

We say she was drab-hearted. A lot of things had contributed to it. For seven years Barbara had not known what it was to be a personality, a personality with ideas of her own, work of her own, friends of her own. Under the constant pressure of the egotism of a man who referred to himself as "The Fay" (*Continued on page 110*)

TAYLOR HAS HELPED HER CAREER—GIVEN HIM IT'S DONE TO THEM AS PEOPLE, NOT STARS



Hurrying to keep that date with Babs! And she isn't the only one to benefit from their romance, either. It's had a far-reaching effect on Bob, too!

HIS LIFE'S EXCITING

DOUG, JR. HAS HAD MORE ROMANCE, TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE AT TWENTY-EIGHT THAN MOST OF US EVER RATE

A TALL young man was on the Blue Train Express, going from Paris to Monte Carlo. He lounged along the corridor of the car, smoking, contemplating the familiar contours of the Maritime Alps. A compartment door was open and through it wafted an intriguing scent, faint but nostalgic; mysterious, even mesmeric. The young man glanced discreetly into the compartment. A lady sat there, lovely. She smiled. Pretty soon they were talking of many things. There was dinner, à deux. The Blue Train Express rolled into Monte Carlo. The tall young man said goodbye to the lady. He didn't know her name. She didn't know his. They didn't meet again. It was adventure, unsought, brief.

The young man was Douglas Fairbanks, Junior. The lady must be to us, what she is to him, nameless.

"My life is exciting," says Douglas. This is why.

Excitement is a glaze laid lightly over matter-of-fact, over habit, over repetition and routine. Douglas takes care not to scratch the glaze. He is restless, nervous. He moves from place to place. He makes movies, writes and tears up what he has written, the fire of creation being sufficient unto itself. He has been in love. He handles life deftly, never asking too much or too little.

In Hollywood now, he will not plan to stay there indefinitely, will not buy a house, strike roots, will not marry soon.

"I never want to stay in any one place long," he told me. "I am restless and, after all, if you want to keep in tune with the rhythm of life you will keep moving.

"Am I bored with life? Never! I do try to avoid repetition of things a second touch would kill. But there are other things. I've crossed the ocean thirty times and I never feel a ship pull out of port that I don't get misty-eyed. I never catch a 'first' glimpse of land that it isn't *really* the first to me, and I choke up. I've been in the air I don't know how many times and I never see a plane take off that it doesn't grip me by the throat.

"I never start a picture that we don't have to do retakes on the first three days' shooting, because I'm so jittery that I muff things. Invariably I have the feeling that I've never faced a camera before.

I NEVER want to lose this sense of 'first experiences'," said Douglas. "It seems to me that to meet every adventure as though it were for the first time is to keep the savour of life sweet and strong on your lips."

"But is a person just born that way," I said, "or do you have to work for it?"

"I have to work for it, in part," said Douglas, "because you have to prod yourself into awareness of how curious everything is and once you are properly curious, you are alive! There are men, I suppose, born Casanovas, who believe that the only experiences worth having are romantic experiences. They seek for them and, of course, to seek for experience in romance is to lose it, I feel sure. Though there is nothing so presumptuous as to lay down rules and regulations about love. When I read articles in which actors define love, tell others how to 'manage' love, to find it or keep it, I feel nauseated. How the devil do they know how to tell others about love, what they should do about it?"

"You've been in love, haven't you?" I asked.

"How should I know?" countered Douglas. "I've thought so, yes. Infatuations, perhaps. Love, perhaps. But whether there is one love in a man's life, or which love of many is the real love, I wouldn't be so presumptuous as to guess."

Douglas is not bored with life. He sees to that. And thereby I lost my bet, which I had placed on the nose of Boredom. For I had remarked to Douglas that I should suppose he would be satiated, "too, too weary to fight stagnation," as his friend Noel Coward warbles.

I had, I felt, good grounds for my assumption. For Douglas has had, in his twenty-eight vivid years, more large hunks of life, and love and adventure than befall most men when the age numeral is reversed and they are eighty-two.

Long the young Crown Prince of Hollywood, son of his famous father, only son of the House of Pickfair, to the portals of which came princes and poets, explorers and socialites, inventors and eminent authors the boy, while still a boy, could take a Prince without a genuflection, could prattle unselfconsciously to a Lindbergh or an H. G. Wells, could and did parry thrusts of wit with the brite-brains of two continents, or three.

HE KNEW the forcing-house of domestic upheaval, the divorce of his parents, the (*Continued on page 78*)



Doug used to write for publication, but now it's just for fun.

You'll see Douglas, Jr. with Ginger Rogers in "Having Wonderful Time"—and you will, too!



The "gentleman" with young Fairbanks is Marlene Dietrich.



Jeanette and Hubby Gene Raymond do everything together. They like polo.

HAS SHE

BY GLADYS HALL

HAVE YOU anything left to want?" I asked Jeanette MacDonald.

Jeanette said, immediately, and meaning her answer, "Yes. To keep what I have." She added, after a moment, "to be big enough to take the down-grades if they come; to be able to hold the memory of this happiness when, inevitably, some of it must go."

Jeanette was serving tea in the soft-toned rose and rust living-room of the Bel Air home which Gene Raymond bought for his bride, carrying her across the threshold in keeping with the old tradition. They care about tradition, Gene and Jeanette; they believe in yesterday as well as today; they contemplate tomorrow with questioning eyes, as all intelligent people must. The late gilt sun came through the ceiling-high window at the big room's end, it touched the silver-framed photograph of Gene and Jeanette as bride and groom, on the piano; it fingered the silver bowls of roses Jeanette loves beyond all other flowers; it aureoled the red-gold hair of Jeanette herself, made blue jewels of her eyes as she sat in the high-backed wing chair, wearing a simple brown frock sashed in vivid green, nibbling candies from a blue basket at



They both love horses and can be seen on the bridle path every day.



On their evenings at home, Jeanette and Gene like to read.



All dressed up and set for a bit of stepping. Handsome couple, what?

ANYTHING LEFT TO WANT?

● JEANETTE MACDONALD APPARENTLY HAS EVERYTHING BUT ADMITS SHE STILL ISN'T SATISFIED

her side. And she looked so sort of shiningly happy that had the sun ceased to shine the room would still have been illumined.

Jeanette is fiercely superstitious about discussing her happiness, fearing that if she puts it into words the jealous gods, having it called to their attention, may be old Indian-givers and snatch it away from her, just to demonstrate that such earthly Paradise is not for the children of men. Before Jeanette was married, she was afraid to talk about her wedding day; she was sure that if she did something would happen, something would cloud or postpone that sufficiently laggard June night.

It is hard to think of her as wanting anything more than she already has. She is married to the man she loves and the man she loves loves her. There are Penelopes a-plenty who would consider that life had done right smart by them if it gave them their Prince Charming, with all his heart. And, riches piled on riches, she has her beautiful home with all of Gene's thought of her expressed in every exquisite luxury and detail. Just to have such a home would give many a woman cause to feel that she had not lived in vain. And Jeanette is young, and beautiful and in glowing health; she has her mother living close by her, she doesn't have to diet (she dotes on baked beans). She has friends, Ginger Rogers, the Allan Joneses, Jimmy Stewart, among the many others; she has the coöperation and respect of everyone at her studio. She is not only a gifted actress, but she has the voice as well and offers from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, goal of how many singers, and offers, innumerable, to do concert work. She is well aware of her possessions. But she's humble withal.

I'LL WANT to remember," she said, thoughtfully nibbling a caramel, "that I worked hard to attain success; that it didn't come easily nor in the guise of 'breaks.' I worked very hard during those early days in New York. For months I traveled daily, from manager to manager, from agent to agent, but no one had a part for a too-thin, unknown youngster from Philadelphia. To earn the money needed for my wardrobe, for girls seeking theatre jobs just had to look prosperous, I posed for commercial photographers. I worked one whole hot summer through as a model for a fur-manufacturing company, of all things! No one has ever given me anything I *(Continued on page 104)*



When Jeanette was asked if she had anything left to want, her answer was a surprising one, but completely sincere.



GLAMOR FOR RENT

Katharine Hepburn is shown here at the wheel of the expensive foreign car she drove when newly arrived in Hollywood. But today? It's a station wagon for her!

Carole Lombard used to be known for her tremendous parties, but not any longer. Now, between pictures, she goes to her ranch and isn't above milking the cow.

BY CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

SOMEBODY has said that you might as well ask an electrician what electricity is as to try to get someone to define glamor. They both thrill and kill and they both defy analysis. Good enough, that, but the analogy goes even further. Like electricity, you can also buy or rent glamor, if you only plug in on the right connection.

But the trouble is that the glamor company isn't paying quite the same dividends as the public power set-ups and that's something that *does* deserve analysis. What's happened?

There used to be a day when a young actress bidding for attention could, and would, with only a few dollars in her pocket, burst upon the world in a ten thousand dollar mink coat, wearing a diamond as big as her hope, and lolling magnificently in the squashy back seat of a millionaire's limousine. Today the mink coats are more likely Japanese imitations, the diamonds remain in some jeweler's dark vaults, and the limousines—you can see them displayed in several show rooms out along Sunset Boulevard—have as their only occupants the salesmen who are supposed to be out peddling them, and they are asleep in them.

Dreaming of days gone by, no doubt, the good old days when glamor was glamor and when nobody minded paying a slight sum a week for it. It wasn't the weekly rental that meant so much to the boys in the glamor business, it was the sales which resulted from the "this used to belong to Miss So-and-So" angle that kept them rolling on tires with a tread on them, and that's the loss that's making them so gloomy now.

Here's how it used to work. Memory alights first on that day back in '31 when the glamor business received one of its greatest boosts in all its long history. A young girl, unknown, by the name of Katharine Hepburn, was due to arrive in Hollywood, and an hour before her arrival on The Chief at Pasadena a wire from her agent in New



Jimmy Stewart, along with a lot of other high salaried men stars, takes care of his own moderately-priced car and can be seen often polishing up the buggy.

Remember the days when a million dollars was considered well spent to ballyhoo some new star no one had ever seen? Simone Simon ended that era.

GONE ARE THE PALMY DAYS WHEN SWANK WAS A BIG BUSINESS IN HOLLYWOOD. THE STARS HAVE RIGHT ABOUT FACED AND THERE'S A NEW WAY OF DOING THINGS NOW

York, delivered at the Cinema Motor Company, requested that she be met by something "flashy." This was the one word that described something luxurious in those days.

And thus it was that as this slim suit-clad figure alighted from the train she found, among those who clustered around her, one whose face was quite dark and who looked out at her from under the very latest in chauffeur's caps, and for the benefit of the photographers who were waiting to snap her she said, "I'll be a few minutes, Jones. You can take my bags and wait for me at the car." Then between smiles and handshakes, she watched the direction taken by Jones, or whatever his name was, and a few minutes later, with reporters trailing around her, she made her way after him.

The press gasped when they saw the car. It was an imported model, an Hispana-Suiza, black, but with plenty of shiny aluminum encasing its eel-like body. The trick worked. They took pictures of her getting into it; they took pictures of her beaming out from it; and the word spread through the world that a new glamor girl had arrived. The car, valued at twenty thousand dollars, it might be added, cost Miss Hepburn only $30 a day, but the lineage it received in the papers, if it had been bought and paid for, would have cost her much more.

She didn't keep the car long, and since then of course it has been completely overshadowed by its black sheep descendant, the famous Hepburn station wagon; but at the time it more than served its purpose, and Miss Hepburn also served hers. Not so long after Miss Hepburn's first picture, the limousine found a very delighted owner who could, from that moment on, boast to his friends that they were now riding in the very same car in which, once upon a time, Katie rode.

Today there is one lone star who still drives forth in that early Hepburn tradition, and that is Connie Bennett. And hers, sadly enough, is bought and paid for. As for the others who don't even have limousines, they drive their own small cars and on Sunday morning you can even see some of them out Simonizing them. That homey, personal touch, this back to back-bending trend which has become so popular in the movie colony, it's this that the boys in luxury row are sadly complaining about.

AND THERE is another type of glamor vendor who is also scratching his head these days, and that is the billboard salesman who used to sign 'em up for seven-sheet spreads on every main road, and on every five-point corner from here to New York. He still rents plenty of space to the movie producing companies to advertise their forthcoming productions, and what's playing next at your neighborhood theatre, but where are those old personal campaigns, the kind that (*Continued on page 101*)



THAT THING

BY FRANC DILLON

KICKING UP A ROW TAKES TOO MUCH ENERGY, AVERS HERBERT MARSHALL, WHO HAS SEEN TROUBLE-MAKERS GO OFF AT THE DEEP END

TEMPERAMENT," remarked Herbert Marshall thoughtfully, "means to be fired by ambition to reach a certain goal, to be so set on accomplishing your aim that you cast everything else aside and are apt sometimes to be irritated out of all proportion by things or people who get in your way.

"Actors haven't got a normal job. It is largely temperament that makes an actor."

It's been hinted, however, that his directors, fellow actors and all who know him declare Marshall to be the calmest, most even tempered person they know.

"Oh, I burst out at times," he insisted. "I fight for my rights. Don't think that I don't."

I remembered hearing of an incident that illustrates very well his ability to look after his own interests. According to the story, a certain producer treated a friend of Marshall's in a way that didn't seem quite cricket to the Englishman. He decided not to work for that producer again, but instead of bluntly refusing future offers from that source, he instructed his manager to set his salary to that producer so high that no more offers would be forthcoming.

Imagine his surprise when the producer said, "All right, if that's your price. When can you come to work?"

Marshall was then able to decline the offer with the plea that he was too busy with other roles. For a principle, he turned down a role and a salary that were very inviting. And did so in such a deft manner that the producer doesn't yet realize what happened. That is one way Marshall has of "bursting out."

"When I have anything to argue about, I say it quietly to the person concerned," he said, which certainly is not Hollywood's usual way of doing things.

There the word "temperament" is used to cover a multitude of sins of omission and commission. If a star demands all the big scenes and close-ups, she is said to be "temperamental," just as the same description applies if she refuses to give autographs or makes unreasonable requests.

When Mr. M. speaks his piece, it's only to the person concerned.



With the "temperamental" Simone in "Girls' Dormitory."

CALLED TEMPERAMENT

SIMONE SIMON, in the short time she has been in Hollywood, has threatened to put all past performances of her predecessors out of the running with her unpredictable performances.

Probably Hollywood anticipated a few unscheduled pyrotechnics when Ruth Chatterton and Simone were cast in Herbert Marshall's picture together. But that he would encourage any such scenes by sympathizing with an offender seemed unexplainable. However, in fairness, Mr. M. spoke up in defense of the little French girl, whose ability he greatly admires. And there was good, sound sense in what he said, too.

"You know how difficult it would be for you to try and make a picture in—say Hungary. You might understand the language, as Simone does English, but you wouldn't be able to understand their slang, their ordinary conversation. A language you learn from books is quite different from that you hear on a set. You would be trying to remember your lines, translating their meaning into your own language in your brain, and simply wouldn't be able to keep your balance. You couldn't take direction if you couldn't understand it. That, I believe, was Simone's trouble at first."

Having whitewashed Simone so beautifully, I baited him with Katharine Hepburn, whom Hollywood calls "temperamental," and with whom he worked in "A Woman Rebels."

"You can't call a girl temperamental who brought a lunch every day in her station wagon for twelve or fourteen people," he replied. "And the most delicious food!" he enthused. "She would invite the director, the people who were working with her—props, cameramen and anyone who happened to be around—to lunch with her. Her servants brought the food out, but she helped them to spread it out, fixed the tablecloth and waited on everyone herself. It is pretty nice for a star to wait on table for the people working in her picture. You can't call that temperament," he said stoutly.

Clearly, Katie could do no wrong.

"As to barring visitors from her sets, I can't say that I blame her. You know, I said a moment ago that actors haven't got a normal job. When there are no outsiders on the set we work along. I can make love to a girl with an electrician two feet away from us holding a spotlight. He doesn't embarrass me because he belongs there. We think nothing of it. It's our work. But just let me catch a glimpse of a strange pair of trousers or a new skirt standing on the sidelines and my mind is bound to wander. I'm immediately embarrassed. No one can be expected to do good work with strangers watching.

BETWEEN SCENES we kid around, act a little crazily and do things that to an outsider would seem a bit odd; things that sometimes mark real genius; things that make an actor different from his audience. We are slightly mad. But what would seem like madness to an outsider is sometimes inspiration. I think most actors would like to be able to exclude visitors from the set. I know perfectly well, I should.

"Outside the studio I know nothing of Miss Hepburn," Marshall continued. "But temperament, getting back to what Hollywood calls by that over-worked term, *is* silly. It takes too much time and energy and is so foolish. Nobody with brains goes in for it.

"When I came here I was advised what to do to get along. I was told I would receive more consideration if I had none for anyone else. It didn't make sense to me. During my experience I've seen so many temperamental stars go off the deep end, and I've never seen it pay."

One recalls Mr. Marshall's successful career on the stage, both in London and New York. As a boy he didn't particularly want to be an actor. His father, Percy Marshall, was a well-known star and Master Herbert had no illusions about the stage. He chose to be a business man and went about getting himself educated for it. When that was done he became an articled clerk in a public accounting business.

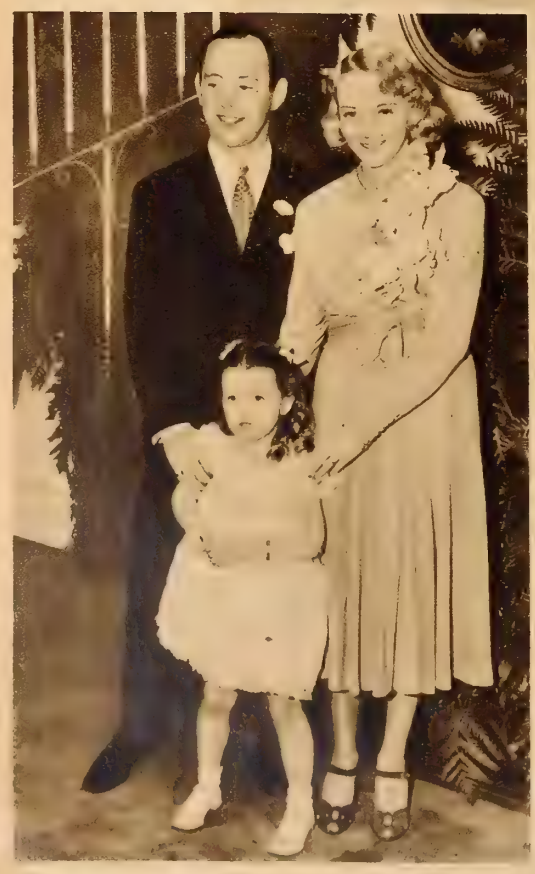
"But I couldn't seem to take (*Continued on page 109*)

With Deanna Durbin, who knows nothing of being temperamental, in "Mad About Music."



With Katharine Hepburn in "A Woman Rebels." Katie, temperamental? Now stop!





The marriage of Virginia Bruce to J. Walter Ruben. Little Susan Ann Gilbert was flower girl.

Virginia's romance with Ruben began when he directed her in "Bad Man Of Brimstone." She liked his direction so much professionally that she decided to continue with it in private life.



Miss B. and Mr. Ruben on location before they were married. Notice the name "Gilbert" across her chair!

SMALL TOWN GIRL

By KAY PROCTOR

VIRGINIA BRUCE MAY BE A GLAMOR GIRL, BUT DON'T ENVY HER, SHE WARNS, BECAUSE FAME, TOO, HAS ITS PRICE

VIRGINIA BRUCE was homesick. But not in the usual sense which that phrase implies. After all, her home is right where she is—a stately mansion in Beverly Hills. And she doesn't long for the Broadway she once knew as a glamorous Ziegfeld show girl.

She was homesick for the small prairie town of Fargo, North Dakota, where she spent her youth. She wanted to know again the fun of life in a square-cut red brick house, of kitchen showers for brides and ice skating on the town rink, a flat field flooded by the local fire department and frozen by bitter winter cold.

You scoff? Sure. So did I when Virginia said as much, over a steaming cup of tea. If ever small town life seemed remote it was on that sunlit California afternoon with the glamorous Bruce, exquisite in every detail from the top of her shining gold head to the tips of her hand-turned slippers.

What started this story, I suppose, was a letter with a Fargo postmark Virginia had been reading. It was from a former high school chum and was full of small gossip about John, who had been one of Ginny's beaux in high school, and his latest raise at the hardware store; about the cute thing Mary Louise's two-year-old Bobby had said when the bridge club met at his mother's house; about the grand time everyone had at the last shindig of the B. and B. In Fargo that's not benedictine and brandy; it's Bachelors and Benedicks, the swank social club of the town.

(There was an intimate P.S. to the letter. We'll get to that presently.)

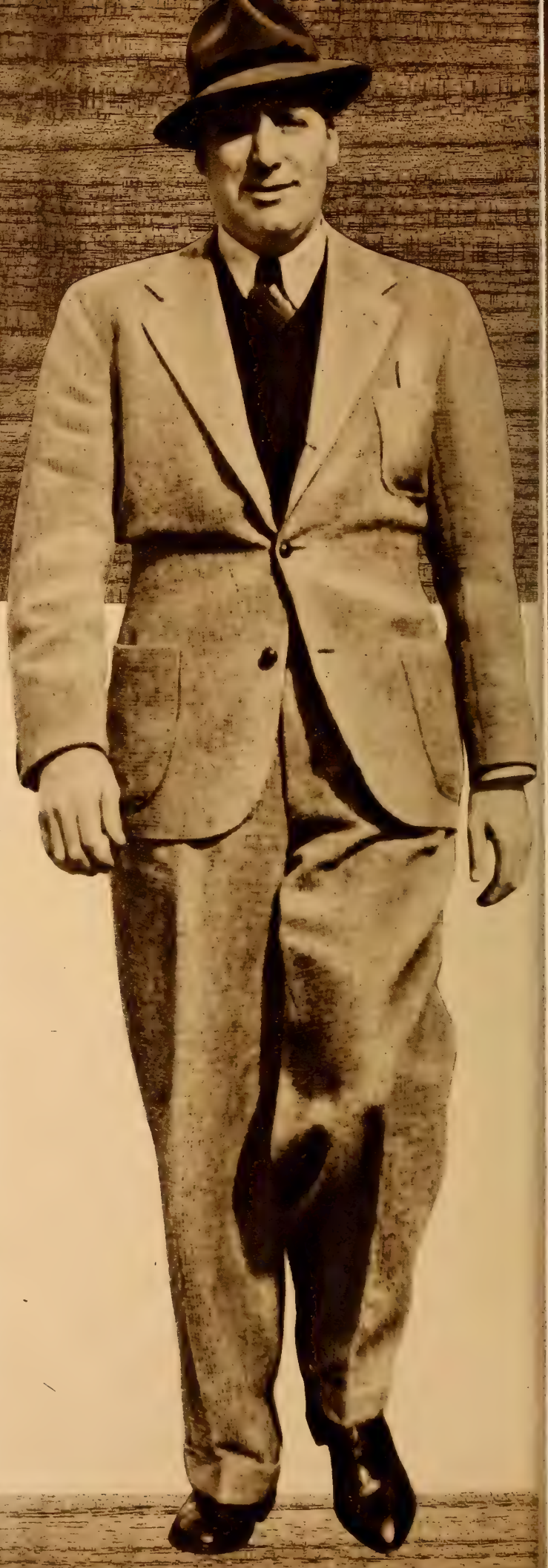
"I suppose that bucolic picture of contentment seems vastly amusing to you now," I said. It definitely was the wrong remark. She bridled.

"I don't know why it should (*Continued on page 88*)

STRANGER THAN FICTION

By GLADYS HALL

ALAN MOWBRAY'S TRUE LIFE STORY IS MORE EXCITING THAN ANYTHING YOU'VE EVER READ IN A BOOK



HE BECAME an actor by mistake.

He is one of the painfully few survivors of the Retreat from Mons.

He won four medals in the World War, loaned them to a friend, forgot about them, had them returned to him years later by Mrs. Joe E. Brown, who found them in a pawnshop.

He once spent four months on a park bench, in Central Park.

He was married in Reno as a precaution against divorce. His wife was, before her marriage, Lorayne Carpenter, Chicago Junior Leaguer.

He once seconded his pal, Maxie Rosenbloom, in Maxie's last fight.

He was the first man to broadcast from an airplane. It was during the Canadian National Exposition and he officially opened the first air broadcast.

If he were not an actor he'd like to be a doctor (in a girls' school!) or in the Diplomatic Service if there was something doing.

He detests "Hollywood publicity." And engages no one to "do publicity" for him. Says he used to read how "Alan Mowbray was seen skiing at Arrowhead where he is week-ending at his de luxe lodge" or "Alan Mowbray rusticating over the week-end at his ranch in the valley." He doesn't own a lodge. He doesn't own a ranch. He doesn't week-end. He usually works week-ends. A free lance, he worked forty-two weeks last year.

He recently bought a house in Beverly Hills. It is the first, as it is the only, home he owns.

He has lived too many times on the hard bedrock of life, in the trenches, on Poverty street, to tolerate pose, pretense, pomp or sham. He debunks everything, including himself. When some socialite asked him, airily, how his new house was furnished he said, "Oh, with chairs and tables and things like that, you know." When the socialite persisted and asked "what *kind* of furniture?" Alan said, "Period. I buy a piece one month, wait a month, then buy another." He said, "Chairs are made to be sat in, sofas



Away from the camera, Alan Mowbray's life centers about his lovely wife and their two small children.



Alan accepts any role offered him. Result? Scenes like the above, from "Merrily We Live" with Patsy Kelly.

to be slept on, books to be read. That's all I know about interior decoration."

He takes any part offered him, sight unseen. Sometimes, he says, he may discover that he is the butler falling in with the tea. Other times he gets a big break. He figures that the law of averages will operate in his behalf, so why worry? He is a "quick study" and never looks at his lines until just before he steps onto the set.

He has only seen himself in one picture. And that only because "I was a magician," said Alan, "and I wanted to see how I did the tricks." He never sees rushes nor any of his other pictures. He detests the sight of himself on the screen.

He has two children, Patricia Mowbray, aged six and a half, and Alan Mowbray, aged three. He calls them "P. M." and "A. M."

HIS FRIENDS are varied and various. Among them, Bill Robinson, the president of a huge bonding corporation, Clarence Muse, Joe Lewis, Guy Rennie, Bart Marshall, Captain Erickson, the explorer, Pat O'Brien, the Ritz Brothers, composers, surgeons, crooners, judges, vaudevillians. He says, "I don't care anything about color, creed, social status or race. So long as they are hot heels they are my friends."

Which calls to mind one of the funniest cracks ever made. One night Alan and Bill were together, on some program or something. Alan was going on to the Troc. He asked Bill to join him. Bill refused. "Oh," said Alan, "drawing the color line, are you?" Bill nearly died with laughter.

He has no enemies. All men are his friends. Which is, really, all one need say about a man to describe what manner of man he is.

There is not a picture, not even a snapshot of Alan in all the rooms of his comfortable, homey Beverly Hills home. It is not an actor's home. It is the home of Lorayne Carpenter Mowbray and her husband and their children. While Alan and I were talking the other afternoon, small "P. M." came in and sat with us, Most actors, most fathers, indeed, would have sent the child scuttling. Not Alan. "She has as much right in here as I have," he said.

He authored the play, "Dinner Is Served." It was produced in New York, London, Hollywood, Toronto and Harrisburg, Pa. It took him five nights to write it. It was produced in five cities. There were five members in the cast. He has also written five other plays, movie scenarios and one uncompleted novel. He wrote, directed and acted in a picture called "Motives." He has written three one-act plays called, "A Bang and Two Echoes." And these plays demonstrate that under the springy Mowbray walk, the ready Mowbray laugh, the bright bold glance of his eye, the wise cracking, the ad libbing, there is a spirit as strong and flexible as steel, a heart as tender as a woman's, an imagination touched by the sorrows of all men.

Alan Mowbray was born in London, England, August 18th, 1896. He will tell you that his sole ancestors were Adam and Eve. His earliest ambition was to be a soldier. Came the World War and Alan was a soldier indeed, enlisting with the famous "Old Contemptibles." He was in France, under fire, for four and a half years. He was gassed twice, wounded five times, decorated by King George — the decorations which he subsequently loaned and lost and eventually recovered. He knows all the mud and misery, the gallantry and gravity of the trenches.

When he came out of the war he was at loose ends. Didn't know where to go, what to do. He often says that the turning of street corners has determined his life for him. He had, when he got back to London, a date to meet a pal for luncheon. The pal was an actor and had an appointment at a theatrical agency. He suggested that Alan meet him there. "If it rains," the friend said, "just go inside and wait." It rained. Alan went inside, sat among the applicants on one of the benches, and waited. A producer appeared. He pointed a long forefinger at (*Continued on page 84*)

BLUFFS THAT WORKED

THEY OWE A GREAT DEAL OF THEIR SUCCESS TO THINKING UP A HOAX AND—SEEING IT THROUGH



Bill Powell landed his raise before he even began to work.



Sonja made movie executives Henie-conscious before they ever saw her on skates.

BY

DORA ALBERT

THE RED-HEADED girl laughed incredulously.

"You mean," she said, "you expect me to pretend to be an American? Why, who in the world would believe such a story? The map of England is written all over my face, and my accent is as broad as the British Empire."

The tall Texan twisted his hat in his hand.

"I can teach you to talk like a Texan in a few weeks. And if you'll dye your hair black and cut it with bangs, you'll look as American as Colleen Moore."

"All right, Mr. McCloud," said the red-head. "I don't think it'll work, but if you're willing to gamble, I'll try it."

And that's how British Binnie Barnes came to be billed as "Texas Binnie" on a South African tour in which she helped Tex McCloud put over a patter and rope act. She learned to handle a rope like the girls who are reared to that sort of thing, and she studied geography books on Texas till she knew more about the Lone Star State than most of its natives.

She even returned to England, where she was billed in a night club as "Texas Binnie." At that time American performers were very popular abroad, and Charlot, the producer, caught her act one night, sent for her, and asked, "Are you an American?"

"Taixan," she replied.

And she was hired for "Charlot's Revue," where she



Binnie Barnes, a Texan? Well, she claimed to be—and got away with it!



James Cagney figured out a fast one —and his studio had to believe it!

made such a hit that eventually she landed in Hollywood.

Today she'll frankly admit that her career was founded on a bluff. The astonishing thing is that so many Hollywood careers are.

Perhaps it's because the qualities needed to put over a successful hoax often tend to make people great actors and actresses. They must be reckless and daring, willing to gamble their careers on the success of their hoax. They must not be too sensitive, for if they are, fear will overcome them and they will not be able to see the bluff through, and they must be able to act the rôle they have chosen to play so skillfully that the wisest producers are deceived.

You might imagine that producers would be furious when they find they have been the victims of a bluff, yet in Hollywood the successful perpetrator of a hoax is congratulated rather than disliked.

Rosalind Russell put one over which was the exact opposite of Binnie Barnes'. A number of years ago, when she was bluffing her way along the early bumpy road to fame, she heard that E. E. Clive's All-British Copley Players were about to put on a show. When she went to the producer she spoke to him in a crisp English accent, telling him that she was an experienced actress. Not for a moment did he question her nationality. Rosalind got the job, which started her on the upward climb. And how shocked her fellow actors were when they learned weeks later that she was born just a state away from where they were playing!

IRENE DUNNE put over a successful bluff even before she became an actress. Just after she graduated from school, she got a job teaching in a small town in Indiana. When she heard that a scholarship was being offered for vocal students by a musical school in Chicago, owned by the late Flo Ziegfeld's father, she saw her chance. Although she had never studied voice with a professional teacher, her mother, a pianist, had taught her.

She went to Chicago, announced that she had studied for years, was granted an audition and won one of the scholarships. As a result, the small Indiana town lost a teacher.

When Bill Powell graduated from dramatic school in New York, he went to David Belasco's office to ask for a job. Even in those days Bill was well turned out. He was suave and well-groomed, and he had a pleasant voice, so Belasco's son-in-law agreed to give him a chance as an actor. But when Bill heard what the salary was, he was annoyed rather than grateful. For Belasco's office refused to pay him more than $18.a week.

For several days he haunted producers' offices, until finally he found another who was willing to take a chance on him. But he too, wouldn't pay more.

Startled that two producers should have offered him the same salary, Bill investigated and discovered that that was the standard salary paid all young men who had just graduated from a dramatic school. The only way to persuade a producer to pay him more would be to convince him that he had had a good deal of experience.

To Arch Selwyn's office he went, to ask for a part in "The Ne'er-Do-Well."

"Any experience?" asked Mr. Selwyn.

"I've been with stock companies in the Middle West for years," said William Powell.

Counting on the fact that it would be too much trouble for Selwyn to verify his story, he mentioned the names of several companies.

"All right," said Selwyn, "I'll start you at forty dollars per week."

SONJA HENIE, today, is one of the ten greatest box-office stars in Hollywood, but a little over a year ago when the magnificently determined Sonja decided to become a motion picture star, Hollywood had never heard of her, even though she had won ten ice-skating championships.

How did Sonja succeed in interesting movie magnates? According to Dorothy Kilgallen, the girl reporter who flew around the world, it was all accomplished through a trick.

The fact that Hollywood wasn't interested in her did not deter Sonja. She decided to make Hollywood want her. As she traveled across the continent, she was met at the big cities by reporters. In one city she told them she had signed a contract with (*Continued on page 82*)

LOLA LANE, the round eyed ingenue, has been replaced by a new sophisticated Lola. The new Lola made her debut as the temperamental movie star in "Hollywood Hotel". There is an interesting story behind this right about face of Lola's—a story unparalleled in the career of any other Hollywood actress.

Lola told it to me while we were having lunch in her dressing-room. She had just finished a morning of strenuous scenes, where, as the fearless reporter in "Torchy Blane in Panama," she had jumped from an ocean liner into the ocean. She was wrapped in a heavy robe to counteract the chill of the ocean (a large tank of water lying below her stateroom door), and her maid was holding a hot drier on her wet hair.

"When I first arrived in Hollywood, I thought that the world was my oyster," Lola began. "The thrill and excitement of all the publicity and glamor that surrounds every young girl making her debut in pictures, swept me into a make believe world. Jumping as I had from a piano playing job in the little movie theatre in my home town, Indianola, Iowa, into a 'Gus Edwards Revue' and them into the 'Greenwich Village Follies' and from there onto Broadway with George Jessel in 'The War Song', success came too fast and too easily. When I was offered a motion picture contract with the Fox Studio, I thought the world was mine to do with as I pleased.

"The idea seems prevalent that I gave up my career when I married Lew Ayres and again when Al Hall and I were wed. That is not the case. I admit that a happy marriage with children might have driven away my desire for a career. As marriage did not turn out happily for me, I continued working whenever the opportunity presented itself. There were long, discouraging waits between work.

"As time went on, the parts which I did and the pictures I played in got less and less to my liking. I became convinced that the ingenue roles I was being cast for were not suited to me. However I was unable to convince directors and producers.

REALIZING that something drastic must be done if I expected to go on with my career, I commenced to study myself—take myself apart to see what was wrong. It commenced to dawn upon me that my style of dress (like most young girls, I liked frills and ruffles), my clowning and laughing (the Irish in me coming out), my gay, carefree attitude towards life had definitely stamped me as an ingenue. I realized that if I expected to do grown-up, sophisticated roles that I must actually grow up. Deliberately I set about to make myself over.

"I leased a modest, white farm house in a remote, quiet spot of the San Fernando Valley. As I always have been acutely sensitive to my surroundings, the first thing I did out there was replace the heavy, dark window drapes throughout the house with bright, gay chintz. I had plain ivory and turquoise slip covers fitted over the somber-hued divans and chairs. The red brick fireplace in my bedroom (it was that fireplace that made me decide to take the house) and the one in the living room were painted white. Bright blue,

PRESTO CHANGE-O!

Rosemary and Lola Lane enjoy a cup of tea together between scenes.

The lucky Lanes have grand senses of humor and love to kid each other.

Rosemary, Dick Powell and Lola going dramatic in "Hollywood Hotel."







yellow and green outdoor chairs and couches were set around the lily pond fountain below the long brick terraced porch and under the acacia trees.

"I had never actually lived in the country before," said Lola. "Never before had I spent days on end away from people and excitement. I loved it.

"In the peace and quiet of my new home I had time to read the books that before I had never gotten around to. I read plays and scripts. I studied books on diet and health. I put myself on a rigid schedule of diet and exercise. I took long walks in the hills. I spent hours stretched out in the sun.

"My hair that had been bleached a golden yellow, so that the camera could better pick up the lights, grew back to its natural light brown shade. As the permanent disappeared the natural, soft wave returned. I changed my hair dress from the short bob to shoulder length."

Before long the outdoor life, rest, diet, exercise and study commenced to change Lola's appearance—even her personality. Her full face became thin and interesting. Her round eyes seemed to narrow and grow darker. (*Continued on page 115*)

Lola enjoys the glamor and excitement of working in pictures.

BY RILLA PALMBORG

IT'S A LONG LANE THAT HAS NO TURNING, AND LOLA IS STANDING AT THE CROSSROADS NOW



Lola in her latest, "Torchy Blane in Panama," gets instructions from Paul Kelly.



LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

BY IDA ZEITLIN



When it comes to tripping the light fantastic, Mr. Murphy is second to just about nobody.

IF GEORGE HADN'T LOST HIS HEART TO THAT PRETTY GIRL HE WOULDN'T BE ON THE SCREEN TODAY! MEET HOLLYWOOD'S MOST ROMANTIC COUPLE—THE MURPHYS

NOT to keep you in suspense, they're the George Murphys. They fell in love as kids, and at first sight. There had never been anyone else for either. George became a dancer to keep Julie from going to Florida with a show. They started their careers together and struggled together till they reached a point where George could go it alone. Then Julie bowed out. She's been asked a dozen times to make film tests. "One crazy person in the house is enough," she replies sweetly. "I'd rather concentrate on being his wife."

They still hold hands at the movies. They still prefer each other as dancing partners to anyone else. They still have more fun with each other than with anyone else. They like stepping out together, but they'd just as soon stay home, just so it's together. They have yet to be bored in each other's company.

"If the time ever comes," says George, "when I have to choose between marriage and the movies, I'll choose marriage. Peace of mind's more important than money. I can have peace of mind without the movies. I can't, without my wife."

It all goes back to the days when George was a Wall Street runner at fifteen per, and Julie came from Detroit to study dancing at Ned Wayburn's School. He hadn't chosen running as a career. Engineering was his business, but a cable broke in the Pennsylvania coal mines where he worked, and landed him on a sickbed. When he got up, he couldn't go back to the mines. Arriving in New York with a capital of seven dollars and thirty cents, he met a college friend who got him a job in his uncle's brokerage house.

He'd met Julie in Detroit, where he'd gone to visit a married sister. He'd liked her chestnut hair and blue eyes, her serenity and spunk. True to his Irish heritage, he was mercurial, shooting to the heights or the depths with equal ease. She was calm, cool and collected. It gave him a sense of comfort to be with her. Besides, she could always see the point of a joke, even when the joke was on her. What was more, she could cap it with a casual wit of her own. It struck George at once that here was a girl in a million.

In New York they saw each other often. One day Julie told him she was going to Florida with Ziegfeld's "Palm Beach Girl."

George turned moody. "Girls sometimes change when they go away with shows like that," he informed her darkly.

"Thanks, Murph. It's nice of you to think there's no room for improvement."

"Well, if you've got to go into show business, we'd be better off as a dance team."

She eyed him for a moment, not knowing whether to laugh or scold. She saw he was dead in earnest, and obeyed an impulse. "If you can get us a job before the show leaves, I'll stay. If not, I'll go."

George has that other Irish quality of bullheadedness. He may have promised rashly. He'd make good his promise if flesh and blood and tenacity could do it. When the market closed at three, he'd be off on his hunt. His acquaintance was large, and he had a persuasive tongue in his head. It was that, rather than his dancing ability which finally won him a hearing with Emil Coleman, a bandleader he knew who conducted tea-dances at 10 East 60th Street. Coleman interceded for him with the manager. He and Julie danced for them.

"Hm," said the manager. "Not so hot."

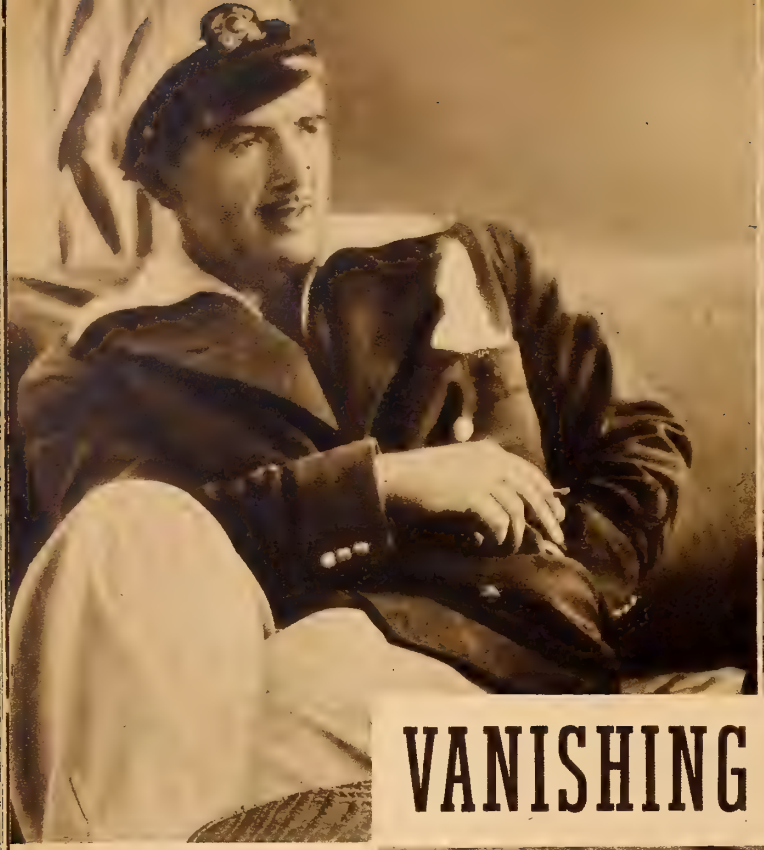
"They'll improve," pleaded Coleman, who by this time had made their cause his own. "Besides, they know lots of kids around town. They'll bring 'em in." That had been George's strongest argument, and that argument clinched it.

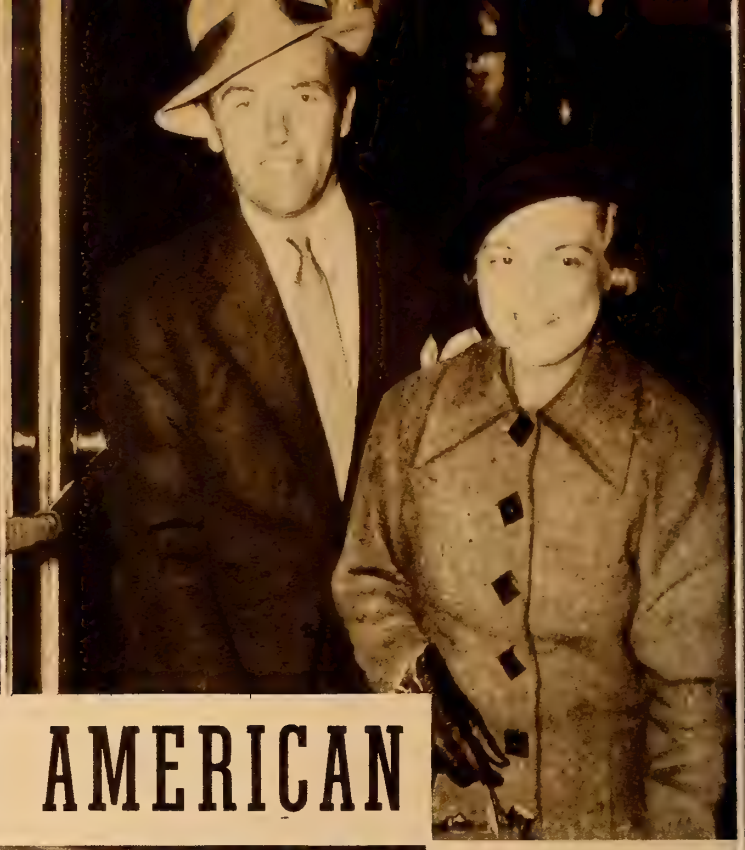
"Try 'em," said the manager. "And tell 'em not to be so grim. Tell 'em to smile." (*Continued on page 91*)



George and Juliette Murphy fell in love as kids and have been at it ever since.

Eleanor Powell and George have so much fun dancing together they just hate to be paid for it! They do, huh?





VANISHING AMERICAN

All Preston's spare time is spent on his fifty-foot power cruiser, which he bought with his first movie earnings.



Meet Mrs. Preston Foster. They fell in love when both worked for a shipbuilding corporation years ago.

Preston won praise for a small bit in "I'm a Fugitive from a Chain Gang." Foster begged for the part just because it was a Paul Muni picture.

BY IDA ZEITLIN

THE VANISHING American is one who retains some of the quaint habits of a simpler age. Noel Coward is not his prophet, and he doesn't have to start the day with a pick-me-up. He honors the Fifth Commandment. He enjoys a night club on the average of once a year. Home is neither a hotel where he hangs his hat nor a decorated interior for impressing the Joneses, but a gathering-place for the people he loves. He's not ashamed of sentiment, and values the old-fashioned virtues above a flip crack.

One such vanishing American is Preston Foster, and this is the story of how he got that way.

It goes back to his ancestry, German on his father's side, English on his mother's, and no nonsense about either. An average small town family in New Jersey, where money wasn't plentiful but affection was. Three youngsters, a boy, the pride of his father's heart, with eyes blue as the sea he would grow up to love, and two younger girls. The kind of family that had fun together.

"We always had better times with each other than we could find outside," says the boy, grown up. "The elder girl was a tomboy, and we played together as kids, always clowning round. No matter what the distress might be, there was usually something funny about it. We still live pretty much like that. My wife's on the quiet side, but she enjoys the fun from the sidelines."

A household of laughter then, but of discipline enough. There was never any doubt that father and mother were boss. "My father had a way of taking me by the forelock," says Foster, "and saying: 'Young man—'" He dropped his voice into his throat. "He'd never hurt me, just catch me by the forelock and hold me there. The only time he ever laid the weight of his hands on me was once when he caught me holding my younger sister by the heels over a sandpile, and trying to push her head into the sand. The only time he ever had me up on the carpet for fair was when I was eighteen, and said damn in my mother's presence.

"That was fifteen years ago, (*Continued on page 96*)

PRESTON FOSTER IS ONE WHO HAS RETAINED THE QUAINT HABITS OF A SIMPLER AGE

THOSE HOLLYWOOD MEN!

IF IT'S ROMANCE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, YOU WON'T FIND IT IN MOVIETOWN AND NO ONE KNOWS THAT BETTER THAN MISS RICE

BY ELEANOR PACKER



Here's Florence, all dressed up, and no one to go with!

IT ALL began with a letter and a fire and a rainy day at home.

The letter was a part-fan and part-confession missive, written by a girl in Kansas to Florence Rice in Hollywood. The fire was crackling cheerily on the wide hearth in the white-paneled living-room of Florence's beach house. The rain pounded, as only California rains can pound, against the square windows.

Florence, dressed in peach and turquoise satin pajamas, was sitting on a low divan before the fire, looking through her mail, when I arrived.

"Read this," she said and gave me the typewritten letter with its small-town-in-Kansas address.

The writer of the letter explained, first of all, that she was twenty-five years old and a stenographer in one of the town's two banks. "I'm telling you these personal facts merely to prove to you that I'm not a very young and empty-headed girl," she wrote. She knew all about Florence. That she was the daughter of Grantland Rice, the famous sports writer and maker of those popular short sports pictures. That she had had a gay and exciting girlhood of private schools, summers at various Eastern beaches, trips to Europe and a constant association with the interesting, colorful people who were her father's friends. That she had appeared in several Broadway shows before going to California. That she had played the leading feminine roles in a dozen not very important pictures. And that she had recently signed a new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which made her a major featured player.

So, because Florence had known the struggles and delights of both New York and Hollywood, Mary of Kansas was writing to ask Florence's advice. And here is where the letter reached its real point and purpose. The girl in Kansas was saving her pennies, going without all the luxuries and many of the necessities of life, in order to go to California, the land of sunshine and romance and handsome men. Spinsterhood was staring her straight in the face. The men whom she knew were neither interesting nor romantic. So she was preparing for one final fling at romance in Hollywood where all the handsome, clever and successful men seemed to be congregated, where romance was in the very air. Did Florence think she was planning wisely and well?

"What are you going to answer?" I asked curiously. It was the kind of letter which demands a reply and Florence is always faithful to her fan mail.

"I'm going to advise her to stay in Kansas," Florence said, her eyes twinkling. "If she is looking for men and romance, she'll certainly be disappointed in Hollywood."

"What's wrong with the (*Continued on page 94*)



WHAT DO you say if, instead of pointing out object lessons in beauty among the movie stars this month, I delve into my notes on just plain folks? I have a horrid habit of studying closely every girl I see—on the street, in the bus, in the stores—and one of these days, I know, some indignant gal is going to speak to me sharply and probably smack me soundly for my nosiness. However, in the meantime, if it brings grist to the Mary Marshall mill, who cares?

I want to point out average figure and face faults and tell you a little bit about correcting them. I shan't concern myself with the very fat, the very thin, the very beautiful, or the downright ugly. (No woman is downright ugly, anyway. No, she ain't!) I want to talk, in other words, about that person concerning whom her friends say, "She'd be an awfully pretty girl, a very attractive woman, except for . . . " It's that nasty compound conjunction, preposition, adverb—whatever it is—"except for," that I'd like to eliminate from *your* life.

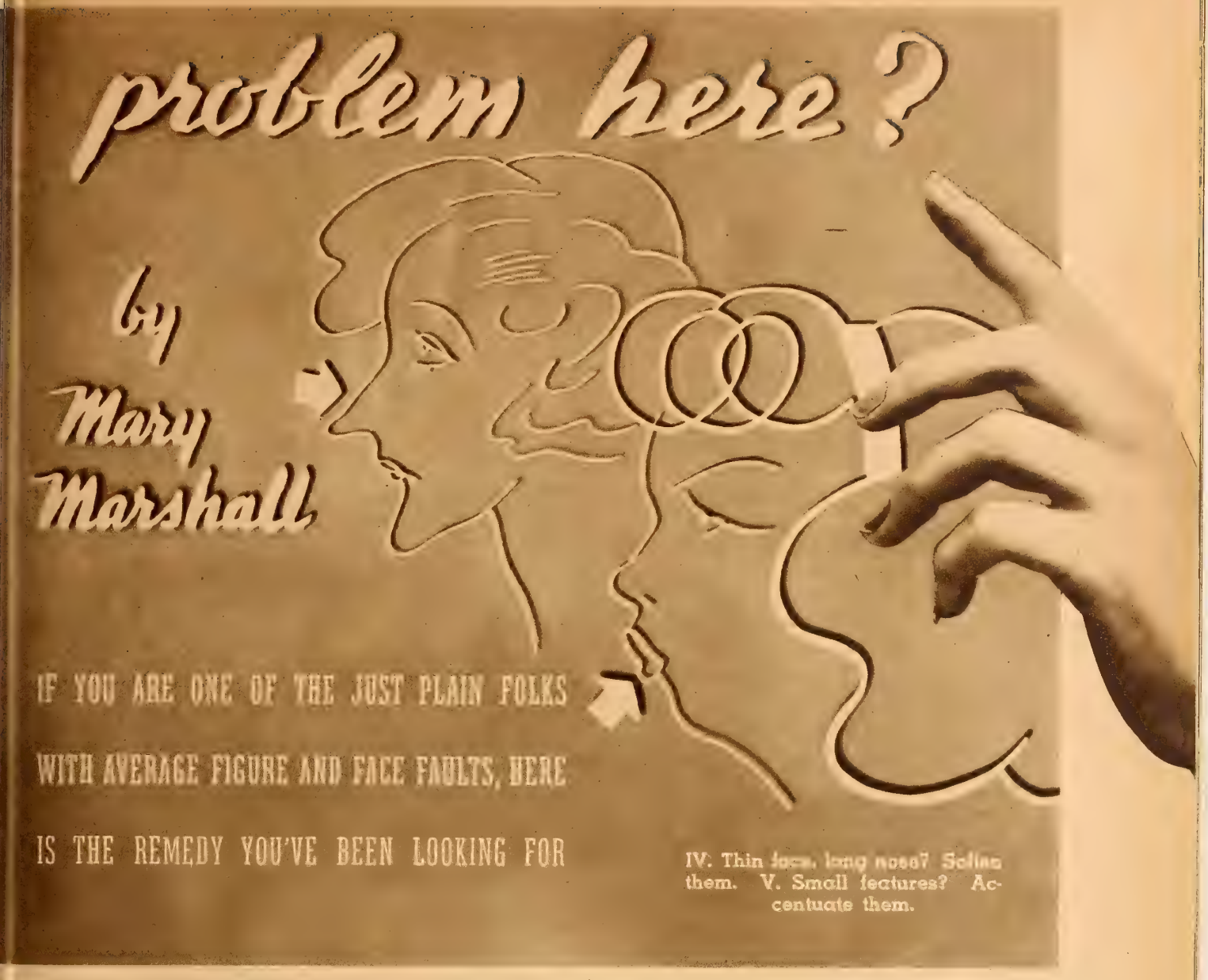
First, three figure faults, which I saw on every beach I sunbathed on last summer and which I see regularly in evening gowns all winter. Sketches I, II, and III, executed in masterly style by our art department, illustrate these too-common faults of the otherwise good figure: One, the bulging abdomen—and why is it that girls with this blight-on-the-body will pull belts as tight as possible and simply refuse to wear girdles? Two, the hunk below the hip—and girls with this figure fault seem to dote upon standing with one leg thrown outa joint, so that the bulge is even more evident. And three, the figure that is very nice except for (there we are again) a shapelessness at the waistline.

Here's how to go about correcting these faults. For the protruding tum (if you are not really fat all over) perhaps very simple measures will help. First, wear a girdle, with some stiffening in front. Don't let that stiffening change from a straight line to an inelegant curve—you must sit straight as well as stand straight. Perhaps you bloat your abdomen with too much liquid. Get out of the habit of drinking with meals—drink after meals, even though you at first miss the comfortable sensation of sluicing down food with a beverage. Have one liquid meal a day if you like—that's fine—but don't chase solids with liquids. If you're a regular fish about drinking water, cut down to one large glass between meals.

IF LIQUIDS ain't the cause behind the bulge, perhaps it's too bulky food. Cut down on meats. Eat more vegetables. Of course, I don't need to tell you that candy, cake, pie, ice cream and cocktails never did anybody's stomach any good, either internally or externally. Stand or walk about for at least half an hour after each meal; if you have to trot out and do the dishes, don't complain—it's good for your figger. Put conscious effort into keeping your middle flat whenever you can. You can't think

problem here?

by Mary Marshall



IF YOU ARE ONE OF THE JUST PLAIN FOLKS WITH AVERAGE FIGURE AND FACE FAULTS, HERE IS THE REMEDY YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR

IV. Thin face, long nose? Soften them. V. Small features? Accentuate them.

about it all the time, of course, but there are lots of moments when you can definitely concentrate upon it. Other times, how about whipping up a password with a sister or a friend? Ask said sister or friend, whenever she sees you poking out in front, to say to you snappily, "Potato chips!" or something.

If it's simply a slight excess of flesh which causes figure trouble No. I, this exercise, not new, but helpful, will work: lie on the floor, face down, and grasp your heels with your hands. Rock your body back and forth. This is better than the well known rolling stunt for taking off abdominal fat. A small, hard pillow is sometimes helpful.

If it's a slackness of the abdominal muscles which is unstreamlining your silhouette, here is the best exercise in the world, even if I have repeated it umpteen times: lie on the floor on your back. Legs together, knees stiff. Bring your legs up, together, to a right angle with your body. Let them down, down, slowly, to within a few inches of the floor, but don't let them touch the floor. Bring them on up again. Repeat, beginning with five times, working up to as many times as you can spare minutes to do. Wear a boned girdle. But—for an hour a day, perhaps, when you're alone—practice going without a girdle and see how nice and flat you can keep your tum without its assistance.

Figure Fault II: diet has nothing to do with this—exercise is the only cure, and it takes a lot of patience to cure it, too. First, wear a long girdle, that will hide this bump when you're wearing average-fitting dresses. Keep away from molded gowns until you get rid of it, choosing softer or even bouffant styles, if you can wear them. Come summer, choose a bathing suit with some sort of skirt effect.

Second, you can fool some of the people some of the time about this figure fault, if you'll do this: when standing, tighten the muscles of the thighs. It will pull in that bump like anythin'. Never stand on one foot, with the other leg "at ease." Do not flex the knee nearest the beholder, in the accepted manner of the movie star posing for fashion pictures. Stand straight, and keep the thighs tense.

Third, get busy and roll this lump away. Sit on the floor and roll from side to side on the derriere—rolling far enough so that you touch the offending bump. Also, get down on hands and knees and kick back—left, right, left, right—just as far and just as hard as you can kick. And, believe it or not, swinging your hips in the well known hula-hula motion is grand for muscular suppleness. Even if you feel silly, go on and do it.

Figure Fault III: stretch for grace and for a slender waistline. Stretch *down*—in front of you and to either side, with your knees straight and stiff, and try to touch a point just beyond your actual reach. Stretch *up*, on tiptoe, and try again to touch (*Continued on page 113*)

THE BEWILDERING BRADY

BY MARTHA KERR

SHE PERFORMS A DIZZY SLEIGHT OF HAND WITH COMEDY AND TRAGEDY



Alice Brady is one of filmdom's finest actresses.



Here she is as the dizzy damsel you know so well.



As an exponent of emotion in "In Old Chicago."

ALICE BRADY has Hollywood impaled on the horns of a dilemma because Hollywood doesn't know what to think about Miss Brady!

For six years Miss Brady has fluttered through films, waving her hands wildly about, throwing her voice into antic cadences, making the outlanders howl with laughter. Miss Brady was, accordingly, neatly catalogued "a comic." It made no difference that Miss Brady had come from the New York stage, one of the great dramatic actresses of the theatre. Miss Brady clicked as a comic on the screen, and as a comic on the screen she must continue to click.

Now, in "In Old Chicago," she has done such a right-about-face as bewilders a town which believes that black is black and white is white; Oakie, funny; Muni, unfunny; and that a lady who tickles its ribs does not, normally, agitate its tear ducts.

The question Hollywood is asking is, simply: *Is* she funny? Or *isn't* she funny? There are the twin masks of Comedy and Tragedy, of course. Well, then, does she caper about in her private life, wearing the mask of Comedy? Or does she sit, somber and brooding, behind the mask of Tragedy?

The answer, of course, is both. But I anticipate.

The other night I was invited to have dinner with Miss Brady.

So, I arrived at her home in Beverly Hills, a spacious white house somewhat in the Italianate style. A home occupied by five dogs, five servants, Miss Brady and a state of perpetual if pleasant pandemonium. The five dogs scuffle and yelp constantly; the five servants are not sufficient, it seems, to keep the domestic machinery functioning smoothly.

WE DID, in fact, dine. Eat would be too lowly a word for it. We dined on a round table placed, felicitously, near the fire; the table richly mounted in scarlet and silver-toned damask, fine old silver, elegantly cut crystal. Miss Brady made a face at the pigeon pie and said, "I'd just as soon take a pill!" There was, also, fizz. Fizz is her name for that aristocrat of beverages, champagne. Which she likes to drink from tall glasses equipped with chunks of ice, not, as she knows very well, the way connoisseurs drink champagne. But Miss Brady does in all things exactly what she feels (*Continued on page 118*)

OFF THEIR GUARD



Puttin' on the Ritz! Brian Aherne and Constance Bennett, in white tie and mink, step out in that "luxurious" limousine!

Gary Cooper proves that a screen hero is really a hero when he has one of those six a. m. calls. Just one more stretch before he answers the phone.

"Sure I'm up." Practically at the studio right this minute, aren't you, Gary?



Something's wrong with this picture. But what? Gary, we don't think you're awake!



Even a screen hero's gotta work, so Gary is off to the set of "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."



THAT 6 A. M. CALL

That's better! Now just turn the faucet. Nothing like a nice shower to give you that "wide awake" look, and that Cooper pep!



WHAT PRICE ART?



Unfortunately her director in "You and Me" does not!

Sylvia Sidney's hobby is needlepoint. She goes for it in a big way.





He wants to talk script. "Are you here again? Wait 'till I catch this stitch," Sylvia sighs.

He wins and Sylvia gives her all to Art. The dejected looking needlepoint knows it must wait.

Is your mind on your work? You wanted to finish an inch to-day? What price Art!





GOING PLACES



Judging by that big smile on her boy friend's face, Janet Gaynor is more than holding her own in the Tyrone Power sweepstakes.

At the preview of "Tom Sawyer", Comedienne Irene Dunne is propelled through the crowd by her husband, Dr. Griffin—a shadowy figure.



A couple of "Tom Sawyer" enthusiasts clutch their tickets—Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Tracy.





The bride comes home. Even a good excuse like a honeymoon couldn't keep Virginia Bruce and J. Walter Ruben away from home.



One of the cast goes to the "Tom Sawyer" preview with her best beau. Cora Sue Collins and Freddie Bartholomew have a date.

Fannie Brice and her escort both have a sense of humor. He's Jackie Cooper, all grown up.



Andrea Leeds clasps the arm of Skater Jack Dunn with that contented look. Meaning they're a new romance.





The Fred Astaires take in "Tom Sawyer," too, which incidentally, is as much fun for grown-ups as for ole swimmin' hole devotees.



"They" say that Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward will stroll up the bridal path shortly. Anna-hoo, they're everywhere else together.

Here is little Durbin out on her first date. The lucky lad is Jackie Moran, who is taking Deanna to see him in "Tom Sawyer."





Margot Grahame and Lester Matthews, a couple of players from London town, "do" the Wilshire Bowl together and talk about home.





This time Frances Langford steps out with Jon Hall. Gosh, that boy certainly gets around as fast as a "Hurricane."





Here we have Paulette Goddard, but have not Charlie Chaplin. It is Anderson Lawler who escorts Scarlett O'Hara.



SKIP IT!

Action! And the Ritz Bros. relax as cute Marjorie Weaver skips rope.

COWBOY DICK POWELL SHOWS TENDERFEET

A real buckaroo uses both hands and his teeth to start the roll. It's simple!



Marjorie skipped gaily into the lead of their "Kentucky Moonshine."



Between scenes of the pix, Al Ritz skips it, too, for his daily dozen.

HOW THEY ROLL 'EM OUT IN THE OPEN SPACES



Howz it goin'? Well, let's pour the tobacco in a pipe and light it. It's sure!





Constance Bennett does a "Gertrude Ederle" in her own back pool. Yep, the Bennett would rather swim than make cold cream!



Here she is with a four-footed friend who looks as if he understands a thing or two. Anyway, he is Connie's favorite canine.

A two-footed friend who comes to discuss scripts and studio business. Don't you know, Mister, this is to be a day of rest?

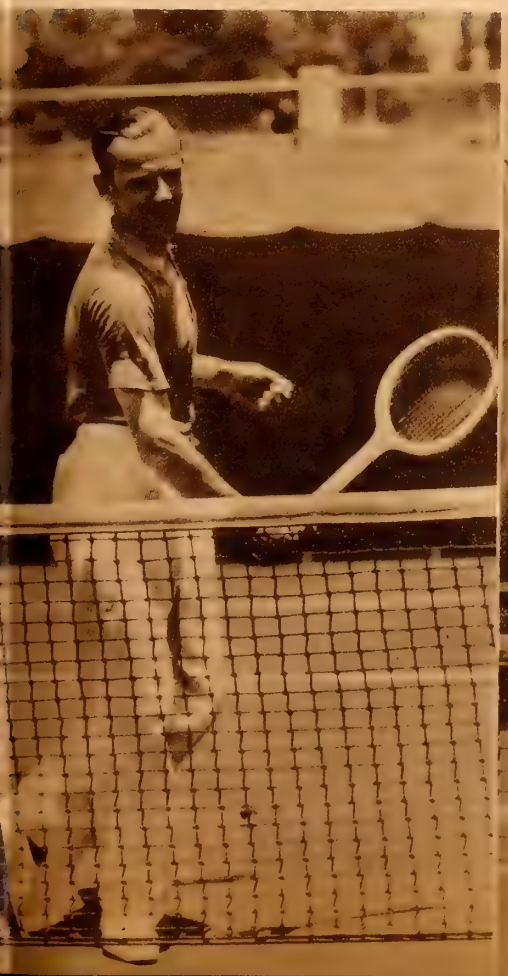


A DAY OFF

A pretty picture of a pretty picture player. Miss Bennett, minus temperament, is back in the movies to stay.



You'd imagine a fine dancer to be a fine tennis player, now wouldn't you? Well, Fred Astaire is. When he's not at the studio, he is out practicing.



This looks enough like a dance pose to make Astaire feel right at home. Guess dancing and tennis go together—eh, wot?



Here's something coming, and Mr. A. is gonna wallop it right back. Note the concentration, please.

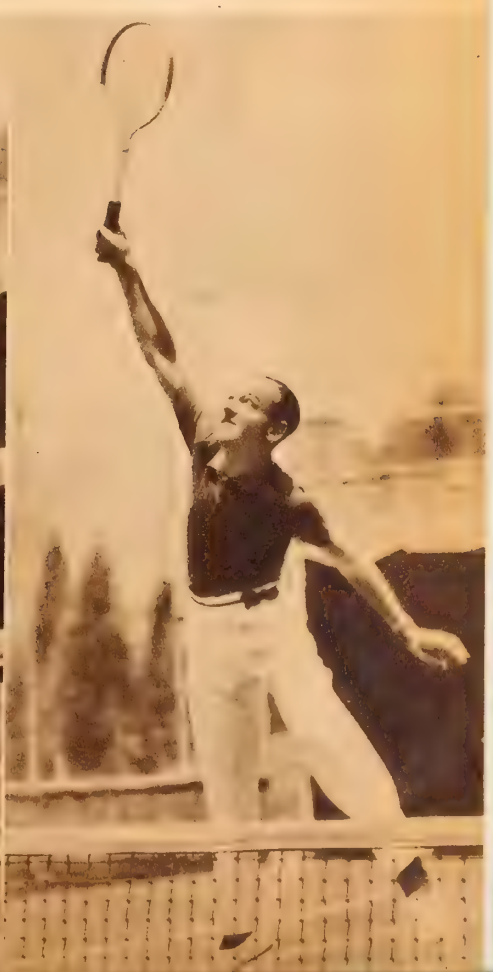
TENNIS



Now, we really have something! Looks like a stunt play's been accomplished, from the pained expression on his face.



If you're up on your tennis, you know what Freddie is going through here. He has served something to his opponent and is avidly watching for the effect.



Reaching for a high one with a look of real confidence. Yes, seems as if Freddie really knows his stuff!





Andrea Leeds, Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen.

Jack Oakie and Dorothy Lamour go Hawaiian!

GOOD NEWS

BY LEO TOWNSEND

Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy have turned down offers running up to $5,000. for a single appearance, but we know how you can get their act for nothing. All you have to have is Bergen's phone number. Just call the house and ask for Charlie, and if Bergen is home he'll bring young Mr. McC. to the phone and entertain you as long as your nickel holds out.

Washington, Note!

Last year Carole Lombard worked hard, made $460,000 and paid most of it back to the government in taxes. Right now she is in the middle of a three-months' vacation, and our spies report that she plans to take it easy this year. It's a drastic situation, boys. How can we build battleships with Lombard lying down on the job?

■ ■ ■

More Lombard information: When Miss L. finishes a picture she always has her phone number changed so her studio can't contact her until she's ready to work again. . . . The sheepdog Clark Gable gave her for Christmas is very unhappy with Carole's Siamese cats. She's thinking of hiring a wolf in sheep's clothing, just to keep the hound contented.

Oh Boy!

Martha Raye is doing all right these days. She has her own apartment, Myrna Loy's former maid, Elissa Landi's former secretary, and she has just added to her collection of "jools" a $2,500. bracelet. The bracelet is a 9-piece miniature orchestra, done in diamonds and rubies. So when Martha yells "Oh Boy!" these days, she means it.

■ ■ ■

Although most people know that Frances Farmer is currently a hit on Broadway in Clifford Odet's play, "Golden Boy," few are aware that her husband, Leif Erikson, is also in the same show. He's doing a walk-on bit, just to be near his wife. The word is, though, that he'll get a leading role in Odet's next production.

Junior Diversion

All Hollywood—as they say in the gossip columns—is watching the romance between Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville. They're working together in "White Banners," and Jackie sent her flowers on her 15th birthday. You know what that means. It's wedding bells any day now.

■ ■ ■

On a clear day out here you can see three gents puffing heavily and pedalling bicycles over Cahuenga Pass. The gents are Rudy Vallee and his two secretaries, and they're doing it because Rudy decided to take off a little weight. Every morning they cycle to work, followed by Rudy's limousine, which collects the bikes at the studio. The secretaries, who would rather lose weight than their jobs, say it's a very healthful practice.

Unemployment Note

Miss Marlene Dietrich, recently employed by a major studio, has rented a cottage in Beverly Hills and taken her furniture out of storage. She expects to make her home in Hollywood, and many of her friends have told her she ought to be in pictures. It's nice work, they all tell her, if you can get it.

■ ■ ■

One publicity department, justly eager to plug its forthcoming pictures, sends the following: "Dorothy Lamour and her bandleader husband, Herbie Kay, will 'You and Me' it when he begins his engagement at the 'Cocoanut Grove.' Later they plan a 'Tropical Holiday' in Hawaii." You can probably



Carole Lombard and Clark Gable make the rounds of the night spots.



A Dutch girl and a guy from Iowa —Anita Louise and Ronald Reagan.

gather from the above that the recession has hit Hollywood.

Congratulations

They're congratulating Dick Powell on the impending arrival of an addition to his family, and Joan Blondell blushes properly whenever she's within earshot. Incidentally, did you know that when he's working and she's not, he phones her every afternoon at three? The other day, though, he didn't get to the phone until three twenty. Said Joan: "Don't you love me any more?"

■ ■ ■

When Jack Haley's option was taken up by his studio recently, Mr. H. had a ready explanation for it. He claims the main reason was that no one was able to scrape his picture off the wall in the studio reception room.

Ditto, Sam

This month's Sam Goldwyn story: Mr. G. recently returned from Hawaii on the Lurline. The boat docked at San Francisco, laid over a day and pulled out for Los Angeles. At sailing time several hundred people were at the dock waving goodbye to friends. Sam, at the rail, waved back and yelled, "Bon voyage!"

■ ■ ■

His studio looked all over for George Brent the other day. He was scheduled to appear in Weaverville, California, for the premiere of "Gold is Where You Find It." The studio couldn't locate him by phone, so they resorted to the radio, sending out queries for him on their own broadcasting station. Brent, like gold, is where you find him. In this case it was Palm Springs.

Family Pride

Looks as though the one-time feud between Al Jolson and the Warner Brothers is being carried into the second generation—which will distinguish it as the only second-generation feud in these parts. It happened at a children's party given by Darryl Zanuck's youngsters (who can afford it). When young Sonny Jolson arrived at the affair he marched immediately over to Mervyn LeRoy's son, Warner, and socked him. Rumor has it that he apologized later, when he discovered that Warner's papa had just transferred his portfolio to Metro. After all, you can't sock a guy just because his old man *doesn't* work for Warners'.

■ ■ ■

The latest Hollywood beauty hint—and we got this straight from a Hollywood beauty who does a lot of hinting—is colored eyelashes for evening wear. If you're a brunette, the local experts have decided you should wear brown lashes with blue tips. And if you're a blonde, you buy yourself a set of gold ones. Personally, we're going to try to get another year's wear out of last year's.

Good Casting!

John and Elaine Barrymore have just bought a play, called "My Dear Joan," which they will try out in San Francisco as soon as John finishes his picture commitments, which will be in August. If the play goes over, they will take it to New York. What's news about this item is the fact that John will play Elaine's father!

■ ■ ■

John Barrymore's comeback is now officially successful. A small theatre on Hollywood Boulevard, playing a revival of "Bill of Divorcement," billed it "John Barrymore in 'Bill of Divorcement'." And not even a mention of Katharine Hepburn.

Ritzy, huh!

After scoring in several recent pictures, the Ritz Brothers tried to live up to their name by insisting on telling directors just how their scenes should be played. Most comedians are extremely unfunny when they decide to go serious, so Darryl Zanuck took the balmy brothers into his private office and explained to them that directors have a weakness for directing their own pictures. The brothers got the idea, and now all is calm in Beverly Hills.

■ ■ ■

And the best act in town—another free one—is put on by Martha Raye and Ruby Keeler. For their own amusement they do a screaming takeoff on the Busby Berkeley girls. If you Berkeley girls would only leave the room for a minute we'd go into detail.



Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson attend "Goldwyn Follies" preview.

James Cagney and Pat O'Brien step out together. They are old pals.



Another Garbo?

During the making of "The Adventures of Marco Polo," Sigrid Gurie, Goldwyn's Norwegian importation, was billed as the "Girl Who Didn't Know Hollywood." Reports from the Goldwyn camp were that Miss Gurie had never been on Hollywood Boulevard, had never entered a Hollywood night club, and in fact had done nothing but work for Mr. Goldwyn since her arrival on these shores. Came the night of the preview, and Miss Gurie was to make her grand entrance—her first public appearance. Crowds waited, but nothing happened. Miss G. was home with a cold.

■ ■ ■

There's talk around that Mr. and Mrs. Walter Withers, Jane's parents, want to adopt two children. Reason is that Jane has a tremendous number of pets around the house on which she has lavished much attention and considerable expense. Papa and mamma feel that she'll soon outgrow them, and they think a couple of youngsters might be very happy with them.

Nice Custom

Best Scene in a Current Picture: The moment when Marco Polo (Gary Cooper) teaches the Chinese princess (Sigrid Gurie) the western world's favorite salute—a kiss. The princess, whose family has been



Gladys Swarthout and hubby, Frank Chapman, are east for opera dates

rubbing noses for centuries, is first astonished, then highly pleased, with the new world's trick.

■ ■ ■

Next time you get a run in the chiffon number nines, gals, think of poor old 20th Century-Fox. The studio paid out $2,200. for runs during the filming of one picture—and for one player. The young lady was Sonja Henie. The opera length hose she wore in "Happy Landing" cost $37. a pair, and she sometimes went through six pairs in a day.

Music to Soothe

When Annabella started work on "The Baroness and the Butler," she wanted music on the set, so she bought a huge radio-phonograph to soothe her between scenes. When the picture finished, the prop department asked her what she intended to do about moving the thing. Said Annabella: "I'm finished with it. Give it to the crew." So the boys drew lots, and a guy named Brownie now has a radio-phonograph to get him in the mood for scene shifting.

(*Continued on page* 90)

"...but what is this difference you notice between Camels and other Cigarettes?"



...Kathleen Williams asks Alma Nicoll, debutante daughter of De Lancey Nicoll, Jr., of New York and Middleburg, Virginia.

And here is Miss Nicoll's answer:

"Do I find Camels different from other cigarettes? Yes, definitely! For instance, after hours in the saddle, I'm quite weary. Smoking Camels gives me a delightful 'lift'! And Camels never jangle my nerves—another way they are different! I smoke as many Camels as I please...and they never tire my taste. Camels are mild...gentle on my throat. And so you see, in so many ways, Camels agree with me."

It is not surprising that smokers are so enthusiastic about Camels. Camel spends millions more, year after year, to assure a finer, more delicate quality for Camel smokers.



THE Nicoll family have occupied positions of prominence here since Matthias Nicoll crossed to these shores in 1664. Alma Nicoll (above, right) is a fine horsewoman, devoted to the life of the Long Island and Virginia hunting country. She has traveled in England, on the Continent, and in the Near East. At right, Miss Nicoll poses before dining out. She is typical of the younger crowd in her enthusiasm for Camels. "At all the parties," she says, "I notice that Camels are served. Between courses...and, of course, after dessert, I smoke Camels —'for digestion's sake!' Camels add to mealtime pleasure."

DO PEOPLE APPRECIATE THE **COSTLIER TOBACCOS** IN CAMELS?—

—CAMELS ARE THE **LARGEST-SELLING** CIGARETTE IN AMERICA



Among the many distinguished women who find Camels mild and refreshing:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia* • Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston* • Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *New York* • Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, *Boston* • Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, *Philadelphia* • Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, *Virginia* Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, *Baltimore* • Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., *New York* • Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, *Pasadena* • Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., *Chicago* • Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr., *Philadelphia* • Mrs. Howard F. Whitney, *New York*

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER

"Camels agree with me!"

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C



YOUNG LOVE

Richard Greene, fresh from England, makes his romantic debut with Loretta Young in "Four Men and a Prayer."

Nourishes as well as Cleanses



"IT'S WONDERFUL TO HAVE such a grand nourishing cream and cleansing cream in one. Pond's new Cold Cream does so much more for my skin."

MRS. A. J. DREXEL, III

"KEEPS MY SKIN FINER . . . Pond's new Cold Cream keeps my skin finer and softer in spite of all my sports."

JOAN BELMONT, Mrs. Ellsworth N. Bailey





"SMOOTHS OUT TIRED LINES . . . Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream gives my skin a livelier, more glowing look —smooths out tired lines."

THE COUNTESS DE LA FALAISE

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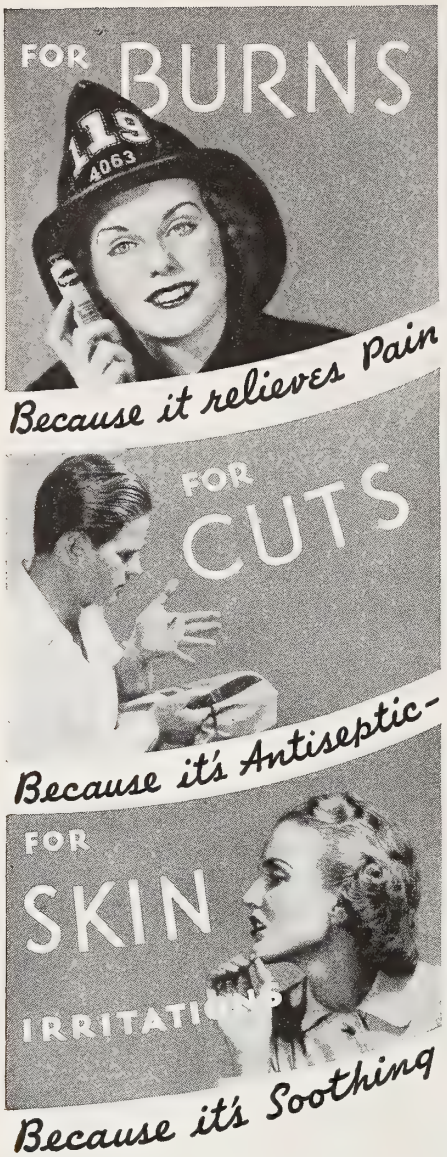
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Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

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Never, *never* be without an adequate supply of Unguentine. Big tube *50¢;* economical family size jar, *$1. At drug stores.*



HIS LIFE'S EXCITING

(*Continued from page 36*)

consequent unhappiness of a child divided. He tried to act eighteen when he was fourteen—and succeeded almost too well. He studied art in Paris, was broke and had a beautiful, Left-Bankish time of it, acquiring hollow cheeks and stoicism. He tried his hand at writing, was published, and is still writing.

When he wanted to go into pictures, and did, his father "disinherited" him, but both recovered. However, it was an experience.

For the past four years he has lived, more or less continuously, in London. He left London because he and his associates in picture-making there did not agree. It has been stated that he owned his producing company there. That, he tells me, is not a fact. He also left London because David Selznick paged him for the role of Hentzau in *Prisoner of Zenda,* and Hentzau would be irresistible to one who is by way of being Hentzau's blood brother. And it was.

In the London group of Forty, which is the much more selective equivalent of New York's one-time Four Hundred, the name of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is listed.

He lived sleekly in London, in the narrow, five-storied house in Mayfair which overhangs Locks, the hatshop, the one-time house of Nell Gwynn snuggling cosily in his back garden, or in the more recent, smart pent-house apartment, which he still maintains. Or he can live, and has, when low on funds, in a mews, finding his fun poking about on the river, dining alone at little marshy inns, dropping in on the farmers for a talk and a pipe.

He numbers among his friends the distinguished in almost every station in life . . . Clemence Dane, playwright and novelist, Dr. Wellington Koo, Chinese Ambassador to France, Dr. Will Durant, Charlie Chaplin and last, but Lordy, Lordy, not least, the Duke of Kent! And, as a friend of the Duke of Kent's he has, it is said, met and mingled familiarly with royalty, including the Duke of Windsor and the surely immortal, however deservedly, Mrs. Simpson. He has had, he admits, adventures which can only be recorded when he is, probably, eighty-two. Or when the other participants are all gone beyond the sound and fury of this earth. For the adventures have been political adventures and belong, not to him alone, but to history. Nevertheless, he *has had them* or witnessed them. And that he has had them is a part of his provocativeness.

HE has been variously rumored as romancing with Marlene Dietrich; more recently Hollywood has had him "dating" Norma Shearer, Katharine Hepburn, others. Probably he has had these dates, why not?

Having seen Douglas in "Having Wonderful Time," with Ginger Rogers, having caught glimpses of him in action for 'The Joy Of Loving," I can prophesy that he will be one of the but really terrific heart-throbs of our screen this year. I, therefore, take pleasure in announcing to you, his fans, who will be intensely interested that—he is not in love. He is not only not in love but he is not, by his own casual admission "going with" any particular lady. When I reminded him that the column-chatterers have been "linking" him he said, "They have to have something to print. Obviously, romance-rumors make the most fetching fillers. And they leave me quite helpless, for, also obviously, a gentleman cannot announce that he is not in love with a lady, has no intentions, matrimonial or otherwise."

He does, however, hope to marry again some day. "I certainly have no objections to marriage," he told me, "but not now."

He has leased a house on the beach, quite near to his father. He keeps one servant, drives his own car, entertains informally, liking it when Ronald Colman and Leslie Howard "drop down." He enjoys parties when Cary Grant is among the guests. They have a lot of fun together. He goes to night clubs much less often than he used to. He sees quite a lot of his father.

"Our relationship has never been that of father and son, you know," Douglas told me. "There has never been the adult, paternal superiority of the parent on my father's part, nor the father-what-is-beer on mine. We're good friends. I would seek his company if we were not any kin at all. In a kind of similar dissimilar way the characters we like to play on the screen stem from the same root. My father's "Zoro," "Thief of Bagdad" and the others were thrilling fantasy. The characters I like to play are more rooted in fact, or could be fact."

The elder Fairbanks, I thought, swashbuckled physically; the younger Fairbanks swashbuckles mentally.

"There are three reasons why I am glad I was born in this age," he continued. "The first is the telephone. I love to carry on interminable debates with my friends, righting the wrongs of the world. For me to talk publicly about how I should like to right the wrongs of the world would be, in my position, as presumptuous as giving advice on love. But I can, I do," laughed Douglas, rather grimly, "drop seeds. The second reason for my gratitude that the year 1909 saw my birth, is the wireless. I loathe to write letters, and never do. Therefore, my social obligations are salved by means of telegrams. The third object of my gratitude is the speed of this age, the fast trains, cars, planes. To lag in anything is to lose interest."

Douglas was called then. "In the meantime," he said, "I work. And I take my work seriously. I take everything I do seriously."



Loretta Young's littlest sister, grown up, renamed Ann Royal, is playing her first role in "Mad About Music." Time marches on!

SPONSORS FOR LATE SPRING

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Cutex Heather





Gray chiffon jersey dinner dress



Wine jersey with blue panels



Pink organza with poly-color stripes



***"Wear it with wine, gray, raspberry, pink, the new smoky blues, brown, green,"* she says**

MORE urbane and sophisticated than ever in her sensational Late Spring collection, Mlle. Alix, noted Paris dressmaker, sponsors the new Cutex HEATHER to wear with her newest and most exciting creations.

Famed for her use of jersey—from wool to chiffon—Alix is acknowledged mistress of the new loose-flowing line—the ultra-feminine effect.

HEATHER adapted to her designing

She loves the new Cutex HEATHER, says—"It is so subtle and feminine it adapts itself beautifully to that soft, loose look I've always been mad about. And the hint of purple in it blends with all the newest Spring colors."

Cutex HEATHER is a deep, smoky rose, with a suggestion of purple that makes it absolutely "right" with all the Spring "rock-garden" colors—the lovely fresh lavenders, blues and pinks, and yellows. It dramatizes the soft new grays—blends perfectly with the purples and raspberries, brown and green.

Decide right now to look your most Parisian this spring and summer in Cutex HEATHER, sponsored by Alix!

And be glad that, like all Cutex shades, Cutex HEATHER will never fade, chip or peel. HEATHER goes on with the smoothness of satin, yet wears "like iron." Ask to see the complete range of stunning new Cutex colors. Only 35¢ a bottle!

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MIDOL

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DO you still let pain take precedence to pleasure certain days each month? If you do, you should know doctors have discovered severe or prolonged periodic functional pain is not natural to most women —and that thousands of women have discovered it is *not necessary*. For unless there is some organic disorder demanding a physician's or surgeon's attention, Midol helps most women who try it.

Why not give Midol a chance to help *you* — to render dreaded days as carefree as others? Midol is made for this purpose. It acts quickly, and in all but unusual instances brings relief. A few Midol tablets should see you comfortably through your worst day. Your druggist has Midol in convenient purse-size tins.



ON THE COUNTER AT DRUGSTORES

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Adventure's End (Universal)	2★
Adventurous Blonde (Warners)	2½★
Alcatraz Island (Warners)	2½★
Ali Baba Goes to Town (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Annapolis Salute (RKO)	2★
Another Dawn (Warners)	2½★
*Arsene Lupin Returns (M-G-M)	2★
Artists and Models (Paramount)	3★
The Awful Truth (Columbia)	4★
Back in Circulation (Warners)	2★
Bad Guy (M-G-M)	2★
The Bad Man of Brimstone (M-G-M)	2½★
The Barrier (Paramount)	1★
Beg, Borrow or Steal (M-G-M)	2½★
Behind the Mike (Universal)	2½★
Big City (M-G-M)	2½★
Big Town Girl (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Blonde Trouble (Paramount)	2½★
Blossoms on Broadway (Paramount)	1★
Boots and Saddles (Republic)	2½★
Boss of Lonely Valley (Universal)	2★
Breakfast for Two (RKO)	2★
A Bride for Henry (Monogram)	1★
The Bride Wore Red (M-G-M)	1★
Broadway Melody of 1938 (M-G-M)	3★
The Buccaneer (Paramount)	3½★
Bulldog Drummond at Bay (Republic)	1½★
Bulldog Drummond Comes Back (Paramount)	1★
Bulldog Drummond's Revenge (Paramount)	2½★
Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Charlie Chan on Broadway (20th Century-Fox)	2★
*Checkers (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Colorado Kid (Republic)	2★
Confession (Warners)	2★
Conquest (M-G-M)	4★
Counsel for Crime (Columbia)	2★
Courage of the West (Universal)	1½★
Crashing Hollywood (RKO)	2½★
Criminals of the Air (Columbia)	2★
A Damsel in Distress (RKO)	3★
Dance, Charlie, Dance (Warners)	2★
Danger—Love at Work (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Dangerously Yours (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Danger Patrol (RKO)	2★
Dark Journey (United Artists)	3★
Daughter of Shanghai (Paramount)	2½★
Dead End (Samuel Goldwyn)	4★
Double Wedding (M-G-M)	2★
*Every Day's A Holiday (Paramount)	3★
*Everybody Sing (M-G-M)	3★
Escape by Night (Republic)	1½★
Ebb-Tide (Paramount)	3★
52nd Street (Walter Wanger)	2★
Fight For Your Lady (RKO)	2★
The Firefly (M-G-M)	3★
First Lady (Warners)	3★
Fit for a King (RKO)	2★
Flight from Glory (RKO)	2★
Footloose Heiress (Warners)	1★
Forty-Five Fathers (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Forty Naughty Girls (RKO)	2★
Frame-Up (Columbia)	2★
The Game that Kills (Columbia)	2★
Gold Is Where You Find It (Warners)	2★
The Gold Racket (Grand National)	2★
The Goldwyn Follies (Samuel Goldwyn)	3★
The Great Garrick (Warners)	3★
Happy Landing (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Headin' East (Columbia)	2★
Heidi (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Here's Flash Casey (Grand National)	2★
High Wide and Handsome (Paramount)	3½★
Hitting a New High (RKO)	2★
Hold 'Em Navy (Paramount)	2★
Hollywood Hotel (Warner)	3★
Hot Water (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Hurricane (Samuel Goldwyn)	3½★
Idol of the Crowds (Universal)	2★
I'll Take Romance (Columbia)	3★
I Met My Love Again (Walter Wanger)	3★
In Old Chicago (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
It Can't Last Forever (Columbia)	1½★
It Happened in Hollywood (Columbia)	2½★
It's All Yours (Columbia)	2★
It's Love I'm After (Warners)	4★
King Solomon's Mines (GB)	2★
Lady, Behave (Republic)	2★
The Lady Escapes (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
*The Lady Fights Back (Universal)	1★
Lancer Spy (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Last Gangster (M-G-M)	3★
Life Begins in College (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Live, Love and Learn (M-G-M)	3★
Look Out, Mr. Moto (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Life of Emile Zola (Warners)	4★
The Life of the Party (RKO)	1★
Last Horizon (Columbia)	4★
Love and Hisses (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Love Is on the Air (Warners)	2★
Love Is A Headache (M-G-M)	2½★
Love Takes Flight (Grand National)	1½★
Love On A Budget (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Love on Toast (Paramount)	2★
Love Under Fire (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Madam X (M-G-M)	1½★
Make a Wish (RKO)	2½★
Mannequin (M-G-M)	3★
Man-Proof (M-G-M)	2½★
Married Before Breakfast (M-G-M)	2½★
Mayerling (Nero)	4★
Merry-Go-Round of 1938 (Universal)	2★
Missing Witnesses (Warners)	2★
Murder in Greenwich Village (Columbia)	1★
Murder on Diamond Row (London Films)	2½★
Music for Madame (RKO)	2★
Navy Blue and Gold (M-G-M)	3★
New Faces of 1937 (RKO)	3★
Night Club Scandal (Paramount)	2★
Non-Stop New York (GB)	2★
Nothing Sacred (Selznick-International)	3★
One Mile from Heaven (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
On Again—Off Again (RKO)	1★
100 Men and a Girl (Universal)	4★
On Such a Night (Paramount)	1★
Over the Goal (Warners)	1★
Paid to Dance (Columbia)	1★
Paradise For Three (M-G-M)	2★
Partners in Crime (Paramount)	1★
*Penrod And His Twin Brother (Warners)	2★
The Perfect Specimen (Warners)	3★
Prescription for Romance (Universal)	1★
Portia on Trial (Republic)	3★
Prisoner of Zenda (Selznick-International)	4★
Reported Missing (Universal)	2★
Renfrew of the Royal Mounted (Grand National)	2★
Rosalie (M-G-M)	3★
The Road Back (Universal)	3★
Roaring Timber (Columbia)	2★
San Quentin (Warners)	2½★
Saturday's Heroes (RKO)	2½★
Sea Racketeers (Republic)	1½★
Second Honeymoon (20th Century-Fox)	2★
She Asked for It (Paramount)	2★
The Sheik Steps Out (Republic)	2★
Sh! The Octopus (Warners)	2★
She's Got Everything (RKO)	2★
She's No Lady (Paramount)	1★
Snow White and the 7 Dwarfs (Disney)	4★
Small Town Boy (Grand National)	2★
Something to Sing About (Grand National)	2½★
Sophie Lang Goes West (Paramount)	2½★
Souls at Sea (Paramount)	3★
Spy Ring (Universal)	2★
Stage Door (RKO)	4★
Stand-In (Walter Wanger)	3★
Stella Dallas (Sam Goldwyn)	4★
Super Sleuth (RKO)	1★
Strangers on a Honeymoon (GB)	2★
Submarine D-1 (Warners)	2★
Swing It Sailor (Grand National)	1★
Swing Your Lady (Warners)	2½★
Tarzan's Revenge (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Tes Rides with the Boy Scouts (Grand National)	2★
Texas Trail (Paramount)	2★
The Shadow (Columbia)	2★
There Goes The Groom (RKO)	2★
That Certain Woman (Warners)	2★
They Won't Forget (Warners)	3★
Thin Ice (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Think Fast, Mr. Moto (20th Century-Fox)	2★
This Way, Please (Paramount)	1★
Thoroughbreds Don't Cry (M-G-M)	2½★
Thrill of a Lifetime (Paramount)	1★
Thunder Trail (Paramount)	2★
Trapped by G-Men (Columbia)	1½★
True Confession (Paramount)	4★
The Toast of New York (RKO)	3★
Topper (Hal Roach)	3★
Tovarich (Warners)	3★
Under Suspicion (Columbia)	2★
Varsity Show (Warners)	3★
Victoria the Great (RKO)	4★
Vogues of 1938 (Walter Wanger)	3★
Wee Willie Winkie (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Wells Fargo (Paramount)	3★
West of Shanghai (Warners)	1½★
The Westland Case (Universal)	2★
White Bondage (Warners)	1★
Wife, Doctor and Nurse (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Wild and Woolly (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Wild Money (Paramount)	1★
Wine, Women and Horses (Warners)	1★
Wise Girl (RKO)	3★
*A Yank at Oxford (M-G-M)	3★
You're A Sweetheart (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
*You're Only Young Once (M-G-M)	2★
You Can't Have Everything (20th Century-Fox)	3★

Turn to our Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. It's a valuable guide in choosing entertainment. Instead of giving the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authorative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

"Dainty Girls Win Out"

says DOROTHY LAMOUR



STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION "Her Jungle Love"

HOLLYWOOD'S beauty bath makes you *sure* of daintiness. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Other lovely screen stars such as Bette Davis, Irene Dunne, Joan Blondell tell you that they use Lux Toilet Soap as a bath soap, too, because it leaves skin smooth and fragrant. You'll love this Hollywood way of insuring daintiness!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

"STEP ALONG MISTER!"



BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

"DON'T rush me, woman! I'm in no party mood—but I'll brighten up in a hurry if you'll share that package of Beeman's! You know that flavor's a real joy reviver. It's got a frisky freshness, a tingly tang—in short, it's great.

If you don't know, the package is sealed airtight to keep all that luscious freshness inside. I'll stop on the way. We need a fresh package."

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

BLUFFS THAT WORKED

(*Continued from page 49*)

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. In another city, she said Paramount had signed her. In still a third city, she said she was under contract to Universal.

The truth was that, although she had been tested, no company had signed her.

But motion picture executives always read such items carefully. They began to ask, "Who is this Sonja Henie?"

The final stunt was pulled just before Sonja reached the coast. At the Metro publicity office, they received a telegram ordering them to meet Sonja Henie with photographers. "She is coming to work for us," the telegram said.

Naturally they sent photographers, and some of the photographs got into the newspapers. By the time they discovered that the telegram had not been authorized by the New York office, Hollywood was beginning to be Henie-conscious. Thus when she staged her famous exhibition at the Polar Ice Palace, executives from every major company attended.

James Cagney once succeeded in bluffing his own movie company. It was back in 1932, and Jimmy, engaged in one of his periodic fights, was demanding more money.

The studio refused to consider giving Jimmy any kind of a raise. Finally he quit work.

"I don't have to remain an actor," he said. "All my life I've been interested in medicine. I'm going to study at Columbia University, and give up my screen career entirely. My wife approves of my plan."

If Jimmy had threatened to go to another movie company and sell his services, there were legal steps that might have been taken. But if he was going to become a doctor, no contract could stop him.

Of course the studio knew it might all be a bluff, but on the other hand, if Jimmy was not faking, they would lose one of their most valuable properties. In the end, Jimmy got pretty nearly everything for which he asked.

After he and Warners' had patched up their difficulties, reporters asked him if he had really been serious about his plan to become a physician. Jimmy grinned.

"No," he said, "that was just a gag."

While Nelson Eddy has never had to bluff in his motion picture career, he fibbed about his experience when he was trying to get a job on a newspaper in Philadelphia. Before he went to see the editors he had never written a line. But he persuaded them to give him a job in the advertising department by saying that he was an advertising man. From that he advanced to reporter, to rewrite man and finally to the copy desk by pretending that he could do all these things, then taking the time to learn how in order to back up his bluff.

Necessity is the mother of most hoaxes, and that was the case with W. C. Fields. Shortly after the Spanish American War, he was forced to accept a vaudeville engagement in Spain, and due to the resentment toward Americans at that time, he was billed as an Englishman. Since he was doing a pantomime act, it was not necessary for him to speak on the stage. For about three months he was successful



Tyrone Power and Joseph Schildkraut look with equal admiration on Norma Shearer's get-up as "Marie Antoinette."



Anna May Wong confides something to Akim Tamiroff in her native Chinese—but it's still her secret.

at this bluff until he gave vent to some typical Fieldsian dialogue backstage, was overheard by a Spaniard and was fired.

EARLY IN her career Ginger Rogers tried a bluff that definitely did not work. While she was in New York, playing a leading role in "Girl Crazy," she was also making films for an eastern motion picture studio. Hoping that she could persuade the motion picture executives to give her more money and better roles in pictures, she stalked up to an executive of the company, said she wasn't getting as much money from the studio as she was from the musical comedy contract, and demanded her release. To her amazement, the official gave her the release.

"That incident taught me a lesson," Ginger said, laughing, "about the technique of a bluff."

The most successful practical joke Ginger ever tried was the famous "Lady Ainsley" hoax, perpetrated at the time when Producer Pandro Berman was having great difficulty finding the right actress to play Elizabeth in "Mary of Scotland."

One day Director John Ford, who was in on the hoax, said to Producer Pan Berman, "I've just heard that Lady Ainsley, the famous English actress, is in town. She has played Elizabeth hundreds of times on the stage—in fact, she's a direct descendant of the Queen. Why don't you get her to take a test?"

Pan Berman authorized a test of Lady Ainsley.

A few days later, when he saw the test, he was electrified. The girl who appeared as Queen Elizabeth, her hair piled high on her head, her face vicious with cruelty and lust for power, was just the actress he had been searching for.

"Send for her," he said. "She's marvelous!"

Director Ford shrugged his shoulders and intimated that there might be difficulties. Lady Ainsley was just like Katharine Cornell in her aversion toward making pictures.

For a week, Berman frantically sought to contact Lady Ainsley. Then one day a newspaper item reported, "What red-haired star is playing a gigantic practical joke on what producer by posing as a great foreign actress who doesn't exist?"

Berman got the point at once. But though Ginger's bluff was called, she had attained her secret objective. For a long time she had been trying to persuade her studio that she could play dramatic roles. It took the great Lady Ainsley hoax to make her company realize that Ginger was more than just a foil for Fred Astaire.

Gerald Wright at 4 months



Somebody's coming with a bowl and a spoon. Jerry knows what that means—he's been having Clapp's Baby Cereal for a month. He's one of the small citizens of a New Jersey community who is contributing pictures and growth records to a study of infant feeding. Clapp's Strained Vegetables will go on his diet list soon.

Gerald Wright at 8 months



Jerry's mother doesn't have a worry except that his blond hair won't lie down. For he's growing steadily and putting on some good solid pounds. Besides Clapp's Vegetables, Jerry has been having Clapp's Strained Soups and Strained Fruits lately. Smooth, finely strained, but not too liquid—these foods have the exact texture that doctors approve.

Gerald's husky at 11 months



Vitamin-rich Clapp's Foods, pressure-cooked to hold in food value, have built Jerry into a hefty little rascal, weighing 23 pounds. His steady progress is typical of all the Clapp-fed babies in the test. And so is his freedom from food dislikes. Clapp's Foods really do taste better!

how he got his head start....



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Doctors asked for them...even-textured foods with all the advantages of Clapp's Strained Foods, but more coarsely divided. At dealers' now—remember them when your baby outgrows Clapp's Strained Foods.

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STRANGER THAN FICTION

(*Continued from page 47*)

the unsuspecting Alan and said, "You! Come in here!" Alan, perplexed, went in. The producer asked him what he had "done." Alan said, with emphasis, "Plenty." The producer said, "And just what parts have you played?" "Blimey," thought Alan, "he takes me for an actor!" Alan thought then, amused, but always quick on the uptake, of parts he had seen on the stage and thought he might have been able to do. He named three or four of them, with glib assurance. The producer looked skeptical but needed a man of Alan's type and hired him!

When the friend arrived Alan was awaiting him outside in the rain. "Why didn't you go in out of the rain?" asked the friend. "Oh," said Alan easily, "I went inside!" Then he told what had happened. The friend staggered momentarily and said, "That's the billet *I* was after!" Alan offered to go back and fix things but the friend would have none of it. "You go ahead and do it," he said sincerely.

THE play was "The Cinderella Man." Alan, in the lead role, toured England with the third company. He just memorized his lines and spoke them, he says, nothing more. He hadn't the foggiest notion how to act. At the end of their first performance at some English watering place, the cast, as is customary, went to a pub to celebrate. Alan, still in funds, ordered brandies and sodas. The rest of the company ordered beers.

They cast wistful eyes at Alan's luxury. He invited them to join him and stood treat to brandies and sodas. In return for his hospitality they broke the ice and told him he had given the worst performance they had ever seen in all their years of trouping. It was not, they said, humanly possible to act worse than he did. His performance, they elaborated, had left them stunned. They offered to teach him how to act. They did. They taught him how to use his hands, gesture, raise his eye-brows, modulate his voice. They also taught him what they called, "The dirty business of acting." They invented bits of business for their own parts which were calculated to kill his effects. He, in turn, thought up bits of business that would kill their effects. This game was the making of an actor.

In 1923 he came to America. No work. Money dwindled, and then was not. That was the four month period which Alan Mowbray spent sleeping on a bench in Central Park.

Sitting, the other day, in his cedar-panelled library in Beverly Hills, comfortable in deep red leather chairs, the red-hearted fire roaring on the hearth, his small daughter twined about him, Alan said, briefly, "I learned a lot. Makeshifts. Devices. I didn't have a nickel. Not one. Now and again I'd meet a friend and pull the well known, 'Say, old man, I want to phone. Lend me a nickel, will you? No change, y'know.' I learned how to eat *without* a nickel. I'd go, for instance, to the Automat in New York. No one pays much attention to you in the Automat. I found that customers always got two rolls and a pat of butter with their dinners and that, in nine cases out of ten, they only ate one of the two rolls. It was a simple matter to wander about and with fair surreptitiousness to slip a couple of rolls into my pocket. There was always a tomato catsup bottle handy. Water was free. I'd take a catsup bottle, pour a little catsup into a paper cup of water, and there I'd be—with a reasonably decent cup of tomato soup and a roll!

"Now and again I'd run into an old friend and be invited to a cocktail party or something. I managed to maintain a fairly well groomed appearance. I had a friend who had an office down town. He never got to his office until late. I'd get there early. I'd use his razor, have a wash, comb my hair. I'd also rinse out my 'other shirt' and dangle it over the window ledge to dry. And there I'd be. I'd go to the party. They were, unfortunately, those parties rather short on eats and long on drinks. I didn't dare take anything to drink on my empty stomach. But I'd go and, on more than one occasion, a swank limousine would drop me at the gates of Central Park. I'd say, breezily, that I always liked 'a turn in the Park before turning in!'

WHILE I was 'in residence' in the Park I had another study in irony, my portrait painted! My friend, the Countess Wenner, did it. When it was eventually hung, it hung between the portraits of two ex-kings! The Countess never suspected my predicament. She also did a portrait of my dog, Pal. Pal shared all of the vicissitudes of my life with me. It was while I was in New York that I wrote 'Dinner Is Served.' I wrote it to keep myself awake until it was time to go around to the Hippodrome Grill where I collected meat scraps for my dog. We shared those meat scraps, Pal and I. That is his portrait over the fire there. He died a year and a half ago, out here." "And when he died," small "P.M." chimed in, "Daddy started to cry. . . ." Alan, unashamed, did not deny it.

"I had a couple of adventures," Alan went on. "One night it was raining. I was sitting under a heavy tree. You acquire a fine flair for self protection when you are without protection of any kind. As I sat there an ancient crone came and huddled there by me. She was the type you read about. She rather resembled May Robson in an Apple Annie make-up. She peered at me, without interest, and said, 'Life's lousy, ain't it, young man?' I said, 'For some of us, yes.' You can't lie to a soul like that. They are too near the terrible truth of some things. I didn't ask her to 'tell me her story.' I didn't need to. She didn't ask me mine. She didn't need to. God knows, she had rubbed elbows with down-and-outers these many years, no doubt.

"One night a tough looking chap sat down beside me. He began to talk to me, without glancing at me, without moving his mouth at all. He said, 'Better scram. They're after you. If you don't scram now you won't live to regret it.' I answered, also without moving my mouth, 'What would anyone be after me for, in God's name?' He said, 'You look pretty nippy. They think you've got something. *They've* got a rod!' I said, 'Then they're wrong. I haven't got a sou in the world nor a meal in my belly. Let 'em try it!' I was sore and bitter and discouraged. The one thing I couldn't do was run. The rod was pushed into me. I hauled off and let the bloke have it. I knocked him cold, took his rod away from him and beat it. There it is up there, a little old '22, the only fire-arm I've ever owned since I came out of the War.

"Of the friends I ran into during those four months, not one ever suspected my plight. They never have. I've never told

this part of my life before. They will learn it now, if they read this, for the first time.

"At the end of the four months, and pretty near at the end of me, I guess, I got a job with the Boston Repertory Theatre.

"They advanced me some money and I took the train for Boston. En route I ordered steak and potatoes and onions and coffee and pie. When I arrived in Boston I was carried off the train. They called a doctor and he said to me, 'What's the matter with you? What have you been doing to yourself?' 'Nothing,' I said. 'Come, let's have the truth,' he ordered, 'you're starved, aren't you?' I admitted the diagnosis then and he told me that I had just about committed suicide. My stomach had shrunk to the size of a walnut. I should have had a couple of pellets of bread soaked in consomme and very few of those! The steak and fixin's about fixed me.

"After that, things went all right. 'The Amorous Antic' was my first Broadway show, with Phoebe Foster and Frank Morgan. I toured with the Theatre Guild in 'The Apple Cart,' 'The Doctor's Dilemma' and 'The Second Man.'

"I came to Hollywood in Shaw's 'The Apple Cart,' which was, by the way, so similar in theme to the Simpson-ex-King case as to be a deft prophesy of things to come. I played the King of England in the stage play and then went to the part of George Washington in 'Alexander Hamilton,' the film starring George Arliss. From the King of England to the first President of the United States was what might be termed a political manoeuver without precedent.

"And I like Hollywood. It satisfies me, thus far. When the children are grown I may shy off and try something else, far afield. I have the usual actor's ambition to direct one of these days. It's been said so often I hate to say it, but there it is. They used to say that at Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo you could meet the whole world. Now that is true of only one place, Hollywood. It's exciting here because exciting people come here. The work is fun. The money is fun. I have my wife and home and youngsters. They're fun, too.

"My experiences," said Alan Mowbray, "have taught me one thing. It's this: I look at a mountain as a mountain and at a molehill as a molehill."

And these, I think, are about the wisest words I have ever heard. From about the wisest man I've ever met. A man who can mix the incredible ingredients of life with the mixing spoon of tolerance; who can give an epitaph in one breath and sing a bawdy ditty in the next. I give you Alan Mowbray.



Papa Allan Jones even passed the cigars out in the stable when his son and heir was born.



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(This offer not good in Canada)

BETWEEN YOU

$5.00 Prize Letter

Always a Playboy?

It was with considerable irritation that I listened to Jimmy Fidler holding forth the other night on Montgomery's grave error in playing in "Night Must Fall." It seems that a dear old lady wrote and said she felt just as if a member of her own family had taken to crime.

Mr. Fidler feels that an actor should stick to his type. The fact that an actor who sticks to his type is not an actor, seems to have escaped him. Why should Robert Montgomery continue to play in one idiotic picture after another, simply because he was cast in them in the first place?

Fredric March has played in comedy, in tragedy, even appeared as Mr. Hyde, and no one complained. Spencer Tracy plays an endless variety of roles, and no one is disappointed. Why, then, should Robert Montgomery, who has proved himself the equal of either, be doomed to an infinity of bedroom farces?

Who can deny that Charlie Ruggles' part of the reporter in "Exclusive" is miles above anything else he has done? Must we see him in nutty comedy for the rest of his career because he started as a nutty comedian?

I'm quite sure that for every old lady who has deserted him, Robert Montgomery has two astounded and admiring followers. —Mrs. N. H. Stratten, Winnipeg, Can.

$2.00 Prize Poem

Ode To The Villain

Some of my pals pray for Gable,
And some for a man like Tyrone.
But I'll take the villains just any old day,
And let all the heroes alone.

When six-shooters barked and the bandits
Were robbing the pony express,
And they wanted a blackguard to handle
the job—
Could Lloyd Nolan do it? Why, yes!

If it's dashing and swashbuckling sword
play,
There must be a dastardly foe.
Give me Doug as a gay and adventurous
rogue,
(That would be Fairbanks, Jr. you know.)

If it's suave and sophisticate villainy
That's my fancy in crime for the nonce,
Basil Rathbone I'll try as a slithering spy,
He tops 'em in cool nonchalance.

There are others I really should mention—
Alan Baxter, his gang and a gat;
Raymond Massey, that sneering and sinister
plotter,
And several others like that.
It's agreed that all pictures have villains,
And I like 'em, so what can I lose?
Rest assured, oh you rascally actors, from
me
You'll get bouquets of orchids, not boos.
—Betty D. Frye, Santa Ana, Cal.



Her friends pray for Tyrone and Gable, but one gal prefers the good old-fashioned villain any day.

$2.00 Prize Letter

Candid Shots

Call it "high treason," hang me for a traitor, but I must, I simply must know the why and wherefore, thusly:

Why do the stars who are so widely bally-hooed as gorgeous, glamorous, romantic, and super-marvelous consent to pose for informal shots, on the set, at a preview, at a racetrack, restaurant, or party? Such pictures always have a way of appearing in all the fan magazines, and greatly disillusion the dear public who were justly led to believe all is as appears in the silver flickers.

For illustration, we have Carole Lombard (very "high treason," this) in an off shot, looking anything but glamorous, rather skinny and colorless, not at all La Lombard of our fond dreams; Kay Francis, in an unguarded moment, looking all of at least forty years old, plus one double chin; Robert Taylor, a very much unshaven young man (perhaps he's just growing said stubble for his next picture, eh?), not at all romantic; not to mention his constant gal friend, Barbara Stanwyck, looking for all the world like a slightly dowdy school marm; Claudette Colbert, oh, so peaked looking, a small pinched smile on her face, not the pert, comely Claudette of "I Met Him in Paris."

Oh, I could go on and on. Really, the only one I recognize at all is good old homely Spencer Tracy—he at least looks the same in any language.—Mrs. Elizabeth Miller, Rochester, N. Y.

$1.00 Prize Letter

À la Natural

Now I'm not one of these sticklers for reality so don't get me wrong. I'm a dizzy young thing, chock full of romantic notions, and nothing thrills me so much as a shiek making violent love to a divinely beautiful maiden in the heart of the desert to the accompaniment of dreamy music. But, I say, give us more girls like Carole Lombard who seemingly doesn't give a darn

'N' ME

TRY YOUR LUCK AT WINNING A CASH PRIZE. WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY ABOUT THE STARS AND THE MOVIES YOU SEE?

**WRITE A LETTER—
WIN A PRIZE**

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, $5; two second prizes of $2 each; six prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You 'n' Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.



Another fan resents the candid camera, whose relentless frankness catches the stars in unflattering poses.

how she looks but instead concentrates on giving us entertainment with a capital E. You've succeeded, Carole, and how.

Take Susie Glutz, for example. She goes to bed and tosses and tumbles half the night worrying over the unpaid mortgage, but the next morning up she jumps bright as a dewdrop, hair beautifully coiffured and not a wrinkle in her satin pajamas. Now I ask you is that natural? Of course not, and it simply spoils the picture for me. No one is beautiful all the time and when the star is rumpled and mussed, even as you and I, she seems more warm and human. The picture becomes a reality. We really live it, instead of feeling that it's "just another picture."

Bouquets to Carole Lombard for her naturalness. Ditto for Ann Sothern and Sylvia Sidney.—Peggy Ruff, Hendersonville, N. C.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Stars as People

According to a recent report made by a Hollywood commentator, the movie executives and directors have put a ban on all publicity dealing with the home life of movie stars.

All I can say is that said executives and directors certainly must underrate the intelligence of the average theatre-goer. A person who is ballyhooed as a lover of everything except a home and family is soon looked upon as a freak.

The lives of glamor girls and matinee idols hardly belong to themselves. They must have publicity to help their star to soar—in fact, to earn a living. Why not, then, have the simple stories that tell of

(*Continued on page 108*)



LIVE A COLORFUL LIFE ON 15¢

Have you had the fun and adventure of changing drab frocks to gay ones, making lingerie sparkle? Then hurry out for Rit—its amazing new formula contains "neomerpin"... makes cloth soak up color evenly, beautifully, *without boiling.* You'll find dozens of uses for Rit, all so easy you'll "DYE" LAUGHING!

RIT TINTS & DYES

Never say "Dye"—say RIT!

MY DENTIST TOLD ME THAT HEALTHY GUMS MEAN BRIGHTER TEETH! FORHAN'S AND MASSAGE HELP ME KEEP MY GUMS HEALTHY!



Even my dentist was delighted at the improvement in my teeth and my gums!

Forhan's gum massage makes teeth brighter and helps make gums healthy. For a trial tube, send 10¢ to Forhan's, Dept. 519, New Brunswick, N. J.

Forhan's DOES BOTH JOBS
CLEANS TEETH · AIDS GUMS

SMALL TOWN GIRL

(*Continued from page 45*)

be," she snapped. "After all, if chance circumstances hadn't taken me away from Fargo eight years ago, that's exactly the life I'd be leading. Yes, and I'd be darned happy in it, too. As it is, I'm more than a little homesick for it all."

"One of Hollywood's chief glamor girls homesick for the prairie? Don't be silly! Besides, you never would have stayed there with your ambitions!"

It was not her ambitions that took her away from Fargo in the first place, Virginia insisted. She did not have any at that time, at least not for the stage or screen They would not even let her play in the high school dramatic productions, so little did they think of her talents, if any, and she thought less. It was simply a case of the family moving, and daughter Virginia with it. The picture career was accidental, something that just happened.

Virginia, then Virginia Briggs, the most beautiful girl in town, was an eighteen year old graduate of Fargo High School when that well-known depression caught up with her father, Earl F. Briggs, a prominent insurance broker. Not that the family finances were pinched; just that California seemed a better field for his business. And so they moved, bag and baggage, to Los Angeles where Virginia was to enter the University of California at Los Angeles. That was before the school moved to its present elaborate site in Westwood.

She had matriculated, in fact, and was being given a flattering rush by campus sororities when the new world of the screen opened up. Director Harry Beaudine happened to see her on the street, asked her if she worked in pictures. No. Did she want to? Maybe. The upshot was she signed a personal contract with him at $25 a week.

Her first role was as an extra in a picture starring Madge Bellamy. Virginia remembers meeting another blonde extra in that picture. Her name was Jean Harlow. After that, came a bit part in a Helen Twelvetrees story, and then Paramount, at Beaudine's urging, gave her a singing test. Result, a contract and $75 a week, of which she received one third. She played a lady-in-waiting in Chevalier's "The Love Parade." But chiefly, she says, she was waiting for that $25 a week contract to expire!

MEANTIME, John Harkrider was scouting for beauties for Sam Goldwyn's "Whoopee" with Eddie Cantor. He was scenic designer for Ziegfeld and was on loan to Goldwyn. He considers Virginia the loveliest of all the girls he signed for the picture.

When she was free to make a new contract, Harkrider was back in New York. Virginia wrote him, received a bid, at $90 a week, to be a Ziegfeld beauty in "Smiles" on Broadway, neatly reversing the Broadway to Hollywood custom. After two shows in New York, she returned to Hollywood and her present M-G-M contract which has built her from comparative obscurity to starring material.

In 1932 she married the late John Gilbert, divorcing him two years later after the birth of her daughter, Susan Ann.

Time passed and Virginia's career continued to skyrocket. Susan Ann grew from a chubby infant into a charming little girl and movie goers became increasingly conscious of the golden beauty which was Virginia's. During those years she went about, of course, but her name was never linked seriously with any man's.

Then came "Bad Man of Brimstone." J. Walter Ruben was assigned to direct this opus and Virginia got the feminine lead. She'd known Ruben for a number of years—casually. They'd been to some of the same parties, had seen each other in night clubs, had danced together and talked about the weather and the picture business.

Working together did something to both of them. Casual acquaintanceship ripened into friendship which, in turn, became a great deal more. Thus it was that love came a second time to Virginia Bruce. You read about her marriage to Ruben. It was one of the most beautiful ceremonies Hollywood has ever witnessed, with little Susan Ann serving as flower girl. It is a marriage based on the sound foundation of mutual respect and friendship as well as mutual affection. It is a marriage which means complete happiness to Virginia.

But it is a different sort of happiness from that which she knew back in the small town of her birth. And she is well aware of that difference.

"You said something about life in Fargo being amusing," Virginia went on. "It would have been for me, but not in the patronizing way you implied. Rather, it would have been fun. Here's why. Here's what would have happened to me if I had stayed there.

TO begin with, I probably would have married, after a year or so at the university," Virginia picked up the story. "His name probably would have been John. My beaus always seemed to have that name, which simplified things in one way. He might have worked in a bank and by this time might be a junior vice-president getting a salary—and quite a handsome one, too, of about $300 a month.



A dark horse in the race for the part of the sister in "Holiday," Doris Nolan got the job.

"Before I married, in church with white satin, veil, and all the trimmings, I would have been guest of honor at all sorts of hen parties. Kitchen showers, handkerchief showers, odds and ends showers. My engagement would have been announced at a tea.

"After a honeymoon, probably in the Twin Cities (Minneapolis and St. Paul) or Chicago, we would have taken a house on Eighth or Ninth Street, buying it on time. It probably would have been of red brick and not very handsome, architecturally speaking, but sturdily built to keep out the winter cold. Two-story, it might have had seven or eight rooms, a good sized yard, flowers, shrubs and vines on the house. And most certainly it would have had sliding doors on the garage in back.

"In the basement would be a large cool room called the fruit cellar, where jams, preserves, apples and potatoes were stored. The laundry might have been in the basement or on the back porch and the clothesline would be strung between two wooden poles just close enough to the garage to get the clothes dirty if a stiff breeze came up! John would keep promising to move them and never get around to it. So much for the house.

"We would have had what we call 'the girl.' Her duties encompass everything from cooking, housework and laundry to helping look after the children, and it would never enter her head to expect otherwise. She'd live in the house with us, of course, and her salary would be around twenty-five dollars a month. She could bake marvelous cakes and her chocolate icing would be divine.

"The week would be blocked out and it would take a major catastrophe to deviate from washing on Monday, ironing on Tuesday, mending on Wednesday, day off on Thursday, cleaning on Friday and baking on Saturday.

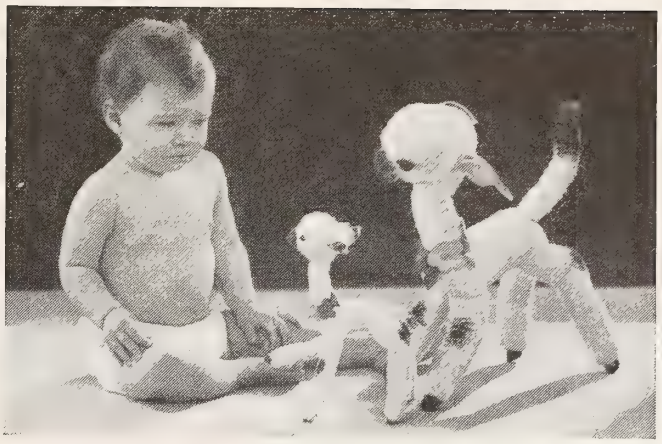
"Week days John would come home for lunch at 12:30 and dinner would be at 6:30. On Sundays dinner would be at 2 o'clock with a roast large enough so Monday's dinner could come out of it, potatoes, two vegetables, a salad and cake. Sunday evenings we'd fix a snack in the kitchen.

"We probably would have three children, one boy named after John's father, one after mine, and a girl whose name would be wholly of my own choosing. They'd have the usual childhood diseases but the family doctor could handle everything nicely. If it was contagious, the children not affected probably would be sent to their grandmother's to stay until the quarantine was lifted.

"John would be at business all day, so I would find ways to occupy my time. Since I can play the piano fairly well, I would have joined the Fine Arts Club and accompanied the soloists. Occasionally I might be asked for a vocal solo myself.

"I would have joined the Women's Club and given papers on current topics when my turn came around. I would have been on committees to sell tickets to lectures by visiting notables. I would have made it a point to develop such small talents as I had for drawing, painting and singing. As it is, my singing is the only thing I've had time to cultivate.

I WOULD have belonged to a foursome or an eightsome which met once a week at our respective homes for bridge in the afternoon, and I'd have racked my brain, every time it was my turn, to figure out something novel to serve for refreshments that were limited to two dishes. We probably would have played for a quarter on the corner, and my winnings would go in a cloisonne box on my dresser for John's Christmas present.



• *"You poor baby lamb! Still got on long woolen underwear! And your mother says she can't help it, you have to wear it. Dear—dear! You'd think you were a black sheep, the way they treat you!"*



• *"Wait—see that beautiful woman over there in the apron? Well, that's my mother! You only have to mention in her hearing that you're somewhat hot and sticky, and she reaches for the Johnson's Baby Powder..."*



• *"Next thing you know, something soft and downy goes tickle-tickle down your back—whee-ee! After that, you can say phooey to rashes and chafes and prickly heat, and play Run, Sheep, Run with the best of them!"*



• *"Did you ever notice how smooth Johnson's Baby Powder is? That must be why it keeps my skin just perfect!" Perfect skin condition is a baby's best protection against skin infections, Mothers. So guard your baby's skin with Johnson's Baby Powder, the kind that's made of finest imported talc—no orris-root... Also important for the bath-basket: Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, and Baby Oil for tiny babies...safe, soothing, stainless, and it cannot turn rancid.*

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WINE is a dark vibrant color for brunettes with dark skin. SPANISH is a daring red styled for the complexion of a flashing senorita. DESERT FLAME is a brilliant youthful color for blondes. CINEMA a new shade styled in Hollywood for wear under artificial light.

Large regular size for 60c at all Drug and Dept. Stores and 25c size at Dime Stores.

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IODENT

No. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN **TOOTH PASTE** *also* **POWDER** **No. 2** FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

"I would have bought matched canisters, or embroidered kitchen towels to take to kitchen showers for other brides; and found time to knit a darling sweater or bind a blanket in satin for a baby shower.

"A couple of times a week I might have gone to a matinee movie with my closest girl friend, stopping for a hot fudge sundae afterwards. Clark Gable and Bob Taylor would have thrilled us.

"As far as that goes, the movies would have been our chief diversion in the evening. After the children were put to bed, with 'the girl' left to keep an eye on them, we'd get in the family car (a standard make sedan in the medium price range) and John would drive us to the theatre. If we couldn't find parking space within a few doors, he'd grumble. If a Myrna Loy picture was playing, we'd see it, at John's suggestion, on the opening night.

"Once in awhile we'd play chess at home and raid the ice box for a glass of milk and some sugar cookies before bed. Other nights Joe and Mary Louise would come over for bridge and we'd have a few highballs during the evening. Every so often there would come one of those nights when John or Joe would insist on mixing some newfangled drink they'd heard about. Usually we'd decide it wasn't much good.

"John's boss and his wife would come for dinner on special occasions and I'd pretend it was nothing to get excited about. But I'd plan the menu for days, get my best monogrammed linen out of its sheafs of blue tissue paper, use my sterling given us for a wedding present by John's parents, and spend an hour arranging the flowers.

"We'd join the B. and B. and have a grand time at the two parties a year it gives. If possible, we'd budget a new evening dress for me for each party. I'd put the studs and such in John's shirt and help him tie his tie. We'd probably join the Century Club, too. That's another social club.

"Two or three times a year we might go to Minneapolis for the week-end, crowding it with shows, night clubs and hurried shopping.

"On Sunday we'd play tennis, ride horseback, shoot a game of golf or take the children to the farm of a relative for the day. Each summer we'd take a cottage at Pettibone Lodge at the lakes at Shoreham, Minn.

"As for clothes, I'd have the two new evening dresses, skirts and sweaters, a nice tailored suit, a couple of informal afternoon dresses, a dinner dress and maybe a tea dress. Mornings I would wear cute ginghams. About every five years I'd have a new fur coat, probably pony skin or caracul, or maybe even squirrel.

"Well, there it is. The girl I would have been, the life I would have lived if I had stayed in Fargo. Amusing? What have I got in Hollywood? A successful director-husband, about eight or ten new evening dresses a year, a house with seven bedrooms and five baths, and four servants. I go to movies, play tennis, dress up for dances. I don't have the time I want with Susan Ann; I'm missing half the fun of her growing up because I have to be at the studio during the day.

"I have fame and more money? Granted. But I also have all the nagging worries, the troubles, the twenty-four-hour-a-day fight to keep what I've won!

"Boil it all down to relative values. Then tell me if I'm winner or loser. Show me where I'm any happier than I would have been in Fargo!"

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 74*)

Short Story

Six months ago a prominent film star and a handsome leading man were in the middle of a colossal and terrific romance. She sent him a gift, on which was engraved a history of their dates together. Later, the young man shifted to another gal. After a few months he sent her a very novel gift which pleased her immensely, because on it was engraved the history of their dates together.

■ ■ ■

Extra! Bob Taylor goes to a night club *alone!* The event, which should have been recorded for posterity like the footprints at Grauman's Chinese, occurred two nights before Mr. T. made an appearance on the Jack Benny radio show. The unglamorous facts are that he rehearsed late, and dropped in at Ray Haller's for a night cap before going home. And he went home alone, so it's hardly an item.

Count Sheep

The other day we asked Margot Grahame —who should be an expert on the subject— for advice on the care and maintenance of a good figure. There was nothing personal in the question, for our own figure is perfect, but we thought her words might be something every young girl should know. Said Margot: "Don't exercise at all. I never touch the stuff. Sleep till noon when you can, and when you can't, see that you get to bed early the night before." End of quotation.

Hearts and Flowers dept.: Most consistent romance in town is that of Tyrone Power and Janet Gaynor. He's her steady fella. The Taylor-Stanwyck alliance remains unchanged. You can see her almost every Wednesday evening, sitting in the back of a darkened theatre, watching him rehearse his radio show. Newest romance has Jon Hall and Frances Langford sharing the billing. They've sneak-previewed it at several local night spots, and the reviewers are already calling it a hit.

Polo Fan

First public appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone since he returned from hospitalization in Baltimore was at the preview of "Adventures of Marco Polo." Our spy, who sat next to Miss Crawford, reports she was completely captivated by the activities of Mr. Polo; so much so that she didn't stop her frantic gum-chewing until the picture was over.

■ ■ ■

Now that both Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger are practically single, their romance has advanced beyond the rumor stage. As is the case in most well-known Hollywood romances, both principals are trying their best to keep it a secret. At the "Tom Sawyer" preview, for instance, they pulled a surprise end run on photographers and romped across the goal line (Grauman's entrance) without a single flash bulb near them.

(*Continued on page 123*)

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

(*Continued from page 53*)

On the appointed day they stepped out on the dance floor. Somehow, they got through with it. The customers, largely recruited from among their friends and their friends' friends, applauded. Johnson and Murphy had brought them in, so the management was satisfied. And by the end of the six weeks' engagement, they were winning plaudits even from strangers.

To follow their fight for recognition is to follow a monotonous succession of hopes and disappointments, of jobs promised and withdrawn, of engagements filled and not paid for, of money spent to buy new dance routines, of practice to perfect their technique. There was the time when they knew that, unless something broke by the end of the week, Julie would have to go back to Detroit and George to Wall Street. Julie was trying to keep her tears from spotting the lingerie she was packing, when George waltzed in, yelling: "The fort is saved." There was the blessed time when they worked with George Olsen for two solid years.

JULIE soon took over the business end. George was a fiend for work. George was a marvel at thinking up snappy routines. But when some manager, choked to the gills with coin, would pour a hard luck tale into George's ear, George would weep for him. "The guy's in a spot," he'd tell Julie. "We've got to play ball with him." Wise Julie played ball, till George discovered for himself a couple of times, who was in the spot. Thereafter he told the managers: "Go cry on Julie's shoulder. Mine has a headache. He was, and still is, temperamentally incapable of driving a bargain. He wanted to work. Try as he would, he couldn't lash himself into a lather over whether he worked for five dollars or twenty-five.

From the day when he realized that he couldn't bear to have Julie in Florida, with himself in New York, he'd known he wanted her to be his wife. He suspected she knew it too. He hadn't said anything because he was waiting for that visionary day when he could afford to marry. They'd been dancing together for a year and a half, and the day seemed as far off as ever. George suddenly decided he could wait no longer.

When Julie's around, he tells the story of his proposal this way: "I pulled the old gag about two living cheaper than one. She laughed. Three times I asked her to marry, and she turned me down. Finally I said: 'Nuts, we'll forget about it!' Then Julie got interested."

Her blue eyes dance, but she refuses to confirm or deny the story.

They didn't want to go on being just a dance team. Their object was to break into a show.

Their chance finally came with the London production of "Good News." They'd been playing for a week when the leading man was fired, and the part given to George. "Wait till we ram this down their throats in New York," he said, seated for the first time before an array of make-up cream. "Say, which of these things do you smear on your face first?"

Before the run was over, they received a cabled offer to do a show in New York. They were to be back by Christmas. That would give them time to see England, which they did in style. Why hoard money, with a show on Broadway waiting to welcome them in?

What welcomed them as they stepped off the gangplank was the news that the show



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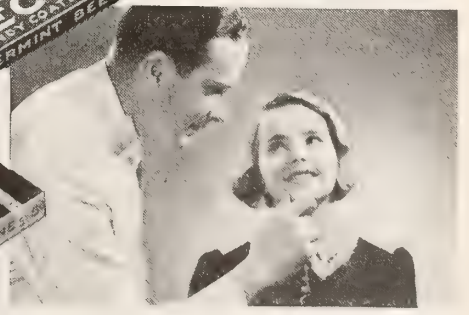


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had blown up. The weary round began again. "You're a dance team," said the producers. "We played 'Good News' in London," said George. "Is that so?" said the producers. "We didn't see you."

It took Heywood Broun, that discerning journalist, to recognize comedy talent without waiting for somebody else to tell him about it. He spotted the two in scene after scene throughout his co-operative show, "Shoot the Works." The producers came, and the rest was plain sailing.

They worked in "Of Thee I Sing" and in "Roberta," but Julie didn't keep her "Roberta" part. She'd been cast as the menace. "And," says George, "she was so much cuter and better-looking than the lead that they fired her."

IN the heat of resentment he wanted to throw up his job, too. "Now wouldn't *that* be silly?" she smiled. She was really smiling. He searched her blue eyes for a trace of hurt, and couldn't find it. "You know I never cared about all this except as a means to an end. Maybe it's come."

"What's come?"

"What we've always been talking about. The time when you'd bread-win alone, and I'd be the little woman at home."

"And you'll be just as well satisfied?"

"Better."

She's stuck to that. George's path led to Hollywood, via Sam Goldwyn, who saw a test he'd made to oblige a friend. There was no dancing in it. It was a comedy scene, topped by a song, so Goldwyn spotted him for a song in "Kid Millions." A contract with Columbia was followed by one with Metro. But his career languished till Universal borrowed him for "Top of the Town." Preview night came, and the plaudits next morning were all for an engaging personality named George Murphy. "Broadway Melody" sent his stock soaring still higher, and the lead opposite Alice Faye in Universal's "Young Man's Fancy" bids fair to do the rest.

The day after "Top of the Town" was previewed, came an irate wire from Goldwyn: "Why in blazes didn't you tell me you could dance?"

How Sam had escaped that knowledge it's hard to say. One of the pleasantest sights at the Troc of an evening was that of George and Julie dancing together. Without any such intention on their part, it would often resolve itself into an exhibition performance. People instinctively stepped back, as they always will, to watch perfection. Again and again, when they'd returned to their table, a message would be delivered to Julie. Would she make a movie test? The answer has always been no, thank you.

Temperamentally different, they are alike in sharing warm hearts and a sense of fun. Their's is one of the few Hollywood households where friends stop by without phoning first. A crowd will drop in, and presently Julie's at the piano, playing the old songs. "Time to make a break," someone will say at midnight. "Remember this one?" George cuts in, and at two in the morning they're still remembering.

They delight in poking fun at each other. George, for instance, is an excellent raconteur, but his stories have a tendency to go on. "He's off again," Julie sighs. But let someone else venture a similar remark, and she's up in arms. "Who can tell a story better than Murph?" she flares.

It's easy to see why he stirs the protective instinct. He's the kind who treasures his friends above everything else. He couldn't sleep one night because a gossip writer had compared him favorably with Astaire. He was all for rushing down to



Cesar Romero, Number One ladies' man of the film colony, shares himself between June Lang and Ethel Merman, who don't seem to mind.

proffer his apologies to Fred. "They're crazy," he kept yelling. "I couldn't touch that guy in a million years."

They can find food for laughter where the more heavyhanded would find only grief. They were expecting guests for dinner just after Christmas last year, when Julie conceived the notion of burning the branches of the Christmas tree in the fireplace. "Make the house smell nice."

"Sure," agreed George, on his way up to the shower.

A few minutes later he heard her call pleasantly, "We're on fire, Murph," then, after a second's pause: "Lord, we *are* on fire."

With a towel draped round his midsection, he dashed out, discovered that the blaze was spreading merrily by way of the vines covering the house, and rushed for the extinguishers. Meantime Julie was calling the Hollywood fire department. "You're in Beverly Hills, lady," they told her. "We can't come." Beverly Hills told her to apply to the county. The county told her she lived in Hollywood.

"What do I call next?" she asked her husband, who by now was playing the hose over the vines. Inside they heard the phone ring, and the voice of their domestic drawling: "Mrs. Murphy's residence. No, Mrs. Murphy can't come to the phone just now. We're having a fire."

Eventually, three fire companies and the bewildered dinner guests arrived at the same moment.

They've recently bought their own house in Beverly Hills, the first they've ever owned. Rather than furnish it with stuff they could afford but couldn't love, they're doing it piecemeal. They're making progress, though. They've got the kitchen, the maid's room and two bedrooms done, and they've started on the dining room.

JULIE'S the servant expert. But it was George who picked the pair that now form their staff. He got home one evening to find them in the kitchen, being interviewed. Having viewed no more than the back of their heads, he gave Julie a violent nod and said: "You're hired."

"What did you do that for?" his wife inquired, when the couple had retired beaming.

"He was a prizefighter."

"How do you know?"

"Cauliflower ear." He strode to the door, and called after the man: "When did you quit fighting?"

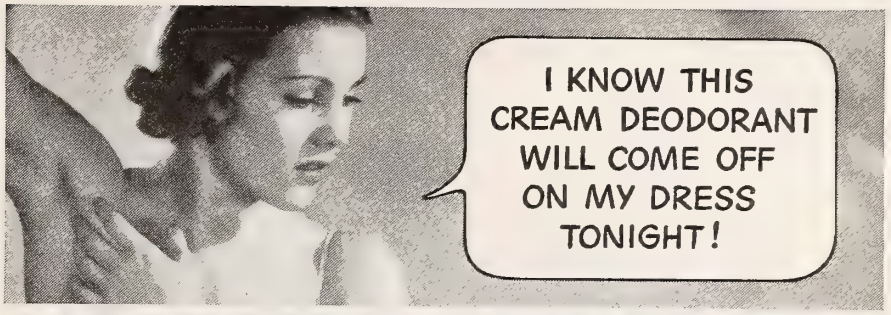
The answer boomed back on a chuckle. "Three years ago."

"See?" exulted George. "If he's got sense of humor enough to be a prizefighter, I want him around, even if he doesn't work so well."

The incident which best illustrates their relationship happened at the Cocoanut Grove, where George was about to make a personal appearance. Julie was at a table with some friends. As the time for George's appearance drew near, one of them noticed that Julie was turning pale green. She waved their concern away. "It'll pass," she murmured. "I know how nervous Murph is. I'm just sick with sympathy."

George came on, smiled at Julie, and started his song. Two minutes later Julie relaxed and her face was restored to its natural color.

Feeling sick with sympathy for your husband may not sound on the face of it, especially romantic. Maybe romantic isn't the word for the Murphys, after all. It smacks of puppy love. What they share goes deeper than roses drenched in moonlight. It's the kind of thing which makes a sacrament instead of a farce of the promise, "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness, in health, till death do us part."





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THOSE HOLLYWOOD MEN

(*Continued from page 55*)

Hollywood men?" I asked, gasping a little with surprise because Florence's words were not the ones which I had expected to hear.

"There's nothing wrong with the men, except that there aren't enough of them to go around," Florence told me. "The question is, where are those romantic, handsome Hollywood men whom that girl is hoping to see? Look around and you'll discover for yourself how few eligible males there are in town. Almost all the actors and writers and practically all the producers and directors are married. The eligible girls outnumber the men at least seven to one. So far as I can see, there's less chance for romance in Hollywood, the supposed land of romantic adventure, than in the average American city or town."

Florence is the sort of girl who is made for romance, a magazine-cover kind of girl with burnished gold hair and deep, blue eyes and a soft, rounded slenderness. The room in which we were sitting was a perfect setting for the girl and for romance—deep rugs, low chairs, bowls of roses and the glowing fire. Yet Florence told me seriously that, during the two and a half years which she has spent in Hollywood, romance has not once entered her life in any important way.

OTHER girls, young, lovely, successful, glamorous Hollywood women, complain of the dearth of eligible males. So, that afternoon, listening to Florence's voice, I made a mental count of the unmarried young men in the film colony. There is Robert Taylor, of course, but his devotion to Barbara Stanwyck immediately eliminates him from the field. George Raft pays attention only to Virginia Peine. Clark Gable, who is practically, if not technically, free, is devoted solely to the blonde and gay Carole Lombard. That leaves only a scant handful of heart whole and fancy free young men, among them Jimmy Stewart, Nelson Eddy, Michael Bartlett, George Brent, Lee Tracy and Cesar Romero. The ranks of the eligible writers and directors are even more discouragingly thin.

"It's not so bad for the very young girls in their 'teens," Florence was saying when I stopped counting. "There are a comparatively large number of boys, just beginning their careers of acting or writing or working in the technical branches of the picture business. But for girls like this Kansas Mary or like me, girls in their middle twenties, there aren't nearly enough men to go around. We're too old for the boys and too young for the retired widowers who make Hollywood a playground.

"Please don't think that I'm complaining," Florence said with a sudden little gurgle of laughter, "I'm not worried about Hollywood's manless condition. I'm not the lonely kind of person. I have a few good friends, mostly married couples. I have all the fun and companionship I need or want. Besides, I'm not thinking of romance now. The main thing that interests me is my work. I think that most of the girls, who are struggling for success, feel as I do. Some day, of course, we'll want romance. That's only natural. But, when we do, we'll be lucky if we find it in California."

Florence had her share of romance before she came to Hollywood. Her name has been linked romantically with a dozen young men during the short, crowded years since she made her theatrical debut in "June Moon."

"I'm a deep-dyed romantic at heart," she confessed. "Since I started school I have always been falling either in or out of love. At first it was with the brothers of my school mates. Then, after I went on the stage, it was with the young men whom I met at parties and with the sons of my father's friends, Ring Lardner, Junior, Owen Davis, Junior, and Phillips Holmes, among them."

When she was eighteen years old, Florence put away her school books and firmly announced that she wanted to be an actress. Her father confided her desires to one of his good friends, Ring Lardner, who was writing a play, "June Moon," destined to be one of Broadway's greatest successes. Mr. Lardner wrote in a small part for the daughter of his friend and Florence played the role on Broadway for many long, successful months.

TOWARD the end of the "June Moon" engagement, when Florence was nineteen, she met the attractive and charming Sidney Smith, one of the most popular figures of both Broadway and Park Avenue. Their romance was a hectic, exciting, breathtaking affair and, as soon as "June Moon" closed for the summer, they were married.

But, like so many youthful, tumultuous marriages, theirs was doomed to failure. It lasted exactly three months. Then they separated. Florence returned to the home of her parents and to a winter of fun and dancing and gay parties. That was the hectic era of cocktail parties and tea dances and velvet-shrouded speakeasies and all the forced gaiety which New York wore to cover the first shock of the stock market crumble. Florence was the gayest of the gay, her father's brilliant and interesting friends opening wide their doors to his lovely daughter.



The starry babes of "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," Tommy Kelly and Ann Gillis, get a trip to New York.

"When that year was ended, I had made up my mind," Florence said. "I knew that I didn't want an idle, useless, fun-filled life. So I decided to try to find another job on the stage. This time I didn't go to Dad or to any of his friends. I was determined to paddle my own canoe. For weeks I made the rounds of the agencies and, finally, I landed a very small part in another big success, 'Once In A Lifetime.' After that I joined a stock company for the summer and played everything from maids, with one line to speak, to ingenue leads. I learned more in those few months than I could have learned in a year on Broadway, playing one small part."

When the stock company closed, Florence went back to job-hunting. After weeks of searching, she found a job in the New York production, "She Loves Me Not," found it solely and entirely by her own efforts, without the help of her influential father or his influential friends. It was during the run of "She Loves Me Not," that talent scouts from Hollywood discovered her, tested her and offered her a contract with the Columbia Studio. So Florence packed her trunks and departed for Hollywood.

Her first appearance in pictures was in a small role in "Carnival" with Lee Tracy. But, brief as was that part, people noticed the lovely girl with the clear voice and the slender, blonde grace. From that part she stepped immediately into leading roles in a dozen small pictures.

"I was pretty discouraged," she told me, remembering those early days. "It looked as if I might go on and on forever, getting nowhere, doing merely second-rate parts. Dad offered to help me, but I wouldn't let him do anything for me. I was so terribly anxious to make good by my own efforts. Finally, I left Columbia and free lanced. I managed to get a test for the leading feminine role in 'Sworn Enemy' at Metro. The test was successful and I was given the part. That was the beginning of my new lease on life, my new contract and my new hopes for the future. So you can see why I haven't time to worry about the lack of romance in my life.

"There is one thing about Hollywood to which I can't become accustomed, however. That's going to public places, unescorted. Of course, I can understand why it's necessary. With the dearth of men, the girls would have to stay home forever, if they waited for escorts. This lack of men has developed a splendid self-reliance and independence and self-sufficiency in the Hollywood girls, however. There are no clinging vines among the unattached Hollywood women. It's every girl for herself with a free field and no rules. They all are on their toes always, alert, wide-awake, vital.

"I honestly pity the Hollywood men more than the girls. Suppose the conditions were reversed and there were seven free men to every woman. Imagine how we'd feel in the mad scramble for our companionship. The amazing thing is the way in which the men manage to keep their heads and their sense of humor. But I notice that they usually attach themselves as quickly as possible to one girl. That's the greatest protection they can find. Only a few hardy souls, like Nelson Eddy and Jimmy Stewart and Lee Tracy, dare to play the field. It's an exciting game, both to play and to watch from the sidelines."

Suddenly Florence smiled and her eyes crinkled with laughter.

"Maybe I won't advise that Mary to stay in Kansas," she said, "after all, she might be one of the lucky ones to find real romance in Hollywood. While there's life, there's hope, you know."



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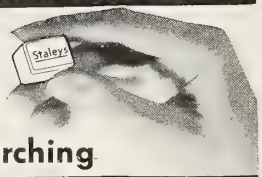


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Just count cubes for perfect starching

EXACT MEASURE



Cuts my ironing time 1/3

QUICKER, EASIER



STALEY'S STARCH IN CUBES

A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., Decatur, Ill.

ASK YOUR GROCER

VANISHING AMERICAN

(*Continued from page 54*)

but I've never forgotten his opening lines. 'Young man,' he said, 'we're either going to make a man or a damned fool out of you, and it's going to be decided right now.' I've forgotten the rest of the speech, but not how it made me feel—pretty cheap, I can tell you, standing there digging my toe into the carpet.

"But whatever he said or did never made any difference in the way I felt for him. I loved him but, besides that, I never disliked him, if you know what I mean. You know, even people you love sometimes do things you find yourself disliking them for. But when Dad corrected me, I always knew it was for my own good."

Father and son were particularly close. They liked the same things, and liked to do them together. The elder Foster taught the boy to hunt, bought him his first gun, made him his first fishing-rod. Preston still has it. The one thing he wouldn't teach him was to swim. The father had dreamed that his first child would be a son, and that he would die by drowning. When half of the dream came true, he tried to keep the boy from the water. As well try to keep a fish. From then till now docks, boats, the sea, have been his ruling passion. He haunted the piers, and at seven decided that one day he would own a motorboat. Today he owns the best power cruiser on the market, and spends there every moment he can steal from his work.

HIS two remaining ambitions were born in church, where he sang in the choir and listened with awe and admiration to the rumbling notes of a bass singer, over six feet tall. He vowed that some day he would be over six feet tall and a bass singer. The former end he achieved without a struggle. By the time he was seventeen and in his junior year at high school, he was growing impatient to do something about the latter, though he felt he might have to abandon the bass idea and compromise on a baritone.

His father was opposed to his leaving school.

"But this stuff I'm studying won't help me to be a singer," he protested.

"Plenty of time for that, *if* that's what you're going to be, after you graduate. Anyway, I don't hold with this singing business. Land you in the theatre. What kind of work is that for a man?"

But here his mother came unexpectedly to the rescue. "He's been taught what's wrong and what's right, and what he makes of himself is up to himself. I daresay there's many a good man in the theatre business," she declared mildly.

However, his father remained adamant on the subject of school. So Preston took his own way out. He neglected his work, he became obstreperous, he organized a systematic method of annoying the authorities, till they finally told him, "Behave or get out."

Bearing this ultimatum as if it were a hallowed treasure, he returned to his father. "Better let me quit, Dad, before they throw me out. Think of the blot on the honored name of Foster," he grinned.

"And Dad," he recalls, "said, 'Young man, this' and 'Young man, that', but at last he said yes."

The nearest he could get to a singing job was packing Victrola records. He thought at first it might be a good omen, but he gave the omen the go-by when he decided that the excelsior dust was ruining his vocal chords. There was no dust at the shipbuilding corporation where he next got a job as a clerk. There was a girl, though, named Gertrude Warren. (He calls her True now.) They couldn't marry yet, of course. He had to save his money for singing lessons.

He took them for eight months. Then he told his teacher: "I know enough now. I'm going to New York and try my luck."

The teacher flung up his hands in horror. "You've got to study and study."

"Can't wait," smiled Preston and went to New York, where the only offer he got was to sing with a quartette at $35 a week. This, he thought, smacked of a chorusman's job and was far beneath him. So he went back home.



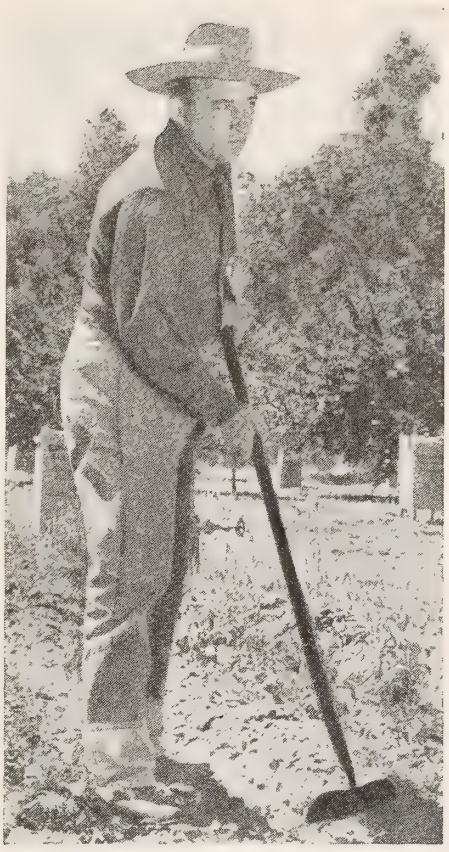
What becomes of old tennis balls in Hollywood? Una Merkel feeds them to "Shanty" and "Jock," her two pet Scotties.

The next few years were a monotonous record of being hired and fired. The town knew him as "that crazy Foster boy who wanted to be a singer and wanted to be an actor and didn't know what he wanted." They didn't understand that there boiled within him a fierce, if inarticulate, need to expand beyond the limits of clerking or truckdriving. To them he was just a ne'er-do-well who couldn't keep a job. Even True's family eyed him askance. "I was nothing a mother wanted for her girl," he says cheerfully. His own family, doubtful of the wisdom of his course, still continued to believe in him, however.

PRESENTLY he himself began doubting the wisdom of his course. Anyway, he wanted to marry True. He was given a second chance on a newspaper he'd already been fired from, "and this time, by golly, I stuck. True and I were married and I told myself I was going to forget show business, quit singing, and buckle down to harness. And I did, for almost two years."

The cloud on the tranquil horizon appeared in the shape of an Italian singer, "who got me all steamed up again. He sent me to the maestro of a little opera company he was interested in, and this guy put me in the chorus. Then someone took sick, and he gave me small parts to sing. My chest went out. I was still on the paper, but began neglecting my work, and first thing I knew, I was out on my ear."

True didn't say much, but she couldn't help seeing which way the wind blew. Then "The Miracle" came to Philadelphia, and Foster got a job in the chorus. Morris Gest singled him out from among the others, and told him he might have a job for him some day. Foster figured that really made him an actor. He raced home in a fever. Nothing could stop him now.



The Crosby vocal chords get a rest as Bing dons his blue jeans and gives his hands a workout.

With fifty dollars in his pocket, he crossed the river to New York and called on an agent he knew. "There's a piece called 'The New Moon' with a part open. Go down and see them."

The producer took one look at him and said, "That's the guy. Here, read this." He read two lines and they gave him the air.

"I had it cinched," he says, "the thing I'd been dreaming about. I had it in my pocket, and then I didn't have it. I got my chance and I wasn't good enough. When a thing like that happens to you, you either give up or else you get fighting mad. I got fighting mad. I had fifty bucks. When that was gone, I told myself, I'd wash windows. But I wouldn't leave that town till it gave me a job."

As he entered the agent's office a few days later, that gentleman eyed him speculatively. "There's a part I think you can fill. All they want is somebody six feet tall. There won't be any lines to wreck yourself on. It's a deaf and dumb Chinaman."

He got the part. Five minutes later an excited young man was phoning his wife in New Jersey that he had a job at fifty dollars a week. It was a mystery play called "The Silent House," and it ran for six months. He understudied three long speaking parts, and spent his days hoping to heaven someone would get sick. No one did. He decided that acting was a cinch, compared to singing. The show closed and he got another part with Lionel Atwill. He became stage manager at a hundred a week. His wife joined him. Atwill grew interested in him, coached

(*Continued on page 100*)

What a moment to lose S.A.

*[STOCKING APPEAL]



guards S.A.*

They couldn't help noticing Betty's great big RUN . . .

POOR BETTY! Just as she had captured the two most attractive men in the room, that awful run had to pop. It made her look so dowdy . . . killed S. A.*

Why not cut down runs . . . guard S. A. . . . with Lux? Lux saves the elasticity of stockings so the silk can *stretch* without snapping so easily — then spring back into shape. You cut down runs, avoid wrinkles, wobbly seams.

Cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali weaken elasticity, rob you of S. A. Lux has no harmful alkali. Buy the *big* box for *extra* economy.

ACCENT ON SPRING

BY ANN WILLS



ACCENT ON Spring! In this new season of 1938, this means, according to Hollywood's best designers—accent on naturalness, gayety, youth, and femininity! Which ought to be pleasing news to all you gals who like your clothes to be flattering as well as smart. If you're young, feminine, with an eye for color, then this Spring's styles were just made for you.

Hollywood expresses femininity and naturalness through fitted lines and soft draping. Youth and gayety are stressed through the use of brilliant colors, brief skirts, bolero and jacket frocks, wide-brimmed and chin-strap chapeaux, or the three "B's" that are filmland's favorites—berets, beanies and babushkas.

Very smart, wearable and typical of Spring were the costumes worn by Joan Perry and Gertrude Niesen in their recent college picture, "Start Cheering." Most of these were two or three piece in contrasting or harmonizing colors, with straight, short skirts, gay print blouses and tricky little jackets trimly tailored, but with attention

Marjorie Weaver's black dress features a mottled leather belt which matches her peaked hat of stitched straw. On her high-placed double flap pockets, she wears one of the popular "head hunter" clips.



Joan Perry wears an all purpose three-piece sports suit made of closely woven nubbly wool. The hip-length coat, with its slightly full shoulder line and straight, slim sleeves, has deep lapels and four patch-pockets.

to smart detail in their unusual buttons and fastenings, novel treatment of sleeves, neckline and waist, so they might be worn for almost any type of daytime occasion.

Another type of all-around utility costume is the three-piece sports suit which Joan Perry models for you here. If you have no use for a man-tailored suit because you live in the country, or because your activities are such that you're either all dressed up or in sports clothes—then what you need most is an all-purpose suit like Joan's. It looks very much like an expensive imported tweed and gives the same effect of casual elegance. But in reality, it's made of closely woven nubbly wool. Four colors are combined in this ensemble, with grey predominant. The hip-length coat is a black, grey and red mixture, with deep lapels and four patch pockets placed so that their stripes run across the stripes on the coat, for contrast. The shoulder line is slightly full, the sleeves straight and slim. Joan's sweater, of a matching grey, boasts a tiny white piqué collar, while her white hankie tucked into the jacket pocket is an extra touch to carry out the color scheme. The closely knit skirt with its deep centre pleat is also of grey. Black accessories, gabardine and kid pumps and kid belt, complete the costume.

The beauty of a suit like this is its versatility, for it can be combined with other blouses, skirts and jackets in your wardrobe. For days in the country and spectator sports events, it is worn as is, with the sweater blouse, black classic felt hat and black pull-on gloves. When it goes to town for the day, the jacket and skirt are worn with a tailored silk blouse, white or red, and a soft felt hat with a red quill feather. With formal accessories, a small fur scarf may be worn. And, incidentally, if you want to be "ultra-ultra," be sure to wear the new delicately meshed lisle hose with your tweeds and knit dresses for both town and country.

THOSE of you who are strictly city-dwellers, however, will find more use for the formal man-tailored suit, a perfect example of which is worn by Gail Patrick in "Dangerous to Know." This is the type of suit that will be chosen for street wear by smart metropolitans from Fifth Avenue to Hollywood Boulevard.

With Paris and Hollywood both crying, "Color!" what are we who have to count our pennies going to do about it? We can't go out and choose five or ten different costumes in our favorite colors, with as many pairs of shoes, hats and gloves to match. But we are living in a wonderful age—the age of the Accessory Dress, which allows us, when Fashion clamors for color, to keep up with the best of them. We take a simple dark dress, made on the lines most becoming to our own individual figures, and we use this as a foil for the newest shades on the color chart, sometimes cleverly combining as many as three different colors in our accessory scheme.

Just such a basic dress is the one shown here by Marjorie Weaver, whom you will soon see in "Kentucky Moonshine." Marjorie sets off her short-sleeved black dress with accessories of Sierra beige, a warm golden tone. The belt is of mottled leather, matching her peaked hat of stitched straw; the buttons are bone. On one of the high-placed double flap pockets she wears a black enamel "head hunter" clip with gold tassels hanging from the ears and a gold ring in the nose.

It would take very little effort or expenditure to make this into a completely different ensemble. New buttons, belt and hat create an entirely new effect.

AND little touches of originality like Marjorie's unusual clip go a long way toward enhancing the basic frock. Just wander along the jewelry counter in the five and ten, and you'll see all sorts of fascinating pins and clips—beetles and delightfully ugly spiders, gay flower combinations, clusters of colorful little Tyrolean hats, little tinkling bells, tiny wooden shoes. Make a collection of these and clip them to your dresses and hats. Make yourself a smart brass-studded sports belt by joining together two dog collars in the same or contrasting colors, bought at the five and dime for less than fifty cents!

The problem of having enough changes of hats should hold no fears for those of you who share Hollywood's fondness for the "beanie," or calot. And then, too, there's the babushka, that cute little bonnet which ties under the chin. Not only are they worn for evening as a hood, and with active sports costumes, but you can also wear them with your afternoon and street dresses—and here's the secret. Instead of tying the strings under your chin, bring them around to the back of your head, tie them in a tiny bow, and presto! you've a fetching little bonnet. By tacking on a circular veil, you can be even more dressy.

Briefly, here is all you have to do to present to your public an appearance that is smart and distinctive. Study the general style trends as you see them in the magazines, newspapers and on the screen. Choose those that are most becoming and which will be of the greatest service to you. Then make these styles individually *yours* by little touches of originality such as those I have suggested. Just dust off your imagination, and you will be surprised at the very charming results you can achieve!



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FREE Also test TAYTON'S new glamour face powder the stars use. Send your name and address and 3c stamp to Tayton Company, Dept. C, 811 West 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif., and generous samples of all six shades will be sent you free so you can choose your most flattering shade, and if you also want the new-glamour lipstick enclose 10c stating color.



YOU simply *can't* wear a *hard-base* powder and escape criticism in this day of beautiful women. A *hard-base* powder is bound to show up chalky in one light—dusky in another . . . because *hard-base* powders are made that way.

Lovely Lady Face Powder is winning new friends by thousands, because it contains BALMITE, an exquisite new SOFT-BASE—blends out to harmonize with all these daily variations in light—never looks chalky or muddy in any light.

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VANISHING AMERICAN

(*Continued from page 97*)

him, worked with him, till "finally I knew what to do with my big hands and feet." He got a singing job in vaudeville with Fritzi Scheff. He got a job that Allen Jenkins walked out on. Finally he got a job in a play called "Two Seconds."

The emotional impact of this play was such that when the final curtain fell on opening night, the audience stood huzzaing, while Foster and the leading man took curtain call after curtain call, the tears streaming helplessly down their cheeks.

"The day after you open in this part," his manager, William Stephens, had told him, "I'll sell you down the river to pictures." And he kept his promise.

On the screen he played his original part in "Two Seconds," following it with a lead in "The Last Mile." Then, because Paul Muni was in it, he took a bit in "I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang." Purple adjectives aren't in Foster's line, but the way his face lights up at mention of Muni's name is worth more than adjectives. "There's an actor," he says, his voice almost tender. "There's the boy for my money. I was tickled to death when they gave him the Academy Award." The smile in his eyes deepened. "Only one thing could make me happier—if I got it myself."

Originally he was not cast for "The Informer." But he asked to be.

"We're building you up for leads," they protested. "There's nothing here for you but a third part."

"I don't care if it's a tenth part. I've got a notion this picture is going places. I want to go with it."

And go with it he did, playing the Irish patriot to such perfection that, even in the face of McLaglen's superb performance, his own made its own deep impression.

He's one of those who wanted to go to Hollywood and, having gone, wants to stay. He says phooey to any yearning nostalgia for the stage. "There *is* a thrill in the personal contact," he admits. "I got mine on the opening night of 'Two Seconds.' I might go for fifty years and never match it. Meantime, the movies offer plenty to compensate."

The first thing he did on arrival was to inspect the harbors. When he found one to suit him at Balboa, he bought a boat. His boat and his business absorb him. It's not so much that he avoids the publicized pitfalls of Hollywood as that for him they don't exist. His head is too hard to swell. An occasional cocktail before dinner begins and ends his drinking. He loves his wife. She couldn't be bribed to return to New York. Her life, like his, revolves around essentials. The girl who stood by him when he was "that crazy Foster boy" now handles his fan mail, because she likes to. For the rest, a few close friends and a children's hospital that she's interested in suffice to fill her days.

ONE Christmas, Foster had made railroad reservations to go East. "We're a sentimental family about Christmas," he explains. "It's always been the same procedure ever since we were kids. We get up early on Christmas morning. The gifts are all put together in the middle of the room, and one of the girls gives them out. Then we have Christmas breakfast, and spend the rest of the day together at home. It's always been a great time with us. Dad was ailing, and I had a hunch it would be the last Christmas we'd all have together."

He was offered a part in "Love Before Breakfast" with Carole Lombard.

"I won't take it," he said. "My father's sick. It's Christmas and I'm going."

But a contract's a contract. It was Christmas and he stayed.

They sent for him the following October. When he entered the sickroom, his father murmured: "My boy—best boy that ever lived."

So long as he knew them, they kidded him gently, and he smiled back. It was the old, the ingrained habit of keeping up the morale. Preston brought new strength to the weary household. He even tried to force a smile to his mother's lips, make her forget for a moment what she was going through. They took turns at the bedside, wife, son, daughters, in-laws. One night the nurse said: "I doubt if he'll see another."

Preston kept vigil till four, then was sent to sleep for a couple of hours. Returning, he took his father's hand in his to feel the pulse. He was still holding it when the pulse stopped.

In going through his father's wallet later, he found among other things numerous clippings and pictures of himself. "I'm afraid he made rather a nuisance of himself in local circles, talking about his 'young man,'" said the "young man" gently.

Maybe he did. I doubt if the local circles minded. They seem to have done quite a lot of bragging on their own account. But if the old man was proud of his son's success, he must have been still prouder of something else. It wasn't the actor he welcomed with his dying eyes. It was "my boy—the best boy that ever lived."



After that sojourn in the gutter that she managed so capably for "Dead End," Claire Trevor gets back into the trappings of a lady. You'll see her in "Walking Down Broadway."

GLAMOR FOR RENT

(*Continued from page 41*)

once upon a time Mr. Von Sternberg himself didn't mind paying for? No one knew who the star was, but that was the very secret of the secret's success. That was the kind of campaign that any space-salesman could thrill to. Thus Samuel Goldwyn personally went to the bill-board bat for Anna Sten. Thus Darryl Zanuck for Simone Simon. But now, only about two years later, no more. The public is no longer fascinated just by one name. New imports are now given the opportunity—yea, the edict, to show first what they can do, and not until after the first preview are they introduced to the public at large.

And neither of these girls arrived with the fifteen or twenty trunks of clothes, that an earlier harbinger from Europe, Lilian Harvey, brought with her a few years ago, and all to no avail. In fact if one has clothes today, whole carloads of them, it's the smartest thing to keep them out of the public eye, for the actress who is a clothes horse is also on the wane, along with all those other fancy appurtenances of the Great Glamor decade. Marlene Dietrich still traipses back and forth to Europe with three suites, one for herself and two for her veils, but that hasn't helped the public any too much either when it comes to a show-down of acclaiming her favorite.

But it was chiefly because of Dietrich, back there in the early thirties, and the example which she set, that a few of the others who would have liked to follow in her romantic footsteps came upon the idea that what glamor they couldn't buy, they might rent. There was one youngster, Madge Evans by name, who suddenly realized that she'd never get anywhere as long as producers, directors and such, persisted in thinking of her as an uninteresting but nice-enough child. Something had to be done, and quickly, and there was no time, nor the inclination to go to work building up a real romance, so Madge did the next best thing and hied herself to one of Hollywood's big jewelry shops, where she rented a ring. It was a large ring, a very large diamond, set in a circle of small sapphires, and Madge wore no gloves for that whole week afterward. Heads turned and tongues wagged and there was plenty of conjecture. Little Madge snag-



It's chic to whip up a little needlework between scenes, but Glenda Farrell crochets the bedspread to end all bedspreads.

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WOMEN . . . any woman . . . YOU . . . are foolish to risk offending by neglect of personal daintiness. Your happiness and even the security of your home may rest on a dependable method of intimate feminine hygiene. Use the "Lysol" method.

Often the very nicest and loveliest women are at fault. No one warns you. The offense is too personal. Yet *so many* women would benefit by giving this subject honest thought. Ask any experienced family doctor.

The fact often is—your fussiest bathing, your loveliest beauty aids, just cannot make you completely clean, *sweetly* nice. People may notice; your husband *surely* will. And may think you are carelessly neglectful. To be sure of not offending, use the wholesome, efficient method many doctors and nurses recommend—"Lysol" in the proper dilution with water.

You can buy "Lysol" disinfectant in any drug store—with detailed directions for use on every bottle.

Six reasons why "Lysol" is recommended for your intimate hygiene—to give you assurance of intimate cleanliness.

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs.*

4—Economy . . . "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.



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Don't buy Baby Shoes by Guess!



Stores listed below use this measuring device.

You can be sure of the correct size, provided you buy Wee Walker Shoes. If it is inconvenient to bring baby with you, simply bring along an outline of baby's stockinged foot, taken while standing. The store, with the aid of the measure, will give you the exact size needed. WARNING: Measure is accurate only for Wee Walker Shoes.

Wee Walkers have every practical feature of expensive shoes, yet cost very little. For baby's sake change to new ones often, as baby feet grow very rapidly. The price is low because they are the product of America's largest exclusive infant shoe makers and are *sold in stores with very low selling cost.* Look for them in the Infant's Wear Department of the following:

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WEE WALKER Shoes

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MORAN SHOE CO.

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NEWEST SENSATION! Send any snapshot or photo and we'll reproduce it in this beautiful onyx-like ring. (*Photos Returned*) (Hand-painted 25c extra) Indestructible! Waterproof! Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send 50c we will pay postage. REX PHOTO RING CO., Dept. MR-7, Box 947, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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ging *that!* Hmmm.

When questioned, Madge managed to look flustered and embarrassed, and said the wedding would be soon, which only made the "Hmmm" continue a little louder. Before the week was up Madge was assigned a part which up until then had been declared too old and a little beyond her.

But this practice wasn't indulged in only by Madge. There were others before, and since, who added quite a glitter to their personality by the simple expedient of rented gems, but the rental business in this particular line has fallen off, too. Just recently a jeweler approached Wendy Barrie and asked her to wear a certain necklace which he had just originated, rubies and pearls in a beautiful design. Miss Barrie would not even have to pay for the privilege, he assured her. He only wanted her word that she would wear it to all the best places, and when it was admired, she was to say where she had purchased it.

This proposal, surprisingly enough, was turned down cold. "That's all very well and good," Miss Barrie said, "but suppose somebody begins to wonder how I can afford such a necklace. Not only my immediate family, it would upset them enough, I know, but I also have another relative whose good will, even above the others, I'd like to keep. Maybe you've heard of him. We call him Uncle Sam," she added with a smile, "and as it happens he has a very accurate accounting of what I make and what I own. I'm sorry, and thanks just the same."

THERE are many furriers in Hollywood who still do rent fur coats, but their business, surprisingly enough, is mostly among the extras, and even this is not so much for personal show as for business, as these are evening wraps mostly. With such a trick up her sleeve, an extra girl can answer the call for dress extras, and make fifteen dollars a day, instead of the usual seven-fifty. The coat costs her three or four dollars, depending on what it is, and she's still several dollars to the good, above the usual figure. However, some of these girls do manage sometimes to buy clothes which once belonged to the big stars, and there is one place out in Beverly Hills, the Patsy Rogan Shop, where Joan Bennett and Myrna Loy and others take their old things, which in turn are sold at a fraction of their original cost to anyone who has a few dollars and the figure to get into them. There have also been several instances where dress shop owners have outfitted newcomers for nothing, with the promise that if they succeed, they'll pay up for past deliveries, and continue to do business with them.

This kind of an agreement was made, not so long ago, between Harry Cooper and Dorothy Lamour. Dorothy arrived in town, with scarcely more than two or three complete outfits to her name, and one day she went into the Cooper shop to see if she could open a charge account. She told him frankly that she had no money, but begged him to trust her with "just a few things."

After talking with her a while, Mr. Cooper said he would do better than that. "What you need is a lot of things, and *good* things, and as for the money, you let me worry about that." Now his faith in her has been justified. Dorothy is one customer he's sure he'll never lose.

But even Dorothy didn't burst out in "glamor clothes" as we used to know them. Neat little sport suits, tailored dresses, plain but smart hats. Here she is, one of the newest and most luscious of the new glamor stars, but only on the screen and in her publicity pictures. Off the screen she dresses simply, rides simply and lives simply, and she is so typical of the many new youngsters in pictures that you can see where and why the business part of the glamor industry is slipping. "You should rent a beautiful big house out in Bel Air, have a maid or two, and do a little entertaining," the renting agents from all the real estate offices tell her. "That's how to get along in this town."

But Dorothy smiles a smile which seems to say that she's doing all right as she is, and then she tells them about that four-year lease which she has on her present small apartment. "That's my insurance against falling for that old-fashioned argument," she tells them plainly, and it's no wonder they go away grumbling.

Dorothy isn't the only one. There's Olivia de Havilland, who still lives with her mother and her sister in a small Hollywood apartment. Martha Raye packs her loud voice, her screaming vitality and all her fifty pairs of shoes in just four rooms.

It used to be the first thing one did, on arriving in Hollywood. One rented a big house first, then went to town afterward. But it is rapidly becoming an old Hollywood custom. When Sonja Henie arrived and rented a big white house on a hill, and bought herself an extravagant-looking white car to run around in, the glamor agents, for one brief moment of happiness, thought that perhaps the custom was being revived. But, then, Sonja explained that this display had nothing to do with what she hoped to make out of her career as an actress. This was merely living up to her reputation as a world champion ice skater. This, then, was not glamor rented on hope, as in the old days, but "position" bought and paid for on skates.

No, they are not making the splashes as they once did. What has happened to the Carole Lombard who, several years ago, achieved a new reputation and a second wind spurt in her career, by being known as Hollywood's biggest party giver. There was that time she rented the entire amusement pier at Venice; turned it into an hilarious party place, so that Dietrich might slide down slides and Claudette Colbert take a turn through tumbling barrels, not only to their personal delight, but for the delight of the world. After that, there were quite a few wholesale rentals — skating rinks, bowling alleys, dance halls and what not.

Where are those parties, those extravagant shebangs now? Miss Lombard has all but gone into solitude, spending her free



John Barrymore tussles with his daily crossword puzzle. It's all part of the domesticating process achieved by the resolute Mrs. Barrymore.

time on her ranch, and even Kay Francis, who used to rent a place such as the Vendome once each year for the whole stellar list of Hollywood, now rents no more, but occasionally has a few guests to dine in her own home.

Are they getting stingy? Not a bit of it. But they are getting wise. They see that the public, living moderately itself, has come to prefer the stars who live that way, too. Instead of that old awe, a new palsy-walsy feeling has taken its place. "They're just human after all!" say the fans when they read that Clark Gable or Jimmy Stewart tinkers with his own car; that Loretta Young does her own marketing.

GONE even are the glamorous gestures that the great screen idols used to make toward their lady-loves. Gone so far into the past that some of them are hard to recall, but there are a few which stand out. Notably there was the time when Rudolph Valentino hired the staff of a large flower house, to properly decorate his home and the entrance up to it, to welcome Pola Negri, who was merely coming to dinner. There was a pathway of roses over which she walked, a table cloth of gardenias over which she ate. To-day Bob Taylor takes Barbara Stanwyck to Ocean Park and together they ride on the roller coaster. It goes to show how things have changed.

And there was that one other occasion, the occasion of probably the greatest glamor rental in history. A very famous young man, some say it was John Gilbert, and his equally famous lady friend once stopped at a well-known California resort. They were driving and they only intended to stop for tea, but the lady looked at the deep green pool about which the hotel was built, and she breathed, "How beautiful it would be to swim there, in the nude, in all that sunshine. It's something I've always wanted to do ever since I was a child."

A few minutes later it was arranged. But it wasn't so easy as it may seem. The pool part was easy enough, but the hotel was a popular one, and every room which looked out over the pool was taken at the time. But, within the hour, guests were moved, the blinds pulled, and to the tune of a four-figure sum, the lady had her swim—alone, we might add, without a soul looking on.

But such things don't happen any more. It's sad in a way, and it's tough on the publicists who now have to make much of such things as how Maureen O'Sullivan makes good old-fashioned potato bread, but it's all in the name of progress toward a greater sanity and a more simple life.



W. C. Fields, restored to health, is soon to co-star with John Barrymore in "Things Began to Happen."

FIRED: REHIRED— *when she found out how to correct her misfit makeup*

"Just fired the best stenographer I ever had. Nice girl but I couldn't stand her painted face."

"It's not your work, dear—it's that misfit makeup. Why don't you do something about it?"

"Miss Roberts, I guess I spoke too soon. Let's forget it—the job's yours as long as you want it."



MISSING OUT on jobs, on dates, on fun? There might be a reason . . . *misfit makeup* . . . those unrelated cosmetics that clash, that can't possibly look well together . . . or on you. Easy to correct—with Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup. For here's . . .

MAKEUP THAT MATCHES . . . face powder, rouge, and lipstick . . . eye makeup, too . . . in color-harmonized sets. And here's makeup that matches *you* . . . for it's keyed to your true personality color, the color that never changes, *the color of your eyes.*

NOW YOU CAN BE SURE your skin, your hair, your eyes look their loveliest, because you're following Nature's color plan *for you!* Stage and screen stars, beauty editors, fashion experts endorse Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup. Thousands of women who have tried it agree it's the way to *immediate* new beauty.

THE PRICE IS LOW. . . . Start now to build *your* matched set. Buy that lipstick . . . rouge, face powder, eye shadow, or mascara . . . in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup . . . only 55¢ each (Canada 65¢). *Your* drug or department store recommends this makeup, advises:

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YOU'RE EAGER for success . . . in work, in life, in love! Invite it . . . wear makeup that *matches* . . . makeup that matches *you!*

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✓ *My eyes are*
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☐ Gray ☐ Hazel

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Calling all CHEEKS!

Attention! Go at once to your favorite toiletry counter. Get a box of Po-Go Rouge, *Brique* shade. Touch it to your cheeks and see how well you look!

Po-Go's a remarkable rouge. Costs only 55c, yet it's *hand-made* in Paris. It's soft, fine, feathery—goes on and blends as easily as powder, then lasts *and lasts!*

And that *Brique* shade is unusually flattering! Blonde or brunette, you'll call your cheeks *perfect* when you use Po-Go, *Brique*. Try it! If your store can't serve you, send 55c (stamps will do) direct to GuyT.Gibson,Inc.,565FifthAve.,N.Y.C.

The perfect shade, BRIQUE—only in

Po-Go ROUGE



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Now—before others think of you as "older"—is the time to touch up those first gray streaks. Millions—both men and women—have discovered this way to color fading strands. Just combing clear liquid through hair brings color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Entirely SAFE ... Hair stays soft and lustrous. Get a bottle from your druggist on money-back guarantee.



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We'll send Complete Test Package Free. Snip lock from hair. Try first on this. No risk this way. State color of hair. Write Mary T. Goldman Company, Dept. 108 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

HAS SHE ANYTHING LEFT TO WANT?

(*Continued from page 39*)

haven't worked for.

"And I want to remember this phase of my life for all of my life. It's a salutary thought. And I'd like others to remember it, too, if they are interested. For I believe that anyone can get from life exactly what they want if they have the physical "wam," the intestinal fortitude, to go out and get it. There are hundreds of girls with voices every bit as good as mine, girls born with more looks than I was born with, and they do nothing about it. The trouble with them is it's all mental. They sit around and think about what they would like to do, what they should be doing, instead of doing something active about it."

"But, after all, Jeanette, you had great beauty *and* the voice. Do you honestly believe you would have got where you are now if you had been plain, unprepossessing?"

"Who says I had beauty?" demanded Jeanette. "I did not! And I can prove it." And Jeanette took herself into the library, returned with a portfolio of pictures, produced photographs of herself at the ages of eleven, fourteen, sixteen, said triumphantly. "See, I was too thin, much too thin. When I first went to New York I was all eyes and teeth. I didn't have beauty nor self-confidence nor glamor nor training nor pull. I did have ambition, I did have the physical energy to move the body from place to place. I did not sit and mope and pine and say, 'Oh, well, of course it was different for Jenny Lind!'

"I had patience. I took advice. I gained ten pounds, deliberately, and a commensurate amount of looks. I firmly believe that any girl can even make herself pretty according to the way she thinks. I also believe that laziness, alibis, what is known as 'passing the buck' are the only real deterrents to success.

"Yes, that's something I *do* want to remember—how hard I worked, how steep that upgrade was. I want to remember it well because it's a spine-stiffening thought if ever I have to make an upgrade again.

RIGHT now, I am thankful, of course. I count my blessings. Whenever I am petty—and we are all petty, I'm afraid, at times—I have the grace to be good and ashamed of myself.

"I am thankful but I am also aware that the truest axiom ever written is, 'This, too, shall pass away.'

"Ultimately I must give up my ambition, of course. We all lay down the cudgels sooner or later for younger hands to pick up. I shall doubtless have more ups and more downs in my work, in my life. What I want is to be able to take the downs as gallantly as, for instance, the late great Madame Schumann-Heink did. Think of how many times she was down and would have been completely *out* if it had not been for her invincible spirit.

"I want," said Jeanette, "an invincible spirit. That, above all, is what I do want. When the bad times come, or if they come, I want to be big enough to take them without whining.

"You know," Jeanette went on, speaking with that gravity which can only come from some deep-felt source, "one never knows. Life is fluid and keeps moving and motion means change. I know that everything I have now can pass away. I know that the money I have worked for and put away against the future may, with conditions in the world what they are today, be swept away, next year, five years from now, who can tell? There may be wars and I may lose my husband. Youth passes and the lustre of fame dims. These are inevitabilities. You say that I have my voice, too. Yes, but that also can go. It has happened to others. It could happen to me.

"I want to learn well the lesson that we are, all of us, essentially alone. We have, in the last analysis, only ourselves to depend on. Only that stuff of which we are made, or make ourselves, can stand us in stead, good or bad. The very words I am saying to you may enter your mind and there be transmuted into meanings I never intended them to have. I sing on the air and my voice goes from me and is mine no longer. It is everyone's who listens.

"To hold the memory of my happiness," she said, then, "I want that so much."

She told some of the memories she hopes will never dim for her. The little thoughtfulnesses of Gene, the gifts he sends her when she begins each new picture, the charm bracelet he sent her when she started "Maytime," with tiny golden clefs and notes of music as the charms, and miniature golden letters spelling out the word "Sweetheart," the jade brooch he gave her when she started "Firefly"; the charm bracelet he sent her when she started work in "The Girl of The Golden West," the charms two tiny gold guns, a tiny upright gold piano, a gold lariat, a couple of miniature gold horses. "And I am superstitious about these gifts, too" Jeanette laughed. "I wear each one throughout the picture. I wouldn't shoot a single foot of film without wearing it, even if I have to put it in my shoe. I've always been superstitious about anything like that."

AND Jeanette does her share, too. For while Gene was making "Stolen Heaven" recently, he had a dance number to do and Jeanette sent him a bronze dance trophy, one of those things with "To The Winner" engraved on the base. And the director, acting in cooperation with Jeanette, presented it to Gene on the set. "Gene," Jeanette said, "all but died of embarrassment and *I* nearly died of laugh-



Jeanette MacDonald, "Girl of the Golden West," goes in for puddings between scenes, to keep her voice smooth or something.



Guess what famous phrase Dancer Buddy Ebsen is illustrating—with the help of Kidder Leo Carrillo.

ter when he came home that night and told me about it!"

And there are the games they play. "We've always been slightly mad about games," laughed Jeanette. "Our Christmas tree resembled a six-year-old's idea of what Santa would do in a generous mood. Every game in the toy departments was there. Our current favorite is, of course, Indications, a kind of new version of the old Charades, Gene had to do Minnie the Moocher the other night and he couldn't do it—because, he said, he didn't know how to mooch.

"I've always heard," said Jeanette, amused, "that the first year of married life is the hardest. Well, then, I have yet another blessing to count, for in the eighth month of married life, I can only say that I'll want to remember every day of it. I'll want to remember our mutual love of music, the songs we sing together, the friends we share together, our love of horses and the rides we take.

"I want to keep the material things I have, too, our home and all of our beautiful things. For to have is one thing, to keep is another. I want to keep them beautiful. I am still in the stage where I go about just touching things to be sure they are here, and ours, and won't vanish. I like to take care of my things, too, and do. I'm not careless. I'm not extravagant. I don't think I waste my blessings, either material or immaterial. I never squander money on furs, jewels, imported gowns, other feminine frivolities. I am, on the other hand, full of pet economies.

EVERY Thursday I go into the kitchen and inspect the ice box. And nothing makes me more furious than to find two or three surplus quarts of milk there. I can't help thinking of all the underfed children in the world to whom this milk, spoiling in my ice-box, would mean life. I will not allow waste. If we have a roast for dinner Tuesday night, we have hash or stew the next night. I wouldn't dream of wearing a dress, a hat, a couple of times and then tossing them aside. No ma'am, I have my clothes made over, sometimes



*Oiliness results in unflattering shine. Dermatologists identify excessive oiliness as Seborrhea. Germs aggravate this condition. Woodbury's Powder retards germ-growth, helps subdue nose shine.

EVER since Eve, women have complained about Shiny Nose . . . until Woodbury skin scientists perfected a *germ-free* face powder, which helps subdue this age-old enemy of beauty!

Germs May Aggravate Shiny Nose

All very simple how noses come to shine like Cellophane! Dermatologists say the excessive oiliness that makes the nose shine is often due to a condition called *Seborrhea*. Germs tend to aggravate this unwholesome skin condition.



Vital, then, to use face powder that is free from harmful germ-life! That's how Woodbury's Facial Powder helps inhibit ugly germ-induced shine. In tests, Woodbury's was the only one among 20 leading brands that was germ-free *before* use and still germ-free *after* contact with a germ-laden powder puff!

You'll love the shades of this exquisite beauty powder, too. Seven in all, covering the whole range of skin types. See the new Windsor Rose, styled in Paris, gloriously flattering to almost every woman.

Woodbury's Facial Powder comes in the new blue box at $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢. And to complete your make-up, try Woodbury's *Germ-proof* Rouge and Lipstick.

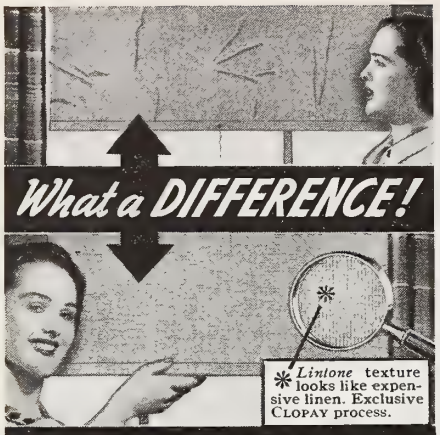
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YEARS of use in millions of homes show that CLOPAY 15c window shades don't crack, don't pinhole, wear amazingly. And the new *Lintone* finish gives them a lovely linen-like texture that looks like $1.50 instead of 15c. No wonder millions of women now replace shabby shades with 15c CLOPAYS . . . and have beautiful, durable new window shades for less than the cost of cleaning old ones. See CLOPAYS in 5c and 10c and neighborhood stores everywhere.

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DEUBENER'S No. 20 Basketlyke Carrier—10c

Makes it, Oh—so easy to shop for that Easter outfit. And these attractive, snappy Carriers in the distinctive basket weave design not only look right but save you money. So useful for sewing or knitting too. Join the growing throngs of smart women who carry them.

DEUBENER'S No. 1 Leatherlyke Shopping Bag - 5c



"America's Standard" Shopping Bag. The ropes around the bottom give extra wear and carrying capacity. Look for the Deubener name on bottom and get extra value at YOUR Favorite Store.

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The event of the year at Universal will be the debut of Danielle Darrieux in "The Rage of Paris." Danielle and her writer-husband, Henri Decoin, puzzle over the English language.

more than once. I save things. I even save little odds and ends of ribbon, from florists' boxes, gift boxes. I give them to my maid to cover plain wooden hangers with. She pads the hangers with cotton first, then twines the fragments of ribbons around them and there they are, gay and attractive and costing nothing!

"I do have one extravagance, though," laughed Jeanette, "and it's a complex for making long distance telephone calls! It's a positive phobia with me. When I was in New York the autumn before Gene and I were married, well, I had a phone bill and it was a honey! When I was in Tahoe on location, ditto. I never think of waiting for the lowered-rate hours. I talk and talk and talk, for *hours*. But in every other respect" said Jeanette, with emphasis, "I'd call myself economical.

"I don't like the idea of doing a house over every year or so. I like the feeling of things I've lived with. I like the chintzes to grow a little faded, comfy dents in the chairs where my friends have rested, the kind of a house where you can sit on the divans and chairs with your feet tucked under you without feeling that your hostess may be, mentally, raising pained eyebrows. To take care of what I have," Jeanette said, "the things I can see and touch, that is what I want.

"And oh, there are lots of little things, too, for me to want. I'd like to be able to sleep nights, for one not-so-little instance. For it's not such a little thing, being an insomniac. I've tried everything, from turning on the radio softly to counting sheep. I try reading myself to sleep but that makes it worse. Once I start a book I'm awake until the book is finished. I want to get over my perfect genius for saying the wrong thing. I've given myself some of the most embarrassing moments thanks to this 'gift.' I remember a time, some years ago, when my young nephew was caught playing hooky from school. I decided to read him the riot act, and did. I said to him, 'Here I am, working myself to skin and bone, going to the theatre every night and what do you do? You take advantage of me, you don't appreciate



TAKE YOUR PICK

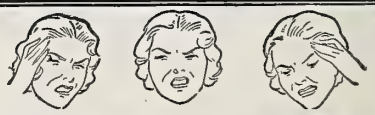
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Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly, embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining **Dermoil.** Thousands do. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoy the thrill of a clear skin again. **Dermoil** is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent **FREE** to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write **today** for your test bottle. PRINT NAME PLAINLY. Results may surprise you. **Don't delay.** Sold by Walgreen Drug Stores.

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Sonja Henie got herself decked out in ermine tails to go stepping with a new beau—Cesar Romero.

what I am trying to do and—and I don't mean a word of it!' And then I clapped my hand over my mouth and gave myself the laugh and he, of course, did the same thing. What I'd *meant* to say was, 'And I mean every word of it!' I get so excited with what I am saying that it doesn't seem to matter to me what words I use.

"I should like to write. And if ever I do any writing it will not be poetry! I detest poetry. I never read it, it bores me. If ever I do any writing it will be, I think, very simple, very down-to-earth writing.

"I have one obsessing yen, to take a trip in a trailer with Gene. It would be more fun than to take any kind of a trip on the most de luxe ship, train or plane. I want to keep house in a trailer. I want to cook in a trailer."

Gene phoned. A week-end trip was planned, then and there. Jeanette's maid was summoned, packing instructions given.

Jeanette walked to the door with me, she walked down the flower-bordered path, sweet-scented in the dusk. She looked back at the house which contains her happiness and I looked at her, who gives happiness to so many. I went away with a newly increased respect for this girl who, endowed with and surrounded by all the treasures of the earth says, "I want to keep what I have—I want an invincible spirit."

Solution to Puzzle on Page 12



A BEAUTY SECRET FROM
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"Marchand's Golden Hair Wash lightened my hair simply and effectively . . . and I recommend it to any woman to restore her natural loveliness." . . . SAYS
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. . . But time dulls the radiance of any shade of hair

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GET A Lovely WAVE THIS QUICK, EASY WAY

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BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME

(*Continued from page 87*)

their mates, their children and their homes, rather than an elaborate description of Dawn Darling spending every day gambling at the race track, and spending long hours each night at the Swanky Swank Club. This latter type of publicity isn't exactly wholesome, and we theatre-goers aren't so degenerate that we can't appreciate the splendid father Bing Crosby is, or grin when we see a picture of lovable Wally Beery with his adorable Carol Ann. Even Gary Cooper has been roped and branded as a home lover—and he is prouder of his new daughter than of any picture he ever made. The same goes for feminine stars. Let's hear more of their homes and babies, and less about night clubs and prospective divorces.—Gladyce Bennett, Houston, Texas.

$1.00 Prize Letter

As She Sees Them

Shirley Temple—bonny.
Sunshine dancing on yellow poppies . . .
Irene Dunne—genial.
Fragrant apple pies on the kitchen table.
Claudette Colbert—vivacious.
High heels . . . wind-tossed laughter . . .
Ginger Rogers—animated.
Hurdy-gurdy music on a spring day. . . .
Greta Garbo—idealist.
Wind-swept cliff overlooking a pounding sea.
Mae West—suggestive.
Cigarette glowing in the dark. . . .
Myrna Loy—sophisticated.
Orchids . . . soft candle-light on a lace cloth. . . .
Katharine Hepburn—spirited.
Cornered kitten, snarling to hide its fear. . . .

—Mrs. Edna Geries, Fresno, Cal.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Is Nothing Sacred?

"Nothing Sacred" might have been extraordinarily funny had it boasted a different theme. Somehow, I couldn't get into the fun as whole-heartedly as I might. The actors gave smooth performances, the dialogue was consistently amusing, and yet . . . .

Perhaps I am unique, but to me death just isn't a comic subject. Some one supposedly dying by inches, even "just pretending," somehow went against the grain, and made the laughs stick in my throat.

I would enjoy seeing the same cast in a comedy with a less macabre theme.—D. H. Chapman, Los Angeles, Cal.

$1.00 Prize Poem

He'd Rather See Than Be

Profoundly I worship the matchless maneuvers
Of Sonja, our dainty, diminutive star;
Convinced as I am that her rythmical motion
Surpasses the skill of her sisters by far.

Personification of effortless ease,
Exemplar of all that is skating finesse,
In tossing my personal orchid to you
I've blundered unwittingly into a mess.
Unhappy the day that I followed your skate-steps
Endeavoring vainly to echo your grace,
For each of my feeble, decrepitous capers
Unfailingly landed me flat on my face!

Henceforth my applause shall be utterly passive;
The cheers of a fan who's contented as such,
For since I attempted to say it with skating
I've worshipped your skill from the top of a crutch!

—Gene Gleason, East Cleveland, Ohio.

$1.00 Prize Letter

1st Degree Murder

A couple of years ago, I saw "Times Square Lady" and also a gentleman by the name of Robert Taylor. Since then Mr. Taylor has reached the very pinnacle of fame, but, unfortunately, recently has lost most of his popularity.

It is a famous saying—"the fans are fickle." I disagree. It is not the fault of the public that a star falls into oblivion. Silly publicity is mainly at fault. What could be more ridiculous than this "Do you consider yourself beautiful?" business? Why, it has finally got to the point where a person can't confess that he is a Taylor fan, without being ridiculed.

I admit that Mr. Taylor is not the best actor in Hollywood, but he certainly can point with pride to his best performance in "Magnificent Obsession." Since then, how many worthwhile pictures has MGM cast him in? In "Broadway Melody of 1938" he didn't have one decent line. In all of his pictures, his features have a tendency to look feminine because of excess makeup. Therefore, MGM, I accuse you of murder in the 1st degree—the murder of Robert Taylor's popularity.

However, MGM is not the only studio at fault. Take heed, Studios! We fans do not destroy stars. If some who deserve to shine brightly are flickering and even fading, the blame rests upon you. The jury finds you guilty of the murder of worthwhile careers and recommends capital punishment.—Florence Toomey, Verona, N. J.



Edward G. Robinson and Rosemary Lane, of the innumerable Lane sisters, see the same joke at a Warner Brothers banquet.

THAT THING CALLED TEMPERAMENT

(*Continued from page 43*)

hold," he said, "and so what was there for them to do but fire me?"

His father then obtained a job for him with a friend as assistant manager for a theatrical company, and it was while working at this job that he decided to become an actor, "because they made more money than I was getting," he explained.

He traveled with the company, working as business manager and jumping into unimportant roles when he was needed. His ability to act and his popularity with audiences increased simultaneously and at the end of two years he found himself a success on the London stage in the role of Tommy in "Brewster's Millions."

Then along came the war, interrupting his career just as it was nicely started. He won't talk of the war; of his own injuries, which put him in a hospital for thirteen long months; but those years made a definite impression on his character and left their imprint on his face.

Thirteen months is a long time to lie in a hospital; a long time when all he could do was think and think and think. It isn't strange that things as unimportant as temperament seem silly to him. One of the most important lessons he learned during that period was self-control.

With self-control he learned tolerance, with the result that he considers the other fellow's point of view as well as his own. I happened to be at the studio one day when he had an appointment for an interview. It was a day when he was having one of his very occasional holidays from work and he had broken a personal engagement to keep this appointment. He waited until two o'clock but the reporter neither appeared nor telephoned. Finally he ate a solitary lunch.

"I'm sure something must have happened to her," he said, and waited another hour. Later the reporter appeared. She had met with an accident on a country road miles from a telephone. Marshall agreed to an appointment for a later date. Not a word was said about his ruined holiday.

HOWEVER, don't think, from that incident, that he can be pushed around or made to do anything he doesn't want to do.

He has learned how to live gracefully and how to get the most out of life. When he says "kicking up a row takes too much energy" he means just that. It is much easier, he has learned, to gain your ends by less spectacular methods. I had an opportunity to see how this worked out in one instance.

When he signed his new contract, he was assigned one of the star dressing-room suites. When I went to the studio to see him he had just moved in, the place hadn't been cleaned up after the last occupant, and things were in a bit of a mess, as he would say. Unlike many another star, he made no demands. He moved in and waited.

We had barely sat down when there was a rap on the door. A studio decorator had come to ask if Mr. Marshall would like his suite done over.

"Oh, if I might have some covers put on this furniture," he said eagerly. "Some loose covers of some gay material."

He said it with the manner that the decorator was doing him the greatest personal favor in the world and just as though he couldn't pick up the telephone, call the front office, demand satin upholstered walls and other luxurious furnishings and get them.

"And there are two of these dressing tables with mirrors," he continued. "I don't need two, but both mirrors are cracked and it's most depressing to look at yourself in a cracked mirror. And something at the windows?" he suggested questioningly.

"Would you like Venetian blinds, Mr. Marshall?" the young man asked.

"Oh, say!" the actor replied enthusiastically. "That would be terrific!"

It would be my private guess that by now he has the smartest dressing-room at the studio.

Before he left he told me of his hopes to visit England after another picture or two.

"I'm going to England to get a look at it," he said. "You know how Americans are. They live here all their lives and never see the Grand Canyon. Well, I'm that way about England. I've never really seen my own land. I've always been too busy."

Judging by the way producers rush him from one picture to another, it doesn't look as though he will see it soon.





JOAN PERRY
Columbia Pictures



NEW!

We asked women everywhere...in homes, in beauty shops, in stores and offices...and they said "Give us a curler that will make large, soft, natural-looking curls." So we designed the HOLLYWOOD GIANT, *pictured here in actual size.* Curls made on this big cylinder look softer, more natural. They comb without becoming frizzy. And they give the large, full curls so favored in the new hair styles. The HOLLYWOOD GIANT is easy to use...rolls smoothly, dries quickly, withdraws without spoiling curl. They're 2 for 10¢ at dime stores and notion counters.

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3 *inches by ½ inch*

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MUTUAL BENEFIT ASS'N.

(*Continued from page 35*)

and who told her daily how lucky she was to have him, she found herself being forced into a back seat, both as an actress and as a woman. It was, to put it bluntly, seven years of stooging.

They never went out, court was held at home, and there were only the husband's old vaudeville friends to pay him homage. When Barbara made a picture, as she did occasionally, it was with the enforced attitude that it was only a side-line, only for pin money. Naturally her career suffered, but deeper than that went the destruction. Every woman needs a certain amount of attention, a certain amount of mental cuddling and patting, a certain amount of "position" both in the home and out of it to keep her ego at a proper level. These were all things which were lacking.

WHEN Barbara finally emerged from that dark existence, it was, as she once put it, "like the first day when she'd been released from the orphanage." That was when she was about twelve. It was some holiday's outing: out from cold dank walls into the limitless sunshine. When Barbara stepped out into the sunshine of Hollywood freedom and airiness it was like that. Like a little girl who had escaped pigtails and black and white checkered gingham, and was going for a great glorious walk into the open.

But can't you imagine that a little girl who has been in an orphanage all her life finds the world rather startling, is a little amazed and benumbed about it, and doesn't quite know how to act? That was what happened to Barbara in 1936; an older, but still a little-girl Barbara.

Which brings us to the second important line on her picture. Barbara in those days was not only drab-hearted, but she was also ungracious; one of the most ungracious girls who ever ungraced a Hollywood gathering. That first gathering which she attended is well-remembered by a friend who says that "Barbara was in that peculiar kind of state known as corner-sitting. She just sat there and nobody could get her out of it. Even civil conversation she ignored. For example, you'd say, 'It's been a nice day to-day, hasn't it?' and she'd say, 'I don't know. I wasn't out in it.' It wasn't that she meant to be like that, it was just that she was strained and self-conscious and she didn't know what to do about it."

Yet it was on that same evening that she met Robert Taylor. It is still a mystery to the world, and to Barbara too, considering the unpleasantness of her mood, how he ever happened to be attracted to her. But perhaps that was it. Besieged and torn apart by flagrant flappers at every turn, perhaps it was exactly this unresponsiveness which looked good to him, although those of us who know Bob a little better are rather inclined to hand him more of a bouquet on the matter. Bob is not the fly-by-night, light-and-laughter young man he is sometimes made out to be. There is a stalwartness in him some people don't know about. Looking through and beyond the flippant "so-what" mask Barbara was wearing, he saw a harmonizing stalwartness there behind that mask, and it was something he had been looking for.

The result was the first date Barbara had ever had with a man since the end of her marriage. The result of that result is that up until this moment Barbara has never had another date with anyone else.

Bob's frankness and directness made him, in the beginning, a welcome figure in Barbara's life. Back there at the time of her new stepping-out into the world she had been beaten down, and then along came this young man, the idol of millions, to build her up. That phrase, "idol of millions," is used, incidentally, only as an explanatory phrase in connection with Robert; it is not in the least explanatory of what happened to her. While aside from the fact that Bob's attentions were flattering in the eyes of other people, because he was and still is the romance man of the hour, it wasn't this which meant so much to her. It was because he was a fine, clean young man who adored her, who not only didn't mind letting her know about it, in a thousand little gestures, little words, little ways, but didn't mind letting the world know about it either.

For the first time in seven years, she knew what it was to hear a man say, "Gee, I like your hair that way. That's swell. It looks awfully pretty." Or, "Good girl, you wore my favorite dress again." Or, "Barbara, where would *you* like to go to dinner?" Little things, but with big meanings. Barbara found herself being important again.

Because she was important now to someone else, she was becoming important to herself, and that was what she needed. Slowly, and by degrees, that chip lost its balance on her shoulder, then it slipped and fell altogether. Barbara left it somewhere along the road, behind her, because the new Barbara was making fast strides along that road, away from the dark abode where once she had been hiding.

There are concrete things, too, to show how she has blossomed—such a trite word, but in this case the only one that adequately describes the process. There is her attitude toward clothes, for example, and jewelry and perfumes and furs, and all those outer things which nevertheless indicate the degree of femininity and senti-



James Stewart tries to do an Astaire in Ginger Rogers' picture, "Vivacious Lady." Ginger looks doubtful, but Jimmy will convince her, we know.



Joan Blondell plays a lady detective in "There's Always A Woman," and she just can't get that suspicious look out of her eyes.



La Hawkshaw isn't afraid to hold the magnifying glass up to nature. If all sleuths looked like Joan, crime would certainly pay.



Joan twirls her moustache, sticks out her little finger, and prepares to show up Philo Vance, Charlie Chan, and Mr. Moto.

mental care in the inner woman. Barbara used to be a perennial headache to all of the fashion experts in town who were sometimes required to outfit her for publicity and fashion pictures. We say "sometimes" because requests for Barbara displaying the smartest and latest of this and that weren't very many or very frequent. Her reputation as a lazy, slip-shod model was already too well known. She had this reputation because that was her viewpoint toward this type of work.

"Oh, so you want me to give it *this!*" she would say belittlingly to the overwrought photographer who was merely trying to get her to tip her hat at a more sophisticated angle, to swing her hips a little to the left, or maybe it was an even smaller matter of just wetting her lips. "Oh, so you want me to be a Glamor Girl —well, how's this?"

"No, not like that, Barbara, *please*. Don't kid it, please. Oh, *Barbara!*"

IT was always hopeless, not only the poses, but the type of clothes she insisted on wearing. "Don't make me out a movie queen," she would say, ordering a whole bunch of hot-from-the-designer creations back to the wardrobe department. "What's the matter with this little number I'm wearing? It's not very new, I'll admit, but I've never worn it before. Save those other things for somebody who's got the style. I just haven't and I know it."

But this situation is no more, as the fashion editors of many a publication will testify. They want more and more photographs of Barbara. And she hasn't spruced up on clothes just to please a new-found public. Barbara has had public before. It's something she has done because of Bob. Not directly perhaps. It was not anything ever mentioned between them, but when she saw that he noticed things about clothes, she naturally strived to please him on this subject.

For example, she discovered that he admired tailored suits on women. An exclusive Hollywood tailor had a new customer shortly afterward. Another thing, Barbara









had never worn jewelry in her life. Bob gave her some, a bracelet, a watch, several rings. On the occasion of the first gift, Barbara said in a frank outburst, because she never does or says anything any other way, "Oh, Bob, I'm not the type!"

"What do you mean you're not the type?" he returned in the same manner. "To me, you're beautiful and lovely and you decorate my life. I don't know why you shouldn't be decked out a little."

All right, and she wore it. Now the dangling bangles on her arm are a symbol of the new, lighter and happier tinkle in her personality.

Part of this tinkle may also be ascribed to the influence that Bob's own special graciousness has also had in her life. During those seven years she had been embarrassed on so many occasions that friends and a social life were absolutely denied her. Not only because of her husband's peculiar behavior, but he had made a ruling that she should never have any friends of her own. Now you may also understand what it meant to her to be suddenly escorted by a man who, because of his gentlemanliness, his sociability and his own personality-grace, was welcomed and wanted everywhere. In the presence of such pleasantness, Barbara couldn't help relaxing, and bringing forth some of her own. The association brought her a marvelous new gaiety. In her heart, as well as in her actions, she became at ease.

Naturally, in the beginning, there were those in town who said that Barbara was going around with Bob only for the publicity that it gave her and that once she had gotten hold of him she'd never let him go. Knowing Barbara and knowing how completely naive she is, how unsuspecting of maliciousness in others, it is quite certain that the existence of this attitude never even occurred to her. But Bob, being perhaps a little more open-eyed and open-eared about such things, may have heard about it, and it is he who has finally succeeded in putting a stop to it. If you had ever seen them together at some small party you would know what we mean.

It isn't that Bob is gushy and demonstrative with her. But suppose they are starting to leave, and a last minute discussion comes up, and they come back into the room. Barbara sinks into a chair. Bob sits down on that chair's arm, his arm lightly on the back of it. Or maybe they are just idling in the doorway over those last few goodnights. He stands behind her, with his arms boyishly and affectionately encircling her. It's not that usual type of Hollywood familiarity at which anyone might take offense. It's only a touching and enlightening tenderness-indication between them. Still on some occasions there have been more wide-spread and far-flung expressions of this feeling. Barbara laughs a little in confusion when she tells of those across-the-ocean phone calls that Bob made to her from London when he was there on his "A Yank At Oxford" picture a few months ago.

What happened was this. The first time he called, he shouted at the top of his lungs as though he worried for fear she couldn't hear him. "I love you! I love you!" the vibrant, enthusiastic voice sang across the world. Later, after the excitement of those few moments had passed, Barbara realized that trans-Atlantic calls are not very private, that anyone on any boat or anyone with a particular kind of short wave receiver could pick up every word they were saying. She cabled him a warning saying that probably the whole world was listening in and to be more careful in the future. But the very next night he called again, and there it was, the very same message, the very same words, only if anything, shouted even more

(*Continued on page 114*)



Either the Best Dressed Woman is setting a new style in overdraperies, or else Kay Francis is protecting her dress with an apron as she reads the script of "Women Are Like That."

IS YOUR BEAUTY PROBLEM HERE?

(*Continued from page 57*)

something just out of touching distance.

THIS is a good exercise, too, for adding shape to a waistline which is pretty much straight up-and-down: stand erect with hands on hips. Bend your upper body to the left, and at the same time do a side left kick, keeping your leg straight and your knee stiff—iffen you can. Do this to music whenever possible. Having been practicing what I preach, I find that "Bei Mir Bist Du Schön" is simply swell for this—kick and bend on "mir" and again on "schön"—in that tempo.

The above are figure faults which are fairly typical, I think. The rest of this article will be devoted to case histories—notes I've made on average folks I've observed. And if you recognize one of your faults or mistakes here, maybe my suggestions will help.

Girl with thin face, long nose—you get a rough idea of what I mean in Sketch IV. She had dark hair and it was pulled back from her forehead and tucked behind her ears. Her dress had a V-neckline. Nothing—but nothing—could be "wronger." A short bang, or at least soft waves pressed down to conceal the hairline (which wasn't good, ennyhoo) would have taken attention away from the long nose. The bang would widen the face. Her rather thin mouth might have been improved by widening the curve of the upper lip just a trifle. Her brown eyes were really beautiful, but obscured by lack of eyebrow grooming. Eyebrows do obscure or set off the "windows of your soul."

She had a Latin look—probably Italian or Spanish descent. I've observed that most Latin-American gals are apt to do their hair in too severe a style, probably because their mamas and grandmamas kept to their nationality's slick hair-do. It shouldn't be so. Only true beauty or great chic can get away with ultra-severe coiffures. One needn't go to the other extreme, and blossom out in tight waves and ringlets. But there are such things as short center parts, soft, flattish curls emphasizing the width of the face, and an upward trend to the back hair, to get away from that pulled-down effect. Okay to show the tip of the ear, but not the entire ear. And a boat-shaped or base-of-throat neckline is much better than a V for a thin face.

The girl whose salient face faults are illustrated in Sketch V was potentially kinda cute, but she did nothing whatever to enhance her charms. She did everything to detract from them. Features—not much. Nose a bit bulbous at the tip, but not an ugly nose. Simply a run-of-the-mill nose. Mouth very small—not much could be done about it in the way of enlarging it with lipstick, but this girl need *not* have made it up in the old Cupid's bow style, which is as out of date as the corset cover.

Her eyes were rather small and deepset, but well spaced. However, nothing was accomplished in the way of improving these windows of the soul by the over-plucked eyebrows, placed entirely too high above the eyes, and painted, so help muh, black as ink when the gal's coloring was medium blonde. The brows should have been trained down closer to the eyes, by brushing and oiling, and should not have been plucked at all, except perhaps for straggly hairs near the nose. They should have been pencilled brown, and lengthened a little bit at the outer edge, to give the eyes the illusion of greater size. And eyeshadow should certainly have entered the picture—to shadow the whole lid, increasing in depth a little toward the outer side, and all blended in very cleverly, of course.

'Twas the hair-do, though, that really got me down. It was high, and wide, and not very handsome. With a small face, and small, rather insignificant features (though the face as a whole was pleasing), this kid had shwooshed her hair out in almost an old fashioned pompadour style. An old fashioned, wooden marcel, with the ends finished in combed-out, rather messy curls—oh dear! Before you ask where did I see this wench—in the Ark?—let me tell you I see many similar hair-dos. Perhaps not quite so bad, but at least, far too bushy, or over-curled and over-permanented, and quite lacking in the closer, smarter, more ladylike style which is rapidly becoming popular. Another thing: this girl had a low forehead, and like many similarly featured, she had thought to give height to her forehead by taking all the hair off'n it. The opposite trick gives the desired effect: cover part of your forehead, and keep the public guessing how low or high this feature of yours may be.





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MUTUAL BENEFIT ASS'N.

(*Continued from page 112*)

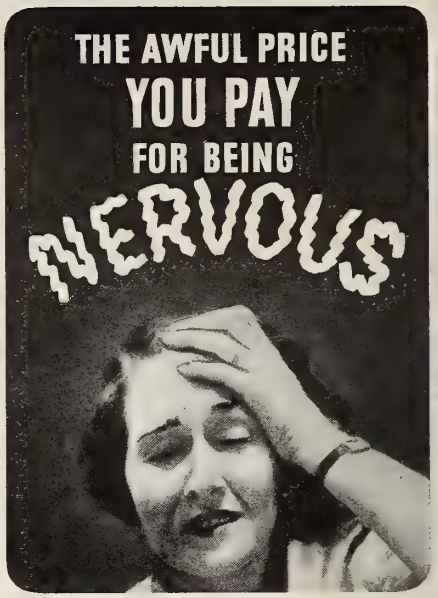
loudly and more enthusiastically. Barbara's "sh's!" were unheeded.

Thus, from this small anecdote you may judge that it is only her "yes" which is lacking to make this twosome a marriage. Her delay may seem quite incomprehensible to the millions of Taylor's female worshippers, but it's to be remembered that Barbara is no ordinary girl, and she has a knack of being able to see both sides of a question. She doesn't believe that a marriage for Bob is what his fans would want right now. She has said honestly. Which evidences her acceptance of that old Hollywood rule that while there's no wife, there's still hope for the legion of a movie man's admirers.

IN respect to her naivete, there is a further example in that same recent court hearing over the little boy. When Barbara went to court to fight for the right to be the sole custodian of her child she was totally unprepared for the introduction of Bob's name into it. She felt that Bob's name had no place in the case, that he had nothing to do with her life as Mrs. Fay, and since she always fights by fair rules herself, she had no thought that the fight might be conducted otherwise. Then, on the second or third day of the hearing, Bob's name hit the headlines too.

It was brought in by the opposition. They put her on the stand to have her admit that he was a frequent visitor at her house, but Barbara insisted that this had nothing to do with it. It was a blow to her, and she was heartsick that they should thus side-track the issue. Bob took it all graciously and kept quietly and calmly at a distance. He begged her to believe that it didn't upset him a bit, and in the end the calmness and quietness of his attitude did more than anything to ease the hurt. If it hadn't been for him the reopening of an old wound would certainly have put her back in the same bitter state from which he had once rescued her. In every big crisis then, as well as in the small daily ones he has been just as surely a blessing to her, in pulling her out of an old life, as she has been helpful to him in advising him on how to get established in a new one.

So you can see that there has been a "give" and a benefit on both sides, and that is what makes their love story such a full, rich one, and one which is more surely to be continued, installment after installment, a story without end. Everywhere you turn now in this town, you hear people commenting on the Stanwyck-Taylor association which has withstood even a separation of four months while Bob made his trip to England, and always you hear the phrase, "Well, he's certainly lucky to have her!" We mean that she's a true-blue girl who has been a help to him rather than a hindrance. In a town of gold-digging and hothouse forced-plant marriages, she is a remarkable exception. It's time now that we also begin to exclaim that she's lucky to have him, and not just because he's handsome, and wealthy and successful, either. That, as we hope we've made clear, is only the smallest part of the story. The big part of the story may be found in the new steady glow in her eyes, in the accentuated verve in her acting, and in the new feeling of importance and superiority she nurtures in her heart. A woman has to have that to be happy, and it is through Bob, his fineness and his tenderness, that she has won this new capacity.



QUIVERING nerves can make you old and haggard looking, cranky and hard to live with—can keep you awake nights and rob you of good health, good times and jobs.

Don't let yourself "go" like that. Start taking a good, reliable tonic, made *especially for women*. And could you ask for any whose benefits have been better proved than the famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

Let the wholesome herbs and roots of Pinkham's Compound help Nature tone up your system, and thus calm shrieking nerves, help lessen distress from female functional disorders and give you more strength.

For over 3 generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling thru" with Pinkham's Compound. Why not let it HELP YOU?

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

YOUR choice included with every ring ordered and paid for on this Amazing new plan — Wear 10 days AT OUR RISK!

FREE of extra charge



$1,000,000 FACTORY guarantees their ACCURACY. Simulated gold front watches—stainless back. Jewelled. Your choice included FREE to introduce fiery, flashing simulated diamond ring set in LIFETIME Sterling—925/1000 pure—Looks like $300.00. *WEAR 10 days FREE TRIAL.* Make 2 monthly $2 payments (total $4 in all). We gladly trust you. —Send 10 cents for packing, etc.—Your order shipped SAME DAY BY RETURN MAIL.

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SHUNNED AT SCHOOL BECAUSE OF PIMPLES?

Take steps to free your blood of skin-defiling poisons

Stop being the victim of ugly hickies. Don't be shunned and laughed at. Get right to the root of the trouble. It may be poisons in your blood.

Between the ages of 13 and 25, important glands are developing. These gland changes often upset your system. At the same time, waste poisons from the intestinal tract may collect in the blood stream... bubble out on your skin in disfiguring pimples.

You want to rid your blood of these skin-irritating poisons. Thousands have succeeded—just by eating Fleischmann's Yeast, 3 cakes a day. The millions of tiny, *living* plants in each cake help you keep these poisons out of your blood, give you clearer, smoother skin.

Many get splendid results in 30 days or less. Don't waste time and run the risk of permanently damaged skin. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today!

PRESTO CHANGE-O

(*Continued from page 51*)

As her waist line tapered down, she appeared to take on height. This slender, chestnut-haired, quietly poised young lady bore little resemblance to the rollicking, wide-eyed blonde who had married Lew Ayres.

"I realized that for the first time in my life I was thoroughly enjoying life," explained Lola. "It had taken quiet and study and normal living to bring out the real Lola Lane. The other Lola, in her eagerness to appear a sophisticate, had put on a gay front that did not belong to her inner self."

Lola now commenced gathering together a wardrobe to suit her new personality. Plain, expertly tailored suits became a passion with her. A beautiful mink coat did away with numerous evening wraps. A pair of silver fox furs was replaced by a smart skunk cape. Woolen and silk tailored slacks replaced other informal attire. Lola became clothes conscious and style conscious, until today one of the head designers in the movie capital has listed Lola as one of the ten best dressed women in Hollywood.

At the end of seven months a new Lola Lane walked into the office of her former agent announcing that she was ready to go out after the kind of parts she had always wanted to do.

Once more Lola commenced making the rounds of the studios. She was complimented on her smart appearance, but continued to receive offers to do ingénue parts. It seemed impossible to break away from the roles in which she had been typed.

"I turned down several fat parts," said Lola. "I was determined never again to do an ingénue. I didn't care how small the part, if it had a bit of real acting in it. There were days of heartbreaking experiences. Finally I was offered a small part in 'Marked Woman.' Here was something I could get my teeth into. I signed up."

LOLA'S next picture was opposite Ramon Novarro in "The Sheik Steps Out." This was her first experience in playing comedy. The swell job she did in portraying the spoiled daughter of rich, doting parents, resulted in her being signed for "Hollywood Hotel."

And now with a series of "Torchy Blane" pictures ahead of her, it looks as though Lola has carved out a new career for herself.

"I was never more contented and happy," said Lola. "With mother, Rosemary and Priscilla living out here my life is very full."

When Lola's two sisters, Rosemary and Priscilla, came out here last summer, under contract to make pictures, they took a house high on a hill, overlooking San Fernando Valley, about a mile from Lola. For the first time since she was a little girl, Lola has a part of her family near her. There are two other sisters. Leota is in New York studying for Grand Opera. Martha, who is married, is out here now with her little girl on a visit.

Lola, Rosemary, Pat, and Cora, their mother, call themselves a closed corporation. Their work, business and daily doings are freely discussed among themselves, but never beyond their own immediate circle. All are called to sit in on important decisions. There is no jealousy, selfishness or dissension among them. All are for one. One is for all.

Lola is determined that "the kids," as she calls Rosemary and Pat, will make no mistakes. Her knowledge of the "whys"

(*Continued on page 121*)

Stunning Shelving STILL 5¢



ALMOST EVERYTHING you buy costs more these days... but you can still trim and protect shelves with beautiful Royledge *for a nickel!* And this strong, double-edge shelving lasts a whole season, doesn't frazzle, curl up, catch dust or get limp. No laundry costs either; once up, stays up.

Your nearest 5-and-10¢, neighborhood or department store has slews of smart new Royledge patterns and colors, decorator approved, at 5¢ for the 9-ft. package. (10¢ sizes, too.) *Millions* of thrifty women use it... many who could afford extravagant, fussy shelving. Try Royledge once; *you'll never change.* Roylace, 99 Gold St., B'klyn, N.Y.

9 FT. 5¢ "FEEL THE EDGE" Royledge REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. SHELVING



Jessie Mathews, with her twinkling toes and peppy personality, is in GB's "Sailing Along."



• At home—quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural appearing color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



So natural they even have *half-moons.*

NOW! *Beautiful* NAILS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

NEW! Smart, long, tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.



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"KEEP NAILS SHAPELY THE *Wigder* WAY".....

MEN love to see a girl's fingertips well-groomed. Keep them always lovely-to-look-at with the daily use of a Wigder Nail File. The **triple-cut** teeth file faster, more smoothly; the special **Improved Cleaner Point** safeguards the tender skin under the nail. Ask for the WIGDER Nail File!

On sale at all drug and 10-cent stores **10c**



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NEWARK NEW JERSEY
quality costs no more
NAIL FILES • TWEEZERS • NAIL CLIPS • SCISSORS

CORNS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL PREPARATION

Say goodbye to clumsy corn-pads and dangerous razors. A new liquid, NOXACORN, relieves pain fast and dries up the pestiest corns, callus and warts. Contains six ingredients including pure castor oil, iodine, and the substance from which aspirin is made. Absolutely safe. Easy directions in package. 35c bottle saves untold misery. Druggist returns money if it fails to remove corn.

NOXACORN

KILL THE HAIR ROOT



Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, following simple directions with proper care. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 45 years of successful use all over the world. Also used by professionals. **Send 6c** in stamps **TODAY** for Illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever." D. J. Mahler Co., Dept. 36E, Providence, R. I.



That 'come hither' complexion, irresistible to men . . . envied by all girls . . . heretofore exclusive with screen stars, can be yours with the *NEW*

MINER'S *Theatrical* MAKE-UP FOR STREET WEAR

HANDY STICK (3 shades) at all 10¢ stores . . . or mail coupon

A startling new make-up that imparts natural satin-smoothness to your skin . . . velvety . . . luminous . . . lasts hours. Use it and have a "star's" complexion of your own.



MINER'S, 40 E. 20th St., Dept. MD5, New York, N. Y.
Enclosed find 10¢ for Miner's Theatrical Make-up for street wear.
Name_____
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Check shade desired: PEACH ☐ RACHEL ☐ BRUNETTE ☐

SPUNKY SPANKY

BY MERLIN PIERCE

Meet Spanky McFarland, the leader of the "Gang," who could pass up spinach, but doesn't!

I COULD eat twenty million miles of spaghetti, but I'll eat some spinach, on account of my mother's so good to me."

This statement is pretty indicative of Spanky McFarland's outlook on life. He's darned philosophical about everything. Anybody who's simply nuts about spaghetti, but will deign to toy with a filthy weed like spinach must fundamentally have a sense of balance.

This is further evidenced in his attitude towards his new-found stardom. When asked if he'd like a star's dressing room, he emphatically replied, "Heck, no. They've always given us kids clubhouses and I like 'em." (The dressing-rooms of the "gang" have always been called clubhouses.) His use of the word "us" is indicative. Never I, always us. But he feels his leadership in quite another way, however. He's head of his gang, and don't think he isn't! After all, he's belonged to this gang for years now, and why shouldn't he be its rightful leader?

And, as with all chiefs, it's not all honor and glory, sweetness and light, or what have you. He feels it incumbent upon him, to settle all internal strife, sometimes resorting to fisticuffs to enforce his mandates. He has a typical boy's room which he shares with his brother. It has a berth-like arrangement of beds. Blackboards and school desks, with a fine collection of guns. He likes all the things most kids like—dogs, ice cream, games and of course, he has a girl.

Yes, it's the blonde in the gang. But also, like all regular guys, his yen in this direction is strictly on the q. t., and he won't talk about his heart interest. Time enough for that later on.

He's a natural as a comedian. Even his entrance into the Hal Roach Studios smacked of the ludicrous. He had made his artistic debut as an ornament on a bread wrapper, and some astute salesman figured, that if his pan had so much sales appeal, it would be further heightened if the lisping voice could be heard in a frantic appeal for more of this particular bread. And that's where Fate stepped in. For an aunt of Georgie McFarland's, who had been reading of Hal Roach, glorifier of American kids, brought this advertising reel to his attention, which resulted in a trip to Hollywood for Baby Georgie.

During the first interview, as so often happens, Baby refused to do any of his cute tricks for Massa Roach. Small wonder he couldn't be interested in this grown-up conversation, for he had discovered a most intriguing gadget on Mr. R.'s desk—which had fine shiny jiggers, which, when pressed down by Mr. Roach, brought forth voices from nowhere, just like that.

So while Auntie and Mr. Roach carried on, Georgie Porgie seized his opportunity and all the shiny black jiggers all at once, and with one magnificent click, was amply rewarded with several hellos in all sorts of voices. Although this delighted Georgie and amused Mr. Roach, not so Auntie. She rushed over and, slapping the infant's hands, scolded, "Spanky! spanky!" So



another nom de movie was born. And private Spanky McFarland is now General Spanky. Not bad for five years in any man's army.

AFTER HE became an old-timer of two-and-a-half or thereabouts, he toddled off the set one day and went visiting a couple of other comedians, Laurel and Hardy. As befitting a good trouper, he stood by silently watching. As a climax to a sequence, Hardy did his famous "double take." You know, that wide-eyed stare directly into the camera. This fascinated our young hero and he clapped his hands gleefully and chortled: "Ba-bee, ba-bee." It takes a baby to recognize a baby stare, and so to this day big, lumbering Oliver Hardy is much better known as "Babe."

But the incident was not closed for Spanky. The next day they were shooting Spanky in a sequence where he had some business with a trick pack of cigarettes representing a toy gun. The director was satisfied and was going on to something else, but not so Spanky. He indicated he'd like to do it over, so out of curiosity, they complied. He repeated his previous performance up to a certain point, then, with perfect timing, he calmly faced the camera and did a perfect Hardy double-take! Ba-bee! So he's a showman as well as a comedian.

A visitor to his set is most impressed with the complete lack of professionalism. On location at a golf-course nearby, the Gang seems more like any bunch of kids getting together in a corner of the meadow for a nice quiet blood-curdling game. This atmosphere is carefully maintained without any obvious effort on the part of director or crew. Mothers of the young performers, sitting around under the trees with their knitting, do nothing to dispel the homely, bucolic charm of the picture.



Darla Hood and Spanky go to school every day and drink their milk as all good little girls and boys should. The girl-friend pours while Spanky gets ready for the first sip.

Between shots, Spanky runs over to a nearby tree where a huge turtle is sunning himself. He has done some of his most amusing scenes off the set with this lazy pet. In fact, many of his best performances have been caught by the camera with Spanky all unawares. One day when he was four, he was regaling his pals with a highly imaginative story, with gestures, about a rat who swallowed a monkey. Someone caught him as he was at the point of showing how the monkey's tail persisted in hanging out of the rat's mouth, which obstacle was surmounted by the rat simply going F-f-f-f-t (the intake noise his favorite spaghetti makes). This has always remained one of his best performances.

While recently performing, Spanky blew up in his lines. Truly a phenomenon for this seasoned trouper. His poise in this emergency was indeed interesting. He just stopped short, looked into the camera a long moment, then went over and sat on the grass nearby. There was the slightest look of disgust on his face, then Director Newmeyer said:

"Got it, Spanky?" and he nodded and went through it perfectly. Some of our adult stars could well take a lesson from Spanky.

Just now our Spanky is really upset. He has two purportedly thoroughbred Scottie puppies, Sandy and Inky. But it seems their legs just grow and grow and Spanky is beginning to feel there's something wrong somewhere. So, if he seems a bit worried when next you see him on the screen, you'll know that leg-growing trouble is still afoot. Even a big movie star like Spanky has his troubles!

Here's a Queer Way for Many Skinny Girls to Become Glamour Girls

THOUSANDS HAVE DISCOVERED THAT BY ADDING TWO SIMPLE ELEMENTS TO THEIR DAILY FOOD THEY EASILY GAINED WEIGHT AND *Naturally Alluring Curves*



THERE'S real hope today for thousands of thin, scrawny-looking girls who have almost despaired of ever having the naturally attractive curves and happy pep that often bring "glamour," popularity and success. For new food discoveries have helped thousands of others to quickly gain just the pounds of firm flesh they needed, new health, strength and joy in life.

How it is done

You see, scientists have discovered that great numbers of people are thin and rundown only because they do not get sufficient Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat. But when in such cases these two simple food elements are properly supplied, the quick gains in weight, strength, and pep are often astonishing.

Today you can get these exact missing food elements in the new Ironized Yeast tablets. They're made by a new costly process from one of the richest sources of health-building Vitamin B—the special rich yeast used in making English ale. This yeast is highly concentrated, then combined in a new formula with pasteurized English ale yeast and three kinds of blood-strengthening iron.

The result is these marvelous new Ironized Yeast tablets which have already helped thousands of the thinnest, most unattractive girls who needed these elements quickly to gain just the normal pleasing curves they needed, naturally clear skin, new pep and new glamour.

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the very first package you don't begin to eat better and get more enjoyment and benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength and pep—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the pounds of normally attractive flesh you need—the price of this first package will be promptly refunded. So start today.

Special Offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 35, Atlanta, Ga.

Posed by professional models

New beauty for your hair . . . *with this new* 4 Purpose Rinse



Lovalon, the 4 Purpose Rinse does all these four things for your hair in one quick, easy operation:

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Keeps hair neatly in place.

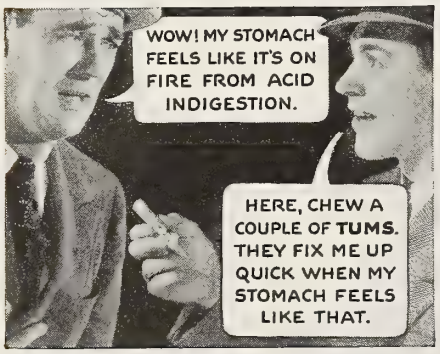
Use Lovalon after your next shampoo. See the life and sparkle and healthful, youthful glow it gives your hair.

Lovalon comes in 12 different shades. You can match and enrich the natural color of your hair or make it brighter or deeper. Lovalon does not dye or bleach. It's a pure, vegetable, odorless hair rinse—one of the very few hair toiletries approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Package of 5 for 25¢ at drug and dept. stores. Trial size at 10¢ stores. (Or, any good beauty shop will Lovalon your hair.)



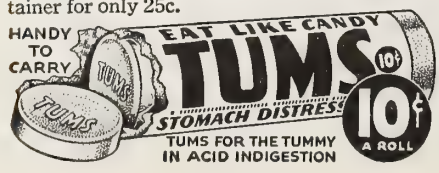
LOVALON

the 4 purpose hair rinse



HERE'S AMAZING RELIEF FROM ACID INDIGESTION

YES—TUMS, a remarkable discovery brings amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas, and constant burning caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. TUMS contain no laxatives; no harmful drugs. ***Guaranteed to contain no soda.*** Over 1½ billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Try TUMS today. Only 10c for 12 TUMS at all druggists. Most economical relief. Chew like candy mints. Get a handy 10c roll today, or the three roll economy package with metal container for only 25c.



THE BEWILDERING BRADY

(*Continued from page 58*)

like doing. Liking fizzy beverages she was asked whether she didn't think they were bad for her and she said, "I am the healthiest person in the world and I haven't had a glass of water in six years!"

She has always done what she wanted to do. Her father, famed theatrical producer, William A. Brady, didn't want her to go on the stage in spite of his own tremendous theatrical interests. In spite of the fact that the famous Grace George became her step-mother, he kept her, as a child and a very young girl, away from all talk of and contact with the theatre as well as theatrical people. But Miss Brady wanted to go on the stage. Her first public appearance was at a ship's concert when, at the age of thirteen, she was on her way to Europe with her father. Having made secret arrangements with the ship's entertainment committee to "appear" she rendered one of Caruso's favorite records with the fine operatic style, the famed, florid gestures of the great tenor himself. She had learned the *Saluto* by playing the Caruso record over and over. Her unsuspecting father, in the audience, was first stricken with surprise, then stormed by the applause and the expressed opinions that "the girl is a genius."

And so to the stage, musical comedies, Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, and then, her father capitulating, the producer in him conquering the father's protest; as Meg in *Little Women*, as a star in *Forever After*, and a long line of successful plays. And Broadway paid its tribute and legal tender to a great dramatic talent. Which talent, now lost to Broadway, both Broadway and Mr. Brady mourn; but must continue to mourn because Miss Brady will not go back to Broadway.

Miss Brady lives, to be flagrantly facetious, a dog's life. But literally. There is Checker, a Cocker spaniel; Lavinia Manon (named after her role in "Mourning Becomes Electra"), a Scottie; Desire, a wire-haired terrier; Drunky, another wire-haired and Snooky, a poon dog. Now I'm sure I don't know what a poon dog means and Miss Brady is sure that she does know what it means. But she didn't seem able to explain other than to say that she had rescued the poon from the pound and that poon seems to fit a dog rescued from the pound!

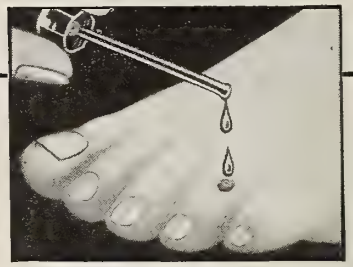
MISS BRADY is, at heart, more tragic than gay. She told me so. She is inclined to be morbid, or rather to find a strange pleasure which is also pain, in dwelling on morbid things. There was once a ghastly murder in New York. Two women, bitter enemies, met in the elevator of their apartment house. One stabbed the other through the heart. And the dying woman said, "Why, it's gone *right through me!*" Years ago and yet, Miss Brady says, she has never been able to forget, to cease to dwell on the stark simplicity, the incredible incredulity of those last words!

But she has, also, a philosophy of life, the philosophy commonly called Fatalism. She believes that what is to be is to be, and what to do about it? Nothing. Therefore, you can do what you choose about it, laugh or cry. She chooses to laugh.

For there have been shadows over the life of Alice Brady. Her own mother, Marie Rene, a French dancer, died when Alice was three. Her young brother died when she was very young. Her marriage to James Crane lasted only two and a half ill-fated years and could have left a scar,

QUICK WAY TO REMOVE CORNS

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RELIEVE CORN PAIN QUICKLY

If you want to remove those aching corns just get a bottle of FREEZONE from any druggist. Put a drop or two on the corn. The pain is quickly relieved. Then in a few days the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers.

A bottle of FREEZONE costs a few cents at any drug store and is sufficient to remove most hard corns, soft corns and calluses. Try it!

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Baby Touch Hair Remover is the new, amazing way to remove hair from arms, legs and face—quickly and safely. Used like a powder puff. Odorless, painless, better than a razor. Baby Touch leaves the skin soft, white and restores youth and beauty to the skin. Satisfaction guaranteed. At drug and department stores or send 25c for one or $1.00 for five of the Baby Touch Pads. Baby Touch Mittens (Two sides) 35c each. 3 for $1.00.

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EASY TO INSTALL NO TOOLS REQUIRED

8 for 10¢

AT YOUR 10-CENT STORE

Many Never SUSPECT Cause of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

and probably did. Her half-brother was burned to death a little more than two years ago. Yes, one has the feeling that there are secrets buried in Alice Brady's heart and memory, bruises on her spirit, but buried deep because the will that buried them is stronger than the secrets and the pain.

"All comedians," said Miss Brady, "are sad of heart. They have to be or they couldn't give to comedy the macabre touch it needs."

Her childhood, however, was happy and normal, though carefully chaperoned. For which she is, now, very grateful. "At least I wasn't satiated before I was out of my 'teens," she said. A cousin, a kindly woman of middle years came into the household upon the death of Alice's mother. Later, of course, Mr. Brady married Grace George to whom Miss Brady refers, affectionately, as "Mom." There was a town house and a country place and the small Alice attended a convent school in Madison, New Jersey. She had her own pony and cart and plenty of books and affection. But she was, even then, always wondering what it was all about.

She is, now, very pleased to be "doing my own work again." She is grateful to Mr. Zanuck for giving her the opportunity to do the kind of thing she does do, most naturally, most instinctively. She said, "I have pleaded with producers for six years to give me dramatic roles. But, no, they couldn't see it.

"When I did my first comedy role in 'Mademoiselle,' I hadn't the foggiest notion of how to be funny. I didn't know what on earth to do. I just thought I'd flap my hands about even more than normally and 'talk silly.' I did—and I've lived off of it for six years. But I never have any idea of what I'm doing, or why."

She has erratic bouts of mad extravagance. She told me, "I spent thirty-seven thousand dollars in the first six months I was in Hollywood. What on? I haven't the least idea! Scents and furs and things, you know. I'd just go down to shop every single morning and stand there in the middle of the place and think, 'Now, let me see, what can I buy today?' And then I'd just shop and shop. After all, I don't play tennis, and I had to do something!"

Now Miss Brady has a manager and is not allowed to so much as make out a check. She does, however, she told me happily, manage a little leeway for herself now and then by telling him that she has to have money to send to her little son back East in school. "You know how children are," she tells him. "Always needing something." Now and again, she manages to ring in a diamond ring for herself.

SHE loves to "do" houses, her surroundings being important to her. She spent four months planning and decorating the dining-room in her home, peacock blue walls, lovely reflecting mirrors. She sent to Venice for the crystal chandeliers and—has used the dining-room twice in the six months she has been in the house. She does think it a pity that the Venetian treasures came so far to be so seldom appreciated.

She never takes exercise. "Exercise," she laughed, "is decadent." She never goes anywhere. She has lived in Hollywood for six years and has never been to Palm Springs.

She doesn't gossip. She lives and lets live and keeps to the letter as well as to the spirit of this law. On the sets, you never find her sitting on the side lines gossiping between scenes. She is either on the floor shooting crap with some of the stage hands or she is in her dressing-room, taking the only sound sleep she ever gets.

She admits to a very bad temper.





Franciska Gaal of "The Buccaneer" is making "Never Say Die."

"My Secret of Eye Make-Up"

by
GENEVIEVE TOBIN
Lovely Star of Stage and Screen



FIRST—USE NEW LOTION TO MAKE EYES CLEAR, WHITE, LARGER LOOKING!

"DON'T forget the most important step in eye make-up . . . clear, white eyes," says Genevieve Tobin, popular film star. Dull, tired eyes can ruin the effect of the most careful eye make-up. That's why thousands begin eye make-up with two drops of Eye-Gene, an eye specialist's formula. It makes eyes that were reddened, veined, dulled by late hours, reading, fatigue, exposure, so clear and sparkling white . . . and therefore larger looking! Try Eye-Gene. Double eye beauty! Purse size at all 5 and 10c stores. Economy size at all drug stores.

EYE-GENE Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

Will Your Hands Stand This Test?



If Not . . .

You need to get acquainted with Barrington Hand Cream, a delightful cream made specially to keep your hands soft and white. Beautiful hands are essential to good grooming. Don't let household duties keep your hands rough or red when a few seconds regular care with this wonderfully successful Hand Cream can keep them soft and attractive.

NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORPORATION
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

...Use *Barrington* **HAND CREAM**

Sold in drug, department, and the better 5 and 10 cent stores.

Another *NADCO* Product

Her motto in life is: Never stand up when you can sit down; never sit down when you can lie down; never just lie down if you can lie down and sleep.

It is because Hollywood allows her to be "a mushroom," to live pretty much according to her motto that she is in Hollywood. She will never, she stated with fire and emphasis, go back to Broadway.

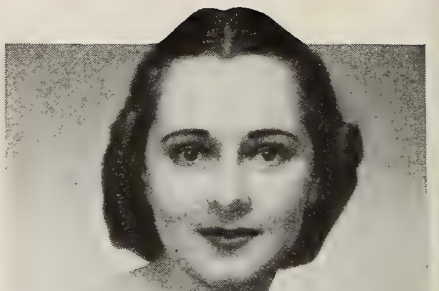
We argued with her. We reminded her of her "art," of those rare souls who starve in attics, enduring all things, that their art may be preserved, intact, free from commercialism. "Such people are cursed," laughed Miss Brady. "I am thankful that I am not so cursed. I am the laziest woman in the world. People think of me as fiercely energetic, furiously ambitious. I am not. I have a pleasant house here, my dogs, books, friends, work to do. What more is there? Tell me that!

"I enjoy making pictures. I take them seriously when I am working because I take any work I am doing seriously. But I like to be comfortable. I like to sit with my feet up on a chair, like this. I like to be able to go out without wearing chinchillas up around my eyes. You can't wear chinchillas up around your eyes in Hollywood. You have to have big buildings for that. I'm not happy. Of course not. No one but an idiot is really happy, do you think? But I am content with leading," she laughed, "my dog's life."

A great personality, Miss Brady, doing a dizzy sleight of hand with the masks of Comedy and Tragedy, blending one into the other as they have been blended into her own life. An example, becoming almost extinct, of the cultured aristocrat of the theatre, a woman who, regardless of her work, her "art," makes the world richer, more exciting merely by what she is.



A bride can't sit down, so some great mind at the studio invented this wrinkle-proof gadget for Rochelle Hudson to relax in.



MERCOLIZED Wax CREAM KEEPS YOUR SKIN *Young Looking*

Mercolized Wax Cream flakes off the surface skin in tiny, invisible particles. Reveals the clear, soft, smooth, young looking underskin. This simple, all-in-one cleansing, softening and beautifying cream has been a favorite for over a quarter century with lovely women the world over. Bring out the hidden beauty of your skin with Mercolized Wax Cream.

Use Saxolite Astringent Daily
THIS tingling, antiseptic astringent is delightfully refreshing and helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and apply.

Try Phelactine Depilatory
For quickly removing superfluous hair from face.
Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.

TOUCH UP GRAY STREAKS



ANY COLOR
LIGHT BROWN to BLACK
Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy to use in the clean privacy of your own home; not greasy; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. $1.35, for sale everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE. State original hair color
Brookline Chemical Co., Dept. M-58
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One-Spot Flea Killer Dustone one spot only Trade Mark Reg. GUARANTEED by Good Housekeeping

Kills Lice, Ants, Fleas, Aphids, Bedbugs, Chafers, Crab Lice, Red Spiders, Leaf Hoppers, Caterpillars, Root Maggots, Cabbage Worms, Mexican Bean Beetles

If your store can't supply you send 25c or 50c to One-Spot Co., Elkridge, Md.

Good For Kidney and Bladder Weakness

LOOK AND FEEL YOUNGER



ALL over America men and women who want to cleanse kidneys of waste matter and irritating acids and poisons and lead a longer, healthier, happier life are turning to GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules.

So now you know the way to help bring about more healthy kidney activity and stop getting up often at night. Other symptoms are backache, irritated bladder—difficult or smarting passage—puffiness under eyes—nervousness and shifting pains.

This harmless yet effective medicine brings results—you'll feel better in a few days. So why not get a 35¢ box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today—the original and genuine—right from Haarlem in Holland—Don't accept a counterfeit—Ask for and get GOLD MEDAL.

PRESTO CHANGE-O

(*Continued from page 115*)

and "wherefores" of this fantastic business has smoothed over many a rough spot for her sisters.

While all three girls have good singing voices, dance well and have what it takes to play leads, each personality is decidedly different. Each has an outstanding talent. With Rosemary it is her singing. Pat is the finished dancer, while Lola is the dramatic actress.

The one thing that all have in common is a swell sense of humor and love of fun. Birthdays call for big celebrations. It is then that each tries to outdo the other in gag gifts, tricks and surprises. All packages are approached warily. Elaborately wrapped boxes often prove to be gags. The plainest package usually holds the important present —the gift of the three of them to the fourth.

No matter how tired she is after a hard day at the studio, Lola drops in to see Cora on her way home. Sunday is reserved for the Lane family to get together. At dinner, at Lola's or Cora's, the four of them sit down to a specialty of Cora's. Their favorite is fricassee chicken, just as Cora always prepared it when they were youngsters at home.

Today Lola has a new understanding and appreciation of life. Rarely is she seen out in public. Occasionally she goes into the Brown Derby for lunch. On rare occasions she spends an evening at the Trocadero.

"I WANT to go on working in pictures as long as I am able to work," said Lola. "Happiness to me means independence, work and, of course, success.

"Work in pictures satisfies all of my longing for romance, glamor and change. Outside of an occasional trip to the nearby mountains, the desert and New York, I am content to settle down in the valley.

"At present I am considering plans for my own farmstead to be built on my own acreage not far from where I now live. As much attention will be given to the grounds as to the house. There will be extensive vegetable gardens, fruit trees, berries and a profusion of flowers.

"I will never give up my career. The glamor and excitement surrounding my work will be nicely balanced by the quiet and rest in my peaceful valley home."



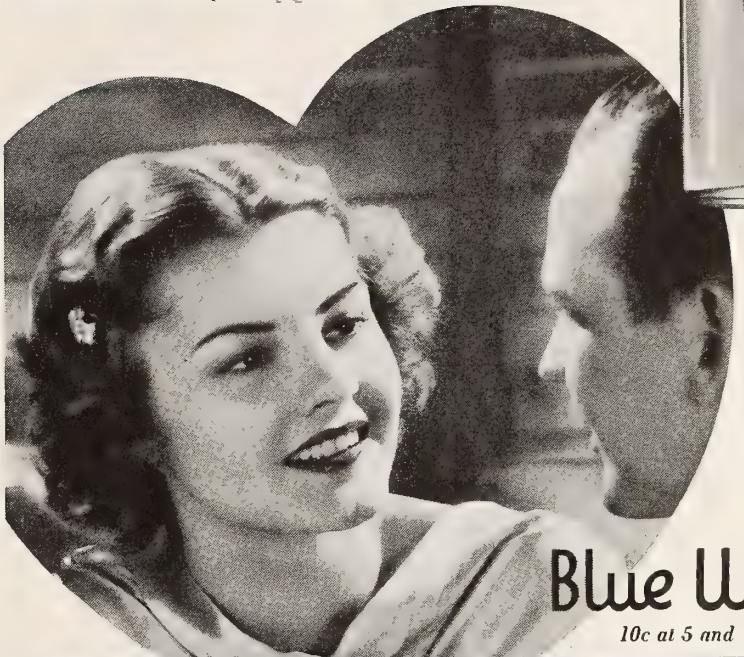
Jane Wyman is mighty pretty in that hunting outfit—but she looks like fair game to us. Jane gets the lead opposite Johnny Davis in "The Chump."



BLUE now dreams come true



When it's swingtime and dancetime, she'll never be lonely again. What a difference since she discovered Blue Waltz Perfume! There's something actually tantalizing about its lovely, floral bouquet. Perhaps you'd find greater happiness, too, if you'd remember to say "Blue Waltz" when you buy perfume and cosmetics.



Blue Waltz

10c at 5 and 10c stores.

BLUE WALTZ PERFUME • FACE POWDER • LIPSTICK • BRILLIANTINE • COLOGNE

June Modern Screen tells you

WHY GABLE IS KING

Yes, there's a reason!

STUDY FASHION MODELLING The "Hollywood Way"

Attractive girls and women learn to be a glamorous fashion model. Send 10c in stamps for Booklet A.

ANNE ARDIS, Box 422, Hollywood, Calif.

HOW YOU CAN REMOVE CORNS ROOT* AND ALL



New Modern Method

safer—quicker—easier!

NOW you can remove corns easily, quickly, *painlessly* without dangerous old-fashioned paring that only affects the surface, leaves the root to come back bigger, uglier. The new, double-action Blue-Jay stops pain instantly, and then by its gentle medicated action, removes corns, root and all, in just 3 short days (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application).

Blue-Jay is a tiny medicated plaster. Easy to use —invisible. Safe, scientific, quick-acting. 25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.



"I USE SITROUX TISSUES.. they're softer!"

...says beautiful Mary Russell, starring in Columbia's new picture "EXTORTION"...



STARS of stage and screen, and fastidious girls everywhere, prefer Sitroux Tissues, because they're soft as a flower petal, yet so much stronger they won't "come apart" in the hand. Give your skin better care with these delightful, fine-quality tissues. Look for the attractive gold-and-blue box!

At Your 5 and 10¢ STORE!



THE *Glamorous* BEAUTY OF ALLURING *EYES*

• FINELY arched eyebrows enhance the loveliness of the eyes ... Rely on HENCO Tweezers . . . specially designed for plucking, thinning and training . . . in eyebrow care . . . Skilfully designed, with platform points (corrugated inside) to give positive grip without cutting the hair, and finger-rest on handles. Each pair individually tested. Have a pair of inexpensive HENCO Tweezers always at hand.



TRADE HENCO MARK

Ask for HENCO Tweezers and Nail Files (10c) . . . Manicure Scissors (20c) . . . at drug and 5 & 10c stores.

THE HENKEL-CLAUSS CO.
Fremont, Ohio

Fine Cutlery for 50 Years

10c

New approved formula

REMOVES FRECKLES *WHILE YOU SLEEP*



Whether you have a few freckles or many, fade them out quickly and gently *while you sleep*. Get a jar of Nadinola Freckle Cream today and apply at bedtime. Day by day skin becomes clearer, fresher. Usually freckles disappear in 5 to 10 days. So do other blemishes. Nadinola Freckle Cream is *guaranteed* by a famous laboratory with 36 years' experience in this type of skin treatment. Only 60c at drug and toilet counters; 10c size at Ten Cent Stores. • Or send a dime for trial package to NADINOLA, Dept. 154, Paris, Tenn.

NADINOLA *Freckle Cream*

HAIR KILLED FOREVER



KILLED PERMANENTLY

From face or body without harm to skin, by following easy directions. Our electrolysis device is used by physicians and is guaranteed to kill hair forever or money refunded. Your electric current not used. Only $1.95 complete. Prepaid or C.O.D. plus postage.



CANFIELD ELECTROLYSIS CO., 3-H, 2675 Broadway, N.Y.City

U. S. *GOVERNMENT JOBS!*

START $1260 to $2100 YEAR

Men—Women
Get ready Immediately
Common Education
Mail Coupon today sure

COUPON
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. P266, Rochester, N. Y.
Sirs: Rush without charge (1) 32-page book with list of U. S. Government Jobs. (2) Tell me how to qualify for one.
Name.....
Address.....



These are the legs that are supposed to shame Dietrich. Martha Raye is the owner, Ben Blue the critic.

REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 23*)

★★ The Girl Was Young

Gaumont British presents Nova Pilbeam in "The Girl Was Young," which, in itself, is in the nature of an understatement. For, Nova Pilbeam is far *too* young to be entirely convincing as a clever sleuth. However, her charm and sincerity tend to offset the fact that she plays an adolescent too tragically precocious.

Here, again, we have that much overworked situation of an innocent youth suspected of cold blooded murder. Needless to say, when Erica Burgoyne, the chief constable's daughter, administers first aid to revive the apparent assassin, her limpid eyes at once overflow with true love and in the end brings the real culprit to justice. As the heroine, Nova Pilbeam brings a serious quality to the role which almost overshadows her unsuitability to it.

Derrick DeMarney, as Robert Tisdall who is caught in a web of circumstantial evidence, gives an impressive performance.

Even though "youth will be served," top honors in this production go to the character actors. If you are among the many who have wondered what's become of Percy Marmont, you will be pleased to find him here in the role of the Constable. Playing the role of the girl's father with his customary ease and conviction, he does much to insure interest.

Edward Rigby as Old Will, the china mender who puts the finger on the real murderer, gives a very creditable performance proving that even a friendless bum may have a heart of gold.

While there is something to be desired in this picture, it will no doubt prove popular through its theme and characterizations. For, a movie mystery is apt to be a good entertainment bet, and, a movie mystery with real acting thrown in, worth your cash at the box office. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock.—*Gaumont British.*

Won't slip out
STRONGER SPRING
TIGHTER GRIP





VOICE

100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organs—*not with singing lessons*—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct *silent exercises* . . and absolutely *guarantee* to improve any singing or speaking voice *at least 100%*. . . . Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.

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64 E. Lake St., Chicago

GIRLS! MORE MILEAGE FROM YOUR STOCKINGS



There's nothing like RUN-R-STOP to give more wear per pair! As soon as a run or snag appears apply RUN-R-STOP to save your stockings — save you money. *Permanent*—will not wash out. HANDSOME RED & BLACK VANITY protects tube in purse.—10c Ask for it at chain, department and shoe stores.



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping *as advertised therein.*

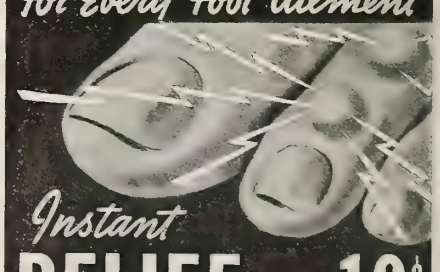
10c

RUN-R-STOP

FREE—we will send you a handy purse-size case of Nail White in a new convenient form. Simply mail the instruction sheet from a package of Run-R-Stop to Dept. M.

CAMILLE INC.—49 East 21st Street, N.Y.C.

CRO★PAX FOOT AIDS
For Every Foot Ailment



Instant RELIEF for 10¢

Go to your nearest ten cent store and insist on CRO★PAX Corn Pads, waterproof, with medicated discs for safe, sure, quick relief.

Accept No Substitute

Price slightly higher in Canada

CRO★PAX PRODUCTS, CLEVELAND, O.

AT YOUR 5 & 10c STORE

The BEST GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE at Home!



WHY let prematurely gray hair make you look far older than your years? Now, with a better remedy, mixed and applied in the privacy of your own home, costing only a few cents, any man or woman can get rid of this social and business handicap.

Simply get from your druggist one-fourth ounce of glycerin, one ounce of bay rum, and a box of Barbo Compound. Mix these in one-half pint of water, or your druggist will mix it for you. This colorless liquid will impart a natural-like color to faded, gray hair. This color will not wash out, does not affect permanents or waves, will not color the scalp, and adds to the beauty, luster, softness and youth of your hair.

If you want to look ten years younger in ten days start with Barbo today.

Do This For BLACKHEADS



They Fall Right Out!

BLACKHEADS persist because they are literally trapped in your skin! Locked there by a film of sluggish, surface skin! You can't wash them away! But you can release them! Golden Peacock Bleach Creme will lift away the film of coarsened surface skin—dissolving it in tiny invisible particles. Blackheads are released. They flake away, fall out! Surface pimples, too—in fact, all blemishes in the surface skin! You discover your own finer skin—smooth, utterly clear, alluringly white! All in just 5 days! Discover Golden Peacock Bleach Creme! At drug and department stores—or send 50c to Golden Peacock Inc., Dept. E-206, Paris, Tenn.

SKIN RASH

RELIEVED....ITCHING STOPPED

For quick relief from itching of eczema, rashes, pimples, athlete's foot, and other externally caused skin eruptions, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION. Greaseless, stainless, dries fast. Stops the most intense itching in a hurry. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

D.D.D. Prescription



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 90*)

Meanies

At the moment, Gene Autry and Republic Studios are still shooting it out. When he couldn't get an adjustment on his contract, Gene walked out and went on a personal appearance tour which was netting him $3,500 a week when a studio injunction halted it. Now he's on a sit-down strike, and refuses to work until he gets more money. Facts are that Autry, whose pictures draw top money for westerns, makes eight pictures a year and gets only $5000 for each of them. The profits on his pictures warrant a larger salary, but the studio contends that a contract's a contract.

■ ■ ■

We still think the tops in lovers' quarrels was the Nelson Eddy—Eleanor Powell squabble in "Rosalie." To keep a date with her in far-off Ruritania, Nelson makes a solo flight across the Atlantic. Angered when he learns she's engaged to another guy, he turns right around and flies back, making Lindbergh—and everybody connected with "Rosalie"—look silly.

Chivalry, Farewell

Romance, in the movies, still goes hand in hand with assault and battery. In other words, if the hero says he loves the girl, and she tells him the same thing, audiences immediately know they don't mean it. But let him sock her on the jaw, or let her break some china on his profile and everyone knows that theirs is a true and lasting love. Latest example is in "Love, Honor and Behave." Wayne Morris is about to lose his wife (Priscilla Lane), but he comes home one night, blacks her eye and knocks her down. Love surges in her breast, and she crowns him with a chair. And we remember the good old days, when the guy who socked the heroine was the villain.

■ ■ ■

Those who see the stars in their least glamorous moments are the gals in the studio wardrobe departments. If a star has temperament, the wardrobe department is usually the place she turns it on. All of which leads up to an unofficial vote taken in the wardrobe department at 20th Century-Fox. Most popular star: Sonja Henie. Least popular: Simone Simon.



Wayne Morris gets a shiner from Priscilla Lane—it's "Love, Honor and Behave."

DON'T BE A "MARKED" GIRL!



*DISFIGURING BLEMISHES NOW SO EASILY CONCEALED!

SKIN BLEMISHES need no longer be embarrassing. Untold numbers of smart girls have learned this simple secret of always having clear-looking, lovely skin despite unexpected or permanent blemishes. HIDE-IT conceals pimples, birthmarks, freckles, scars and all discolorations. Waterproof—won't easily rub off—lasts all day until removed. Four flesh shades. Cream or Stick $1 at Department and Leading Drug Stores. 10c size at Ten Cent Stores.



MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST

Apply HIDE-IT on the blemish. Let dry. Dust with powder, apply usual make-up.



Now! See how completely blemish has been concealed. See how marvelously clear and flawless your skin looks. You'll never be without HIDE-IT!



Hide-it HIDES SKIN BLEMISHES

Clark-Millner Co., Dept. 15-E, 666 St. Clair St., Chicago
Please send me free Story Booklet "Marked Girl." I enclose 10c (Canada 15c) for sample "Hide-it" ☐ *Cream* ☐ *Stick*. Check shade: ☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Brunette ☐ Sun Tan.

Name.....*Town*.....

Address.....*State*.....





Alluring Hands with the NEW LADY LILLIAN CREME NAIL POLISH

Are you sure your nails are as lovely as they can be? Try the new stay-on-a-week Lady Lillian Creme Nail Polish and revel in its fashion-right shades. Ask for Lady Lillian Rust, Robin Red, Old Rose, Thistle, Cloverine, Tulip Red, or Windsor Rose. The trial kit shown contains Nail Polish, Remover, Nail White, Manicure Stick and Cotton .... all for 10 cents and is on sale at 5 and 10 cent stores.

Approved by Good Housekeeping

SPECIAL 3c TRIAL OFFER

For single generous trial bottle send this ad and 3c stamp to LADY LILLIAN, Dept. M-12, 1140 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Specify shade you prefer.





Lovely Loretta Young has her night with young Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt, who craves constant change.

The Adolphe Menjous, once wan and ailing, look positively abloom as they escort Josephine Hutchinson to the preview.



At the "Goldwyn Follies," Kay Francis, smiling in spite of legal troubles, welcomes the Dick Barthelmesses.

Making her American screen debut, Annabella won the approval of a preview audience with her performance, but her appeal was not at all heightened by the fact that her French accent made some of her lines impossible to understand. And for the same reason, the meaning of some of her lines was distorted. For example, in one scene she turns to Bill Powell and bewilders him and the audience by saying, "Don't bite the hand that fits you."

Fashion Note

When the Cedric Gibbons' left on their trip to Africa, eleven of their trunks were filled with brand new gowns for Dolores Del Rio. Mr. G. also took along a trunkload of camera equipment, with which he hopes to photograph African wild life. Can't you picture the lovely Dolores, in Schiaperelli's latest, perched fetchingly on the carcass of a hippo?

■ ■ ■

Out on the 20th Century-Fox lot is a trailer which is the last word in that sort of thing. It's Darryl Zanuck's reconciliation gift to the Ritz Brothers. The Ritzes, of course, have added a touch of their own. Over the door a sign says: "Through these portals pass the most beautiful boys in the world." What *will* they do next?

Stop Worrying

Speaking of the desirability of raising children in Hollywood, Stuart Erwin's press agent quotes Mr. E. as follows: "People in the East who fear that film colony children will come under an evil influence are wasting their worry. In the 10 years I've been in Hollywood I've seen hundreds of babies grow into healthy and mannerly children." Note to those people in the East: Stop your worrying.

■ ■ ■

Myrna Loy has just finished redecorating her dressing room at Metro. It's all "blonde," because Myrna has always wanted to be one herself. The other day she invited the cast of "Test Pilot" to a "premeer" of the new room, but most of the attention was focused on a gift from Arthur Hornblow. It was a Capehart which matches the decorations.

Tom Sawyer

Interesting to watch the reaction of the audience at the preview of "Tom Sawyer." It was hardly a "Hollywood" type of picture, yet it brought cheers from such effete gents as Fred Astaire and Sam Goldwyn. Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitch (daughter of Mark Twain) wept silently, and Deanna Durbin was wreathed in smiles. But no one knew whether it was because of the picture or because she had attended the preview with her first date. The lucky swain was Jackie Moran, the film's Huckleberry Finn.

■ ■ ■

After the incident in Arizona, when he hurled shoes at a crowd assembled to greet him, Warner Oland and his studio are more at odds than ever. The great Chinese detective drew a suspension when he walked out on his last picture, and the studio promptly substituted the Japanese sleuth, Mr. Motto. So now there's a wild rumor around that Oland's next will be "Charlie Chan at Loggerheads."

All for Art

Richard Greene, the young English actor billed as a cross between Tyrone Power and Robert Taylor (that's nice double billing, if you ask us) is still a bit baffled about Hollywood. Rushed here for the lead opposite Loretta Young in "Four Men and a Prayer," he was first fitted to a brand new wardrobe, his English clothes having been declared n. g. for picture purposes. Next he was taken over by a make-up expert, who said, "Let's see your teeth." In Hollywood, perfect molars come before Art, even if you're a second Clark Gable.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

TROPIC



NEW COAST-TO-COAST NAIL POLISH COLOR SENSATION



Joan Bennett, Charming Star of "I Met My Love Again," a Walter Wanger Production.



TROPIC playground of Hollywood stars—Hawaii's golden sands and flaming flowers inspired Glazo's new color success—TROPIC.

"I love it," SAYS JOAN BENNETT

I'VE adopted this gorgeous new Glazo shade for my very own," exclaims Miss Bennett, known for her flawless taste as well as her beauty. "Tropic is the most exciting nail polish creation in years!"

TROPIC brings flattering warmth to every skin-tone—a subtle accent to smart spring costume colors. And, because it is Glazo's new Perfected Polish, TROPIC wears perfectly for days!

TROPIC is sweeping the country! Warm, provocative, glowing—it is the essence of spring—a prophecy of exciting new clothes, new places.

As Joan Bennett says: "Find out for yourself what fun it is to wear!"

Your approval of Glazo's shades will include not only Tropic, but also the new Congo, Spice and Cabaña. Vary them with fashion-approved Thistle, Suntan, Old Rose, Russet, Dahlia, Flame, Shell and Natural.

Lead Fashion—Wear **TROPIC** *Now*

Your favorite toilet goods counter—in every city and town from coast-to-coast—is featuring Glazo's latest color sensation. See how TROPIC adds new beauty to your hands and a new zest to your life!

For a perfect manicure, apply TROPIC after using Glazo Polish Remover and Cuticle Remover. Extra-large sizes at all drug counters, 25¢.

GLAZO

The Smart Manicure

GLAZO'S *New Perfected Polish*

New Glazo gives you these three conclusive points of superiority:

1. LONG WEAR—the New Glazo wears for days and days without peeling, chipping or fading! Slightly heavier for extra "coverage," it meets the demand for a polish that really *clings* to the nails!
2. EASE OF APPLICATION—every drop in the bottle goes on easily, evenly. It will not streak or run; dries quickly.
3. BRILLIANT LUSTRE—won't fade in sun or water.

Glazo's Perfected Polish gives all 3 points of excellence to these new shades:

TROPIC —*lovely with all spring costume colors.*
CONGO —*perfect for bright shades and prints.*
SPICE —*wear it with grey, pastels and all blues.*
CABAÑA —*gay with beige, yellow, green, black.*





Chesterfields are made of mild ripe tobaccos . . . rolled in pure cigarette paper . . . the best ingredients a cigarette can have

For You . . . there's MORE PLEASURE *in Chesterfield's milder better taste*

They Satisfy

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Modern Screen

UNE
O
ENTS

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

GARBO FINDS LOVE!

GRETA GARBO
and
LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI


Like BEES after HONEY
Men pursue you
WHEN YOU'RE SWEET AS A FLOWER
You'll be pursued . . . admired . . . adored, if you have the exciting, tempting fragrance of Nature's own flowers!
Just as the perfume of flowers calls to the bee . . . so does the perfume of Lander's Blended-Flower Talcs whisper a love call that awakens masculine hearts . . . and makes you utterly seductive and desirable.
Try the exquisite Lilacs and Roses Blend. Every morning dust your whole body with this lovely powder . . . smell sweet all over! Instantly, you feel flower-fresh, glorified, inspired . . . you *know* that you *can* win love!
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ANN TOOK A CHANCE ON A BATH ALONE





JOAN PLAYED SAFE WITH A BATH PLUS MUM



Underarms need special care that a bath alone can't give!

CLEVER JOAN. *Popular* Joan! No matter how warm the evening—or how late the dance, Joan always has partners galore. Joan dances *every* dance.

For she never takes chances with underarm odor—the one fault above all others men can't stand. She realizes that a bath takes care only of *past* perspiration—that it can't prevent odor *to come*. So Joan never trusts her bath *alone*.

She follows her bath with Mum—to be *sure* she's safe from underarm odor. Mum makes the freshness of your bath last all evening long. Don't risk the loss of daintiness, don't spoil your charm for others. Always use Mum, every single day and after every bath!

MUM IS QUICK! Just one-half minute is all Mum takes to apply.

MUM IS SAFE! Even the most delicate skin finds Mum soothing. And Mum is harmless to fabrics.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum banishes every trace of odor for a full day or evening.

ANOTHER USE FOR MUM—Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.



So easy to use Mum! As simple as applying a touch of face cream. And—proof of Mum's gentleness—more nurses use Mum than any other deodorant. They know underarms need special care!

MUM

takes the odor out of perspiration

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MAY -5 1938

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...it doesn't *hurt* a hurt, but *soothes* it and *relieves* the pain. There's no hurt either, when the Unguentine bandage comes off, for it doesn't dry and stick to the wound.

Yet Unguentine is positively and effectively antiseptic. Rub it into the skin to relieve the itching and burning of eczema; spread it thickly on a bandage for burns and injuries. The standard tube is *only 50¢*; the economical family size jar, $1.00.



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Norwich

MODERN SCREEN

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Out of the inferno of war came three men and a woman—to live their lives, to strive for happiness, to seek love . . . The most heart-touching romance of our time, brilliantly re-created upon the screen, from the world-renowned novel by the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front".

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FRANCHOT **TONE** ROBERT **YOUNG**

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THEIR DASHING DEEDS TO LIVE FOR THE AGES!



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The Adventures of Robin Hood

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WARNER BROS.
in
TECHNICOLOR



MOVIE REVIEWS

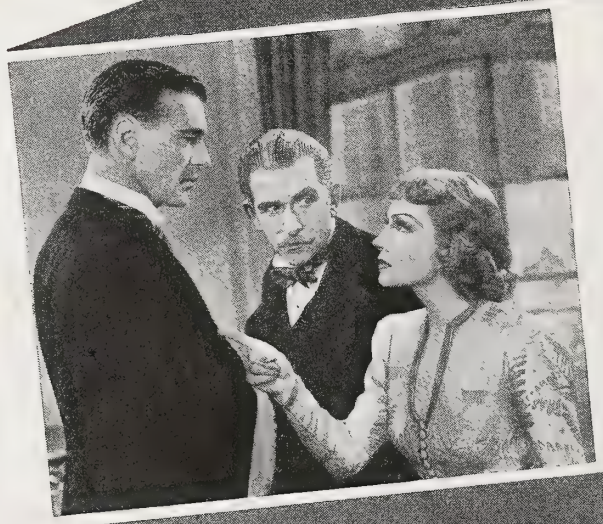


★★★★ Mad About Music

Deanna Durbin's new film "Mad About Music" is the best in her series, heart-warming and completely captivating, and the most pleasant hour and a half Hollywood has devised so far this season.

Deanna plays the daughter of a movie queen, in school in Switzerland because movie queens aren't supposed to have four-teen-year-old daughters. Embarrassed because her schoolmates constantly get letters from their parents, she makes up a father and writes lengthy epistles to herself telling of his exploits in far-off places. Herbert Marshall happens along about this time and is surprised to find himself nominated a father. After many de-lightful sequences, situations adjust themselves and all is well.

Most impressive of the songs is Deanna's rendition of Gounod's "Ave Maria." Of the popular numbers, "I Love to Whistle" is the catchiest. Herbert Marshall is suave and charming as the make-believe father, and Gail Patrick lends sympathy to the role of the movie star mother. Marcia Mae Jones is splendid as one of Deanna's classmates, as is Helen Parrish as the villainess of the school, and Jackie Moran in what must be the romantic lead. Arthur Treacher, William Frawley, Christian Rub, Elizabeth Risdon and Nana Bryant head an excellent supporting cast. Directed by Norman Taurog.—*Universal.*



★★★★ Bluebeard's Eighth Wife

This one amounts to a triple triumph. For Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert, it presents them in a pair of the finest screen roles they've ever had, and for Ernst Lubitsch, the film marks a return to his old mastery of witty and sophisticated comedy. All in all, it's entertainment of the highest order.

The story, concerning a brusque American millionaire and a slightly impoverished daughter of French aristocracy, manages always to be light in mood and tempo while at the same time it supplies a strong foundation for the antic carryings on of the cast. Mr. Lubitsch, wiser than the directors of most of the recent "mad" films, sees to it that all the insane interludes fit neatly into the plot. There is no reaching out for gags—they all belong to the story.

With the possible exception of "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," this is Gary Cooper's best screen work. Claudette Colbert is charm-ing and beautiful as the French gal, and there are swell supporting roles by Edward Everett Horton, David Niven, Elizabeth Patter-son and Warren Hymer. In addition, as in all Lubitsch pictures, every bit player turns in a perfect performance. "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" will rank among the very best of its type for 1938. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch.—*Paramount.*



★★★ Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm

Shirley Temple has been credited with having started 20th Cen-tury-Fox on its road to financial security. Now nine years old and a cinema veteran, she continues to bring happiness to the paying customers as well as to her studio's accounting department.

You'll hardly recognize Mrs. Wiggin's story. Rebecca is now a radio star who lends her voice to the advancement of Crackly Grim Flakes when she's not furthering a romance between her country cousin (Gloria Stuart) and the handsome advertising executive (Randolph Scott). Shirley offers quite a repertory of songs and dances, and shows off to best advantage tap dancing with Bill Robinson, accompanied by the Raymond Scott quintette. She also brings laughs when she sits down at the piano and "reminisces," singing song hits from most of her previous pictures.

The supporting cast includes Jack Haley, Helen Westley, Slim Summerville, Phyllis Brooks, J. Edward Bromberg and William Demarest. There's also an amusing bit by Franklin Pangborn as an emergency radio organist who finally gets his chance. Directed by Allan Dwan.—*20th Century-Fox.*

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BY LEO TOWNSEND

Life as a model taught me ...



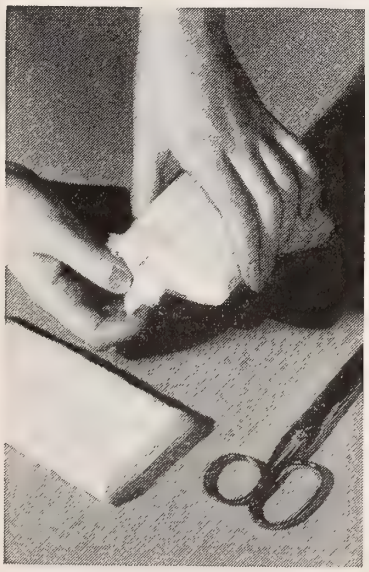
"Once I was a lady of leisure—with nothing to do but go to parties if I felt like it . . . take it easy if I didn't. But those days are gone forever! It was in the cards, I guess. You know the saying—'Friday's child is loving and giving . . . Saturday's child works hard for a living.' That's me!"



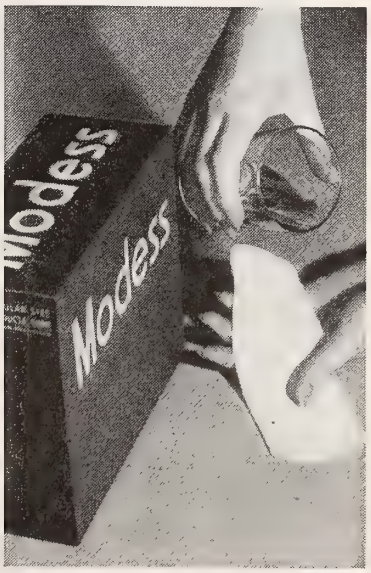
"Now I model clothes—at a shop where I used to buy them! And whew! —the weary miles we models trudge! Up and down . . . back and forth . . . shoulders back, 'tummy' in, head high!"



"Naturally 'certain days' are worse than others. But I soon learned from the other models how to make those days a lot easier! They introduced me to Modess—and, believe me, when you're on your feet all day, a napkin that doesn't chafe makes a world of difference!"



"If you'd like to know why Modess is more comfortable . . . just cut a pad in two. Feel that filler! It's like the down on a duck! So soft and fluffy—entirely different from napkins made of crêpey, close-packed layers."



"And—how much safer! Prove it for yourself. Take the moisture-proof backing from inside a Modess pad and drop water on it! That will show you why you need never worry again about ruining a dress . . . or being embarrassed."



"Then—if you're earning your own living and have to count the pennies, as I do . . . here's some more good news. Modess is easy on the pay envelope! Honestly—for all its greater comfort and security—Modess costs no more than any other nationally known napkin! So—take a tip from *me* and buy yourself a box of Modess *today*."

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

IF YOU PREFER A SMALLER, SLIGHTLY NARROWER PAD, SAY "JUNIOR MODESS"



"Stu" Erwin's whole family prefers pie. Look. No wonder.

MALE ORDER DESSERTS

BY MARJORIE DEEN

WELL gals, gather 'round, for I've just collected recipes for three of Stuart Erwin's favorite desserts, along with further proof —if proof were necessary—that if you leave the choosing of the meal's last course to the man of the family the "male order" for dessert will be *pie* nine times out of ten! Yes, at home or in a restaurant, leave the choice up to him and he'll specify some form of tempting filling encased in rich, flaky pastry.

Stuart Erwin is no exception in this respect, according to his lovely wife, who is still remembered by all of us as "the charming June Collyer." But June is more than content these days to be known just as "Stu's" wife and the mother of his two fine children, Bill and Judy. In fact the joy of her life lies in catering to their every wish.

That being the case you can be sure that the Erwin cook is instructed by June to prepare pies at most frequent intervals for the all-important sweet course of the day's most important meal. This is a year 'round standing order. However, when the warmer days set in, the only pies that make their appearance at the festive board in the Erwin's attractive dining room are of the lighter textured one-crust variety such as ever popular "cream" pies.

"This type of dessert is especially good when there are small children in the family," June informed me as together we searched through the family recipe file for the pies that had won the family's highest praises.

"You see," she continued, "even a toddler like Judy can eat the creamy filling that goes into making the Butterscotch Pie that I'm giving you, even though she isn't supposed to have the crust. But whether served as a pie or as a pudding I can certainly say that this particular dessert is a great favorite with the entire Erwin family.

"My pet pie in its early stages is just a smooth custard, such as any small child can enjoy. But when fixed up with strawberries and cream for guests and older members of the family, it turns out to be the richest and most beautiful of pastry desserts."

Since this particular treat happened to be in the refrigerator at the very time that Mrs. Erwin was describing it to me, we made a point of photographing June's pie before we took the picture of the entire Erwin family caught in the act of enjoying its Spring-like, delicious flavor. So here you will find photographs and recipes, as well; given with a special thought to increasing the "male order" business of appreciation for *your* knowledge of cooking and catering.

Incidentally, to make an attractive pie shell, try shaping and baking it over the back of a straight-sided cake pan. (June's pie shell, you'll notice from its shape in the picture on this page, is made in this way.)

JUNE PIE

- ⅔ cup granulated sugar
- ½ cup sifted flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- 2 cups scalded milk
- ¼ cup unwhipped cream
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1½ cups sliced strawberries
- ⅓ cup powdered sugar
- 1 baked (or graham cracker) pie shell
- ¾ cup cream, whipped and slightly sweetened
- 2 tablespoons fine graham cracker crumbs
- 1 teaspoon granulated sugar
- 2 teaspoons melted butter
- 1 dozen whole, perfect berries, for garnishing

Combine granulated sugar, flour and salt. Beat in egg yolks. Slowly add scalded milk. Turn into top of double boiler and cook over boiling water for 10 minutes, stirring constantly for the first 5 minutes, frequently during the last 5

"Stu" Erwin's favorite pies would win a heart of stone. Don't say we didn't



minutes. Remove from heat. Add vanilla and ¼ cup cream. Strain into bowl, cover and chill. Clean berries, slice thin and combine with powdered sugar, allowing them to stand for at least ½ hour. Shortly before serving time spread chilled custard filling in baked (or cracker) pie shell. Cover filling with the sliced, sweetened berries. Spread slightly sweetened whipped cream over the berries. Combine cracker crumbs with teaspoon of sugar; mix in melted butter with a fork. Sprinkle crumbs over pie. Garnish with whole berries. (See illustration.)

BUTTERSCOTCH CREAM PIE

2 cups scalded milk
4 tablespoons cornstarch
3 tablespoons flour
⅓ teaspoon salt
1¾ cups brown sugar, firmly packed
2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
¼ cup cold milk
2 tablespoons butter
1½ teaspoons vanilla
4 tablespoons cream
1 baked pie shell
¾ cup cream, whipped

Scald the 2 cups of milk in top of double boiler. Mix cornstarch, flour, salt and brown sugar. Beat in the egg yolks. Gradually add the cold milk. Add this mixture slowly to scalded milk, stirring vigorously. Add butter. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until smooth and thickened (about 5 minutes). Cover and continue cooking over boiling water 10 minutes longer, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat, add vanilla and 4 tablespoons cream. Blend well. Place in a tightly covered bowl in refrigerator and chill thoroughly. Just before serving spread this filling in cooked pie shell. Top with whipped cream, very slightly sweetened.

Don't spread a cream filling in your pie shell any longer ahead of time than is absolutely necessary, by the way.

warn you about these



Two Little Play Suits Climbed the Hill...

Two little play suits climbed the hill—
One on Jack, and one on Jill.
Look at Jill's—so bright and gay!
But Jack's is full of tattle-tale gray.

For Jill's mom knows what Jack's does not—
That lazy soap just hasn't got
The pep to wash clothes really clean.
And that's why Jack's things look so mean.

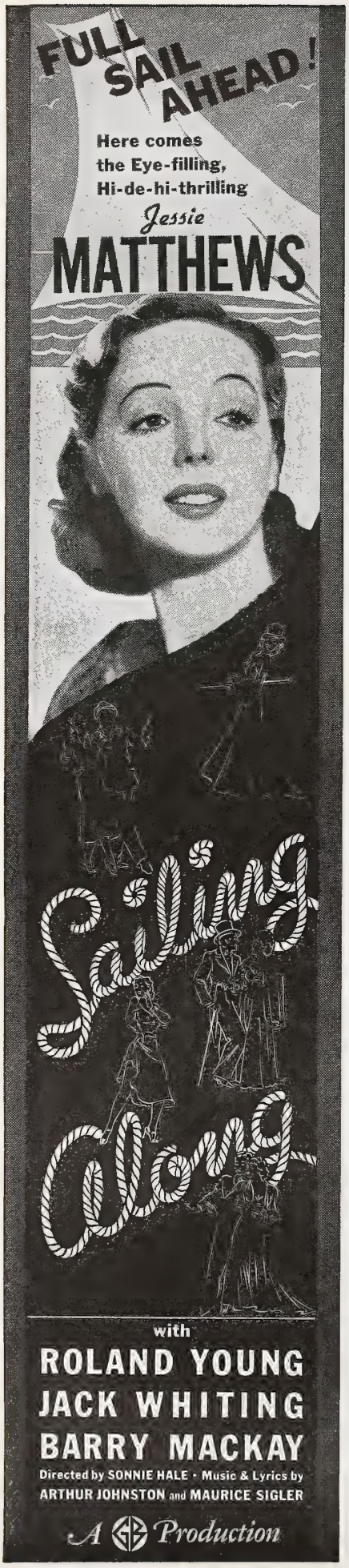
If Jack's mom were as wise as Jill's,
She'd quickly cure her washday ills.
She'd get the *golden* bar today
That chases pesky tattle-tale gray.

Fels-Naptha Soap is what she'd buy—
So full of naptha, dirt *must* fly!
Then white as Jill's, Jack's clothes would be,
And as for mom, she'd shout with glee.

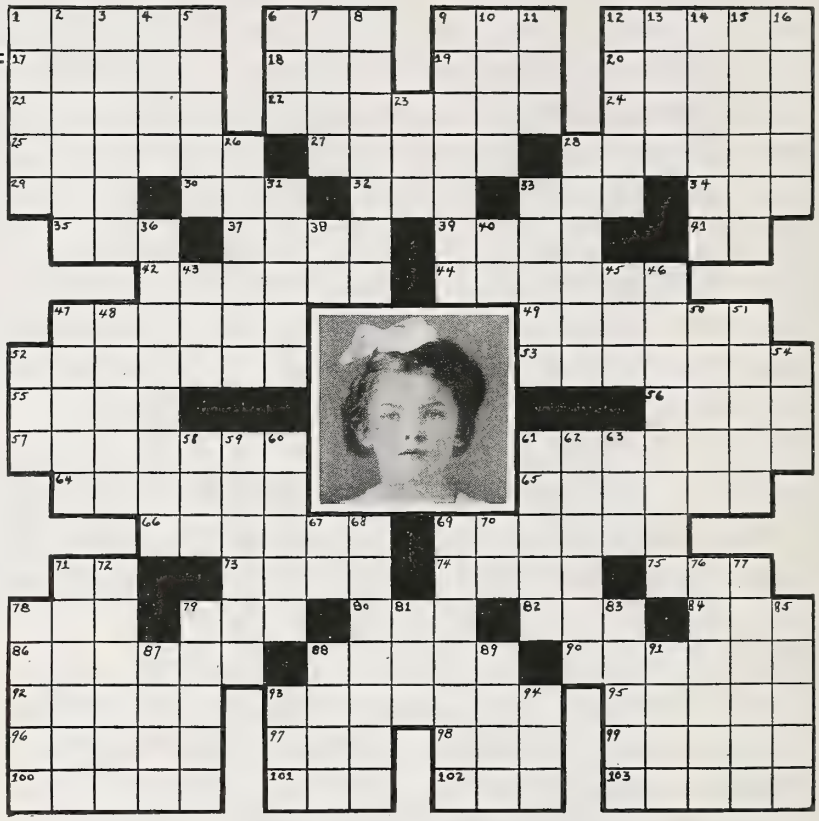
BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

(NEW! Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!)

COPR. 1938, FELS & CO.



OUR PUZZLE



Puzzle Solution on Page 86

ACROSS

1. First name of star pictured
6. "--- American Chump"
9. Last name of star pictured
12. "I Met Him in -----"
17. The Barrymores' sister
18. King: Fr.
19. Female sheep
20. ----- Massey of "Rosalie"
21. One indifferent to pain
22. Birth state of star pictured
24. Her first name's Elissa
25. Stella ------, newcomer
27. Female servants
28. Hero of "Night Spot"
29. Jes--- Matthews
30. Turf
32. Ruby ---ler
33. Male lead in "Women Are Like That"
34. H--- Gibson
35. Shade tree
37. Part of a skeleton
39. Spool on which film is wound
41. Cleo Fielding in "Big Broadcast of 1938"
42. Instrument used on cans
44. Sickly color
47. Dawn
49. Smaller
52. Femme star of "Merrily We Live"
53. Small surgical knife
55. Inhabitant of Arabia
56. Wife of Errol Flynn
57. Without a cover
61. Song-and-dance movie
64. Sandra ------, model
65. Restless
66. Author
69. Star of "Wise Girl"
71. Exclamation
73. Rosemary, Priscilla and Lola
74. Javanese weight
75. Drink in small quantities
78. "Over --- Wall"
79. Mrs. Bing Crosby
80. ---ry Crabbe
82. Comedian who died recently
84. Witness a movie
86. Trusts
88. Leases
90. Walt Disney's duck
92. Rugged crest of a mountain range
93. Vic LeRoy in "Dr. Rhythm"
95. Orchestra leader on Burns' and Allen's airshow
96. Interior
97. Ands: Fr.
98. No: Scot.
99. Mary -----
100. Screen pairs
101. Born
102. ---r Gorin
103. Seasons

PAGE

DOWN

1. Plateaus with steep sides
2. Yttrium sesquioxide
3. Erik ------
4. ---- Hamilton
5. Genus including the moose
6. Robert --- strong
7. Weaving frame
8. Kay -------
9. Guides
10. Possesses
11. Affirmative vote
12. "Test -----"
13. Winged
14. Cheerful musical compositions
15. Pertaining to a building's interior
16. Godly person
23. Knot
26. The "Yank at Oxford"
28. French
31. Star of "Knight Without Armor"
33. Animal skins
36. Our star's husband
38. Star of "Girl of the Golden West": init.
40. Each: abbr.
43. Author of "The Raven"
45. Indian of Tierra del Fuego
46. Real name of our star
47. Airships: coll.
48. Not likely
50. Colossal historical films
51. Supply arranged beforehand for successive relief
52. A player of small roles
54. Mae West wrote "Diamond ---"
58. Go astray
59. Cheerful expressions
60. Bristles
61. Annabella's husband
62. Combined
63. "Souls At ---"
67. Printer's measure
68. Show a film
69. Star of "I'll Take Romance"
70. "-'- No Angel"
71. Male star of "Merrily We Live"
72. Town of our star's birth
76. ------ Jewell
77. Small ball of food
78. "The ----- or"
79. Sinister looks
81. Small insect
83. Do nots: contr.
85. Paradises
87. Short article
88. Network of nerves
89. Protuberance
91. Our star's "Thin Man" name
93. Comedian in "You're A Sweetheart"
94. Gladys --- rge



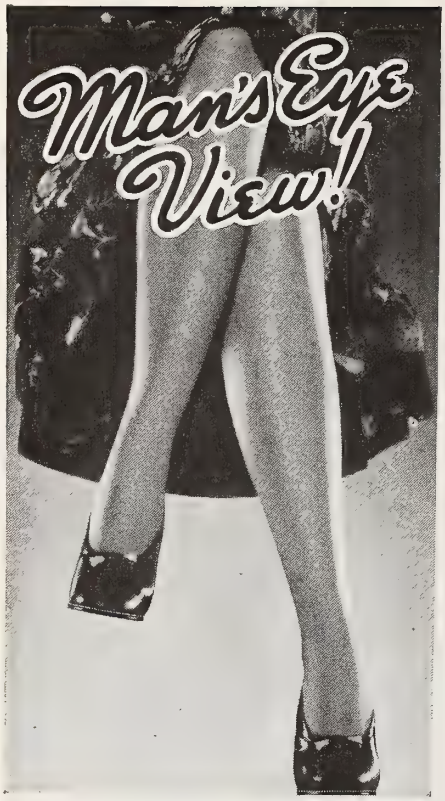
ROCHELLE HUDSON
20th Century-Fox Star
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The smooth fitting half-skirt of this Lastex Wisp-o-weight suit gives maillot-slimness to the hips. Jantzen-spun wool and Lastex yarn . . . *$5.95*
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Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada.

Jantzen
LASTEX WISP-O-WEIGHT SWIM SUITS

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, Dept. 161, Portland, Oregon
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Name
Street City



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Avoid Bristly Razor Stubble

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NEET Just Rinse Off Unsightly Hair



Boost your favorite player by sending in the coupon



ROBERT MONTGOMERY: "So the poor little rich boy had to go to work, and years later he became a famous movie star." Yes, Robert Montgomery (and that is his real name) was born in Beacon, New York, the son of Henry Montgomery, vice-president of the N. Y. Rubber Co. When he was a youngster there were tutors and exclusive schools—his prep-school days were spent at the fashionable Pauling School in New York, and he later studied in England, France, Switzerland, and Germany. When Bob was sixteen his father died and young Bob suddenly found it necessary to go to work. His first job was as a mechanic's helper on a railroad. His next one was as a deck hand on an oil tanker, and the third was doing "bits" in a Faversham show in New York. Then there was work with a stock company in Rochester, N. Y., and after that Broadway for five years. Meantime Bob was offered a contract in silent pictures and refused, but was finally won over by the "Talkies." He did one picture after another in quick succession until he was made a star in "Man in Possession." Then followed a long list of starring and co-starring pictures in which Bob's brisk, breezy, sophisticated charm skyrocketed him into the first ranks of popularity where he has stayed ever since. His most recent picture is "The First Hundred Years." His next will be "Yellowjack." Bob is just as popular off screen as on. He shoots a good game of golf, and is one of the best tennis players in the film colony. He also plays a mean piano, and sings a nifty tenor. He likes music by Ravel and Irving Berlin, is an incessant reader, and has written and published many short stories. He likes Scottie dogs, and has several of them. Bob's big ambition is to write and direct pictures. He is happily married, and has two charming small daughters. His birthday is May 21st. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. He takes his work seriously, is president of the Screen Actor's Guild, and is an all 'round grand person to know.



ANITA LOUISE: This lovely blonde starlet first saw the sun in the sky in New York City on January 9th, 1917. She is descended from mingled French, German, and English ancestry, and her real name is Anita Louise Fremalt. Both of her parents were born in Alsace Lorraine. Anita was educated at the Professional School in New York, and the Greenwood School for Girls in Hollywood. Her first ambitions were to be an actress and to write music. She is beautifully accomplished at both the harp and the piano, has a fine singing voice, and is a talented dancer. She also is adept at several foreign languages. The tender age of seven found Anita on the New York stage where she appeared in a number of successful plays. She was under contract to a major studio for a whole year before a suitable role came along. Then she went to work on the "Du Barry" set. Anita is fond of all outdoor sports, especially riding, swimming and fencing. She doesn't know what it is to have to diet, and she loves thick steaks and roast turkey. She knows how to cook them too. She follows her mother's recipes. Soap and water are Anita's only beauty secrets. Pretty clothes naturally appeal to her, and she knows how to wear them. Hollywood and New York fashions interest her much more than those from Paris. Anita's home is full of needlework that she herself made. Flowers are a hobby with her too. She will save diligently by doing her own hair and nails, and then go on a cut flower spree, filling the house with Briarcliff roses and lillies-of-the-valley. Her lone pet is a Scottie named "Wee Thistle." Anita col-

HAVE YOU SENT FOR YOUR LIST OF ADDRESSES?

Want to know your favorite player's address? In fact, would you like to have a complete list of all the Hollywood stars' mailing addresses? It's yours for the asking! So many of you have written to this department wanting to know where to write this one or that one for an autographed picture, or perhaps you just want to write a fan letter, that we've compiled a complete list for you, listing the players alphabetically, according to their studio, and giving their complete mailing address. They are all there, even the featured players, printed in such a compact form that you'll be able to keep the list in your movie scrap book for reference whenever you want it.

To receive one of these lists, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a *large* self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with unless we receive your stamped and addressed envelope. Send your requests to the Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

lects rare coins and good luck charms. She also prizes a very old piano and a two hundred year old violin. This radiant young star is five feet three inches tall, weighs one hundred and six pounds, has light blue eyes and very blonde hair. Her most recent pictures include "Green Light," "The Go-Getter," "That Certain Woman," "First Lady," "Tovarich," and "Marie Antoinette." Her next picture will be "Sister Act."



RAY CORRIGAN: No mere accident catapulted Ray Corrigan into the movies, and into the hearts of a growing Corrigan-conscious public. True, when he was still a handsome young student at the North Denver High School out in Colorado he thought some of becoming the world's greatest electrical engineer. And the devious ways of fate and stern necessity did lead him through several subsequent years of business in oil, radio, electricity, and even physical education. But Ray had seen Douglas Fairbanks père do his dashing athletic stunts on the screen, and right then and there he had determined to perform a few movie stunts of his own. He had the makings, for he is six feet two inches tall, weighs two hundred pounds, has laughing gray eyes, dark brown hair, and he inherits plenty of courage and brawn from a fine mixture of French and German ancestry. In fact his mother is descended from the royal family of Hohenzollern. Ray studied dramatics, did a series of six plays for the Hollywood Community Theatre, playing heavies. Then in 1932 his movie chance came. They needed someone of Johnny Weismuller's physical appearance, and Cedric Gibbons got Ray his first opportunity. His first talking picture came in 1934 when he played Apollo in "Night Life of the Gods." Then followed the "Darkest Africa" and "Under Sea Kingdom" serials and later the "Three Mesquiteers" pictures in which he co-stars with Robert Livingston. Some of his latest pictures have been "Heart of the Rockies," "Trigger Trio," "Wild Horse Rodeo," "The Purple Vigilantes," and his new one "Outlaws of Sonora." Ray Corrigan was born February 14, 1907 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. His family name is Benard. He likes to swim, plays hand ball, and prefers to act in Western pictures. He has twenty-one patents to his credit, of which he is very proud. He is thirty-one years old—and, girls, he isn't married!

Helen Walden, Los Angeles, Cal. Jon Hall was born in Fresno, Cal. February 26, 1913. His real name is Charles Hall Locker. Yes, he does all his own swimming, and did all the diving in "Hurricane" except the dive from the cliff, for which a double was used. You can reach him at United Artists Studios. His next picture is to be "The Cowboy and the Lady."

Blanche Kelly, Cincinnati, O. Griffith Jones played Paul Beaumont, Maureen O'Sullivan's brother in "A Yank at Oxford." He is English, over six feet tall, has a fine physique, and is an all-'round athlete, tennis and riding being among his favorites. He started out to study law, but switched to the stage and later the movies.

(*Continued on page* 17)

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print, in this department, a brief life story of:

.....

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State.....

If you would like our chart with weights, heights, ages, birthplaces and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.

AN EXPERIENCED WOMAN

could have told her!



Neglect of intimate cleanliness may rob the loveliest woman of her charm... Use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene

ONE lesson life teaches a woman is the need for complete *intimate* daintiness.

A man wants to think of the woman whose love and companionship he seeks as his dream of feminine loveliness . . . fresh and exquisite at all times. But, without realizing it, there are times when even perfumes, baths and beauty aids may fail to make you attractive—if you neglect the practice of feminine hygiene. Many experienced family doctors know that this neglect has wrecked the happiness of countless marriages.

Don't risk offending in this most personal way. Be *sure* of complete exquisiteness. Follow the "Lysol" method of efficient feminine hygiene.

Ask your own doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. He will tell you "Lysol" has been used in many hospitals and clinics for years as an effective antiseptic douche. Directions for use are on each bottle.

Six reasons for using "Lysol" for feminine hygiene—

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs.*

4—Economy . . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

•

Also, try Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. It's cleansing, deodorant.



Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

What Every Woman Should Know

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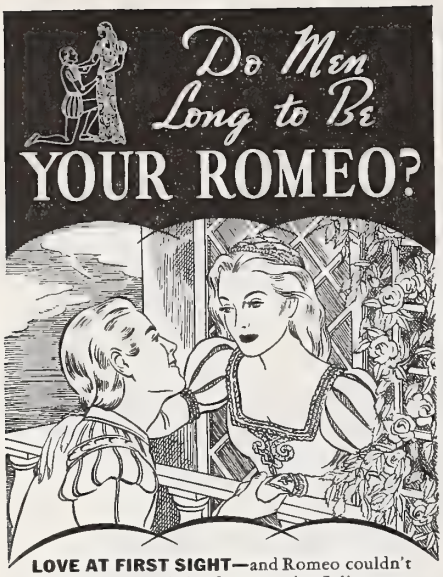
Send me free booklet "*Lysol vs. Germs*" which tells the many uses of "Lysol."

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LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT—and Romeo couldn't forget the pulse-stirring fragrance that Juliet wore.



TODAY'S ROMEO CAN'T RESIST the magic lure of Djer-Kiss—the exquisite fragrance that becomes *yours* when you wear Djer-Kiss Talc.

START your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed all day. . . . Helps you stay cool, for it actually lowers body temperature. Clothes feel more comfortable . . . Makes you alluringly fragrant. Use Djer-Kiss generously, for the cost is surprisingly small. Buy it today at drug and toilet goods counters—25c and 75c sizes. Liberal 10c size at all 10c stores.

The same delightful fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet, Eau de Toilette and Face Powder.

YOURS FREE—the exciting new book, "Women Men Love—Which Type Are You?"



—full of valuable hints on how to make yourself more alluring. Just send a post card with your name and address to Parfums Kerkoff, Inc., Dept. Z, New York.

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NECESSARY KNITS



BM 3703—The Brooks cardigan, below, perfect for sports wear.

BM 3701—A tricky new stitch makes your extra suit blouse.



IT'S A simple matter to knit yourself a smart Brooks cardigan, and once you've started wearing it, you'll see why this classic sweater is the perennial pet of college girls and debbies. Straight stockinette stitch and soft saxony yarn make the perfect combination of smart simplicity.

Or, if you prefer a dressier design and a more elaborate stitch, then try your hand at BM 3701. Two shades of yarn are used to produce the novel pattern of this dressmaker blouse, fascinating to follow as you knit it up. An unusual detail is seen in the slide fastener pull, which is finished off by two little Darby and Joan figures, made of the yarn.

Free directions for both these designs are ready and waiting for you to make your selection. Clip the coupon and send in your stamped (3c) envelope.

ANN WILLS, MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me:
Knitting directions for BM 3703.....
Knitting directions for BM 3701.....
I am enclosing a stamped, addressed (large) envelope.

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State.....
(Check one or both designs and please print name and address)

INFORMATION DESK

(*Continued from page 15*)

Phyllis White, New York. Stories about James Stewart appeared in MODERN SCREEN in August 1936, November 1936, November 1937 and April 1938. Yes, many scenes of "Navy Blue and Gold" were shot at Annapolis.

Shirley Woodin, West Haven, Conn. Annabella was born in Paris, France, and appeared in many European movies before coming to America. She is with 20th Century-Fox Studios. Madeleine Carroll was born in England, February 26, 1906. She is with United Artists.

Martha W. R., Monroe, La. Mickey Rooney was born September 23rd, 1921. His real name is Joe Yule, Jr. His height and weight being in constant process of change it is impossible to give accurate figures.

Dolores Krajeski, Chicago, Ill. Here are the ages you asked for: Deanna Durbin is fifteen years old, Bonita Granville is fifteen, Mickey Rooney is seventeen, Jackie Cooper is fifteen, Freddie Bartholomew is fourteen, and George Ernest is sixteen.

Go Sam Suan, Cebu, Philippine Islands. Dick Powell is six feet tall, has blue eyes and red hair, weighs one hundred seventy-two pounds. His last picture was "Hollywood Hotel," next will be "Brooklyn Cowboy."

Marjory Adamson, Salt Lake City, Utah. William Gargon is his real name. He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. July 17, 1905. He is married. His first picture was "Rain," his most recent, "You're a Sweetheart."

Enid Finn, Vancouver, B. C. Ronald Colman is with United Artists Studios. He has been married and separated from his wife. He was born February 9, 1891 in England.

Robert Bremlett, Monroe, La. Ray Milland's next picture will be "Tropic Holiday." John Carradine was born in New York City, February 6th, 1906.

Yvonne Ribet, Medford, L. I., N. Y. Robert Taylor's real name is Arlington Brugh. He was born August 5th, 1911. He is six feet tall, has brown hair and blue eyes. "A Yank at Oxford" is his most recent picture. You can get his picture by sending twenty-five cents in stamps to M-G-M studios in Hollywood.

Mary Putt, Fort Wayne, Ind. Anthony Quinn was born in Mexico. He is six feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred eighty-five pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. Three of his recent pictures are "The Plainsman," "Swing High, Swing Low," and "Waikiki Wedding."

Rietta Hertwig, Brooklyn, N. Y. Victor McLaglen was born December 11, 1886. His hair and eyes are brown. He is six feet three inches tall, weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds. James Stewart is six feet two inches tall, has brown hair and gray eyes. He was born May 20th, 1908. He can be reached at M-G-M studios.

Doris Hill, Savannah, Ga. Robert Livingston is twenty-nine years old, and is married. Stories about Jean Harlow appeared in MODERN SCREEN in March 1935, April 1936, September 1936, and February 1937. If you will send ten cents a copy to our subscription department we will be glad to mail back issues. A story about Gene Autry was published in the October 1937 MODERN SCREEN. An Information Desk sketch appeared in July 1937. He was born September 29, 1907. The Lone Ranger's identity is still a secret.

Helen Kratzner, Linden, N. J. Spencer Tracy is thirty-seven years old, weighs one hundred sixty-five pounds, and is five feet ten and one-half inches tall. Wayne Morris is twenty-four years old. His last picture was "The Kid Comes Back." His next will be "Glitter." Eleanor Powell is five feet six and a half inches tall.

Adele Watson, Birmingham, Ala. Nelson Eddy is thirty-seven years old, weighs one hundred seventy-three pounds, and is six feet tall.

They give you *FRESH* Faces



They Keep Stars Fresh!

Who keeps your favorite movie star looking so FRESH? Why, it's those geniuses of make-up! They give you FRESH FACES on the screen, as Old Gold gives you FRESHNESS in cigarettes.

OLD GOLD gives you *FRESH CIGARETTES*

HOURS waiting "on the lot". Dust and dirt. The heat of Kleig lights. Yet a screen star . . . to retain her charm and appeal . . . must be *utterly fresh* the instant she steps before the camera.

Cigarettes face that freshness problem, too. They travel far to reach you; and along the way they're beset by dryness, dampness, dust. Yet a cigarette . . . to retain its charm and appeal . . . must be *utterly fresh* the instant you put a match to it.

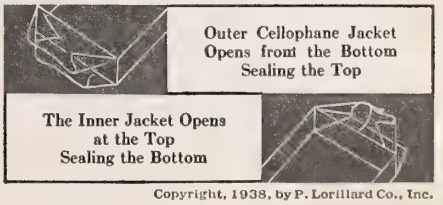
Hollywood spends a fortune to guard the freshness of its stars. We spend a fortune to guard the freshness of our star . . . Double-Mellow Old Gold.

We put an *extra* jacket of costly moisture-proof Cellophane around every Old Gold package. Thus, double-wrapped and double-sealed, Old Gold's mellow prize crop tobaccos are protected from staleness. Every Old Gold reaches you exactly as we make it . . . and that's as fine as a cigarette can be made.

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast



Here's why the O.G. package keeps 'em *fresh*



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IT'S FUN O'CLOCK, MOUNTAIN TIME!
. . . and how the fun keeps mountin' up!
Jeepers Creepers! Wait'll you see those Ritzes as imitation hillbillies on a rampage in the corn likker country! They've cooked up the con-sarndest mess of fun since Grampaw shot the galluses off'n that revenooer! "Life Begins In College" was just a warm-up for Public Maniacs No.'s 1, 2 and 3!
...and there's romance in them thar hills!
Tony Martin as the singing radio talent scout "discovers" cute little Marjorie Weaver in Coma, Ky....and they've been in a coma of love ever since!
The RITZ BROTHERS in KENTUCKY MOONSHINE
A 20th Century-Fox Picture with
TONY MARTIN • MARJORIE WEAVER
Slim Summerville • John Carradine • Wally Vernon
Berton Churchill • Eddie Collins
Directed by David Butler
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Art Arthur and M. M. Musselman • Original story by M. M. Musselman and Jack Lait, Jr.
Additional Dialogue and Comedy Songs by Sid Kuller and Ray Golden
Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production
Songs!
Pollack and Mitchell's tunefullest, swingin'-est, best!



Margaret Sullavan



Ray Milland



Simone Simon



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.



Olivia de Havilland



Though Leopold Stokowski is twenty years her senior, Garbo finds supreme happiness in his companionship.

Has Greta Garbo a chance at happiness? Here is the true story of her big romance

GARBO FINDS LOVE

GRETA GARBO has found love at last. The First Lady of Filmdom, who knew unfaltering devotion through her affection for the late Mauritz Stiller, and who learned of the gayness of light romance from the impetuous John Gilbert, now realizes, for the first time, the true meaning of love.

Garbo herself has said, "Love is not really dramatic. It is what is behind love and romance that gives us the greatest emotion. I don't know what the greatest emotion really is. Perhaps it is sacrifice. That is, of course, a big part of love."

And if sacrifice is needed as proof of her present deep affection, it is evident. For, she has tossed aside her most important personal possession—her dearly valued privacy—in defense of her feeling for the famed musician, Leopold Stokowski.

Yes, Greta Garbo faced a battery of inquisitive reporters in Ravello, recently, and confided that her famous companion in their Italian retreat had offered to show her some of the beauty of the world. The fact that the woman more men have dreamed of knowing than any other accepted the offer seems proof enough of her great love for the man whose association she has secretly enjoyed these many months.

Garbo's very few intimates have actually thrilled to her newfound peace and contentment, for her life has been punctuated with unhappiness and disaster. She has known frustration and loneliness such as has been the lot of few people. She has met disillusionment through trust, and loss through death. She has felt the cutting pain of broken confidences, and the deep, dull ache at the removal of those few who have been near and dear to her.

No, Greta Garbo's personal life has not been an enviable one. But she has hidden the wounds from the eyes of the world just as she has sought to keep her personal activities to herself. And so, it is only just and right that she should at last find her measure of contentment and happiness.

The first inkling that her close friends had that her attachment for Stokowski was a real and important one was when he brought Deanna Durbin, in whose picture he was appearing, to see Garbo. He had talked often of this amazing child and Garbo soon expressed a desire to meet her and hear her sing. Word of the visit leaked out somehow and accounted for Stokowski's absence from musical and the more exclusive social circles of filmdom. He was spending his free time in the company of Greta Garbo.

The musician's recent divorce from his second wife only served to add fuel to the flame of speculation and tended to prove that he and Garbo had plans for a permanent companionship. The fact that Stokowski has been accused of being a publicity-seeker and that, in this particular instance, no one could pry from him a word as to the progress of his friendship with the most famous of movie stars, served again to give credence to his sincerity toward their romance.

AT ANY rate, when all the speculation is over and done with, one salient fact remains and that is that Garbo and Stokowski have an "understanding," that he has brought her happiness and love and that she would rather be in his company than in anyone's else in the world. Yes, while Garbo's cry has hitherto been that she wanted to be alone, it is now that she wants to be alone with the one man in the world who really matters to her.

Independence has somehow always been forced upon this great actress; that is, with the exception of her association with the late Mauritz Stiller. She learned to depend upon his affection, rely upon his judgment. His devotion was the nearest approach to security she has ever known—until now. No, Greta Garbo has not *wanted* to be "master of her fate and captain of her soul," although circumstances have often seemed to tend to make her self-sufficient. Indeed, she is fundamentally the "clinging vine," the woman who prefers seclusion and the devotion of a man whom she can love and respect.

It seems as if, at last, this man has arrived and Greta Garbo has taken, and plans to hold, the joy that she has long been (*Continued on page 109*)



BY
MARTHA KERR

Garbo feels that there is a law that governs all her actions. Is it the marriage law this time?



WHY

Even with strong competition from younger, handsomer men, Gable's still the tops—and here is the reason

BY

GLADYS HALL

The artist's dream of King Gable in his crown — purely imaginary, for heman Clark won't wear it.

GABLE IS KING



One horse who likes his work. If equines could cast a vote, it's plain Clark would have been king by one more ballot.



Lombard and Gable can smile when they sign those autographs. It's "the common touch" which keeps the crown firmly atop the head.

YOU HAVE elected Gable King of the Movies.

In a nationwide newspaper poll, twenty million votes came in and—Gable wears the crown.

Just why?

The better part of twenty million people can't be wrong. But it seems to us that they may be interested in knowing, specifically, why they are right.

It's one thing to elect a man king from distances which may lend enchantment. It's another thing to find that your votes are ratified by the men and women who work for and with your screen sovereign, who know him as he is, not as he seems to be.

There is no better way of taking the measure of a man than by talking about him with the people who work with him: prop boys, assistant directors, his stand-in, the gang with whom it is not necessary to "put on a show" but to whose measuring, experienced eyes a man does show what manner of man he is. No better way than talking with his fellow actors who are also, remember, his keen competitors.

And if you think that Hollywood doesn't dare to say what it really thinks about one of its members you should have heard what *I* heard when I collected opinions of a certain famed woman star. They positively *blistered*. I had, finally, to go to the star herself in order to hear something pleasant about her! In Gable's case the reverse was true. I had to go to him and say "F'r crying out loud, say something disagreeable about yourself, will ya?"

Yes, Hollywood crowns with laurels but it also crowns with thorns when unpleasing is the head that wears a crown.

On the M-G-M lot the other day, on the set of "Test Pilot" in which Clark, Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy are co-starred, in triplicate, Spence came by as I was standing around waiting for a word with Gable.

"Come over to see the King today, huh?" he grinned. He sat down on a camera case only to rise at once, sweep an imaginary hat to the floor, bow low and declaim, "The Queen!" as Myrna came, all quietly, to join us. Instantly every voice on the set took up the cry, "The Queen! The Queen!" and knees were bent, heads lowered, one felt that plumes went down before royalty.

Myrna pushed Spence back on the camera case, sat down beside him and said, "This king and queen business, we'll never live it down, it's terrific."

Spencer said, "Well, speaking of the King, saving your presence, Ma'am, *he* is terrific. You can't defeat him. Because he has a swell sense of humor, a *great* sense of humor."

"A lovely thing, in kings," murmured Myrna.

"So great," went on Spencer, ignoring the royal interruption, "that you couldn't kill it, not by flattery, nor by success, nor even by failure."

Said Myrna, "Spence is right, it's the spirit of the man, the high, healthy spirit of him that buoys everyone up and himself along with the rest of us. I would feel lost and low if Clark didn't have a new story for me every morning when we meet on the set. He's sort of like a little boy, you know, an awful tease. But he's also a kind-hearted little boy who never goes too far. For if the Ki—if Clark thinks his cracks are going to upset you he'll stop."

(*Continued on page 74*)



Charm of a child—art of a veteran.

Come on now, everybody, sing!

Can't you just hear that sweet voice?

Do I have to sing it that way?

NEARLY NATURAL

BY NANETTE KUTNER

SOMEBODY MUST have told Deanna Durbin not to talk. Somebody must have cautioned her about interviews, must have said, "Be careful to act natural."

This advice has left Deanna, innately a wholesome unaffected girl, so puzzled and terrified, lest she utter the wrong words, that whenever I asked her a question, her blue eyes widened, her brown head lowered, and the forefinger of her right hand automatically stroked her tiny nose, while that strong voice of hers lost its amazing grown-up quality, becoming childlike in its bewildered helplessness, as she bemoaned, much in the manner of Alice's white rabbit, "Oh, dear, oh, dear."

Such was her answer to all questions. There was only one thing to do. Stop asking. I did.

For the Deanna that her friends know is a live little person with a quick and ready sense of humor. Eddie Cantor, whose own humor is not so bad, testifies to this.

There was the blustering spring day that Cantor and his radio troupe arrived in New York, directly from the sunny warmth of California. The change in temperature was a violent one, and before they could get themselves acclimated, in fact, on their very first afternoon in Manhattan, a magazine suggested that they journey to the zoo and have their pictures snapped feeding the animals. So up to Bronx Park they went, the thermometer registering near the zero point, and their teeth chattering, their knees quaking with the cold.

For one half hour, patiently holding peanuts in their frozen fingers, Eddie and Deanna stood outside the iron fence that skirts the quarters belonging to the bears.

But there was not a bear in sight.

Deanna did catch a glimpse of one warming himself behind some rocks.

"He's white," she said. "All white."

"A real polar bear," said Eddie. "But why doesn't he come out? Here, bear, bear," he called. "Here, pretty bear, eatee nicee peanuts, get your picture took."

The polar bear never deigned to look. Instead, he turned his back and disappeared, joining his family in their comfortable cave.

Then up spoke Deanna, suddenly, decisively. "I know why they won't come out."

"Why?" asked Eddie Cantor.

"Why?" echoed the equally frozen cameramen.

"Because," said Deanna, shivering there in the cold, "*we're* the only fools."

THERE IS the matter of temperament. Although Deanna confides that her ambition is to be like Lily Pons or Grace Moore and sing at the Metropolitan and on the screen and radio, up to date she has evinced but one temperamental display. However, it showed her possibilities. It was quite an effective exhibition. It held up a picture. This is the story.

They were shooting "One Hundred Men and a Girl," and Deanna was chewing a licorice drop.

"In the first place, I had no business to be chewing it," she admitted, wagging that forefinger at me.

But chewing it she was, and presently came time for her scene, and director Henry Koster, noting Deanna's industrious jaws, cried, "Spit it out!"

Shocked, Deanna stared at him.

"Mr. Koster is really a darling," she told me. "But he is a foreigner and I guess he doesn't know how American girls feel about spitting."

"What did you do?"

"At first I stood there and refused. Then the assistant director took up the order, 'Hurry up, spit it out,' he yelled.

"But I couldn't, I just couldn't! I stamped my foot, and cried, and," she added shamefacedly, "I guess I made a dreadful scene. However, I finally won out."

Deanna's proud mother arranges her schedule.



Young, beautiful, talented and radiantly happy.



Jackie Moran capitulated to Deanna's charm.

"How?" I queried, amused at her serious expression.

"I swallowed it," Deanna said, grinning an infectious little girl grin.

Meeting her, one can readily understand just why it was that she found it impossible to spit out that licorice drop. For Deanna is essentially a neat person. Her bureau drawers are a joy to behold.

"Mother keeps them for me," she says. "I haven't the time."

But if she were not a star and her mother did not tidy those bureau drawers, they would still be immaculate. Deanna is that kind of a girl.

ON HER hair she wore two perky blue bows.

"Do you buy them that way?" I asked.

"No, I make them myself. I have a knack." Then shyly, "Shall I make you some?"

She wears flat heeled sandals, although on special dressed-up occasions, "I wear high."

Her clothes are designed by the studio wardrobe expert and are of the Eton jacket variety. She mostly wears blue.

"And I'm growing taller all the time," she said. "I'm now over five feet four. It's good they make my clothes to order, because I'd be awfully hard to fit. I swim in a twelve,"

At present she is supremely happy. (*Continued on page 82*)





Tennis is his great hobby.

WHEN A writer's assigned to do a story on Fred MacMurray both writer and MacMurray groan.

"He won't talk," wails the writer.

"What's all the talking for?" MacMurray mutters.

No one has ever accused him of temperament in its Hollywood sense. He doesn't deny himself to interviewers. His trouble is that he can't talk about himself. At least, with any comfort. He can face you as he might face a firing squad, wincing and desperate-eyed. But at such cost to you both that you think twice before subjecting him or yourself to the ordeal.

"They ask me these questions," he says, "and I jump like a rabbit, because I don't know the answers. I don't know what I like except coffee and doughnuts and hamburgers, and who the deuce cares? Another one that gets me is, how does it feel to be a movie actor? It feels the same as not being a movie actor, except you can buy more suits and pay for 'em sooner. It feels swell to have more money and more security, but it feels jittery, too. How long can it last? How soon before you get conked on the head and wake up? The less you think about that, the better you sleep. As for anything else, you're the same guy you'd be if you weren't a movie actor. So what's all the shouting for?"

A record speech for MacMurray—a speech to end all speeches. He touched the core when he said, "You're the same guy you'd be if you weren't an actor." Some are, some aren't. MacMurray is.

He was born in a small town, an only child. His mother had planned on a girl, whose name was to be Rose. When Fred appeared, she consoled herself by calling him Bud.

WHAT'S ALL THE SHOUTING FOR?

BY IDA ZEITLIN

Want to know Fred MacMurray's secret? He'll never tell, but we're not so cagey

He glowers mildly at that memory.

He was bred to what's come to be known as the old-fashioned qualities —hard work, decent living and loyalty to one woman. His parents separated soon after his birth. His mother, not at all sorry for herself, earned a living for them both. They moved to California to join Fred's grandmother and aunts. Fred earned his school tuition by way of the saxophone and any other jobs he could find. Then his mother fell, injured her hip, and was bedridden for fourteen months, so Fred quit school, and gave his tuition money to pay the first month's hospital bills. When they offered to let the debt ride, he shook his head. From the little he earned, he paid the entire bill. That, according to Fred's light, was nothing to make speeches about. His mother told the story.

(*Continued on page 84*)



Fred consoles Billy Lee in "Cocoanut Grove."



Marjorie's a "Loo-ahvul" lady—lovely and lazy, but she gets there!

Judi has the ambition and Marjorie the ability in the Parks-Weaver firm.

BY JAMES REID

If Marjorie Weaver had never met Judi Parks, you never would have known Marjorie

HER STAND-



Marjorie and Eddie Collins provide the sunshine in "Kentucky Moonshine."

IN MADE HER A STAND-OUT

HERE IS an amazing, and amusing, story. Hollywood has never had a story like it, and—it hasn't been told until now.

Perhaps you noticed Marjorie Weaver before "Second Honeymoon." She played enough "bits" for somebody, somewhere, to begin noticing her. But you never met her, close up, until then.

In "Second Honeymoon," you couldn't miss her. She was Loretta Young's rival, Tyrone Power's other interest. A brown-eyed, very young, very pert and very naïve charmer with a soft southern accent. A new and interesting screen face, a "natural," non-theatrical face.

You wondered who she was, where she had come from. You learned that she was a beauty contest winner, one of the very few who had ever given Hollywood the impression of having ability to match appearance. You learned that she was from Louisville—pronounced "*Loo*ahvul." You learned amusedly before the movies would give her a real break, she had had to lose her southern accent, and then, in her first important role, the movies had asked her to have just that—a southern accent.

Among other things, you read that she and her stand-in, Judi Parks, went to the University of Indiana together. That didn't sound like news. Marjorie wasn't the first to have a former college chum for a stand-in. Robert Taylor and his stand-in, Redmond Doms, were pals at Pomona.

But Marjorie and Judi weren't the same physical types —as stars and stand-ins are supposed to be. Judi's face was more angular. Her eyes and hair were of a darker brown. She didn't have the same kind of figure. She didn't present the same lighting problems, and she was two inches shorter than Marjorie and had to carry around a lacquered two-inch block of wood to stand on.

In view of all that, it was a bit unusual that Marjorie insisted on having Judi, and no one else, for a stand-in. It looked like a sentimental gesture on Marjorie's part. She was simply befriending a friend. But was that the only explanation?

Recently, I walked on the set to ask Marjorie and Judi. I found Marjorie present, but not Judi. At the moment, Marjorie was standing in for her stand-in.

That is one thing that stars aren't supposed to do. Studios discourage it violently. "Standing in" is exhausting work. Studios want stars to save their energies for actual acting. If stand-ins are absent, studios find substitutes—pronto. If a star refuses a substitute, there can be only one reason: she is making sure that the job is being saved for her regular stand-in.

I asked Marjorie where Judi and her wooden block were.

"There's the block," said Marjorie, smiling, "but Judi's out house-hunting. Our rent's due tomorrow and if we're going to move, we have to find a house today. She'll join us at lunch if she's had any luck." In the commissary it looked as if luck hadn't been with the house-hunter. There was no sign of Judi.

"But she'll be here," Marjorie was positive. "I've got a hunch that she's found something. And you'd be surprised about my hunches."

MARJORIE, WHO was disconcertingly bright-eyed and excited over the prospect of an interview, asked what we were going to talk about. I told her that I had a purely personal hunch that her stand-in had made her a stand-out.

Her eyes became still brighter. Her smile widened. "You've hit on something there. If I *am* a stand-out. You know, they say that your (*Continued on page 70*)



Crooners have their serious moments too.

DICK POWELL TAKES THE STAND

BY GLADYS HALL

IN THE commissary on the studio lot one recent day, Dick Powell chanced to overhear a conversation—and saw red. And when Dick sees red, it is good and red. The smiling crooner of love songs has plenty of capacity for righteous resentment; has, too, the courage of his convictions.

This conversation being carried on very audibly at the next table had to do with an article printed in a national magazine under the by-line of a famous star. Said one of the speakers, "D'you believe he really wrote it?" Said the other, with a contemptuous shrug and a laugh, "Of course not. He had a ghost writer. Actors can't write."

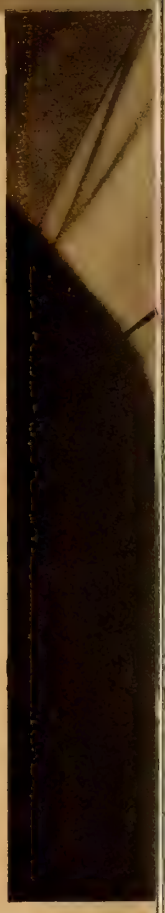
It was at this point that Richard E. Powell of Arkansas rose in his wrath and took the stand for the defense of actors. He informed the benighted one that the star did indeed write that article—all by himself—and further, that if at any time this actor should decide to stop being a darned swell actor he could unquestionably become a darned swell writer or darned swell almost anything he might choose.

There does seem to be a curious misconception about members of the acting guild. If it has been printed once that Joan Crawford READS it has been printed a dozen times, always with a believe-it-or-not Ripley implication, much as it would be noised about that a man walks on his head or a babe in arms spouts Arabic. Nevertheless, Jean Hersholt is a bibliophile, Harold Lloyd has done some excellent paintings, Carole Lombard has proven that she could make a tasty fortune at interior decorating if she should ever elect to cease decorating the screen. Ask Clark Gable. She's just done over his ranch house so successfully you wouldn't know the old place. Bing Crosby could give any business tycoon a run for his money—and come in first. Jean Harlow wrote a book. All these are established facts, yet our reaction to them is too often one of supercilious incredulity.

Dick Powell took the stand for the defense that day in the commissary with an applauding audience including Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, Pat O'Brien, Mayor Hugh Herbert, Humphrey Bogart and a bevy of admiring extras and bit players. Always popular on the lot, Dick has since become the tow-headed White Hope of all the misunderstood.

Later in his dressing room at the studio Dick again took the stand for the defense. As he paced up and down the floor, thumbs thrust in coat lapels, hair ruffled, blue eyes hot, he repeated, "I'm tired of hearing this nonsense about actors. I'm tired of having to say, 'Listen, World, we can both read *and* write.' I'm tired of saying 'I don't know what my I. Q. would be today but I'd like to lay a wager that the I. Q.s of such men as Fredric March, Leslie Howard, Paul Muni, Ronald Colman and some others I could mention would stack up right along with the cream of the intelligentsia.

"I don't wonder, gents of the jury," grinned Dick, his stern judicial frown relaxing a degree, "I don't wonder that there is such a crack-brained misconception abroad about actors in general. I'm tired of the fluff and stuff I read about us—such choice bits as this one to the effect that I call Joan every morning at eleven and every afternoon at three. It's preposterous to begin with. When I'm on the set I don't *know* what time it is until my director or my stomach tells me. I don't work that way. Furthermore, this little piece went on to relate that one day I was unavoidably (though forcibly) detained on the set with the result that I didn't make my three o'clock call until, think of it, 3:20. Whereupon Joan burst into tears, asked me if I didn't love her any more, and only by the powers of plushy persuasion on my part did this little scene fade out to the strains of Hearts and Flowers.



NOW, GENTLEMEN, if I read that about anybody (and I, like millions of others, know only what I read in the papers) if I read that, I say—and believed it—I would certainly conclude that the parties concerned couldn't even be taught to read and write.

"On another occasion I was again impressed to hear that Joan Blondell, whom I have the honor to call my wife, has installed at her front door (which also happens to be mine) a trick camera which instantaneously photographs anyone who rings our bell. Whereupon Joan, having apparently nothing better (*Continued on page 68*)

Dick may lose his job but he has a surprise solution for even such a problem



Dick's had no vacation for thirteen years but Mrs. Powell—Joan Blondell to you—would make up for a lot of vacations, we'd think.

Two and a half year old, little Norman Scott Powell is already the image of his beautiful mother. Adorable, isn't he?


Has romance passed you by? Your sense of humor may be to blame! Fanny claims they don't mix
Don't let the fan and footwear deceive you. Fanny is *not* a ballet dancer!
FANNY'S FOLLIES



That incorrigible, incomparable, incredible Baby Snooks at play (?).

"You appil to me," Fanny says to Monty Woolly in "Everybody Sing."

EVERY WOMAN is a comedienne," said Fanny Brice, "by the time a beauty parlor finishes with her. If she doesn't look funny when she goes in, she will when she comes out."

She glanced again at her dressing-room mirror, warily, out of the corner of her eye. The mirror revealed a brand-new fugitive from a permanent-wave machine. Her hair, still damp, clung to her head as if glued there, in a carefully constructed cascade of flat ringlets.

"The only reason *I* go," she explained, "is to catch up on the gossip."

The coiffure fascinated me. It was that unexpected that the pected on Baby Snooks. So unexpected that Baby Snooks general impression it created was that Baby Snooks had met not only a hairdresser, but an accident.

"I'm always meeting with accidents," commented Fanny. "That's half the fun of life. It's the reason I'm what I am. You just can't be funny by formula. The biggest laughs are always accidents. The minute I become conscious that a certain gag is funny, done a certain way, it isn't funny any more. I have to drop it, wait for something else to hit me —bang!—like that."

She raised her pale gray-green eyes to mine, pursed her expressive lips, shrugged her eloquent shoulders. "That's life. The best things you do are never the things you plan. They're spontaneous."

Scratch a comic and, underneath, you'll find a philosopher every time. I asked Fanny if she would call her whole career—which begins to look more and more like a good thing—an accident.

"Give me time on that one," she answered, the corners of her mouth curving upward. "No one ever brought it up before."

She took time out to go rummaging in her handbag—a miniature brief case. My curiosity was aroused. I wondered if, perchance, she carried around a sawed-off shotgun to meet a situation like this. Instead, triumphantly, she brought forth a cigarette.

The cigarette lighted, she answered, "Sure, my career could be called an accident. 'Fanny's Follies,'" She shook her head. "It started like a catastrophe. I was going to be a great dramatic actress. Let Fanny's story be a warning to young, potential comediennes today who yearn to become Garbos and Shearers, to be held in the arms of tomorrow's Robert Taylors and Tyrone Powers.

Fanny was born in New York City's Ghetto. That was before anyone thought of slum clearance and Federal housing projects, or playgrounds for underprivileged children. It never entered Fanny's head, in those days, that she was one of the underprivileged. If she couldn't play in the street outside, for the pushcarts there, (*Continued on page 88*)

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

RUNNING AWAY FROM IT ALL



"S" is for Sylvia and "sulk," but it's also for "smart," so little Sidney soon "got over it!" She's as good as she looks now.

BY CAROLINE S. HOYT

When Katie Hepburn won the Academy Award, she didn't even bother to accept it. Good manners? What do *you* think?





Fred has definite notions as to what is right for Mr. Astaire. Sometimes he's wrong, however.



Polite people might call Miriam Hopkins an escapist. Well, anyway, she likes to run—and does!

WHETHER SOMEBODY reached for a copy of Doctor Freud's teachings on complexes, or whether the candid camera fiends have terrorized the town with their clicking shutters, or whether some of our movie stars have actually gone soft after all these years of keeping in condition, I wouldn't be knowing! *But*—there is an epidemic of "running away from it all" in Hollywood, particularly from cameras and reporters. The epidemic has reached such proportions that whenever a child of the studios reaches New York, the Big Town feels its effects, too.

Of course, the No. 1 Sissy is, and has been for years, our New England-bred Katie Hepburn. Katie has never been able to take it on the chin. If she sees anything coming her way that she doesn't like, she runs like mad.

When Katie first came to Hollywood, she gave every indication of being a girl with a sense of humor, one who knew what made the clock tick. Evidently determined to ridicule any "intimate" stories written about her, she told her first interviewers that she "couldn't remember" whether she was married or not, but that she "believed" she had two children. She also told them she didn't like publicity.

When interviewers kidded right back by printing these bald and undeniably ridiculous statements, and reported how Miss Hepburn was going Miss Dietrich one better by going around town in blue overalls, Katie got mad. She refused to see any more reporters. That was nearly six years ago and she hasn't relented since. She couldn't take it.

When Hepburn was awarded the greatest honor that Hollywood can bestow, the Academy gold statue, or "Oscar," for a best performance, she wasn't even grown up and gracious about that. For, even as the Academy banquet was being held in Hollywood, Katie was loping up the third class gangway of a Europe-bound steamer, trying not to see anybody or say anything. She didn't even acknowledge telegrams of congratulations from friends.

To escape whatever it is she tries to escape in her life, she went all the way to Merida, Yucatan, when she got her divorce. Which, after all, was tops in running away.

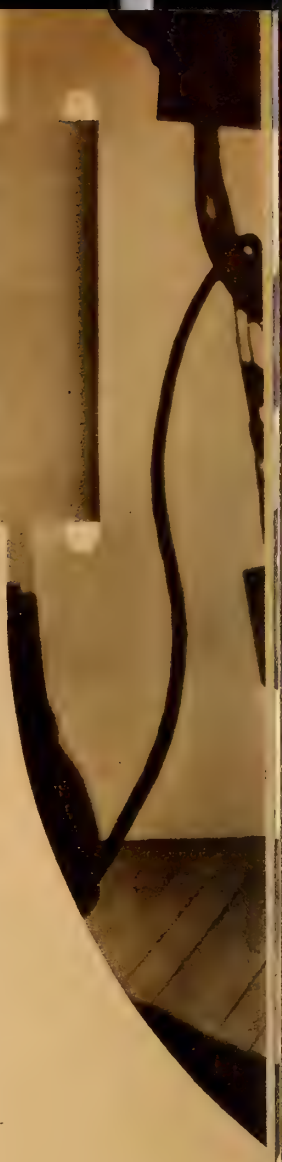
Somehow, admiring Hepburn's stubbornly brittle work on the screen, I wish that some day she'd stick her chin out and take things like a Big Girl instead of ducking them like an adolescent.

USUALLY it is the glamor girls who can't take it, but occasionally a male star does his stuff in this direction. At the moment, Fred Astaire rates top billing as the No. 1 Male Long Distance Runner-Awayer. Every year in every way, he gets more and more skittish. A fuss-budget, a fretter, a stickler for minor details, he has an exaggerated sense of what is good and what is bad for Fred Astaire.

For example, he doesn't care to have it mentioned that his real name is Austerlitz, that he is losing his hair, or that he rose to his present prestige and dignity as a star from the vaudeville circuit. He prefers to remember only his New York musical comedy days. All of which details of his life history are, of course, facts that have been printed and are occasionally *(Continued on page 86)*

The bright stars can take it, but there are those who run when a situation with which they cannot cope arises! Conceit or cowardice?

SLAVES TO HOLLYWOOD



IF I WERE to tell you my real name, you wouldn't believe me. I'm the young meteor who burst upon Hollywood a few years ago, spectacularly, the way they say it happens only in scenarios. I got here by way of a beauty contest which carried a free trip to the film capital and a screen test as a prize. I stayed because I could dance. It seemed unbelievable luck to me then!

Today I'm a big name. I'm hailed on billboards, in big electric signs. I'm "young as youth and twice as glamorous." I'm "The bright star of the twinkling toes and the dazzling smile." I'll call myself Linda Chalmers.

Each month, my face laughs up at you from magazine covers. I'm legend. To look at me is to love me, the studio's publicity blurbs say. Girls copy my hair-do and my clothes and my vivacious manner. Also they envy me.

All that would be funny if it weren't tragic. Because I'm paying a terrible price for success. I'm paying with my happiness, the right to be myself. Have you ever thought what happened to Cinderella after she went to live in the prince's palace? The fairy tale doesn't say. It ends with the words "and so they were happy forever after." But I don't believe that. Because the little scullery maid, with only her natural grace and charm to guide her, had to step into a queen's shoes, which are vastly different from glass slippers.

The little scullery maid had to find out all about precedent, and etiquette, and dignity, and learn how to talk to ambassadors and ministers, and how to head a banquet table under the critical supercilious eyes of courtiers and grand ladies. Sometimes I suspect she must have been snubbed by butlers. Why? Well, that's part of my story.

I wouldn't be telling this if it weren't for Joe Turner. Joe isn't the glamorous prince type at all. He is a nobody by Hollywood standards, only a second cameraman on our lot. But to me he's the most wonderful person in the world, and I live from day to day in fear that I'm going to lose him in the mad, crazy whirl of moviedom.

I shall never forget the day Joe and I met. We were starting to shoot the dance ensemble sequences for "Rhythm in Your Blood," the musical in which I'm co-starred with Tom Lane. It was a difficult, eccentric routine, and though the chorus had been rehearsing for weeks, we couldn't seem to get things perfect. We did the first number fourteen times before the disgruntled director bellowed that we could rest.

Well, everybody but me fell into chairs. I didn't feel like resting. I was having too much fun. Until suddenly Tom Lane said in a disgusted drawl, "For goodness' sake, Chalmers, stop that exhibition." (You wouldn't think, seeing us on the screen together, that he could ever be anything but charming to me!) "You make the rest of us feel tired. Think we can relax while you perform?"

There was a little silence in which the tap of my feet echoed too loudly. I missed a step, tripped over an electric cord, lost my balance, and fell to the floor. Joe Turner's strong, steady arms caught me. "Easy there," he whispered. "It isn't only women who are cats."

His voice was deep and warm. His sensitive face was unspectacular until you looked at it twice. Then you saw a dreamer's face, with eyes that looked into the future, but weren't content with just looking. The clean line of his jaw, the stubborn chin attested to that.

He said again, quietly, "Easy there." And suddenly our eyes met, and I knew, the way a woman knows these things, that it was a moment to remember. That the wild beating of my heart had nothing to do with the tempo of my dance, nor with tripping. And I felt Joe's heart hammer against mine.

IT ALL took less time than the telling. Then I was standing on my own two feet, saying shakily, "I'm all right. No damage."

"You might have wrenched an ankle."

I couldn't help a wry little smile. "And that would have been unforgivable, wouldn't it? A dancing star can't afford to delay production."

"You're not a star," he said with queer intensity. "You're just a kid! And when you act you're not playing any part. You're only being yourself!" All at once I wanted to cry. For the first time since I'd been launched in pictures someone saw me as I really was, not as the publicity office had said I was. And he actually seemed to like me.

But perhaps I'd better go back to when I first came to Hollywood. I was terribly young, terribly green, terribly in love with life and laughter. A dancing fool. I had a lithe body, large blue eyes in a small face and a shock of wheat-colored hair. In other words, I was a natural. And I hadn't an inhibition to my name.

Why would I have? In the little Ohio town where I was born life was not complicated. You started out with the assumption that the world was a gay place. I'd been

Love has come to a glittering young star, but she dares not accept it! You



I lost my balance and fell to the floor. Joe Turner's strong, steady arms caught me.

brought up to the idea that you choose your friends for what they are, not who they are. So my first months in Hollywood I went blithely along pulling what I've since learned are social boners.

At first no one said anything about it, because the studio had an idea I was just another contest winner doomed to failure. Until they saw the rushes of my first film. Then they got excited. They called me in and gave me a contract. They decided to spend some money and build me up. Star material, I was called. A diamond in the rough. "Very rough," they said, shaking their heads.

The trouble? Well, in the first place I had no mystery, no aura. So the first thing I knew, I was handed a brand-new personality on a silver platter. I was told how to dress, where to go, whom to see.

I said with all the naiveté of my eighteen years, "But what does it matter what I do in my free time so long as I'm okay at work?" They answered that stars were never free. They were public figures. They must behave accordingly.

Well, under my scatter-brain manner I'm plenty stubborn, and at that time I wanted passionately to succeed. I wanted to make money and send my kid brother through engineering school. Do things for my big sister and her quiet bank-clerk husband. Make Dad retire from the hardware business which no longer gave him a living.

In those days I still believed that money could make people happy. So I said, "I'll be good. You tell me what to do and I'll do it." I thought, if I work hard at climbing the ladder, afterwards, when I'm tops, I'll live my life my own way.

My manager and the publicity boys went to work on me together. Maybe you remember the series of interviews that came out about the time I was picked as one of the Wampas babies? Linda Chalmers in severely tailored housecoat, curled up with a book. Linda Chalmers beside her radio, listening to Toscanini.

But it was my new social life that depressed me most. Oh, it was full enough! I got around to all the right places. The Brown Derby and the Trocadero. The races and the West Side Tennis Club.

My name began to appear in the gossip columns. There'd be a candid camera shot of me with my escort of the moment.

YOU'D THINK that a kid of eighteen, partying with men who only a few months earlier had seemed like storybook heroes, would love every minute of it. But I didn't. For the first time I was faced with the crushing knowledge that I was a failure. I wasn't popular. I couldn't make people *really* like me.

The reason? Because I was scared to death, self-conscious. All this talk about a new personality had given me an inferiority complex. (*Continued on page 98*)

will be amazed at this true story of the sacrifices Hollywood demands

BAD MAN OF BURBANK

No heart of gold nestles within the indignant chest of Humphrey Bogart! He's one villain who will never let you down

BY FAITH SERVICE



"HIST!" HISSES the Villain, with murder in his eye and a lollipop for the kiddies in his jeans. "Ha, ha, ha!" laughs the Menace, horribly, running off between menaces to send a Mothers' Day message to the dearest little mother in the world. Boris Karloff scrubs off the make-up of a Frankenstein and reveals an English gentleman who keeps canaries and is tender to his wife; Wally-Bad-Man-Of-Brimstone Beery has a little child to lead him; Peter Lorre cries into his pillow when one of his kittens is missing; Basil Rathbone carries baskets of goodies around with him and feeds stray dogs and homeless horses. They all have hearts of gold, these deceiving villains. And not even good, hard, cold metallic gold, either. No, squshy, melty gold that drips good deeds and loving kindness and makes you feel that you can't trust anybody. The Clown with the breaking heart, the Villain with the heart of gold —these are moulds which are never broken, characters who move, forever changeless, down the pages of fiction and fact.

And right along with these unversatile characters, says Humphrey Bogart, goes the Movie Actor, a composite of all the virtues, a cardboard cut-out presented to the world with slogans that seldom vary, not even from time to time. We read, says Humphrey, with a sardonic laugh and oh, the Saints be blessed, it is a sardonic laugh—we read that the movie actor is a "man's man," he is always a "man's man," why, if he weren't, what would people think? We read that he is always "thoughtful and considerate;" we read about his "dream woman;" we muse over the "forgotten loves" in his life, so faint, so sweet, so far away; we see pictures of him at the Babies' Hospital, distributing largess with loving smiles and such a loving heart; we read, eyes bulging, that he sleeps without the upper half of his pajamas—world-shaking news; we read about "The Influence That Changed My Life;" we read about his "favorite flower", "favorite color," "favorite hobby;" we read that "Money Doesn't Matter, says Matthew Manly." It was while Humphrey Bogart, bless his renegade heart, was in process of reading a little piece about the young and too-handsome star who sleeps without the upper half of his pajamas that I happened upon him, so happily for me in my diligent pursuit of Truth.

For I had given up hope until I met Humphrey. I was even sadly certain that the Killer in "Petrified Forest," the thoroughly unregenerate bad man of "Marked Woman," "Kid Galahad," and the others would turn out to be just another Fauntleroy, his heart soft as butter, his hands as white as the driven snow, his point of view a plasticine copy of the points of view publicized as being held by our Movie Models, God bless them, every one.

But no! No!

I CAME upon Mr. Bogart, on the set of "Crime School," where he had been slapping down the "Dead End" boys, who are still fresh from their New York triumph and in constant need of slapping down. They get it from Humphrey, and think he is a "keen guy' in spite of it, or perhaps because of it. I found him reading the little piece about the star who sleeps minus half his pajamas and muttering, "It's tripe." And when I gave a wild whoop of relief and surprise he took me to the Lakeside Country Club for lunch because he doesn't like to eat in the commissary, and so doesn't eat there. And over tomato juice, bacon and eggs, Mr. Bogart let fly.

He said, "My heart isn't even gold-plated. I haven't a dram of sentimentality in me, with or without make-up.

"I have no 'forgotten loves.' I remember 'em all; some of the memories bless, others burn. I don't remember my 'first kiss.' Maybe there were more than one on the day of initiation into the osculatory art. There has never been a 'great influence in my life' which changed everything for me, including my own black heart. I have no 'first childhood memory.' If I could dig one up, and I won't, I'm sure it would be too unpleasant to print. I have no 'dream woman'—prefer live ones.

"I've never been photographed, while conscious, with a pipe in my mouth, a book in my hand, a dog at my feet, or my shirt opened at the neck.

"I can't give a story elaborating on my preference for Stage versus Screen, because," said Mr. Bogart, indifferently, "acting is acting, no matter where you do it.

"I'm tired of reading about (*Continued on page 102*)



"Bogie" and Mayo Methot, soon to be the third Mrs. Bogart.

"I haven't a dram of sentimentality in me, with or without make-up," brags Mr. Bogart.

ONE VILLAIN COMIN' UP!



Romero as the gang leader in "Blonde Dynamite."

BY MARY PARKES

CESAR ROMERO is living for the day when he'll win the girl in the last reel, having wrested her from the ugly villain who doesn't mean right by our Nell. However, since he is destined to go through life with the same set of features with which he entered it, Romero has little hope of doing much hero-ing in celluloid, for casting directors seem to feel that he simply doesn't *look* as if he'd do a good deed a day, or even, for the matter of that, know one if he ran smack up against it.

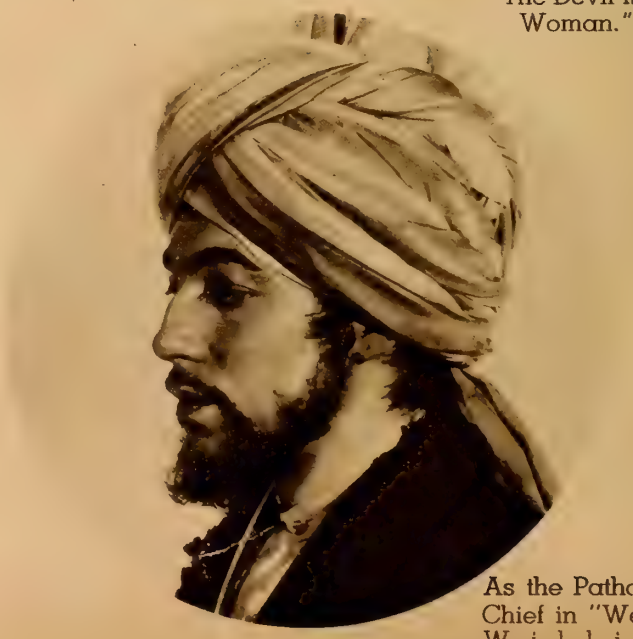
"I appeared as a gigolo in the first movie I ever made," opined this Latin from Manhattan, "and I must have made good, for I've been cast as a gent of unsavory reputation ever since. Whenever they need someone to do the dirty work in a sleek way, they invariably call on Romero, probably figuring that if he can't act it, he sure can look it! It would all get me down, too, if I didn't like sunshine and sound tracks and swimming pools and salary checks, all of which can make any guy philosophical."

Romero has been cast as a gang leader, a wolf in Spaniard's clothing in "The Devil Is a Woman" and a Pathan Chief in "Wee Willie Winkie." Yep, he's a bad man in anybody's language or nationality. Then, of course, there was his role of the comedy cad in "Happy Landing," in which Cesar played a strictly "love 'em and leave 'em" lad. He didn't mind this so much, for Ethel Merman was always around, cinematically, to do him no good, which gave the audience a certain sympathy for one Romero.

From the tall tales that emanated from the Sonja Henie set, Ethel Merman was around, in spirit anyway, after hours. She played a few practical jokes on Cesar that left him dizzier than the Ritz Brothers. Ethel had a little trick of sending herself a corsage and the bill for it to Mr. R. It drove him a bit cuh-razy, too, when a gathering of gents, who looked like the laundrymen's convention in session, appeared for shirts and collars that weren't ready to be laundered a-tall! However, Romero retaliated, feebly and gentlemanly, and is waiting to properly "pay off" Miss Merman (*Continued on page 105*)



As the Spanish menace in "The Devil Is a Woman."



As the Pathan Chief in "Wee Willie Winkie."

Cesar Romero is fated to play the bad boy simply because he looks that way

FOREIGN FLAVOR

Those continental cocktails give a tempting tang to our movie menu, so they're always welcome!

BY ROBERT McILWAINE



MAYBE YOU'RE one who can take your eggs without salt, but to many of us they'd be darn tasteless that way. Personally, I go for the well seasoned stuff, even in my movies! Just think how dull our home-made films would be without a little "foreign" flavor!

And so, to offset possible monotony, our moom pitchers are well sprinkled with furriners. They sort of give zest and zip to the industry, not to mention that inspiring sense of competition to our own favorites.

Among the latest importations from across-the-sea are such notables as Danielle Darrieux, Annabella and Franciska Gaal.

Out in Hollywood, the captains of industry play a little game called "search for talent." Back home, youngsters play the same game, only they call it "follow the leader." Time has proven that, after the first foreign accent turned up at the Trocadero, each and every movie company quickly produced its own particular brand—occasionally with instructions as to how to pronounce her name. Simone Simon—remember?

One foreign player who has beauty and brains is Danielle Darrieux, (*Continued on page 101*)

Danielle Darrieux has everything—beauty, ability and a fascinating French accent.

Annabella, below, has Bill Powell as leading man in her first picture over here.



First, it's done with mirrors, but once you have beauty, let your mind start working



Virginia Bruce is thrilled over the fashionable new pallor.

HOW TO WIN

MEN ARE in the habit of doing what they want to do. One of the things they're not too, too eager to do these days is to fall seriously in love and get married. Sure and begorra, I can't altogether blame them. In Grandma's day, in return for making an honest woman out of a gal, a fellow got a fine housekeeper, a personal valet, good cook, a devoted mama for his all-too-populous family, and a twenty-four-hour-a-day nurse for himself if he should get sick. He did not, however, always get a gay companion and an intelligent pal, which is where we modern girls have the edge on grandma, if we'll play our cards right. Furthermore, Grandma's physical allure was apt to buckle under at thirty, and no wonder. Today, clever women stay slim, smart and pretty up to and past fifty.



Good skin and sparkling eyes are Eleanor Powell's claims to beauty.

MEN AND INFLUENCE BACHELORS

One of the things the modern young man does want to do is to collect as many feminine scalps as possible, and let the hearts break where they will. In this modern war between the sexes, I wish every maid would be as smart as every swain. Therefore this article. Some months ago, in these pages, I whipped up a little thesis entitled "What Do Men Fall For?" in which certain obvious and infallible tricks for tripping the male were discussed. Like neatness and daintiness, un-obvious make-up—but make-up, by all means!—a certain aloofness, and so on. Here are some further more recent observations on the subject—partly good old reliable hints about putting on the war paint and streamlining the figure, and partly a psychological pep talk on snaring the elusive male, whether for a date or for a march up the aisle to the strains of "Lohengrin."

Take a leaf from the masculine book in not being particularly eager yourself to get married. That's where lots of young girls make a big mistake. They get that matrimony look on their faces at about the third date or the first kiss. First place, this frightens a fancy-free gent worse than the plague. Second place, I think it really is a good idea to get married when one is a little older and a little wiser. Not only does it give you a chance to develop qualities of tolerance, clear-sightedness and so on, but you also have a chance to get some of the things you want for yourself.

Consider your man. Weed out undesirables from your list, even if it means (*Continued on page 95*)

BY MARY MARSHALL



In addition to her other charming attributes, Claudette Colbert has the allure of a beautiful figure.



Phyllis Brooks and Jack are in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

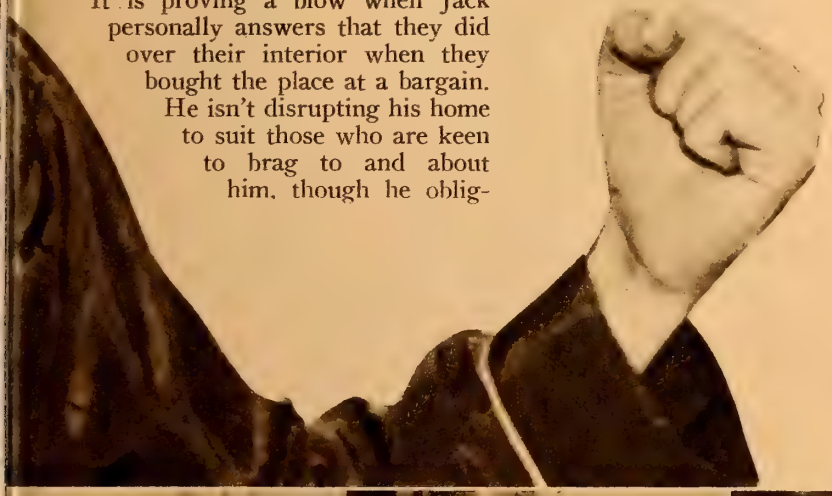
Love or success—which will you have? Would you work for them as Jack did?

ACTUALLY, he is shy yet shrewd. He's whimsical, but a bear for business when it comes to protecting his family. He is the type every girl should set her cap for, because he knows that love is worth fighting for. He's one go-getter who hasn't said goodby to his ideals in learning how to shuffle the cards of life so he draws the aces.

Unquestionably, Jack Haley is a unique man on the Hollywood horizon today. He's the town's best joke on itself. He has been discovered—after having been a vital cog in motion picture casts for all of six unsung years.

Since he quietly stole "Wake Up and Live," the telephone is on a constant rampage in Jack's Beverly Hills home. The studio is calling! Will he hurry right over for a conference with the powers-that-be? Can he tell his true life story to an important interviewer?

When it isn't the studio on the other end of the wire it's filmland society. Mr. and Mrs. Haley simply must come to dinner at nine a week from next Thursday. There will be only the inner circle, Jack old boy. Or if it isn't society, it's a super-salesman. The Haleys no doubt need a new limousine. Or surely they're re-doing their interior in tomorrow's mode? It is proving a blow when Jack personally answers that they did over their interior when they bought the place at a bargain. He isn't disrupting his home to suit those who are keen to brag to and about him, though he obligingly does pose for the photographs of his house that are now wanted. He isn't changing his friends because he can at last have his pick of celebrities as chums. His wife and his two children mean too much to Jack to be tampered with by any new, pretentious rules for the acknowledged famous.



I have no difficulty explaining why he can withstand this sudden transformation from expert performer to ballyhooed star and not be spoiled by it. Jack Haley is a person with character. He can distinguish between what's worth-while and what isn't, and he can then stick to his guns no matter what happens all around him.

What makes him so regular is that he has climbed the hard way. He has had to go out and learn how to progress, literally. In this process he has selected the kind of man he'd rather be. He isn't an extraordinary husband and father merely because he's a prig, or because he goes to church. He is human. Jack has been tempted. But he believes in the right way, wholeheartedly. He pays homage to all womankind through his devotion to his mother and to his wife. He discovered for himself that there is but one correct choice in every dilemma. Life taught him not only that persistence wins, but what a fool he was to nurture a half-baked philosophy. Fortunately he didn't have to be hit on the head for decades to absorb truths; he caught on quickly.

Jack has gone after romance just as he has gone after success. He tries to plan ahead, and then gambles on his hunches. In the beginning he liked girls a little too much. He pitied the saps who went soft. He wouldn't let any woman nail him down! At first, too, he thought money was merely something to throw around and heaven would rain more pennies somehow. Then he realized that it's the confirmed (*Continued on page 106*)



The fans keep Jack plenty busy these days, and no wonder.



A script, a pipe, a pillow—nice work if you can afford it!

KICKING OVER THE TRACES

Career for sale! Claire Trevor tells why she'll take love, a home and babies—and forego fame

THE ONLY fun I get out of life," said Claire Trevor, "is in doing the things I'm not supposed to do."

Most of us would subscribe to that, but it is a new high in frankness coming from the lips of a movie star. The average celluloid ingenue on vacation in New York concentrates her remarks on the weather, the shows, and the eternal verities. But when I visited Miss Trevor in her hotel apartment the fading twilight moved her to talk about things that are usually left unsaid.

"I've always been pretty sensible and economical," mused Claire. "I'm not so sure it's the right idea. I went to Hollywood to make money and I've made it. It's salted away in real estate and insurance, as it should be. I haven't a maid, a swimming pool, or a fleet of cars. I've lived quietly with my mother, almost frugally. During the past five years there's nothing that stands out in my memory except the single time I kicked over the traces and did exactly what I wanted to do.

"That was the time I took that never-to-be-forgotten Panama Canal trip to New York.

IN ITSELF that wasn't giddy. But when I arrived I took the swankiest tower suite at the Waldorf, paying twice what it could possibly be worth. Then I rented a long, luxurious Isotta, complete with chauffeur and footman. And did I do the town! Clothes from the smartest and most expensive shops. Hats designed for my particular head by Lily Daché and John-Frederics at fifty dollars a copy. A ducky little bangle from Cartier's and a love of a wrist-watch. A pencil from Dunhill's with a teeny watch inset—silly but slick.

"I lived that week-end as though it were to be my last. I crowded every extravagant whim into it, and had the time of my life. When it was all over I discovered that it had run into three thousand dollars—probably most of it spent foolishly. Or was it? I can remember every thrill I got out of that one colossal binge. I did what I wanted, bought what I liked, I let myself go. I'll never forget a moment of it. (*Continued on page 78*)



Dixie Dunbar, Jayne Regan and Claire Trevor in "Walking Down Broadway."



"Live your own life," says Claire. And she knows what it means not to.

BY MALCOLM OETTINGER



OFF THEIR GUARD

Lona Andre and her sister Betty go in for a little "ladylike" clowning after a hard day at the studio.



Lona Andre brings her night work—script to you—home to study.



Starlets have their clothes problems too. Nice work, Lona.





Off with 'em early. Tomorrow's a big day at the studio.



A girl has to keep up appearances from tip to toe. Lona knows how.

AFTER THE DAY'S WORK





Best supporting actor, Joseph Schildkraut in "Life of Emile Zola."



Best performance, S. Tracy in "Captains Courageous."

ACADEMY AWARD NIGHT



Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power were there together.



Mrs. Spencer Tracy accepted for Spence who was ill.



Best performance. Luise Rainer in "Good Earth."



Best supporting actress. Alice Brady in "In Old Chicago."



Beauty, brains and talent had their night when the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Made Awards



Charlie McCarthy admires the special award Bergen won.



Louis B. Mayer escorted the lovely Norma Shearer.

Joan Bennett was with Walter Wanger, whom she'll soon marry.





Joe Penner laughs as W. C. Fields tells his newest and funniest one.



Darryl Zanuck received the Thalberg Award from Doug Fairbanks.



Eddie Arnold joined Bob Montgomery and his lovely wife Betty.





Gregory LaCava and Loretta Young admire Leo McCarey's "Oscar."

Vivacious Virginia Field and suave Vic Orsatti look awfully pleased about it all.







Moviedom's most beautiful figure belongs to the dancing star, Zorina.

Marlene Dietrich continues to hold her title of Hollywood's most alluring legs.



PHYSICAL

AWARD DAY



The loveliest arms and shoulders belong to seductive Dorothy Lamour.



Dolores Del Rio has the most beautiful and expressive eyes in Hollywood.



Loretta Young, Hollywood's most beautiful girl, is perfect in no single feature.



Here are some of filmdom's famous with their stand-ins. A stand-in, in case you don't know, is someone with looks and ability, but little opportunity. Here is Ben Splane, who is "lighted" for George Brent.



Mary Lou Islieb is Shirley's chum and stand-in. Mary Lou got the job because her mother and Mrs. Temple are old friends. Everybody loves the star, but only her family and Shirley love her stand-in.

ME AND MY SHADOW



Helene Holmes is Alice Faye's "shadow." She is also her best friend and her personal wardrobe designer.





Sally Sage is prettier than Bette Davis, but she hasn't Bette's dramatic ability. That's why you've never heard of her while Bette ranks high among your favorites. So near and yet so far from fame and fortune!



Tyrone Power got his stand-in job for Tom Noonan, one of his most intimate personal friends. While they'd never be mistaken for each other, their build and coloring are the same. Stand-ins work hard, too.





Peter Lorre and Delmar Costello (left) are interchangeable on the set —as are Errol Flynn and Don Turner. When Turner is not serving as stand-in, he is the studio's chief stunt man.



SOFT BALL ADDICT

There's plenty of action in a game of soft ball when Wayne Morris goes to bat. What, a lady catcher?

Off with stiff mufties, on with the good old corduroys. Now for a walloping good game of soft ball. Some fun!

Let 'er fly! Wayne Morris is all set for anything. What a game for muscle control, agility and poise!

Frank McHugh and Hugh Herbert are veteran addicts. They're spectating today, but tomorrow, who knows?







STREAMLINED SILHOUETTE



Margot Grahame recommends swimming for a beautiful body.



Try the water. Slide in gradually. Don't dive first.



A good overhand stroke is fine for general exercise.



Climb out while you still feel exhilarated. Ten minutes may be long enough.

BY LEO TOWNSEND

You've heard the one about a gal being worth her weight in gold? Well, here's a new angle on that old story with a movie twist to boot! It may sound amusing enough to you, but its heroine somehow can't laugh it off so readily. Norma Shearer is worth her weight in clothes on the "Marie Antoinette" set. She only weighs one hundred and ten, but six of her costumes weigh between one hundred and five and one hundred and twelve pounds. Adrian's so disgusted that his beautiful costumes aren't going to be photographed in color that he's making a complete color version of the picture with his own miniature color camera.

Behind Scenes

It's fun to watch the extras on the "Marie Antoinette" scenes. The costumes are breathtakingly beautiful—really Adrian's masterpiece in costume production. After a scene of great elegance they stroll off the set and are themselves. One girl pulls up her exquisitely embroidered petticoats and hoops and displays bright red flannel slacks, from the pocket of which she extracts a pack of cigarettes. A man sheds his stiffly embroidered coat and walks around in a dirty sweat shirt above molded white satin pants. Another delicate beauty, in white wig, beauty patches and flowing taffeta skirts puffs away on a big black stogie. This, to our relief, turned out to be a stunt man.

■ ■ ■

Shirley Temple startled everyone when she came rushing on the "Little Miss Broadway" set the other morning and inquired, "Has Snow White had kittens yet?" It was finally all cleared up by a prop man, who owns the expectant cat.

To the Point

Best and briefest speech at the Academy banquet was supplied by Edgar Bergen's Charlie McCarthy. Bergen was awarded a miniature statuette for "creating a new comedy character." He accepted it, then turned to Charlie and asked him if he'd like to say a few words about it. "Yes," said Mr. McC.; "it's damn small."

■ ■ ■

It sounds silly, but if you knew Marie Wilson you'd know it could happen. At a dance, recently, she met a girl from her studio publicity department. The gal said "Hello," but Marie didn't recognize her. So the young lady introduced herself. "Oh, of course," said Marie. "But you look so different at night, like another woman. You really should change your name at night."

What's Left?

Dick Powell, a hard-working young man about town, doesn't believe all he reads in the papers about high-salaried movie stars. Salaries are fine, he thinks, if you could only get them. He says only five percent of his wages finds its way into his own pocket. Eighty-five percent goes for Federal and California taxes on income and property, ten percent goes to his agent, and—well, figure it out. Of course five percent of a lot of money still buys groceries, with enough left over to toss a little something to the wolf.

■ ■ ■

In "Three Comrades," Franchot Tone, Bob Taylor and Bob Young play three German youths during the pre-Hitler period. Of the three, only Franchot Tone wears a short, military haircut. Before the picture started, Metro ordered the three of them to visit the barber. Tone complied, but Taylor and Young refused. So Metro rescinded the order, but Tone was stuck with his short haircut. This picturization of Erich Maria Remarque's novel by the same name is powerfully dramatic, and should be worth seeing. Besides the stars mentioned, Margaret Sullavan has a leading role. This will be her first screen appearance since the birth of her daughter, Brooke.



Marlene Dietrich and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. make news anywhere, and they've been together a lot lately.

Joe Schenck says Mary Maguire makes a charming dinner companion. We're inclined to agree.

GOOD

Spring is here—with movie stars catching up with social activities and



The devoted Arleen Whelan and Richard Greene didn't escape us at the "Rebecca" preview.

NEWS



Edgar Bergen doesn't need a tall one with Dorothy Lamour around. But where is Charlie McCarthy?

Double Trouble

Rumors that Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres plan to take up their marriage from where they dropped it several years ago are now being denied by both Ginger and Lew, who ought to know. The thing started when Lew was reported seen at several night spots with Ginger. The reporters were only partly correct. His companion's name was Ginger, but it wasn't Ginger Rogers. It was Ginger Alton, a young lady who is a double for Miss Rogers, and who once was her stand-in.

■ ■ ■

Joan Bennett's new home in Holmby Hills is really something. It is French Provincial, and all the interior decorations were planned by herself. It's completely feminine, as you might expect, except for one guest room and a den which are done up with bear skin rugs, Hudson Bay blankets which Joan brought back from Canada, and pictures of Joan all over the two rooms—pictures that are Walter Wanger's favorite studies of her.

Good Acting

If the Academy ever gives an award for overacting, it will probably go to Luise Rainer for the histrionics she exhibited at this year's Awards banquet. When she was announced as the winner of the 1937 "Oscar," Luise managed to look completely surprised, even though she had posed accepting it two hours before for the newsreels. Her performance when she reached the speakers' table and officially accepted the award was magnificent to watch. It was "The Good Earth" and "The Great Ziegfeld" telephone scene rolled into one.

■ ■ ■

Out on the set of "When Were You Born," conversation had turned to the mother-in-law problem and someone contended that bogey was pretty much passé—women today, having a better understanding of psychology, got along better. Anna May Wong's remark was, "The Chinese are psychological as a race. And don't forget their symbol for 'trouble.' It's one horizontal line with two shorter lines beneath, signifying two women under one roof."

Rudy Trucks

We spent an afternoon on the set of "Gold Diggers in Paris" the other day, watching Rudy Vallee truck—or rather, watching Mr. V. trying to truck. They were shooting the finale number of the picture, and forty gold diggers and all the principals of the cast were trucking away for dear life, the Warner Brothers and Busby Berkeley. It seems if you can't truck, you just can't truck—and that was Rudy's rather embarrassing spot. To make matters worse, his gal, Judy Stewart, was on the sidelines. They tried it again and again, and along about dinner time, Rudy finally came through and was pronounced a rug cutter. So when you see the picture and the cast looks just a little weary in that finale, you'll know why.

■ ■ ■

When a screen and radio comic's home was endangered by the recent flood, a gang of studio workmen came to his rescue with sandbags and shovels and managed to prevent considerable damage. When they finished, after working all day, the guy didn't offer them even a cup of coffee for their pains. Lately they've been finding it a little difficult to laugh at his jokes.

A Veteran

Twenty-five years in pictures in Hollywood is nice steady work if you can get it. Jean Hersholt just celebrated his first quarter century before the local cameras, and he likes it. When he first arrived in Hollywood, he put on his best clothes, a cutaway, striped trousers and top hat which he had purchased in Denmark, and walked three miles to what

our reporter catching up with movie stars—and a good time was had by all

was then the Ince Studios. "'Are those your own clothes?" asked the casting director. Hersholt told him they were, and the guy signed him up to start work immediately, at $15.00 per week. Today, out of all the congratulatory wires he received, his most prized is one from Denmark—from the tailor who made that cutaway!

■ ■ ■ ■

In those days, says Hersholt, almost every picture was a western, and almost every one of those showed the pioneers being attacked by the Indians. Hersholt really learned acting in that period, for often he spent the morning behind a covered wagon defending himself from the Indians, then put on warpaint and rode around all afternoon shooting hell out of the same covered wagon.

Much Gained

Mrs. Jack Oakie, known in the Brentwood Heights section as editor of the Illustrated Animal News, plans to return to the screen. She's been on a weight-increasing diet, and has added thirty pounds in places where thirty pounds do a girl the most good. Only trouble with the diet is that it has added some fifty pounds to the master of the house, who could do without it.

■ ■ ■

On the "Three Comrades" set, Gordon Cravath, a stunt man, was doubling for Henry Hull. He was made up exactly like him, and after a soap-box scene, was to be mobbed, and really mobbed, by a crowd of people. But some of his fellow stunt men decided that Gordon wasn't really getting the works, so, after the scene, they fell on him and dragged him around the set, giving him a thorough going-over. They were delighted with his agonized yells—until they finally heard a weak voice, "Lemme down—I'm Henry Hull."

Knockout

Arleen Whelan took a beating on the set of "Kidnapped" the other day. She was thrown against a table and knocked out for almost five minutes. However, she revived in time to lunch with that combination of Tyrone Power and Robert Taylor—Richard Greene.

■ ■ ■

There are Great Lovers galore on the Warner lot—Errol Flynn, George Brent, Wayne Morris and Dick Powell, to name a few—but only one individual out there has any practical claim to the mantle of Casanova. That one is Arno, a debonair Schnauzer with a breath-taking profile. Arno is the property of Errol Flynn, and has the run of the Warner lot when his master is working. A month ago a litter of puppies were born to a Cocker Spaniel on one of the sets. The offspring, it is whispered, bear a suspicious resemblance to Arno.

(*Continued on page 97*)



While in New York, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bellamy "did" the Rainbow Room.

Margaret Sullavan, Frank Borzage and Robert Taylor caught off guard.

Mother and Dad took Shirley Temple to her own preview of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."





It helps their Skin more directly!

THE NEW CREAM WITH "Skin-Vitamin"



FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB
now MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, Jr.

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III





MRS. HENRY LATROBE ROOSEVELT, JR.

A NEW CREAM that puts the necessary "skin-vitamin" right into skin!—The vitamin which especially helps to build new skin tissue—which aids in keeping skin beautiful!

Since Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream was announced, hundreds of women have tried it!

In this advertisement we are repeating the words of some of the first to try it—"A great advance"—"Keeps my skin better than ever"—"Gives better color"—"Keeps my skin finer and softer in spite of all my sports."

Exposure dries the "skin-vitamin" out of skin . . .

Exposure is constantly drying this "skin-vitamin" out of the skin. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer—become undernourished, rough and subject to infections.

"A great advance . . .

"Pond's new Cold Cream is a really scientific beauty care. I'll never be afraid of sports or travel drying my skin, with this new cream to put the 'skin-vitamin' back into it."
MRS. HENRY LATROBE ROOSEVELT, JR.

"Helps skin more . . .

"I've always been devoted to Pond's. Now with the 'skin-vitamin,' it helps my skin more than ever. Keeps it bright and fresh looking all through the gayest season."
FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB
now MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR.

"Gets skin really clean . . .

"Pond's Cold Cream gets my skin really clean. Now it nourishes, too, and keeps my skin so much softer."
MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III

Suppose you see what putting the "skin-vitamin" directly into *your* skin will do for it? In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks.

Use the new Pond's Cold Cream in your regular way for cleansing and before make-up. Pat it in. Leave some on overnight and whenever you have a chance. Do this faithfully for 2 or 3 weeks. Some women reported enthusiastically within that time!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N. Y. Time, N.B.C.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM! **TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS**

Pond's, Dept. 9MS-CT, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

"STOP GROWLING!"





"QUICK—cheer up with a stick of Beeman's! There's nothing like that delicious Beeman's flavor to drive off a grouch—that fresh zip and tang is a tonic.

Do you know why it tastes so refreshing? That airtight package keeps the flavor fresh and delicious as the day it was made! Now don't be selfish—I'll have a stick of Beeman's too!"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

DICK POWELL TAKES THE STAND

(*Continued from page 34*)

to do than to lie in wait for doorbells to ring, grabs the film from the camera, rushes to a handy dark-room, develops the film, and the caller is then admitted or not depending on how Joan likes what she sees on the negative. Now, what would anyone think of people reported to indulge in such naive tricks?

"I am tired, your honor and gentlemen of the jury, of the belief that when an actor is washed up as an actor he is also washed up as a man, as someone to be reckoned with. I would like to tell the court that if ever I have to make a living away from the screen, I can do it in any one of half a dozen different ways.

"And in just about two years I may have to prove that statement unless I make better pictures than I have been turning out. I can see that writing on the wall—and read it, too!" (Dick doesn't want to make big musicals any more. He doesn't want to "go Hamlet" on Hollywood, not that, but he would like a chance to play in pictures like "The Awful Truth," "Bringing Up Baby," and such. He knows, he says, that he can't be a juvenile crooner at forty!)

"But," continued the young attorney for the defense, "you are probably saying to yourself, 'Yes, then what would you do, Actor?' All right, you don't scare me. I might sell insurance. I might sell real estate. I'd try something where the ability to talk fast would stand me in good stead.

"Let me tell you a few things about actors which you may not have paused to consider. (1) The nature of our work makes most of us versatile. We have to get under the skin of so many different characters that we can't help learning something about the manner of men we play. (2) We've got to be 'quick studies,' learn our lines and remember them. Our memories must function smoothly and accurately. (3) We've got to be diplomats too, good mixers, because we must be on good terms with the prop boy, the producer, our fellow players, and also with perfect strangers. (4) We must at all times have poise, sometimes under very startling circumstances. And, gentlemen, if these aren't every one of them qualities which would be essentials to the success of a doctor, or merchant, then maybe I'm wrong.

ACTORS, my friends, do see themselves not as others see them but as themselves. Take fellows like Fred MacMurray, Gary Cooper, Jimmy Cagney, Warner Baxter, Frank McHugh, to mention a few. I defy anyone, in any walk of life, to name men of finer intelligence, clearer perspective, wider interests, or greater potential abilities.

"Think, gentlemen, what an insurance salesman Robert Taylor would make. If there is an insurance salesman among my readers, let him shudder. For I'll wager that Bob Taylor with his gift of speech, his looks, his honesty, his persuasiveness would make a tidy fortune in the insurance field. Think of what Herbert Marshal would add to the diplomatic service with his intelligence, his charm, his knowledge of the world on both sides of the water, his faultless diction. Think of the medico Jimmy Cagney would make, with his basis of scientific interest, his nerves of steel, his clear-thinking mind. Think of the scientist Paul Muni would be if he brought to that work his tremendous powers of concentration, his patience, his gift for research, his earnestness and self-control.

"We are not a special race of men, gentlemen, we who wear the motley. I very much doubt that there's any such thing as a 'born actor' any more than there is a born bond salesman or a born stock broker.

"We're actors, most of us, because we happened to get into the business of acting, found that it paid, and stayed with it—not because we couldn't have been anything but actors.

"Besides varied abilities, actors have, sirs, more varied interests than any group of people I have ever known. It's been said that we always 'talk shop.' We don't in *our* home for one. We talk about boats, and fishing, and golf, the state of the stock market, whether to buy land here or invest our money in foreign securities, about the races at Santa Anita, about books we've read, about the fun we'd like to have. We never talk shop. Can you imagine a subject that Robert Taylor or Clark Gable could be *more* tired of than Robert Taylor or Clark Gable?

"But about having fun," said Richard E., looking a dash wistful, "I'd like to tell the world that I'm beginning to have fun for the first time since I started to sing on the stage.

"When I was on the stage back in the Pittsburgh days, you see, I never had good times as the normal man understands them. For seven years without a single vacation I played five shows a day, the music halls at nights. I've been in Hollywood for six years and have had no vacation since I've been here. Even such slight sallies into the amusement world as I take turn into jobs. I rarely walk into a night club that I'm not asked to sing. You say why do I do it? So that I won't read in the morning papers that a certain Arkansas boy has gone awfully snarky, and is a stuck-up, disobliging so-and-so.

MY sailboat is my main diversion. Joan doesn't care for boats. She likes to knit. I don't like to knit. So Joan knits and I play about with the boat and everything is jake. I golf and ride and swim. And I think I know a good contract bridge hand when I see one—and I like to see one. That's fun. I hope to buy an aeroplane soon. I love to eat ham and eggs, too, and I also like to mess around in a garden.

"Let me tell you, when Joan and I are alone, in the privacy of our home, we seldom if ever talk shop. We talk about our home. We discuss the servant problem.

"We talk about the children, about Normy and about the baby who is to come. We discuss the possibility of Normy's future career as an actor. You would be surprised, gentlemen, at how rich and varied and important the off-screen lives of actors can be.

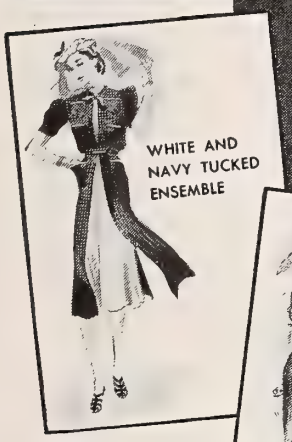
"So, I say, gents of the jury," summed up Dick, "first, that I have now to go to the dentist, and secondly, that just as it's not a trick personality which makes a man a tycoon in the lumber business, so it's not a trick personality that makes an actor great. I say, gentlemen, that you have to know your ABC's in any line of endeavor if you would be successful, and I repeat that our foremost actors do know their ABC's, know how to read and write, and could earn their daily bread and butter in innumerable other ways. A trick personality masking dim wits may get a fellow his first chance on the screen but it won't keep him there.

"The defense rests its case."

Lelong SPONSORS FOR SUMMER Cutex Laurel

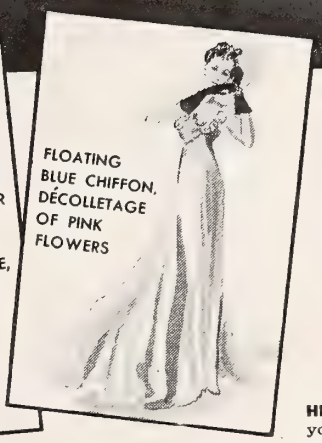














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4 Minute Treatment Stops Dandruff Itch

And Kills Nasty Scalp Odor

Dandruff is the sign of a diseased, unclean scalp. Through neglect, the tiny sebaceous glands (oil glands) fail to work as they should and become clogged with scales and dirt. The scalp becomes infected by germs and fungi, and the condition spreads.

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TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 610 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.



HER STAND-IN MADE HER A STAND-OUT

(*Continued from page 33*)

best friend knows you better than you know yourself. Judi thinks I'm an actress. I don't. If it's proven that I am an actress, it will only prove that old saying.

"Judi and I hated each other at first sight, positively hated each other. Why, I was the only girl in our sorority who voted against her. I was a senior. She was one of the freshmen the House was 'rushing.' She came to the rushing party, a symphony in black. It was Fall, and black *was* perfectly proper. But all the other freshmen were in sweet little prints. And in came this one in a black dress that just clung to her, sheer stockings, black shoes, carrying a black pocketbook—very, very sophisticated. Much too sophisticated for a freshman. And she was wearing a big black pancake hat. I didn't like that hat. I hated it. I decided, the minute I saw it, that I couldn't like anybody who would wear such a hat."

Majorie laughed at her memory and at herself. "I have that hat now. And I'm crazy about it. I wouldn't part with it.

"I couldn't take my eyes off that girl. I decided I wouldn't like her even without the hat. For one thing, she didn't laugh like most people. She *whoo-ed*. And the way she got attention! Nobody was noticing any of the other freshmen. Nobody except me.

"As captain of the rushing, I had arranged some stunts and some skits. In the middle of the entertainment, I suddenly missed Judi. And where do you suppose I found her? Up in the smoker, smoking—chatting nonchalantly with the president of the House. Monopolizing her.

"That night, when we voted on the rushes, I held out against 'that Judi Parks.' My roommate kept me up until four A. M., arguing with me. 'Everybody else wants her,' she said. I finally said, all worn out, 'All right. You can have her.' We pledged her.

"And, immediately, Judi became the problem child of the freshman class. She had dates every night in the week. And she accepted a frat pin—another thing no freshman was supposed to do.

"I hated her so that they made me her 'house mother.' They made her my roommate, the second semester. On the theory that she could talk everybody else out of things, but not me. I'd sit on her.

"As a freshman, she was supposed to do certain things around the House. She usually managed to get out of doing them. I decided to fix her.

"One time I was ill. She was supposed to bring food up to me. She didn't appear till four P. M. I was so mad that I got out of bed to tell her what I thought of her. I told her that she was 'just a fair-weather friend,' that when I couldn't do things for her, she wouldn't do anything for me. That hurt her. She was sorry. She couldn't do enough for me after that. I couldn't do enough for her."

AT this moment, Judi arrived at our luncheon table. Her eyes had a gleam in them. She had found a house. Time had to be taken out while she described it—a little white Colonial in Westwood, with two bedrooms, and a fireplace, and a yard. Then Marjorie told her what we had been talking about.

Judi demanded, "Did you tell him about our 'penitence box?'" She turned to me and said, "Every time one of us forgets to do something, a nickel has to go into the box. Marjorie's always putting in."

Marjorie, pretending not to hear her, and went right on telling her story.

"One afternoon, I was sitting with a boy on the front steps of the sorority house when Judi came up the walk with a magazine in her hand. 'I've found a beauty contest for you to enter,' she said. I could have killed her. You know how boys are about girls who enter beauty contests.

"I managed to shoo her away"—a memory that evoked a *whoo* from Judi. "But when I went up to our room I found the magazine open at that page, on top of my dresser. I threw it in the wastebasket. Next morning there it was, on top of my dresser again. I must have thrown it away a dozen times; and every time it would come back, open at that page."

"She didn't think she stood a chance," said Judi. "I knew differently. She had placed second in a 'Miss Kentucky' contest one year. She had been 'Miss Kentucky State Fair.' She had been voted the prettiest girl at Indiana for three straight years. The prize in the contest was a course in a dancing school in New York. Marjorie had been the dancing lead in campus shows for three years. I had visions of a career for her. She didn't—until then."

What *was* she planning to do after college?

"I thought I'd probably be teaching," Marjorie said. "I never thought of asking my family for money to go away and try to get started on a career. In the first place, my family didn't have that kind of money. And I didn't have that kind of ambition."

Judi shook her head in mock wonder.

"No," said Marjorie, "I wasn't wondering how soon I'd be getting married. I was never serious with any boy. Except maybe one. His name?" She smiled teasingly. "Oh, but we were talking about a beauty contest.

"You had to send in a picture of yourself in a dancing costume. I had some from one of the campus shows, three years before. Judi picked out the one she liked best, and said that was the one I ought to send. I was beginning to be a little enthused by this time—thanks to Judi. But I still didn't have nerve enough to send off the picture. 'Don't you worry about the nerve to send it,' Judi said. 'You just write a little letter, telling who you are, and I'll send it off.'"

"It took me three days to get her to write the letter," put in Judi.

"Well, anyhow," said Marjorie, "when the news came that I had won I said, 'Judi, now I'm really going to work.' I went up to New York with my mother and fifty dollars, to start that dancing course. Mother stayed three weeks. Then Judi came. She didn't go back to college."

"How could I?" demanded Judi, "I had to keep my eye on you."

SO," explained Marjorie, "she came up to New York to go to dramatic school. We took a little apartment. I learned little things about acting from her. She learned little things about dancing from me. With Judi there, I didn't have a chance to get lonely. Or a chance to remember that I was scared stiff of New York.

"I had just fifty dollars, remember. I didn't want any more than that, didn't want my family to gamble any more than that on my becoming something. But fifty dollars didn't go very far in New York. I had to do something to earn a living till

(*Continued on page 109*)





"Look at those snapshots . . . then decide," says DOROTHY DIX, famous adviser on life and marriage

'I BELIEVE that practically every girl or man has a chance, sometime during romance days, to make a happy marriage. Unhappy marriages simply show how many let the right chance slip . . .

"Try this plan: When you meet someone you like, see that you get plenty of snapshots. This is a natural and easy thing to do—romance and snapshots go together like music and moonlight . . .

"And be sure to save your snapshots. Then, when you think your big moment has arrived, get out the snapshots of all the others. See what they say to you. See if the faces and scenes don't awaken memories that make you pause. Perhaps you'll recognize the *right* chance that has gone by temporarily, but can be regained."

* * *

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SUMMER STARTERS

BY ANN WILLS



In "Stolen Heaven," Glenda Farrell wears a shirtmaker, all-purpose frock for summer.



Also excellent to start the summer is her two-piece jacket suit in lightweight wool.

WELL, MY LOVELIES, spring and its constant attendant, the newest thing in fashion, are both well under way. For the new season, you selected the most becoming outfit you could find, and I've no doubt that when the boy-friend called to take you riding on Easter Sunday afternoon, the loveliness of you in your new ensemble drove the dear man absolutely ga-ga and even made him forget his favorite movie actress!

But the wise little gal won't stop here and rest on her laurels (or the posies of her new spring bonnet). She looks forward a little and sees summer coming up awfully fast. Now, summer means vacation. And vacation means new clothes, most of them to be useful only during those two or three glorious weeks of freedom, and week-ends afterwards. But how about the rest of the time, when you're just living your regular everyday existence?

After all, you can't wear sunback frocks or play suits all the time, especially if you live in the city. You must have cool, comfortable, yet smart clothes to further your career, even to do the family shopping, go to the movies, or to any of the places that require a certain formality in your dress.

Right now we're in a sort of in-between season, with no special events to buy clothes for, so I suggest that you look into the future a little and get a few things to start the summer right. Then, when it's time to begin thinking about vacation clothes, you'll be that much ahead. With the practical side of your summer wardrobe out of the way, you can devote all your energy and budget to the fascinating new play clothes! (*Continued on page 79*)

Designed to make you look as smart as a star and as fresh as a daisy

Healthful Double Mint *gum shows you this doubly lovely way to charm and popularity*

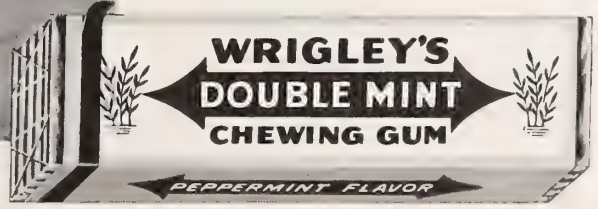


S-119

Men—women, too, for that matter—are attracted to a charming smile and smart clothes—a winning combination that healthful, delicious Double Mint gum enables you to have. The daily enjoyment of this double-lasting, mint-flavored gum provides beneficial chewing exercise which beautifies your lips, mouth and teeth, increasing the loveliness of your smile. You look your radiant best—a person people want to know. Try it today...Left, Double Mint gum introduces a new creation of Valentina whose clients from New York to Hollywood rank among the best dressed women in the world. Double Mint has put this charmingly becoming dress into a Simplicity Pattern for you. *This, then,* is Double Mint gum's doubly lovely way of helping you win admiration and popularity.

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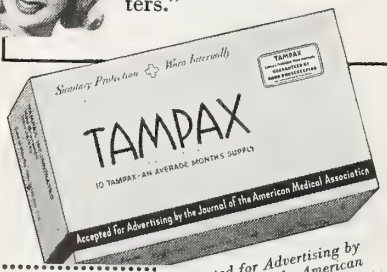


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WHY GABLE IS KING

(*Continued from page 27*)

Spencer said, "Yeah—and Gable's never forgotten that a hundred dollars is a helluva lot of dough, if you know what I mean. You don't have to pamper that guy, either, that's why he'll wear the crown until he takes it off with his own hands. He's an all-round human being and appreciates a joke on himself as much as he appreciates the horsing he gives others. He takes his work seriously, too, don't let him kid you about that. He won't say so because of his fear of ever seeming pompous or pretentious, the heavy actor stuff, but he couldn't have developed as he has, he couldn't be the swell actor he is unless he did take it seriously. He may crown *me* for this," laughed Spence.

"He can get along with absolutely anybody, too, from a punk kid to some grand dame giving him the works. He's escaped being the bohunk some other fellow in his spot might easily have become because he's a right guy. He's tops with me, on the set and off, I'm telling you."

"And he's terrifically interested in other people, too," Myrna said, "all kinds of people, what they're doing and want to do and why. That's very handy in a King, you know, being interested in the People. I heard him talking the other day to a young woman from the publicity department. She happened to mention that her little boy was going to military school and she hoped she was doing the right thing in sending him there. Clark talked to her for half an hour, discussing the advantages versus the disadvantages of military school for a small boy he'd never seen. Anyway, how long he's been tops tells the story—more than four years, isn't it? And in that time many have come and some have gone, but Clark's position remains supreme and undisputed."

"Sounds too perfect," I murmured.

"No," said Myrna, "I wouldn't say that of anybody. He's got his faults. He's got a good broad streak of Dutch stubbornness He makes up his mind about something and, right or wrong, it stays made up."

"I know I wouldn't put my frail shoulders to the job of trying to change it," laughed Spence—but so warmly and affectionately that it would warm the cockles of your heart to hear one man speak so of another man, one star of another star.

Gable and Director Victor Fleming appeared. Spence and Gable went into action, a big scene, magnificently done. When it was over Clark shouted to Director Fleming, "How was it, Vic?"

"Pretty good," countered Fleming, winking at me.

"Whaddyou mean, 'Pretty good'?" yelled Clark, "Power and Taylor couldn't give you any better!"

WHEN Clark is on the set, in action, he is the character he plays, assured, easy. The instant he steps off the set he looks like a small boy who, having just recited a piece triumphantly, squirms with embarrassment, gets red in the face, says, "Aw, heck!" to cover his shyness.

It was Vic Fleming who said to me, "It's pretty obvious, of course, why Gable was chosen King. He has a handsome robustness, a fine personality. But it's more than that. He has a strange form of intellect, something that photographs. His charm is not a physical thing, it's a mental thing. It comes creeping out through his eyes, a shine, a brilliance, a rich laughter. Not an educated, small mind; an uneducated *big* mind, that's Gable. By which I do not mean a lack of schooling but a lack of the necessity to exploit a pseudo intelligence, to cultivate mannerisms. He is absolutely without ego; there's a fine pride in the man, but no ego. He's a very reticent man, a very sensitive man. Perspires freely under the collar when he is embarrassed and he's embarrassed far more easily and far more often than you would ever suspect. He's so sensitive that he wears an armour of gruffness to protect himself. He's a very tender man, a very understanding man. He's never been changed by the terrific barrage of flattery and attention to which he is subjected because he knows that if he did succumb he would be a fool. He has the rare quality of humility which is worth all the false pride in the world. He still remembers that the word 'fan' derives from the word 'fanatic.' He'd be equally successful in anything he might choose to do or to be because he's a great guy in the place where a great guy begins—the heart."

IT was Walter Strohm, the assistant director, who told me more reasons to prove that your votes were right votes. Let me tell you, when an assistant director is 'for' a star, that star is just about as Four-Square as Aimee's gospel. Too often, the assistant director is the man upon whom the star, little of soul though big of rôle, vents his spleen. Too cautious, too cagey, perhaps too cowardly to hackle the director, he will badger the life out of the assistant director. These boys would make themselves pretty scarce if they knew they were to be asked to talk about some of the stars they have worked with. But when Strohm knew that I wanted some "inside stuff" on Gable, he was anxious to talk.

He told me that when Clark was out at the army flying field the other day, he took as much interest in meeting the army fliers as ever any fan took in meeting him. He wanted to do things *their* way. They took him up in a bomber, let him handle the controls, were amazed at his competence. But not until they came down and asked him did he let on that he had flown many times.

Clark's never too big to ask advice, according to Strohm. His "technical advisers" on "Test Pilot" have been all the licensed aviators on the studio lot—Wally Beery, Jimmy Stewart, Clarence Brown and others. His personal heroes—and the point is that he has heroes—are Lindbergh, the lost Amelia Earhart, Jimmy Mattern, Kingsford-Smith, and Bob Fogg who flew into the wilds of Alaska to deliver the serum that saved the lives of an entire Arctic community. These are the men and women, these are the deeds of valour that make the heart of Gable pound in the deep cavity of his chest, as your heart (or mine) may pound when *we* look at Gable!

He's never a Know-It-All. He's never a complainer. He never worries about whether his car is waiting for him at the entrance to the set; he never fusses about his dressing room, where it is placed on the set, whether it is hot or cold, what the equipment may be. He eats in the commissary, and he never sends anything back. He never holds up production by making unreasonable demands, by not knowing his lines, by being unnecessarily late on the set.

He doesn't give presents, as a lot of stars do, at the end of a picture. This seems to be a strange reason to give for a man's popularity. But with the gang he works with, it is a reason. "He doesn't give

(*Continued on page 76*)

Olivia de Havilland

IN

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Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (color)	
Olive ☐	Light ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray check type above and here ☐
	AGE	

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GLAZO
The Smart Manicure

WHY GABLE IS KING

(*Continued from page 74*)

presents," they say, "because he's never the big star, condescending, bestowing favours upon the humble henchmen. It would just never occur to him to give presents, because he thinks of himself as one of us, doing his share of the job as we are doing our share. He doesn't expect anyone to give *him* a present when the job is done. Why should he do any different from the rest of us?"

"When we were at San Diego, at the flying field," Mr. Strohm assured me, "he ate his box lunch with the gang. There were some 7,000 fans gathered about and he signed all of the autograph books he had time to sign between takes. When someone comes up to him and says, 'Oh, Mr. Gable, I knew you in Dallas!' He doesn't, half the time, place the person. But he never lets on. He always says 'Oh, sure! How are you?'

"No one," said Mr. Strohm, the honest admiration of one man for another in his eyes "no one would ever ask Gable for bread and get a stone, that's sure."

He doesn't do any of the things a star does to "keep" his stardom. He isn't seen in the "right places," with the "right people." As he doesn't bite the hand that feeds him, neither does he butter it.

"What I say is, he's real," said Johnny Miller, the props man who has been with Gable, and how many others, through many pictures. "What I mean is, he takes as much interest in the props as I do. And he doesn't mind putting his own shoulder to the wheel when there's a job of work to be done.

"When he was making 'Saratoga' and he and Miss Harlow were having such good times together, he used to ride a bike around the lot and onto the set. One day he stumbled on the thing, it being too small, though full-sized, for such a big man. He laughed and said to me 'How old's your kid, Johnny?' I told him and he said, 'Take this thing home to him.'

"Just today he said to me, 'This is the scene where I wear my wrist-watch, Johnny.' Now you may be wondering what that's got to do with anything. Well, it's got this to do with things—some stars would a'gone into the scene without the watch, knowing jolly well they should be wearing it, and at the end of the scene they'd have hollered at me about not having it. Not that Gable. He takes care the other fellow's job is as "cushy" as his own. He's a right guy he is. I *know*."

And so the evidence that you have chosen a King who *is* a king kept piling up. From his stand-in, Lew Smith, I learned that people have a hard time doing anything for Gable. He never asks or expects anyone to do anything he won't do himself (a lesson to kings). The morning of the day I was on the set they had done the scene where the bomber bursts into flame. Lew Smith was supposed to pull a man out of the burning wreck. But no, Gable did it himself. "Nothing pantie-waist about him, if you know what I mean," said his stand-in.

AND small Martin, aged ten, the newsboy whom Clark got into the picture, young Martin pip-squeaked at me, "Say, he's okay, Mr. Gable is. He got me a chanct in this pitcher. Say, I nearly had a chanct in another pitcher but the star of that one wouldn't have me because he said I have a unique poisanality. But Mr. Gable don't hold that against me, not him, boy!"

I learned that Gable says of Tracy, "I owe a lot to that guy. If it wasn't for him, I'd probably be playing the one-night hops. He's the one who made a star out of me." And when he was asked, "How?" the answer was, "I imitated him." Clark was referring to the old days in the East when he was doing one show in New York, and in a theatre next door Tracy was playing *Killer Mears* in "The Last Mile." "When I was called to Los Angeles to do 'The Last Mile' out here I took a look at Tracy doing the part and hopped the first plane for Hollywood."

I learned that he says, "There is a proven army rule that it takes ten men behind the lines to keep one man in the trenches during war. A picture star needs a hundred times that many men to keep him in close-ups on the screen, from producer to props. We couldn't stay put without 'em."

I heard that he says, "You don't have to put up a front in Hollywood in order to get along. Look at the best of 'em, Tracy, Muni, Jimmy Stewart, Wally Beery. Nothing fancy about them."

And it remained for Fanny Brice to put the next-to-the-last touches on this portrait of a King. Said Fanny, "He's King as far as I'm concerned. I'd put a crown on his head any time. He's 100 per cent *man*. He looks like he can be awfully tender or awfully rough. I think the women is liking that. A man has got to be bigger than his job, and that's Gable. He's honest with himself; that's what makes him a swell actor. Nothing fakey comes through—and does *that* come through on the screen!" Thus Fanny (Snooks) Brice, with that gleam in her eye! Fanny who can add up her troupers like on an adding machine!

IT was then I got around to Gable, saying, "I'm going down for the third time, it's all *too beautiful*—tell me some of your faults!" And Gable came back, "Sure. I'm subborn as a mule. I'm impatient, especially at the end of a picture when I get a little tired. I have to watch myself, get irritated at things I wouldn't notice when the picture starts. I'm impatient, get mad at things in general, let off steam on one fellow, perhaps, tell him off. He doesn't know what it's all about, doesn't know that he's just the straw breaking the camel's back. Neither do I know at the time.

"I'm a little thoughtless—about sending flowers and that kind of stuff. I honestly don't think it's lack of generosity. I just don't think, especially when I'm working. It's worse then.

"I'm a dull dog, the dullest bohunk in Hollywood, no foolin'. Don't know a thing about music or art. I like 'em all right but I don't know a thing about 'em.

"I get a laugh out of this Best Dressed Man in Hollywood bologna. I've got about eight suits. When I'm not working I wear khaki slacks and an old polo shirt.

"What do I think when I look in the mirror? I've never thought what the heck I look like. The only exception being when a cameraman says to me 'Don't look so much into the camera, Gable,' and I say, 'Why not?' and he says, 'The ears, the EARS!' Vic and I doped out a swell ending for this picture. We were going to have me looking straight into the camera, the ears for wings and then just a take-off. Swell idea, but I guess we can't do it."

And then Director Fleming called the man whom you, the People, have elected King, and told him to get to work.

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KICKING OVER THE TRACES

(*Continued from page 50*)

Yet I can't recall anything about the five years I've been acting sensible and saving. So I say kick over the old traces once in a while. It's good for the ego, swell for the imagination, and beneficial generally."

For years, four to be exact, you've seen Claire Trevor illuminating program pictures, better known as "Bs" in the trade. These are quickies made on major lots with minor budgets, released without build-up or ballyhoo, save in rare cases like "The Informer." "B" pictures are designed to serve as the rear end of double bills. They are run of the mill, pleasantly missed. Claire Trevor is far too good for them, yet she has graced twenty-three!

"At first I accepted anything I was handed, as anyone crashing pictures should. When the scripts turned out to be crumby and inconsistent I just did the best I could, because I figured this was good training for a tyro. I was learning the angles. But the program didn't change after two years of mediocrity. They kept me in 'B' stuff.

"Don't misunderstand me, please. I know that 'B' pictures fill a definite want. Mass entertainment, easy to understand, made to formula, they're the backbone of studio production, making possible prestige pictures that invariably lose money. I know all about why they're necessary, but I don't want to be in them!"

BEFORE any of you go so far as to envy a lovely blonde like Claire Trevor, remember that her day starts at six-thirty A.M. in order to get her on the set, in make-up, by nine.

"Extra girls get up at five-thirty to be there at seven, to be made up by the crew. And the crew is temperamental. Artists, you know. Me, I slap the stuff on my face in ten minutes or less, and it looks as good as if I'd fussed over it an hour."

The Trevor features, by the way, are flawless. Her nose is a pert retroussé, her lips appealing and her eyes searchlights. But we were talking about her work-day.

"I'm home about seven, too tired to eat. Lines for the next day have to be studied. Then I pound the pillow. You must have lots of sleep if you want to wake up looking bee-ootiful."

Claire devotes only one night a week to frivolity. On Saturday she "dates." But none of your Trocadero or La Maze for this canny child of the cinema. No photographers in her freshly waved hair! So her private life is her own. No one knows where she is or with whom. But rumor links her name with that of a well known supervisor. Perhaps that is why Claire was so vehement in her defense of supervisors, when I casually belittled them.

"Picture executives have been heckled as pants pressers and lowbrows, but I know that's all wrong. The supervisors I've come in contact with are smart men, well informed and sensitive regarding current trends here and abroad. They know their box office figures, but they know what's behind a good picture, too. A much maligned set of men, the supervisors."

Actors are handed less by the outspoken Claire. "The interesting ones are too old. The young ones are stupid," she said.

"If I could fall in love permanently I'd marry. I'd drop Hollywood and pictures in two minutes for marriage and babies. I don't think you can raise a family and conduct a career at the same time."

Wouldn't she miss the glamor of the studios?

"Absolutely not," said Claire. "I owe pictures a lot. I've made an unbelievable amount of money in the last four years. But it's given me no artistic satisfaction to be in movies. I've done nothing I can point to with pride. I thought 'Dead End' was going to mean everything—with a beautiful script, good director (Willie Wyler), and topflight cast—but I was disappointed in my performance when I saw the picture. I hadn't given what I thought I had. Or else they didn't use the shot where I gave the most. That's the trouble with pictures. You go through a scene four or five times, then they throw away the take you liked and print one that you're ashamed to see. But, of course, besides being art the cinema is big business. Isn't it the fourth largest industry? It has to make money for the stockholders. Everything is box office."

Rumors had preceded Claire to New York, rumors that this Eastern trek was to culminate in orange blossoms. But, "No," said Claire, positively. There was nothing in that. She would marry when she found the right man, but as we rolled to press he was still to be encountered.

Ronald Colman she thinks is the most charming actor in Hollywood. But her husband will have to be twenty-eight or nine to complement her twenty-five years. Off the screen she looks younger than on.

Always trying to be helpful, I mentioned Cary Grant as a handsome and eligible mate. "He is fine," said Claire sweetly, "for Phyllis Brooks."

LIKE most of the boys and girls toiling before the cameras, she cherishes the idea of returning to the Broadway stage in a good comedy "with a lot of strong drama in it," but she has uncovered nothing that fits that description. Freddy March thought he had until he read the reviews.

"I think a home with children would be the most marvelous thing in the world," Claire confessed. "Of course, if I were married and didn't have children I'd probably go on doing an occasional picture. I'd hate complete inactivity. But if you have children it's a full time job. And I want a whole lot of 'em.

"Nothing makes me more envious than a visit with friends who have children. Hollywood is artificial and insincere in the main. Children would bring me reality."

If the "B" picture situation doesn't change for the better Claire proposes to freelance.

"It's a gamble, but I always have radio to fall back on. Radio is a swell meal ticket, too, you know."

On the air she teams with Edward G. Robinson in a newspaper serial, "Big Town," conceded to be one of the best dramatic programs.

"You see," said Claire frankly, "I don't want to be just another leading lady. And so I'm going to do something about it! For two years I took 'B' pictures without a murmur. Good training, I told my mother. Sound basis for a screen career. Yes, indeed! But they've kept me buzzing in the B-hive for four years and no relief in sight. So one of these days I'm going to surprise everybody and say, no, this part is not for me. This picture is not for me. I won't do another 'B'!"

Those are strong words from a fragile, glossy blonde with such a demurely lovely face. But the Trevor chin stuck out determinedly as she spoke and the Trevor eyes flashed danger signals. So it looks as if she's about to kick over the traces again!

SUMMER STARTERS

(Continued from page 72)

Keep this thought in mind when you see Glenda Farrell in "Stolen Heaven." Glenda's clothes in this picture are, as always, extremely smart and very wearable. You should get lots of ideas from Glenda. Two of her ensembles in particular I'd like you to note as being perfect "summer starters."

For general, all-around summer wear, nothing will ever take the place of the smart shirtmaker frock. The 1938 version of this summer favorite as worn by Glenda Farrell shows us that dots are back again for summer daytime frocks. Distinctive features that make a classic look "different" are the white pearl buttons all the way down the front, and rows of white stitching that finish the patch pocket and belt and form a border from its hem all the way around the tailored collar.

While the lines are classically simple, this year's newest mode is reflected in the full blouse gathered at the waist (Gibson Girl influence), and in the skirt gores which give a gentle fullness toward the hem.

An "all-purpose" frock, this. It's grand for office wear, for mornings in town, for bridge on warm afternoons, or for spectator sports. In fact, you'll feel a glow of thankfulness every time you wear it, it's that *right* for so many occasions.

As for color Glenda's dress is in bright blue, but I'd advise you to choose yours in navy or some other basic color, to give you a greater variety of accessory combinations. White, pink, bright yellow, pale blue or green are just a few of the possible colors to be worn with navy, black or brown. Red-and-white accessories also set off navy beautifully. Shoes, hats and gloves, of course, are accessories that can be changed about for color effects, and you can also do many clever tricks with gay colored scarves, hankies, or wacky ornaments. Just remember when choosing these accessories that the shirtmaker dress is essentially a sports frock, and that good taste demands accessories in harmony.

IT may cost a little more, but you'll be repaid many times over if your dress is of a pure dye silk, which will be fresh and cool, and wash so beautifully that it can be laundered every week all summer without fading or losing its shape.

Glenda's other costume, also excellent as a "summer starter," is entirely different, a two-piece jacket frock in two shades of lightweight green wool.

Now wait a minute, before you say, "What! wool for summer?" Let me explain. Believe you me, these worsted sheers are going to be awfully important this season. For, paradoxical as it may sound, they're about the coolest, most comfortable, most practical things you can wear. The worsted yarns are twisted tightly to allow "breathing space," and they're porous to keep you cool as a cucumber. Besides, these worsted sheers will not crush or wilt on hot days, so they make ideal town and sports costumes.

Glenda's frock in a warm "blotter" green, piped in a tender leaf green, has a straight wrap-around skirt and belted hip-length jacket buttoned up the front with matching green buttons. The leaf green lapels of the collarless jacket are matched by the edgings of the four slit pockets. A peaked hat of green antelope with a black quill matches the dress.

With two frocks like these, you will be well equipped to start the summer in your office, social life, or traveling.



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CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 8*)

★★★ The Joy of Living

In the parade of screwball comedies emanating from Hollywood this month, "The Joy of Living" rates as one of the most entertaining. It is brightened by sprightly dialogue and played with zest by an excellent cast, headed by Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Miss Dunne is a glamorous movie star whose life is more than a bit on the dull side due to the fact that her family, greedy for her money, keeps her pretty much under its collective thumb. Along, however, comes Fairbanks, a romantic and whimsical young man who owns an island in the South Seas, and he proceeds to shake her out of the doldrums. He accomplishes it by introducing her, among other things, to the joys of drinking beer and the simple pleasures of a roller rink.

There is much in the film that is amusing, and there are several moments of hilarity which are reminiscent of "The Awful Truth." Although "The Joy of Living" doesn't measure up to that comedy masterpiece it is still better entertainment than most of its type. Irene Dunne, adding another to her list of rowdy performances, pleased a preview audience mightily, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in the playboy role, will win new fans with his breezy performance. A large supporting cast is capably headed by Alice Brady, Guy Kibbee, Lucille Ball, Jean Dixon, Eric Blore, Franklyn Pangborn and Warren Hymer. Directed by Tay Garnett.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★★ There's Always a Woman

We have still more riotous whimsy in "There's Always a Woman."

The picture is a lightly-turned husband-and-wife story with a murder mystery background, and serves, happily, to introduce Joan Blondell and Melvyn Douglas as a team. Lunatic situations arise from the sleuthing of the ambitious husband (Melvyn Douglas), and the super-sleuthing of his wife (Joan Blondell). When the husband has to give up his private detecting and go back to the district attorney's office, his wife decides to pick up the business where he left it. She stumbles into a murder mystery, and her frenzied efforts to solve it keep her popping up in the path of her exasperated husband, who is working on the same case. The mystery is solved to nobody's particular credit—but everybody's had a lot of fun. It's strictly in the "Thin Man" tradition, but it manages to be highly amusing without treading on the toes of its inspiration.

Joan Blondell is lovely in a new hairdress and some attractive clothes, and Melvyn Douglas as a foil is perfect. Mary Astor, Jerome Cowan and Frances Drake are good in small parts. Directed by Al Hall.—*Columbia.*

★★ Her Jungle Love

Remember Ray Milland and Dorothy Lamour in "Jungle Princess" last year? Well, they've put Dorothy back in her



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Alice Brady gives Irene Dunne a few tips on "The Joy of Living," a sprightly new comedy.

sarong and her tropical island setting, and Ray discovers her all over again, only this time he does it in Technicolor. Everyone who liked last year's bit of make-believe will enjoy this year's installment, because it is compounded from the same formula.

Miss Lamour is Tura, the beautiful song-and-sarong girl, whose only companions are Gaga, a chimpanzee, and Meewah, a belligerent little lion cub. Into this more or less idyllic setting comes Milland, who has brought along Lynne Overman for laughs. They're a pair of stranded aviators —if landing on an island inhabited by Dorothy Lamour can be called stranded. Miss L. learns English quickly, for a few minutes after she sings something in her native tongue she's swinging out on an American tune with no apparent difficulty. In fact, the trio has a happy time of it until they get mixed up with a nasty bunch of nearby-island warriors who have a quaint conviction that all white people should be tossed to the crocodiles. They are about to follow through on their notion when a volcano fortunately wipes them out, and a rescue boat arrives to pick up the three principals.

Miss Lamour and Mr. Milland are on familiar ground in this sort of thing, and they play their roles effectively. Lynne Overman supplies welcome comedy, and J. Carroll Naish is a villainous heavy. Two of the best performances, however, are turned in by Jiggs, who plays Gaga, the chimpanzee, and the unnamed lion cub who portrays Meewah. Directed by George Archainbaud.—*Paramount.*

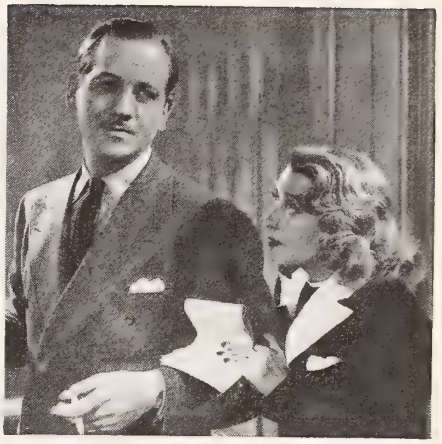
★★ Judge Hardy's Children

The Hardy family is still going strong, though we prefer them in their native habitat rather than Washington, D. C. The Judge is called to the capital on political business in this picture. Though he thinks it a fine idea for himself and his wife to have one trip to themselves, it ends up, of course, with the children tagging along and stirring up more trouble than is their custom. If you've seen former "Judge Hardy's Children" pictures, you can figure out for yourself that the children are terrific in this one. And very entertaining, it goes without saying.

The amusing Mickey Rooney is perfectly cast as the freckled adolescent son, and Cecilia Parker does an excellent job with the role of his big sister who "goes sophisticate" all of a sudden, much to Mickey's disgust and the family's amusement. Lewis Stone, as Judge Hardy, is an understanding and unbelievably patient father, bringing to his role all the incomparable Stone charm.

Another player we can't wax too enthusiastic about is Fay Holden as the wife and mother, but we'd like to throw in a word of praise for a new member of the cast, Jacqueline Laurent, who plays Mickey's French gal. She's pretty as a picture and shows every sign of being material for bigger and better roles. It's all good family film fare, though even the family could probably do with a little less moralizing. Directed by George Seitz.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

(*Continued on page 112*)



"There's Always a Woman" and Melvyn Douglas discovers she'll bear watching if it's Joan Blondell.





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NEARLY NATURAL

(*Continued from page 29*)

If the proverbial good fairy appeared offering three wishes there is nothing for which Deanna would ask.

"Absolutely nothing," she told me.

"She is satisfied with the simple things," her mother said. "A dollar gift makes her happy."

"The family handles my money," Deanna explained. "I don't even get an allowance. I just ask for what I want. It would be too much of a nuisance to keep track of an allowance. I haven't the time."

Indeed, if there is a rift in her horizon it is this matter of time. If President Roosevelt would somehow change our normal, old-fashioned twenty-four-hour day into thirty-six, life would be pleasanter for Miss Durbin. She has so much to do.

There is the tutor who travels with her. "I keep up my studies, you know."

There is the little matter of French lessons. "And I've got to learn even more languages if I'm ever to sing at the Met."

And there are the radio rehearsals plus the arduous learning of new picture roles.

"I don't know which part I liked best. It's like having several friends and liking each one for a totally different reason."

One of the major tragedies involved in having too little time and too much to do is that Deanna, try as she may, cannot keep up her former school friendships.

"The girls still telephone and come over to the house, but we are gradually drifting apart. I've had to substitute new friends—mostly the grown-ups around the studio. But I will say this, all the old people act young. I guess the nice ones are young inside.

"They're always sending me funny presents. All during one picture we pretended we were gangsters and kept using that phrase, 'Regards from the mob,' so Bruce Manning, one of our writers, sent me an enormous flashlight." She giggled.

EVEN at this age of fifteen, she has learned the meaning of nerves.

"I sleep like a top, even on a train, but I get tense before singing a new number. I guess that's natural. I lost four and a half inches around the waist while we made 'Mad About Music.'"

When she is being formal for the interviewer, Deanna speaks of Eddie Cantor as Mr. Cantor. But, as we became more friendly and "less for the press" she lapsed into "Uncle Eddie."

"I owe everything to him," she said, nodding towards the stage where Cantor was busy rehearsing his radio act.

Theirs is a unique friendship, Eddie's and Deanna's. Besides aiding her career, Eddie has helped Deanna over the hard spots. The spots another impresario, solely interested in the theatre, might never notice. Spots like that time in Boston when Deanna, not yet earning big money, was making a personal appearance.

"My bag was packed and in the car that waited outside the theatre. We planned to leave immediately after the show. But when the performance was over, we discovered the bag had been stolen, and in it was my new winter coat."

It was "Uncle Eddie" who immediately bought Deanna another coat, "Uncle Eddie," who, through his close association with his own five daughters, knows what a brand new winter coat, with fur collar, can mean to a young lady in her teens.

We were sitting in the darkened theatre; Deanna twisted a lock of hair. It is rich brown hair, straight at the top, curly at the ends, a soft and youthful coiffure.

"A permanent?" I asked.

"No," she smiled. "Nearly natural."

I immediately thought what a perfect simile this was, certainly a fitting description of Deanna Durbin and her life. Here she sat, surrounded by a mama, a tutor and a manager. The latter constantly interrupting us with, "Don't sit in a draft, Deanna," or "Here, put this coat over your shoulders, you mustn't catch cold." At the same time they may have privately been admonishing her to be natural.

This is no sob story. For all I know Deanna's youth is just as pleasant and far more interesting than the average young girl's yet, be natural, be natural. A kid who has lost the time to play with companions of her own age, to exchange secrets, found mysterious clubs and swap sandwiches at lunch hour. Be natural. A kid, who daren't sneeze. Be natural. A kid, who, but a few short years back must have worn rompers, and now, when she thought this interviewer wasn't looking, quickly blackened her eyebrows with the little brush she carries in her purse. Be natural. Why it's a miracle that the girl has turned out as natural as she is, for Deanna Durbin appears as *nearly natural* as any human could be under those circumstances.

Certainly, she is far more natural than young Master Freddie Bartholomew, who once at a Vallee broadcast, floored Rudy, to say nothing of myself, with his unaccountable manly poise.

And certainly, she is far more natural than Bobbie Breen, who, all during our interview, could be seen parading up and down the aisles, greeting various radio executives with the ease and suavity of an



Let's go to Mexico! Helaine Moler looks as tho' she could make a brief holiday there plenty exciting.

experienced, old-hand master of ceremonies.

No, Deanna, thank goodness, resembles none of her contemporaries. Instead, when she spied the radio executives, she quickly whispered, "I can never remember their names. I meet so many."

That whisper was interrupted by a call to the stage for a microphone rehearsal.

"I'm singing 'Smoke,'" she explained. "That's 'Smoke Gets In Your Eyes.' You have to abbreviate in this business."

And she was off, running down the aisle, a fifteen-year-old with a fifteen-year-old's run, only to change before my eyes as she stood upon that stage, and sang with an adult fire, "They asked me how I knew, if my true love was true."

I sat there marveling at this child of contradictions. One minute, unsophisticated, excitedly telling me that she collects match boxes and menus from the restaurants she visits. Another, almost world weary, as she admits that after she achieves that Metropolitan ambition, "I'll probably quit. I can't last forever."

All the while she is so thirsty for knowledge that although she has given up tennis and horse back riding and can find no time for dancing lessons, she reads continuously.

"I've just finished 'The Citadel.' I'm now on 'Northwest Passage.'"

And staring at her, standing up there on that stage, balancing herself in those little flat heeled sandals, I couldn't help remembering the words of a far better writer, Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who said it all so long ago and yet so well, words I keep recalling whenever I think of Deanna and her magic of being now child, now woman:

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet
Womanhood and childhood fleet!"

That's Deanna Durbin.



"Tropic Holiday" is full of the most alluring damsels you ever saw if Dolores Casey is any example.





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New Odorono ICE goes on like a Vanishing Cream . . . checks underarm perspiration 1 to 3 days

IMAGINE the convenience and comfort! An ICE deodorant that is absolutely greaseless—and that checks perspiration at once!

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I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

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Even if you never dyed a dress before,—do it now and don't be timid . . . because Rit banishes uncertainty and is so simple to use it's really *fun.* Rit's new formula contains "neomerpin" which makes the fabric literally *soak up* the color . . . gives rich, luscious, flattering shades WITHOUT BOILING. Ask for Rit . . . and you'll "dye" laughing!

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She knows that it is vital to cooperate with her dentist at home!

Massage gums and clean teeth twice daily with Forhan's. It makes teeth brilliant, helps keep gums firm and healthy. For a trial tube, send 10¢ to Forhan's, Dept. 619, New Brunswick, N. J.

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WHAT'S ALL THE SHOUTING FOR?

(*Continued from page 31*)

In New York he met and fell in love with Lillian Lamont. There never has been any other girl. When the movies took him, she got herself a job and a small apartment in Hollywood, so the width of the continent wouldn't divide them. Even Fred's reticence thawed in his joy at presenting her with an engagement ring. It was a small diamond. He still was not in the money. But it was the symbol of their love and he was proud of it. When company came he'd hover at her shoulder and inquire in his best offhand manner, "Shown them your ring, Lillian?"

Sorrow came to them in Lillian's long illness following their marriage. Their house was being built. Having a natural taste for interior decorating, Lillian chafed at her inability to supervise the details. Fred would dash back and forth with samples for her approval, and the moment the place was at all habitable, he had her carried in so she could lie out on her own sunporch.

A recent personal appearance trip to San Francisco reveals him perhaps as clearly as anything could. The San Francisco theatre gave five performances daily. They wanted Fred to appear at all five. "One," he said, firmly, "and heaven be thanked if I live through that."

A publicity man went with him—the same publicity man who, day in and day out through "True Confession," had battered his head against MacMurray's reserve in an effort to get material from him. The moment they were on the train away from the Hollywood atmosphere, "Fred was a different guy. He blossomed out, started burbling about a duckhunting trip he'd been on, and talked so well that he fascinated even me, who don't know a pickerel from a wild goose."

By the time they reached San Francisco, the P. M. had learned more about Fred than in all the weeks he'd spent at the studio. He'd learned that Fred was rabid about hunting and fishing, but that sports and the pictures didn't comprise his entire world; that an alert intelligence kept him abreast of his times; that, as a topic of discussion, he preferred the latest bulletins from Europe to his own latest triumph; in short, that he was a man like other men, with a mind more stimulating, more eager to be stimulated than most.

Arrived at the hotel, he first phoned Lillian. Then he called a friend of his mother's, then a cousin who worked at the Alameda airport. Then the press came trooping. Fred passed the ordeal with flying colors.

AS evening drew closer, however, he lost his sangfroid. "What'm I going to say?" he'd gasp at intervals. The P. M. offered a suggestion or two that didn't make Fred any better. Dinner was sent up. Fred eyed a chicken sandwich with distaste, picked it up, took a bite, laid it back on the plate and retired to his bedroom. At the theatre, he found himself a dark corner in the wings and sat there shaking. The P. M. stood silently by, waiting to push him out. Harry Owens, the orchestra leader, was making a polished little speech of introduction, an elegant gem that was bound to show Fred up worse than ever. The P. M. stole a glance at him. He was clammy-looking. Perspiration stood out on his brow.

"He'll never make it—he'll never get out to the middle of that stage," thought the P. M. wildly.

Harry Owens' eyes turned toward the wings. "Here's Fred MacMurray," he announced.

Fred walked out under his own steam. He spoke, and his voice was steady and his words made sense. The P. M. came out of his private bout with the tremors to discover that the words were not only making sense, but drawing laughter and applause. The audience liked Fred. Fred liked the audience. He talked to them for three or four minutes, as affably and naturally as if they were all his friends. Which they were by the time he got



John Barrymore, Gladys Swarthout and John Boles spend their rest time on the set playing 3-handed Casino. Is it that Mr. Barrymore needs watching or just that it is his turn to play? At any rate, he seems to be giving his hand a thorough studying.



Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris did so many retakes on this scene for "Men Are Such Fools" that they learned to like it, and now it's part of their daily routine.

through, for they rose to their feet and cheered him lustily.

"When did you make up that speech?" the P. M. inquired in the cab later.

"Part of it while I was wringing my hands in the corner. The rest when I saw there wouldn't be any tomatoes to dodge." He was so pleased that he blurted out, "Gee, that was fun. I wish Lillian could have been there."

San Francisco was ready to turn itself over to him. The authorities begged him to stay and let them show him the town. He'd like to have stayed. But he'd told Lillian he would be home next morning, and home was where he was going to be.

Home is a structure of gray stone and white wood in Belair, green-roofed and green-shuttered, with no more pretentiousness than its owners. The seven or eight pleasantly furnished rooms create an atmosphere of warmth and intimacy. Lillian planned it all herself.

He pretends to a certain masculine scorn of what he calls their "doodads."

"How's the house furnished, Fred?"

"I dunno. Early American on the hoof or something."

"What color's the dining-room rug?"

"Looks plain red to me. Ask Lillian. She'll tell it to you fancy." It turned out to be Dubonnet.

Yet it may be noted that, when Lillian is showing the house to visitors, Fred is at her heels, gloating innocently if he thinks himself unobserved, turning nonchalant when somebody catches him at it.

Their most frequent companions are Taylor and Stanwyck, Ray Milland and his lovely wife, Muriel. The boys play blackjack while the girls knit.

When, out of a clear sky, MacMurray, the unknown, was cast opposite Colbert in "The Gilded Lily," his thoughts ran something like this: "Here's a great star, and here am I, a punk, and she won't want to work with me, and I'll mess the whole thing up." The first scene required him to take her arm, and walk down the street. His arm shook so violently that Claudette's shook with it.

Essentially, he's the same MacMurray. While he no longer trembles at the call of "Camera!" he'll never forget the time when he did. You may groan at the thought of extracting information from him. Be it said, however, it's the only thought connected with him that you *do* groan about.

Paul Lukas lends a helping hand



PAUL LUKAS
Favorite actor of stage and screen.



"AFTER A MATINÉE of my latest Broadway show, a friend brought his sister to my dressing room to see me . . .



"SHE WANTED TO BE an actress—was understudying the star in another play. She had talent, but . . ."



"GIRLS MUST LOOK their best to win success. Although pretty, her lips were rough and dry. When she asked my advice about her career . . .



"I TOLD HER that I thought she would benefit by using a special lipstick praised by many stage and screen beauties. Later she phoned me . . ."



HELLO, MR. LUKAS! LAST NIGHT I MADE A BIG HIT IN THE STAR'S ROLE! AND I GIVE CREDIT FOR MY PERFORMANCE TO THE **KISSPROOF LIPSTICK** YOU TOLD ME ABOUT. ITS **BEAUTY-CREAM** BASE KEEPS MY LIPS SOFT AND SMOOTH..GAVE ME CONFIDENCE BY MAKING ME LOOK MY BEST!

Kissproof Lipstick in 5 luscious shades at drug and dept. stores 50c
Match it with Kissproof rouge, 2 styles—Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry). Kissproof Powder in 5 flattering shades. Generous trial sizes at all 10¢ stores.



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SCENARIO BY PAUL LUKAS

Portrait of a Lovely Lady.....



Boston debutante, lovely Nicole Goodlett, uses Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to keep her hair blonde and lustrous.

.....Who Stays Blonde with Marchand's

60% OF ALL WOMEN WERE BORN BLONDE!

Don't Let Time Darken Your Hair

Hair like spun gold...highlights and sunny tints that mean youth and loveliness...as refreshing as Spring—all the result of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Try Marchand's today. Restore and brighten the natural radiant shade of your hair. A scientific preparation designed solely to lighten and beautify all shades of hair, Marchand's improves texture of the hair and will not interfere with permanents.

A HINT TO FASTIDIOUS WOMEN

Make dark hair on arms and legs unnoticeable with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Marchand's lightens the color of superfluous hair...blending it to your natural skin tones. Simple . . . safe . . . odorless . . . no regrowth problems.

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH
AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

RUNNING AWAY FROM IT ALL

(*Continued from page 39*)

re-presented in current accounts of Mr. Astaire's glamor and charm. Let Astaire see one of these to-be-printed accounts, however, and he insists upon deleting all references to his past.

But when Astaire really reveals his escapist tendencies is when he runs from his fans. His pet stunt, when traveling to a destination where his arrival has been heralded in advance, is to hide himself in the back of his station wagon. Then, before fans are aware of what a precious load the insignificant looking car is carrying, he jumps out agilely and runs.

Of course, antics such as these are not serious and do not affect, in the slightest, Mr. Astaire's ability as a performer. They merely make him seem silly.

Miriam Hopkins had a regular field day with the New York press recently. At first, she refused to see anybody.

Later, suddenly and agreeably, she informed her representative that she would be happy to devote her last day in town to meeting the press. Accordingly, the time was booked, and appointments staggered at half hour intervals through the day.

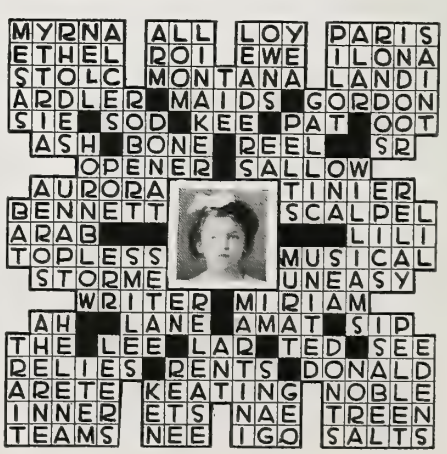
Came the morning and Miss Hopkins as suddenly decided she couldn't take it after all. But neither could she bring herself to break her decision to anybody. She kept it a secret and just ducked. All day long the Hopkins doorbell rang regularly each half hour as eager reporters mounted her doorsteps, and sadly trod down them again. Where Hopkins was, nobody knew.

SYLVIA SIDNEY shows fleet feet and runs away from it all whenever she wants to, which is often. She, of course, has no repressions about not taking it on the chin and as a result of some of her actions can safely be nominated as Hollywood's Tantrum Girl.

For example, when she refused to have her picture taken upon arrival in this country on the Berengaria, she told photographers flatly, "I don't feel like it and I won't." They got the pictures anyway which showed Sylvia pouting.

An amateur camera hound in California did the Gotham boys one better when he snapped her getting off the train in San Bernardino with an even more petulant look upon her dark face and sent the picture into a news service with the unkind caption: "Sylvia Sidney Arriving in San Bernardino Evidently Expecting to Meet Somebody Who Didn't Meet Her."

Solution to Puzzle on Page 12





Even California in the rain has its charms when Mary Carlisle comes along looking like this.

Aren't there any glamor girls who can take it? Aren't there some adults in the Hollywood lineup who have proved themselves under trying circumstances?

Certainly. There is Bette Davis, for one, who had to swallow about as bitter a pill as has been given to any star, when she was forced to return to work at her studio after suing the firm to get out of her contract.

Bette stuck out her chin and took the rap. She came back to Hollywood gracious and smiling. She said, "I've been beaten and I have to go back to work where I don't want to, but I am going to make myself like it."

The sequel to her display of sportsmanship was that her studio tried to show themselves equally big. They filled her dressing-room with flowers, gave her a much coveted picture and engaged Edmund Goulding to direct her.

Marlene Dietrich has a peculiar "off with their heads" manner of shifting responsibility. When she wants to run away from the consequences of an unfortunate action, she is apt to dump the responsibility in the lap of somebody less important than herself. For example, when —all on her own—she expressed herself indiscreetly to the press on conditions abroad, she blamed a poor press agent who certainly had had nothing to do with her speaking her piece. He couldn't stop her but he almost lost his job.

Where is this current epidemic of running away from it all, of not taking it on the chin, going to lead? Probably not anywhere! The bright stars will recover; the stupid won't, but meantime life will go on just the same.



FAY WRAY'S Beauty Method can bring you, too, a Glorious "Camera Skin"

The beauty cream of young Hollywood Stars is Germ-Free—helps keep skin clear of blemishes

LIKE many glamorous film stars, Fay Wray has a simple beauty program to thank for her radiant "Camera Skin". First, nourishing foods and plenty of rest. Second, daily use of Woodbury's Cold Cream.

Her beauty cream retains its germ-free purity as long as it lasts. On the skin, itself, Woodbury's inhibits germ-life, thus lessens the risk of blemishes and faults.

The soothing oils in Woodbury's Cold Cream help give the skin the softness of velvet. And skin-stimulating Vitamin D enlivens the skin, speeds up its breathing.

Why not put Fay Wray's beauty program to work for your complexion? Woodbury's Cold Cream only $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

Woodbury's Germ-Free Cold Cream



FAY WRAY in the Universal picture "The Jury's Secret", with Kent Taylor. She says: "The clearer the skin, the brighter the star. Besides cleansing, one's skin deserves its own beauty diet. Woodbury's Cold Cream is part of my skin's daily diet."

Helps guard from blemishes
Cleanses the pores thoroughly—Stimulates
—Contains skin-stimulating Vitamin D
Overcomes dry skin

Send for Trial Tubes of Woodbury's Creams

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6790 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
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Please send me trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams; 7 shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap. I enclose 10¢ to cover mailing costs.

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can be so dainty, easy and **Greaseless**

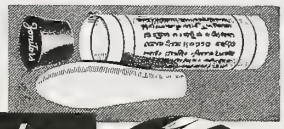
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Curls
AND LOTS
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Say
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Use DR. ELLIS' WAVE SET to give yourself a smart spring hair-dress! Dr. Ellis gives you a lovely, lasting wave. It leaves your hair soft and beautiful. Dries quickly . . . never flakes. Sold everywhere—get a bottle today!

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DR. ELLIS' WAVE SET

AT ALL 5 & 10's AND DRUG STORES

FANNY'S FOLLIES

(*Continued from page 37*)

well, she had the privilege of skinning her knees on the pavement of the next block, then.

Her natal day was October 29th. But what year? You can only guess. Fanny, woman-like, isn't telling. And your guess may be five years out of the way, even taking into account the number of years she has been a star and—a mother. She started young.

Tall, she has a non-matronly figure, the vitality of a six-day bicycle rider, and a face too mobile for the years ever to have a chance to imprint themselves there. She is practically as young as Baby Snooks.

Her parents were Charles and Rose Borach, whose closest approach to the stage, up to the advent of Fanny, had been two seats in the gallery. They suspected almost immediately that they had produced the world's most irresistible mimic, this being a common failing of parents, the world over. But *they* never had a chance to rid themselves of the suspicion. It grew as their offspring grew. Until, finally, Rose Borach agreed with her persistent problem-child that she "ought to be on the stage."

Not that Fanny was a problem-child after the manner of Baby Snooks. Not that she lacked imagination. She had too much of it.

"I hated school. And school hated me. Ask me to spell 'cat' today, and I couldn't tell you. I never was in any one school long enough to find out. Those I didn't run away from, I was thrown out of. You couldn't print some of the things I did to get thrown out. They'd give the younger generation ideas. And the younger generation has enough ideas already, without starting any more trouble."

One morning she was dodging a large flat-footed gent in a blue coat with brass buttons. She saw an open door with pitch-darkness beyond. Instinct told her that way lay escape. She scurried through the door into the darkness. It was a theatre, getting a morning airing before the day's performances. She hid under some seats until paying customers began to arrive. Then she took a seat herself. She discovered show business. And her eyes popped.

It was a ten-twent'-thirt' variety theatre, rowdy and lowbrow. But to Fanny, who had never seen any drama except the turbid drama of life in the slums, never heard any dialogue except the many-accented clamor of the Ghetto, this was a new and wondrous world. An exciting and challenging world, in which you stood a chance of getting applauded by somebody besides your family—who laughed at you, even when you were serious.

She went back. She discovered other theatres that aired out in the mornings. She relived every show in mimicry.

THEN I heard about Amateur Nights. They had 'em, even in those days. That's how I started. We were living in Newark, New Jersey, then. I was thirteen—tall and scrawny, a scarecrow in skirts. I had never seen a musical show, but somebody told me that scouts for musicals sometimes went to these Amateur Nights. I'd never had a voice lesson in my life, and I didn't know music was written in 'keys.' The only keys *I* had ever heard of were door keys. But I went out there singing—a little number entitled 'When You Know You're Not Forgotten by the Girl You Can't Forget.'"

She hummed a few measures. "I guess the audience thought I was starving to death or somebody in my family had died. They gave me first prize."

Fanny went looking for other Amateur Night worlds to conquer. She won more first prizes. And her luck held when her family moved to Brooklyn, then to New York. On occasion, she invaded the Bronx, famed even then for its own individual cheer. But the Bronx gave Fanny only more first prizes.

"I thought I was pretty good." Fanny raised her eyebrows, as a commentary on the self-deception of adolescence. "I kept pestering Mom to let me quit school and go on the stage. Then one day I saw an ad in the paper. A woman—we'd better skip the name, though she's probably using another one now—was offering stage careers to 'new beginners.' Not just beginners. *New* beginners. That was me. Mother and I went down to see her.

"This woman said she could make a great actress out of me for two hundred and fifty dollars. We talked a couple of hours. She finally said she could make a great actress out of me for thirty-five dollars." Fanny grimaced, sardonically. "So we signed up. For thirty-five dollars I was going to be a great actress. Not only that. I was going to have 'some wonderful clothes.' Who could doubt it? This genius promised.

"She tells me to report at her hotel for rehearsals the next Monday. I report, and I don't see anybody else there. This goes on for a week. Then I say something about the 'wonderful clothes.' Oh, she's so glad I reminded her. She'll measure me for them. So she measures me for another week.

"I don't know why all this is happening. I don't know she's drumming up more customers. All I know is: I'm not becoming a great actress. But the week after, when I go back, I find a room full of performers. We're going to put on a play called 'The Ballad Girl'—with rented costumes.

"We open in some little town in Pennsylvania. (I never thought I'd forget the name of that burg!) We make up by candlelight. And before we can use the dressing-rooms, we have to take an afternoon to clean them. I mean *I* have to take an afternoon to clean them.

"I know by this time that I'm not the leading lady. My big-hearted benefactress promises me my turn is coming, in the next play. Meanwhile, I have my doubts about my costume. It's a yellow cheesecloth dress—cheesecloth, so help me—that comes up to here." Fanny tapped her thigh. "I make my first entrance on the stage as a great dramatic actress like this." She rises to illustrate. Her eyes register coy terror. Both knees are bent in a semi-crouch, and both hands are frantically tugging downward at her skirt.

"We're living at a boarding house. That night, the landlady's daughter knocks on my door, and says, 'Oh, you were grand. But why did you walk around like that?'" Fanny illustrated again, with devastating effect. "'That dress,' I tell her. 'I felt like I was walking in the nude.'

"I have some little diamond rings and earrings. My great dramatic teacher gets those away from me—'as a loan.' But we can't afford the boarding-house, even after she hocks those. We have to move to a broken-down hotel. Nobody's coming to our show. So Mrs. So-and-So says we'll put on a new one, 'The Royal Slave.' And

I'm to be given 'a big important part.'

"She discovers I can sew. So she puts me to work on a fancy Spanish gown. I'm up all night, sewing. And what do *I* get to wear? A bandana around here"—she indicated her chest—"and here"—her hips—"and that same yellow cheesecloth dress. I wear the yellow cheesecloth in my Big Dramatic Scene.

"This is the scene in which my cruel stepmother forces me into a matrimony worse than death. We need a bridal veil. So Mrs. Great-Dramatic-Teacher helps herself to a little net curtain in the hotel. My big moment arrives. Here I am, standing outside the door in the scenery, waiting for my cue. I'm so excited, I forget the door has to open toward me. I hear my cue, and I push the door. It goes about this far"—she held her hands a foot apart. "What to do? I've had my cue. I've got to get out on that stage, somehow. I can't hold up the show. So I start squeezing through that opening. Me, in my yellow cheesecloth dress and fake wedding veil. This is a very intense scene, mind you. Well, I finally make it. But by that time the audience is screaming itself to death with hysterics.

"And that isn't all. After the show, I find the hotel manager waiting outside for me. He has recognized his curtain, and he *wants* his curtain.

"In 'The Royal Slave,' the villain meets a gruesome end. He is swallowed by an alligator. The next night, I'm the alligator. I wear the alligator's upper jaw over my right arm, and the lower jaw over my left arm, and when the villain takes his fall, I reach up the two jaws where the audience can see them, and clamp them together. I'm lying on my elbows behind a low piece of scenery. I lie there twenty minutes. I work up a big sore on each elbow. But does anybody care? Mrs. So-and-So tells me, 'You were wonderful! So realistic! Nobody else could possibly do it like you!'" Fanny chortled, grimly amused by the memory of that dismaying flattery.

I WAS tired of the deal I had been getting—sure. But I was only fourteen, and I wanted to be an actress. Maybe I'd get a chance yet. I stuck. Two weeks went by, and nobody saw any money. The show had closed. Mrs. Great-Dramatic-Teacher said she was waiting for money from New York. Then we'd go on to another town, and change our luck.

"The hotel had a writing desk in the lobby, with a mirror above it. One night I was sitting there, writing my mother what a great success I was. In the mirror, I saw Mrs. So-and-So and her boy-friend tiptoeing past the door, carrying their luggage. They were jumping the show. Another girl and her mother and I followed them—to the railroad station. There wasn't any use going back after our bags. There wasn't anything in them. Mrs. So-and-So had got it all. So we hid till the train came in. Then we boarded the back end of the car they boarded. When the conductor asked for our tickets, we pointed up front and said, 'They'll pay for us.' Were we happy!

"The girl and her mother didn't have anywhere to go in New York, so I took them to my house, and they lay around for weeks, until my mother finally put them out. The next time I went on the road my mother said, 'Good luck, and goodbye, and don't bring no more good-for-nothings home with you.'"

Fanny, ever since her encounter with that phoney woman dramatic teacher has been different from most other women. It cured her of bargain-hunting.

"Before I did the burlesque show, though, I worked in a motion picture

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house on Second Avenue. I didn't do much. Just sang illustrated songs, played the piano, painted ad signs, sold tickets while the ticket girl ate, collected them while the doorman ate. The ticket girl saw an ad in the paper for chorus girls for a new Cohan and Harris show. I walk in, and Sam Harris gives me a contract for twenty-three dollars a week.

"I still hadn't seen a musical show, but here I was in one without knowing my left foot from my right. And I was supposed to dance! I thought to myself, 'If he'd give me this much as a dancer—what would he give if he heard me sing?' The first thing we had to do was a song number. I started holding onto the last note when everybody else let go. He barked out: 'Whoever's holding those notes so long, stop it!'

"Now came the dancing. He got one look at me, and said, 'Back to the kitchen for you!' I was fired. I went downstairs to the dressing-room and cried and cried. But no one came, no one cared. I ran out of tears, and started wetting my eyes from the faucet—and still no one came. I went home and told my mother, 'They said I was too thin.' I said to myself, 'Maybe you're not good enough for Broadway.' So what? So I wasn't going to break *my* heart. I went into burlesque (Hurtig and Seaman's).

"The company was going on the road. I filled my bag with all the clothes I had. I'd offer one girl a shirtwaist if she'd teach me one routine, and another girl a chemise if she'd teach me another routine. I was down to one skirt and one shirtwaist—well, practically—by the time I found out how to order my feet around.

"I was in the last row of the chorus. That wasn't enough for me. I worked up to the second row, then to the first row. That wasn't enough, either. Every show had a chorus girl contest. I kept winning. They made me understudy to the soubrette.

"She was a big, strong Italian girl. 'She'll never get sick' I said to myself. That's what she thought, too. But what should happen—accidents again, you see—but she develops a big abscess behind her ear. It gets as big as a grapefruit, but she won't give up. She covers it with a big pink bow. The thing hurts, but she's afraid to let me play the part. Then, one night in Cincinnati, she's just coming in the stage door when the abscess breaks. The soubrette is on next. They push me on, all excited and wild-eyed. But the people applaud, they keep calling me back. When the soubrette gets well, she's in the chorus, and I'm up front.

"After that, I'm the headliner at the Columbia Burlesque House in New York. I'm very ambitious. I'm a ballad-singer. Then I try an imitation of Joe Welch, Jew comedy, with a derby pulled down over my ears—and I almost get the hook. I try other characters. I know all the dialects, after the Ghetto. The audience begins to go for them. But my first real hit in dialect is—you guessed it—an accident. I go to Irving Berlin's publishing house for a couple of new songs. Irving sings me 'Yiddle on the Fiddle' and 'Sadie Salome.' He sings with a Jewish accent. I sing them the same way, just to see what will happen. They bring down the house.

"That was where Ziegfeld discovered me. Just about the way the movie had it. Only there was a different reason why I didn't believe 'em when they said Ziegfeld was outside and wanted to see me. A few weeks before, a woman named Miss Ziegfeld had been down. She had 'a great song' she wanted me to sing. Afterward, I showed her card around, with my thumb over the first part of her name. 'See? Ziegfeld's after me!' So when they said Ziegfeld was outside, sure, I thought they were kidding me.



Gary Cooper referees while Sheila Darcy and Edward Everett Horton have a spirited game of "Tit-Tat-Toe" on the set of "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

"He told that he found me on a street corner in the Ghetto, selling papers. He knew I had once—and he thought it was a good publicity angle. 'From newsgirl to Follies.' I didn't care what they thought. I was in the Follies!

"I made my first Broadway hit—this was probably another accident—with a coon song, 'Lovey Joe.' I don't know what made me sing it. Nerve, I guess. But coon ballads and I sort of got along.

"I was with Ziegfeld fourteen or fifteen years, and never had a written contract after the first one. It was all verbal. He was a wonderful man. I would say I'd like to try a number. 'All right,' he'd say, 'we'll try it.' I can't rehearse. I can't get up in a room and act. I have to have an audience. But I could go into Ziegfeld's office and play as if I were on the stage. He was as good as a standing-room-only house."

Fanny wasn't any too popular with some of the other Glorified Girls. But she didn't let that worry her. She had more important things to think about.

"They hated me. They called me 'the curbstone comic.' I wanted to be everything, do everything. That was all right, as I look back now. I was learning things. Dancing, for example. That came in handy when I wanted to burlesque 'The Dying Swan' and 'Spring Song.' You can't burlesque something until you know how to do it straight.

THE smartest thing I ever did was to notice that all the big-timers were natural. That was why they were big-timers, sure of what they were doing. You don't have to be conceited to be sure of yourself. Just honest with yourself. And that goes in any life, not only theatrical life.

"Your audience does what you do. If you're comfortable, they're comfortable. If you work hard, they sweat, too.

"Do you want to know the most uncomfortable performance I ever gave? In 'The Great Ziegfeld.' I can be comfortable every time, if you give me a character to play. I've always played characters, except that once. They told me, 'You're not going to play a character. You're going to play Fanny Brice.' I didn't know where to start. 'What am I like?' I wanted to know. If I played Fanny Brice the way Fanny Brice is away from audiences I'd be playing straight. And I couldn't be comical unless I was acting, playing a char-

acter. That's the hardest work I ever did in my life. In 'Everybody Sing,' that was different. I was a character. I had a better time, and audiences had a better time watching me.

"Funny thing. I don't remember anything tough about getting started. Nothing's ever tough when you're a beginner. Trying to get somewhere is too much fun. The tough part comes when you arrive—trying to stay there."

Despite her individual brand of clowning, she doesn't write her own material. The only thing she has written is the skit, "Mrs. Cohen at the Beach," which has grown to a whole catalogue of Mrs. Cohen skits. Another surprising Brice admission: she isn't amazed at the success of her Baby Snooks, or Snooks' rivalry with Charlie McCarthy as the rage of the day, or the demand for a Baby Snooks comic strip, Baby Snooks dolls, Baby Snooks this, and Baby Snooks that.

"I'm amazed that it has taken this long. I put her on the air five years ago for the first time. I've always had her up my sleeve. And speaking of Snooks"—she pronounced it Schnooks—"that was something else that just happened. When I was a kid, I always wanted to play Topsy in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Now I'm getting it out of my system. Snooks is just a white Topsy. Anything that Snooks does or says, Topsy might do or say."

CONSIDERING that she is a comedienne, America's top comedienne today, her biggest hit on the stage could almost be considered an accident. She made that hit with the song, "My Man."

"I always wanted to do a 'sad' song—just to prove I could do something serious. Ziegfeld had this song. A semi-operatic star was going to sing it. Then, one day he said to me, 'You know, Fanny, I think you could do that song.' I don't know what made him say it; he probably didn't, either. I said, 'You *think* I could? Just give me the chance!' The first night I sang it I died a thousand times. I was afraid they'd laugh when I got up to be sad. When they didn't that was the biggest thrill of my life."

Fanny's poignant singing of "My Man" touched the heart-strings of America. For behind the scenes, Fanny at that time was suffering poignantly. Her man, Nicky Arnstein, the father of her two children, was in serious trouble—trouble that finally wrecked their marriage, despite her loyalty. All that is a faraway memory now, something Fanny does not mention. Proudly, she does talk of her two children, both with her in Hollywood, where, by the way, she hopes to stay. ("They'd better keep me. I've bought a house.")

"My boy Bill is sixteen. He paints, and I think he's really going places. I've always painted, still do. Time was when I didn't know whether I wanted to be a dressmaker, an artist or an actress. I thought the stage would probably be the most fun, and I could still paint and sew. My girl Frances—she's eighteen—hasn't made up her mind about her future. I don't think she'll be a singer. She can't carry a tune!"

Many things have happened to Fanny Brice. But happy marriage is not one of them. She has been married three times, divorced twice, and her third marriage, to Billy Rose, the theatrical producer, has recently been the subject of on-the-rocks headlines.

She told me, with a half-wistful, let's-make-the-best-of-it smile, "It takes courage to be a comedienne. You can't have success as a comedienne and have romance, too. No man ever fell in love with a woman for her sense of humor."

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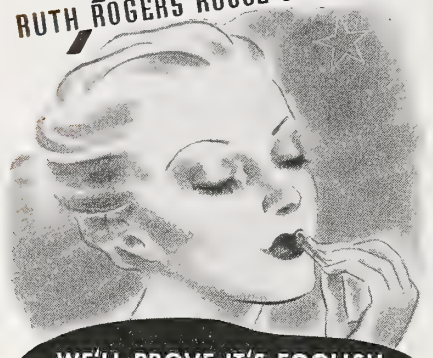
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BETWEEN YOU



An Ohio fan gives a spirited cheer for Danielle, the newest gal from across the way.

$5.00 Prize Letter
Don't Blame Hollywood!

When our movies relent and muster all their potent forces towards a picturization of the realistic tragedies inherent in the innumerable "Dead End" sections of our country; when they succeed in capturing the economic causes of crime; when they delineate for us graphically all the eloquent grimness of the lives of the poverty-stricken, stifled and enmeshed in an almost macabre environment; when Hollywood halts its musical extravaganzas, its grade B mediocrities to present a slice of life, our hats should be doffed!

But—and the pity of it—when our audiences manifest so pathetic a lack of understanding and appreciation of the tragedies of the lives unreeled before them; when they indulge in loud, abandoned guffaws at the "antics" of the embryonic gangsters in "Dead End"; when they fail to sense the tragic undertones that run through the youngsters' "capers;" when their only comments consist of "The kids were swell"; one senses the futility of any serious effort on Hollywood's part.

Is Hollywood, then, entirely to blame for the plethora of inconsequential movies that flicker across our movie screen?

—Fred Rosenberg, Brooklyn, N. Y.

$2.00 Prize Letter
Del Rio Can Take It

Oh you Candid Cam, are you mean to them there Hollywood gals! You sneak around and catch them shaking sand out of their eyes in the morning—truly not the best time to snap any gal, let alone a glamor gal. You invade their baths, their exercise routines, even their shampoos. You strip them of every shred of loveliness, every vestige of the beauty that thrills us poor everyday mortals on the screen. It's getting so a gal can't squirt grapefruit juice in her eye without the nation knowing about it!

Ah, but there is one, Cam, who resists all your efforts to distort. One whose beauty is so real that even you cannot find a flaw. She is Dolores Del Rio. We have yet to come upon a picture of her that looks like a cross between a scarecrow and a sideshow freak. Snoop and spy as you like, you cannot catch Del Rio in an ungainly pose, for the simple reason that she isn't ungainly.

You have met your Nemesis, Candid Cam. May we appoint you, Dolores Del Rio, Queen of the Candid Camera subjects!

—Mrs. John Allman, Buffalo, N. Y.

$2.00 Prize Poem
A Yell for Danielle

Ric-a-racquer! Fire cracquer! S'il vous plaît!
Let's raise a yell for the latest gal from across the way.
She can look dumb with more aplomb
Than simple simple Simone Simon.
Whieux? Yieux! Whieux? Yieux!
Whieux, Darrieux! Darrieux! Darrieux!

Tar-blood! Whack-thud! Cinema est égal!
They'll make you a queen of the silver screen if you can't act at all!
They'll harrieux and carrieux,
And after a while they'll burieux.
Whieux? Yieux! Whieux? Yieux!
Whieux? Darrieux! Darrieux! Darrieux!

Black! Red! Nuff sed! Vive le W. C.!
Another stooge from the Moulin Rouge to stimulate industry!
They've discovered your frame will add to your fame
But half you make the Feds will take.
If your husband hadn't accompaniedieux,
I think I'd like to marrieux!
Yes yieux, Darrieux, just yieux, yieux, yieux!

—Ray Williams, East Cleveland, Ohio.

$1.00 Prize Letter
A True Actor

One who earns his laurels should certainly be given opportunity to wear them, and to add to his collection of honors. I am referring to a fine and versatile actor—Spencer Tracy.

He used to play rather unsympathetic "tough guy" roles in pictures, and yet, he managed to steal a majority of the most dramatic scenes from the more well-known players whom he supported.

Soaring to starry heights as the fighting priest of "San Francisco", holding firm in "Big City" with Luise Rainer, and topping it all with his immortal performance as Manuel in "Captains Courageous," he must be given parts that are worthy of his superlative ability as a fine actor—and by "actor" I mean one who depends not on his handsome face but on his talent to put him across.

—Floy Wooten, Memphis, Tenn.

$1.00 Prize Letter
The Flynn Feud

Anne Park's "Slap in the Face for Errol Flynn" in the March issue of MODERN SCREEN made me furious, to say the least. Since you state your opinions so bluntly, Miss Park, here are mine!

Errol Flynn is undoubtedly the most natural star on the screen, a grand actor, and

'N' ME

Have you voiced your pet peeve or joy concerning moviedom? Nine cash prizes given every month!



The Errol Flynn feud continues as an irate young lady from Philadelphia speaks her piece.

one of the handsomest men I have ever seen. A little more of what you term "ego" would improve many actors—it is really just the self-assurance which makes all his movements easy and graceful. He impresses me as a most delightful person to know, and I envy anyone who has the privilege of being his friend.

As for his being domesticated, that's impossible! He is as much the rover as ever as he proved in his trip to Spain. He is all the more refreshing for it; his travels have given him more color and glamor than Taylor and Power could ever have.

As for his fights with Mrs. Flynn, whose business is it but their own? Because of his being in the limelight every scrap they have gets into the tabloids. His so-called slurs at womanhood? Ridiculous! He is noted above everything else for his gallantry.

Errol Flynn isn't half appreciated for what he is—he has brought to the screen color and verve that have been missing since Valentino. He has everything he wants in life plus the admiration of millions. You pity him? I envy him—Mary Slaughter, Philadelphia, Penna.

$1.00 Prize Poem

Char-Actors

When stars magnificently emote
According to their separate codes,
No lump arises in my throat,
I'm busy watching Erik Rhodes.

The heart-throb lies upon a mat
And passes out with gesture sportin',
While I am laughing with and at
The grimaces of E. E. Horton.

WRITE A LETTER—

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This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

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COURSE I'M YOUNG BUT "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN ALMOST GOT ME!

READ THIS GIRL'S STORY!

WHERE'S BILL THESE DAYS? HAVE YOU TWO HAD A SPAT?

NO, BUT HE HASN'T TELEPHONED. AND THE LAST TIME WE WERE OUT TOGETHER, HE DID NOTHING BUT RAVE ABOUT JANE, AND HER "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"!

WELL, MEN ADORE LOVELY COMPLEXIONS—AND YOURS IS SO DRY, LIFELESS, COARSE-LOOKING LATELY! REGULAR "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! MAYBE IT'S THAT SOAP YOU'RE USING... WHY NOT CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE?

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Blonde hair requires special care if you would preserve its lovely golden beauty. Even the most attractive light hair will fade or darken with age. To keep your hair charming and alluring, wash it with New Blondex, the amazing blonde hair Shampoo and Special Rinse. Costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Used regularly, it keeps hair lighter, lovelier, gleaming with fascinating lustre, glorious highlights. Get New Blondex today. New combination package—shampoo with separate rinse—sold at all stores

When heroes battling hungry sharks
Require a practicing physician,
I'd have them buried by Ned Sparks,
That mirth-provoking, mad mortician.

You see, I'm not a Big League Fan,
Who totes an album seeking signers
And raves about some Greek God's "pan,"
I sing my praisies to the Minors.
—Catherine Delaney, New York City.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Barbara's Sincerity

Barbara Stanwyck is the most talented actress on the screen. She is so honest in portraying characters. No matter what part she is playing, she plays it with a sincerity that makes the audience feel with her. In "Stella Dallas" she played the title role so well that I lived through all her emotions with her.

I wonder how many of Hollywood's "glamor" girls would be willing to act as Barbara did in "Stella Dallas." Wouldn't they have left out the vulgar parts for fear they would cheapen themselves? Barbara didn't, and that is why, in my opinion, she is the only true actress that Hollywood has. —Clarence Buenger, Louise, Texas.

$1.00 Prize Letter
More Awards

Now that everyone else has done it, I take my turn to give the yearly awards:

To Franciska Gaal—For having the oddest-sounding last name in pictures.
To Loretta Young—Those clothes she wears would be reason enough for an award, but for her beauty which outshines theirs.
To Cesar Romero—For the surprise performance in "Happy Landing."
To Robert Taylor—For being such a good scout during all the fuss over him in New York and England.
To Don Ameche—For the most engaging smile and the most expressive voice.
To Claire Trevor—For becoming one of our favorites, in spite of what seems the concerted effort of the producers to keep her in "B" pictures.
To Tyrone Power—For having real talent and for not trying to hide it behind a load of boyish charm.
To Connie Bennett—For trying so hard to beat the temperament bugaboo by changing to a warm, likeable person.
To Clark Gable—For wearing old clothes and driving an old car when he wants to.
To Sonja Henie—For that cute nose.
—Janet Hope, West Los Angeles, Calif.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Type-casting

My little piece is about type-casting. I think that when a star becomes famous for his success in portraying a villain or a hero or a comedian, that he should always play that role. The audience becomes accustomed to seeing the player in that part and knows what to expect. However, lately the fashion seems to be to switch players. In one picture you find the actor playing a dyed-in-the-wool gangster and in the next, the reformer out to clean up the town.

For example, we are all accustomed to seeing Jack La Rue play the sinister menace. In "Captains Courageous" he was cast as the benign priest. And what happened? I saw the picture twice and, each time the scene where he comes on was flashed, the audience howled. The scene was a solemn one, but the audience just couldn't see Jack as a priest!

I think that Robert Montgomery wasn't the type for "Night Must Fall." He was good—yes. But in several scenes where he smiled, he had the same whimsical, good natured smile that made him famous—it was hardly the smirk of a killer.—G. Garnin, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Here are the players you voted tops in the Between You 'n' Me Questionnaire printed in February

Favorite actor, Nelson Eddy; actress, Jeannette MacDonald; Scarlett O'Hara, Miriam Hopkins; favorite screen star on the radio, Don Ameche; handsomest man, Robert Taylor; most beautiful girl, Loretta Young; favorite cowboy, Gene Autry; most promising newcomer, Marjorie Weaver; favorite child actor, Freddie Bartholomew; child actress, Shirley Temple. You would like to meet Nelson Eddy, like the double feature program, and want a Modern Screen life story of Irene Dunne. The best picture in 1937, "Stella Dallas;" and the worst, "The Bride Wore Red."



Little Jane Withers, Sixth Lady of the Box Office, shows you how much alike a star and her stand-in sometimes look. Kay Connors is on the right.

HOW TO WIN MEN AND INFLUENCE BACHELORS

(*Continued from page 47*)

sitting at home for several evenings with the good book. As an example: There are a heap of young men in this world similar to the worthless young husband portrayed in "Mannequin." Eddie—out for himself, figuring that any way he got what he wanted was okey doke. Fine—Eddie had a perfect right to figure that way, but his type is a dangerous playmate for little girls. What he needed was a nice selfish siren to take him over the hurdle. On the other hand, there's the type of young man Wayne Morris plays on the screen. Jimmy Stewart, too. Nice, honest, never glib and not very smooth, but never dumb, either.

If there is a William-Powellish sort of guy on your date list, you've probably been warned plenty by friend and family that he's "dangerous"—meaning that he has low designs on your virtue. I'm inclined to say pooh. What you haven't been warned against is that it is dangerous to try tricks on a man like this. He knows them all. He has had women throwing themselves at his head for so long that he may be pardoned for holding virtue in low esteem.

If he'll fall for anything, he'll fall for a brand new sort of attack, which really isn't an attack at all. By that I mean an attitude of honesty and sincerity, with just a pinch of live-and-let-live thrown in. Don't be coy. Don't pretend to be ignorant of matters which are perfectly understandable to you, and oppositely, don't pretend to be ineffably wise about matters which are Greek to you, just for the sake of impressing him. Beat him at his own game. He may make the statement, more likely imply it, that "you're a nice girl and I like you, but I'm not serious about this thing, you understand."

Answer him with "Sure—I'm so glad you feel that way." Imply that you, too, want to have some fun and enjoy some laughs, and maybe play-act at a little romancing, and when you're ready to call quits, you're going to call quits. Keep up this attitude, even if you suddenly find your heart doing flip-flops at the sound of his voice. It will keep him dialing your number for a while, and perhaps eventually he'll begin to figure, "There's a nice, comfortable girl to know. Wish I hadn't been quite so hard-boiled in my attitude toward her." Perhaps, when that time comes, he'll begin to change his attitude.

STOP hoping against hope where men are concerned. I think young girls are inclined to do this. Miss A. is intrigued with Mr. B. Mr. B. shows no inclination to return the compliment and no inclination to take up Miss A.'s time. So what does Miss A. do? Instead of common-sensibly gathering that he just is not interested, she tries to work out some involved muddle-headed idea in her mind that he's acting that way to make her jealous, or to play hard to get. Cross Mr. B. off your list, Miss A., and concentrate upon Mr. C.

Then there is the problem of the girl who is pretty, slim, well-groomed and guilty of none of the sins we're warned against in the more frank advertisements—and still the gents stay away in droves, or else they quaff a run-out potion after one date. Many's the letter I've received from young kids in this pickle, and the most common plaint is "Miss M., I never can think of anything to say. My face freezes into a sickly grin, I get tongue-tied—why, my hands actually get red from nervousness."

Now, now, what in the world is there about the male of the species which can scare a nice, intelligent girl into such a state? But I should talk! The first time a boy ever "took me home" from a party, I was so painfully embarrassed, I don't think I said two words. Yet I saw this chap every day of my life. We were in the same classes in high school. I could have asked, "Do you think we have any chance of beating Mt. Grange at football this year?" I could have said anything that I'd say naturally and comfortably to any body else. Men are just people. But there is sometimes the feeling that a gal must talk about different subjects with a man.

There are just a few, a very few, topics that are taboo in talking to a guy. Diet, your simply ducky doings with other fellers, catty remarks, chit-chat about clothes—such conversations are apt to be boring. But ask questions, start an argument, flatter a little, laugh a lot, say whatever pops into your head, without considering too much whether he'll approve.

But dear me, sirs, this is supposed to be a beauty article of a sort, isn't it? And that brings me to the big beauty and style news for Spring 1938. We're going ter-



ALWAYS GRAND FOR Flaky SKIN

Now—with the active "Skin-Vitamin" it NOURISHES Skin, too

GLORIOUS days in the out-of-doors!—Are you wondering what you can do for that *flaky skin?*

This year you are doubly fortunate! Pond's Vanishing Cream, always so grand for flaky skin, is now a nourishing cream, too. It contains the active "skin-vitamin" which aids in keeping skin beautiful.

This new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream is never drying! . . . It simply does not come out on your skin in a "goo"! It's a triumph of modern science—a true nourishing cream—yet nothing greasy or heavy about it. Pond's Vanishing Cream is light and delicate in texture!

Put it on always before you powder. Again after coming in from outdoors. And of course for overnight after cleansing.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Vanishing Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.



Miss Camilla Morgan

"Pond's 'skin-vitamin' Vanishing Cream is good news. A powder base that actually nourishes skin is almost too good to be true."

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 9MS-VT, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N. Y. Time, N.B.C.

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One, two, three... they're in! Any one can do it by following the *simplified* instructions that come with every Talon Slide Fastener you buy in a chain store. Foolproof, flexible, they launder perfectly and make the smartest, smoothest closings for your own and your children's new spring clothes. Wonderful for modernizing last year's dresses, too!

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SEND COUPON FOR 3 LIPSTICKS AND 2 FLAME-GLO ROUGE COMPACTS



It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the famous FLAME-GLO Triple Indelible Lipsticks **FREE** . . . each in a different fascinating shade, so you can discover the color most becoming to you. To introduce our newest achievement, we will also send you two new shades of Flame-Glo Dry Rouge Compacts, each complete with its own puff. You'll like the creamy smooth texture that gives a natural, youthful glow to your cheeks... that stays on because it clings! Just send 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs. For beauty's sake, send Coupon TODAY!

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Send me 3 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks and 2 FLAME-GLO Rouge Compacts; enclosed find 10c (Stamps or Coin) for mailing costs. 15c in Canada.

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ribly, terribly feminine. And femininity is the strongest man-magnet there is. It rolls into one all you've ever heard about soft colors, soft curves hinted at but not brazenly revealed, fragrant hair, eyes which speak more than lips, quiet voices and a body that seems to become thistledown when the dancing partner grabs a-holt of you.

Unless a tan is the most becoming thing you've ever worn, don't get sunburned this summer. White skins are back in vogue. Protect your skin with large hats and beach coats and creams that filter the sun. I've always maintained that a creamy or pink and white pelt is a girl's loveliest attribute, but for about ten years I've been completely out of style. Throw away your dark powder and get a box of one of the creamy new tints. New rouges and lipsticks have a bluish or mauve cast—deadly with a suntan, heavenly with a white skin.

Virginia Bruce, whose epidermis is pink and white and tender, and the redheads like Jeanette MacDonald and Janet Gaynor, who fry to a crisp in the sun, are in high glee over the fashionable new pallor. And, by the way, for extra allure some romantic evening, try one of Virginia's eye make-up tricks. Rub a little cream eyeshadow on your eyelids, exactly in the center, of the same color as your eyes. It sort of gives the effect of the color showing thru when you lower your lids.

And—girls with smallish mouths—try Miss Gaynor's trick for enlarging your lips the least bit. Make up your mouth in its exact natural shape first with a very light lipstick, then go over it and enlarge it a little bit at the bow of the upper lip and the curve of the lower lip with a deeper shade. If, like Jeanette MacDonald, you have trouble in keeping lipstick on (and how men do hate to see a gal re-apply it in public!), try making up your mouth first with a very light, very indelible stick, then put on another coat of whatever shade is your pet at the moment, and blot the whole paint job lightly with tissue.

There are two sorts of facial allure. The first, the allure of a nice skin, sparkling eyes, red lips, all enhanced with clever make-up and framed in shining hair. Most girls do pretty well in developing this sort of sex appeal. But a more potent appeal lies in the face which has interesting planes and highlights. And everywhere I see faces which completely neglect these possibilities—in fact, the make-up on these faces does everything possible to hide the beauty which lies in the bone structure.

Study your face in a good strong light. See if you have some interesting planes and hollows in that pan of yours. A slight hollow below the cheekbones is chockful of allure. Large and beautifully shaped eye sockets can do things for your eyes, which may not, in themselves, be remarkable for color or size. Then study the portraits in this magazine, see if you find one of the Hollywood belles with a facial structure similar in any way to your own, and try to copy her make-up tricks. Highlight interesting points in your face, not with a crude dab of rouge, but with a subtle blending of a darker or lighter shade of powder. Perhaps the merest touch of cream or oil will do the trick, leaving other make-up off that particular spot. Some girls use soap for this stunt, since it leaves an interesting shine and doesn't smear.

If your eye sockets are large and nicely shaped, work on your eyebrows to play up this interesting facial point. Don't send them on a detour from their natural shape, but rather darken them or thicken them or lengthen them with all the skill you have. If your brows are too heavy and therefore blur this interesting line, do not pluck them too industriously—merely trim out the stray hairs—and otherwise make them behave with vaseline, eyelash grower, lanoline or our friend the cake of soap again.



Jackie Cooper "plants one" on her forehead, and Bonita Granville likes it in "Young Romance."

It occurs to me, offhand, that stars like Carole Lombard, the great Garbo, Luise Rainer and Claudette Colbert all have, in addition to their other charming attributes, this allure of interesting facial structure. On the other hand, stars like Barbara Stanwyck, our afore-mentioned friends Jeanette MacD. and Janet G., Eleanor Powell and Ginger Rogers stake their claims to loveliness on the allure of pretty skin, sparkling eyes, and so on. Which type are you?

Well, I started out by telling you not to be in too hot a rush to marry yourself off, and meandered along through every new stunt I could think of which might induce an ardent gent to pop the question, along with a little help from the moon and some soft music. But I also said somewhere along the line that I wished every girl could be as smart as every guy in this romance battle of the sexes. I don't mean I want you to start collecting lovers as some folks collect stamps. However, I think it's only fair that a girl should have the time and peace of mind to develop her good looks, her personality and herself to the utmost, and to do that one needs the excitement and fillip which popularity, plenty of dates and admiration give to life.

Not a word about diet or exercise in all this! How did that happen? Well, next month I'll devote the whole session to some perfectly elegant new figure-improves—I will, so help me!

Uh—oh! Forgot the present. This time, it's six sample shades of an excellent face powder—six delicious shades, ladeez. Namely: a fine natural and light rachel, a rose rachel, a brunette, a suntan and a perfectly spiffy flattering dark shade called hi-brown. Fill in the coupon below and—note this carefully—please send a three-cent stamp to cover cost of mailing. Print name and address plainly to avoid wear and tear on the eyes of our mailing department—they want to keep beautiful, too.

Mary Marshall
Modern Screen
149 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me free samples of the six shades of powder recommended by you. I am enclosing a 3c stamp for postage.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 66*)

Kay's Next

On his first day's work on "The Secrets of an Actress," Kay Francis' new picture, director Bill Keighly received a mysterious funeral wreath and a card saying, "Deepest Sympathy." Fortunately, the wreath proved highly unnecessary, for Miss F., all during the production, was as nice a young lady as any director could hope for. Word is that her new mood is inspired by her forthcoming marriage to Baron Raven Erik Angus Barnekow, the German nobleman who is to be Kay's fifth mate. The Baron, incidentally, prefers to be known as Mister. He's an American citizen, and plans to build an airplane factory here.

■ ■ ■

The fact that Marie Wilson receives more fan mail than any star at her studio so impressed a friend of hers that she sent the item to Ripley. Her letter was returned, with a note from Ripley: "I don't believe it."

Wise Connie

When Connie Bennett started her "Constance Bennett Cosmetics" people around town wondered whether she was smart to sink a lot of money in a business she knew nothing about. But Connie turned out to be smarter than those who were doing the worrying. For she invested nothing but her name. The dough comes from the Countess di Frasso.

There's a tiny desert island built on one of Universal's sound stages for use in "Sinners in Paradise," a story of six people who are stranded on the island after a plane crash. Said one of the principals, John Boles, when he first saw it: "It doesn't look much like Paradise to me. And there isn't even enough room to sin."

Bologna

Funny, and sometimes just slightly tragic, how a few good rôles can go to an actor's alleged head. A case in particular is that of a guy who was just another handsome leading man up to a year or so ago. Then a series of swell rôles and a lot of good publicity boosted him to the top. The other day a writer tried to arrange an interview appointment with him. "I don't need interviews," said the guy. "All I need is to continue my good work on the screen." You can buy the same sort of stuff at the corner meat market. Just ask the man for bologna.

■ ■ ■

Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, who wanted privacy, invested puh-lenty in a brand new home in Coldwater Canyon. It's a showplace, and very lovely—a big, rambling house and a large area in back equipped with swimming pool, tennis court and playhouse. The only hitch is that the pool can be seen from any of three highways above the canyon, and tourists have already begun parking along the road waiting for Myrna to indulge in a bit of privacy.

Lucky Lady

Perhaps you've read something about the thirteen-year-old girl being sponsored by Bette Davis and her husband, Harmon Nelson. The young lady is Pamela Bascom, an orphan from Pomona, California. Nelson, who is an agent, heard her sing, and he and Bette are so convinced she has a fine future that they've taken her into their home, where they're giving her all possible advantages in the hope that one day she'll be a screen star. Briefly, little Miss Bascom is a very lucky young lady.

■ ■ ■

Some of the boys at Paramount are still chuckling—well, they were when this was written, anyway—over Franciska Gaal. Franciska, who starred in "The Buccaneer," signed her contract with her real name—Fanny Zilverstitch.

Why, Arthur!

Here's a California flood item which Arthur Treacher swears is true. We won't vouch for it, but here it is: A friend of Treacher's, who owned a small ranch, was worried because his crops didn't have enough moisture, so he prayed for the Lord to send down a little rain. Next day the deluge started, and when the friend saw part of his barn float away, he looked heavenward and said solemnly, "Now God, don't be silly!"

(*Continued on page 111*)

Lucky the Bride

WHO KNOWS THIS CHARM SECRET



Lovely women are like flowers — and flower perfumes are the very essence of feminine appeal. The girl who wins her man — and keeps him! — knows the lure of these odeurs. Park & Tilford presents "Lilac," the breath of fragrant spring; and "Cherish," a new floral odeur as spicy as a coquette's glance. Let blossom-time surround you — always!



Delightful, delicate, lingering — sweet "Lilac" and spicy "Cherish" are now at all ten-cent stores in smart tuckaway sizes 10c



Lilac AND *Cherish* PERFUMES

PARK & TILFORD

FINE PERFUMES FOR HALF A CENTURY



THERE'S MAGIC
in your eyes!

● **Bring out the enchantment of your eyes—reveal their depth and brilliance with a frame of sweeping lashes! KURLASH works this magic in 30 seconds, curls lashes so they look long, dark and alluring. No heat, cosmetics or practice needed—$1 at any good store.**

Learn—absolutely *free*—what shades of eye make-up are becoming to *you*—learn how to apply them skilfully! Send your name, address and coloring to Jane Heath, Kurlash beauty consultant, Dept. E-6; she will send you a personal color-chart and complete instructions in eye make-up!

THE KURLASH COMPANY, Inc.
Rochester, N.Y. Canada, Toronto 3

Kurlash

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SLAVES TO HOLLYWOOD

(*Continued from page 41*)

I was scared to talk for fear of saying the wrong thing. Of course, if there was dancing I was all right. Nobody could make me feel shy on the dance floor. But the moment the music stopped, the fun went out of everything.

There was one night I especially remember. The occasion was a huge, elaborate banquet given by an executive of my studio. I was invited because I'd just made my first real hit in a featured role.

I had an exquisite dress designed for the occasion. Oh, I *looked* like a princess going to the ball. I thought, maybe this time I can act like one, too.

You know that grand feeling a girl gets when she walks into a room and everyone turns to look at her. That's what happened to me that night, and for a moment I felt exactly as I'd felt going to parties back home, knowing every minute of the evening would be fun.

And then the banquet started. I was seated between a distinguished foreign director and a famous musician. Across the horse-shoe table was the star whose film I had stolen. She said to the musician with deadly sweetness, "Oh, Maestro, Miss Chalmers is passionate about symphony music. Do have her tell you about it." She had, you see, followed my publicity build-up, and being Hollywood herself, knew exactly what there was to it.

But the Maestro didn't. His eyes lighted up with interest. "Indeed? Have you been following the Toscanini broadcasts? What did you think of his interpretation of Sibelius' first symphony last week?" I don't remember what I answered. He tried a few more conversational openings, then gave up. The woman across the table went on smiling. I fared no better with the director on my left.

A clock struck somewhere in the huge hall, and I swear I looked at my dress expecting to see it turn to cheesecloth. And then I thought, it isn't midnight yet. Long before midnight I left that party.

There's no use telling you about more parties, because they were all pretty much alike. I suppose if my box-office success hadn't been so rapid, I'd have managed to find a set of youngsters who could have become my friends. But success did come, and it was a hard taskmaster until that day I met Joe.

It was open mutiny for me to make a date with him. Joe himself was the first to point that out. "I can't take you to the places where you're used to going. And even if I did, you wouldn't thank me for it. You know and I know what Hollywood is like. You're a headliner. I'm not. That's the answer. We just don't mix."

I said, "I won't let it be like that! I want to see you!" That was at the end of that crazy, harrowing day of rehearsal. "Please let's see each other tonight!" Then, as suddenly I realized I was actually begging a boy for a date. "See how you make me act! You wouldn't be ungallant and turn me down now!"

He grinned. "Gee, you *are* a crazy kid!" He came for me that evening and we went out. His car was a rattle-trap. He turned it in the direction opposite all the night-spots and correct places, and drove fast.

Instinctively, I'd known I mustn't dress for this date. I wore slacks and a sweater. Joe said, "Gee, you're sweet, with no trimmings." I smiled up at him, my throat too tight to speak.

We drove towards the ocean, and high up on a cliff Joe parked. The warm, fragrant California night was magic about us. There was a moon, and I think in our hearts there was moon-madness.

I said, "Let's forget, just for tonight, we're Hollywood. Let's pretend I'm still back home, and I've just met you at a dance, and . . ."

"And we've fallen in love," Joe whispered. Only we couldn't pretend. We knew it had happened to us. And it was terribly important.

I whispered, "You make me feel real again. I'm so happy." And then I was crying. He let me cry a long time against the rough tweed of his shoulder. Then he let me talk. About myself, about my family, about the travesty of success I had achieved.

Joe said, "You poor little sacrificial lamb." Then his arms were around me. "I thought we were supposed to be happy tonight! Let's forget trouble. Let's laugh. Let's be crazy."

THAT was the first of a dozen wonderful evenings. We went to the kind of places I hadn't been near since leaving home. Midnight snacks at hot-dog wagons. Lunch, on Sunday, on a tray in the car, somewhere on the highway at places where a second cameraman would take his girl and where no one recognized me simply because it was so absurd for a movie queen to be there.

Oh, we had such fun! Then one night Joe was oddly silent. He didn't say, when he left me, "I'll see you tomorrow at the same time." He just kissed me with a queer intensity that frightened me. And next evening he didn't show up.

I spent frantic hours waiting. At last I called his house, and his landlady said that Mr. Turner was in his laboratory. He had given orders not to be disturbed.

I couldn't believe it. I knew, of course, that before our meeting Joe had spent all his free time experimenting with color photography, that he meant to get somewhere in his own profession. But to think



Margaret Sullavan has adopted this Great Dane pup—feet and all. Don't you love him?

that would make him forget about me. Why, it didn't make sense.

But when I saw him on the lot next morning, it did make sense. There was no smile for me in his face. Only formal politeness. "Joe," I tried to speak lightly, "are you in the habit of standing up dates? I waited last night."

"We didn't have a date. Besides, I was busy. Didn't my landlady tell you?" He said this without looking at me, but the line of his jaw was set. "There's some stuff I had to get done."

Something was terribly wrong, but I couldn't guess what. "I'm not trying to scold you, darling," I said gently. "We'll make up for lost time tonight."

"I'm not coming tonight, either." It was like a stranger speaking.

So that night I went to the Trocadero with Tom Lane, wearing slinky black satin and half a dozen orchids. And we danced beautifully together for the benefit of newsmongers, smiling up into each other's eyes.

The next night I went to a select gambling palace with Hugh Lewis, Hollywood's most eligible bachelor. I lost a thousand dollars playing the numbers of Joe's car license.

At the end of a week I swallowed my pride and went to see Joe at his shabby, comfortable home. "What happened to you, to us? Joe, have I done anything to make you angry? I'm so miserable."

At first he wouldn't talk. Then, slowly, he admitted the trouble. My manager had got wind of our friendship, and had come to him in a rage. Shouted that I was cutting my own throat, and that Joe was helping me do it.

"He told me," Joe said, his eyes dark with pain, "that if I was any kind of friend to you I'd fade out of the picture. That he and the studio had slaved to build you up, and now you . . ." He was silent, then went on, "Heaven knows I'm—your friend. I—darling, he told me you broke dates with people to go out with me. I can't let you do things like that. Don't you see? I can't let you deliberately scotch your own chances."

I cried, "I don't give a hoot in heaven about my chances! Joe, you and I love each other, you know we do! We can't let my career and Hollywood stand in our way! Joe, I don't want to be famous if I can't have happiness, and you."

IF Joe is stubborn, so am I. I fought for my future. I said I'd behave any way I wanted to behave, and if the studio didn't like it, they could break my contract. I said I'd learn to cook and we could live on an assistant cameraman's salary. I said all the things any girl in love would say.

In the end, Joe gave in. He drove me home and it was like our first date all over again. Joe kissed me, holding me as if he'd never let me go. "Goodnight, beloved." For the first time in ages, that night I slept deeply.

But you can't live your life exactly the way you plan it. You can't cheat fate. The next day, something happened that changed the whole course of our lives. A telegram came for me from home. My father had died suddenly of heart failure.

I couldn't leave the lot and go home to be with mother. I couldn't even give way to my own grief, because "Rhythm in Your Blood" was in its final, feverish stages and it costs thousands of dollars to stop production, even for a day.

So my feet had to go on dancing and there was a smile glued rigidly on my face all during working hours. Afterwards, I talked to mother and my sister on the long distance phone. I heard myself saying, "We'll pull through, somehow. I'll—take care of you."

And then all at once the meaning of what I said hit me, hard. With father gone, the family was my responsibility. And so I wasn't free to snap my fingers at Hollywood after all.

I talked it over with Joe, weeks later, when I had the courage to do it without going all to pieces. "We've got to figure out some way, dearest. I've got to play ball and go on being a career girl. But gosh, there must be something we can do, some compromise."

Joe said, smiling his wry smile, "The grand duchess and the butler, on the butler's night off?"

I wouldn't let him be bitter. I said, "No. Cinderella sneaking out of the palace to be herself."

We tried it. For a month, grimly, I stuck to the social calendar of my manager's making six days a week, and played hooky with Joe on the seventh. And it was like a travesty of our former, joyous dates. We were self-conscious. We were tense and nervous, and little things loomed suddenly like huge obstacles to happiness. If you've ever tried to be casual about life-and-death matters, you will know what I mean.

What precipitated the explosion was my manager's decision that I must give a party. A Hollywood party. Caviar by the ton and champagne by the barrel. Hundreds of orchids to decorate the tables. Two swing bands.

He handed me the list of prospective guests and it read like a Who's Who in the Movies. Then he said with belated courtesy, "And, of course, anyone else you may care to invite."



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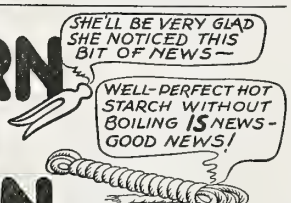


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.....

I don't think he expected a single suggestion from me. I said, very angrily and very quietly, "I'm going to ask only one personal friend. Joe Turner."

To Joe I said, "Please, darling, please come. It means such a lot to me! I'm sick of running off with you, of sneaking as if we were doing something wrong to be together! I'm not that kind of person!"

"I know," he said, "I feel the same way."

Afterwards, we were both to wish he had turned the invitation down. Because that was the most ghastly evening I've ever spent. For hours, in my own house, at my own party, Joe and I were thoroughly and mercilessly snubbed.

When it was over Joe faced me. "This can't go on, Linda," he said. "It's suicide for you. And it's no fun for me. We might as well face reality. There's no future for us. We'll just have to—forget one another."

I was crying. "Joe," I said, "we've been all over this. Joe, you and I can't forget."

"And can we go on like this, do you think?" His hands were on my shoulders now, he was looking into my face. "Be honest, Linda. Would you like me to make a habit of taking what I had to take tonight? Would you have much respect for me if I did?"

I hadn't thought of it that way. He went on. "And what of you? Tonight didn't do you any good. Now that you can't just snap your fingers at your career."

I cried, "Let's get married, then! They'll have to accept you. After a while people will find out what a grand person you are."

He laughed, and it was the most tragic sound I ever heard. "You innocent baby! Do you really still think that, after the way you've been treated? Why darling, no one will bother to find out a thing about me until I make them, not until I make a name for myself, with color photography, or with some other trick. In this town, people only stop to look at you if you're ten times as big as life."

AFTER a while he went on, "And suppose I did marry you now. Do you know what would happen? You'd have to go right on with your schedule of a public-personal life. You'd go out with other men six nights a week. You'd pay the house bills out of your star's salary.

"And in the end I'd become Mr. Linda Chalmers. If I ever got anywhere, people would say, 'Oh, yes, he's so-and-so's husband. I suppose she did everything to pull the strings for him. No thanks, Linda. I've seen too many Hollywood marriages on precisely that pattern. Seen every one of them go on the rocks."

And against all that cold barrage of reason I had only one argument left. "But I love you. I love you, Joe." It was stronger than all the others, after all. Hours later, when Joe drove away, I had his promise that he wouldn't try to do anything crazy, that we would let things ride and hope for a way out.

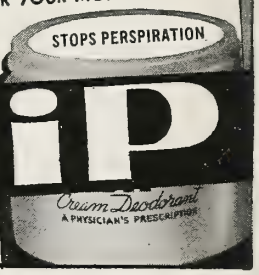
And this is where we are now. Joe and I are engaged, secretly. I still see him once a week, secretly. I no longer try to fight, to buck opinion, to force Joe on people, or even to be seen with him publicly as I tried for a while. We live on crumbs of fun and happiness, and wait. We're both so young. Maybe something will happen that will make everything right.

Five years, we've given ourselves. But five years is an eternity of waiting. Will he still love me then? Will his love survive the snubs, the barbs that still occasionally appear in gossip columns, the whole nerve-racking mess? Or will he turn to some less famous girl? Every day, every hour, I live with that fear. And there is no answer. Only time can tell.

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FOREIGN FLAVOR

(*Continued from page 45*)

late of the French theatre and films. Mme. Darrieux was induced to come to our shores for $125,000 per picture.

Arriving with her director-husband, Danielle immediately requested a house, a car and a contract for hubby. All of which she got! However, unlike Dietrich, she can really act, which even makes demanding permissible. Not only is Danielle a sensation in France, but the New York Critics' Award for the best picture of 1937 went to her "Mayerling."

Paramount's Franciska Gaal is a gal who believes in plenty of action and not much talk. She quietly slipped into Hollywood from her native Budapest and went to work on "The Buccaneer." Since its premiere, she has been taken into the hearts of millions of fans.

Franciska is a veteran of the theatre, having been a child actress of note abroad. The youngest of thirteen, she naturally felt left out of family conferences, so decided to be very important so that everyone would have to notice her. However, no one thought her histrionics worthy of even a dramatic class. In fact, the most she managed was to be allowed to sit in at rehearsals. However, the gods were with her, for at the last rehearsal, the child actress in the play was stricken ill. After much arguing, little Gaal was given the part. The result was stranger than fiction and she rocketed to fame.

However, making the movie grade was a horse of a different color. Franciska says:

"When we see the first day's picture shots, I am sick. From the looks of the director, he is also sick. So, I go home and spend all the nights figuring how to do this camera acting. Next morning, after I work for long time, I am sure they are good. For they say, 'Babee, you are okay.' Now I like it better than stage acting."

ANNABELLA, who won her spurs in "Wings of the Morning," is now seriously taking up the business of American films. Already famous in England, as in her native France, she plans to scale the heights here or know the reason why.

As a little girl, Annabella's burning ambition was to become as famous as the stars whose photographs adorned her walls.

Arriving in this country with little ballyhoo, Annabella went directly to the coast. Traveling with her was her husband, Jean Murat, who keeps well in the background. To date, he has asked nothing of Hollywood except fair treatment for his wife.

Although no hair styles nor cold creams have been named for Annabella, we predict a great future for her here. Fortunate enough to be co-starred with William Powell in her first picture, we can only wish her the same luck Luise Rainer had under the same circumstances.

All of which brings me back to the main issue at hand—the importance of foreign flavor. What would we do if Alan Mowbray, Arthur Treacher or Eric Blore were suddenly to say, "We're going home." There would certainly be many a disappointed movie-goer in the land. These popular players often receive as much money for two or three days' work as the star they support gets in a whole week.

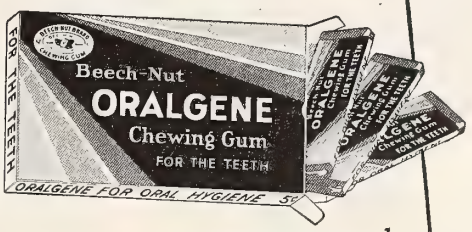
There's no denying that our foreign actors add that certain important something to a picture program. They do things to our entertainment appetite—and mighty nice things, too!



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ORALGENE is a firmer, "chewier" gum. Gives teeth needed exercise. Contains milk of magnesia (dehydrated). Helps to mouth-freshness.

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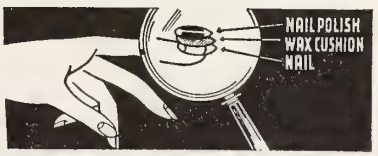
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Are your nails a serious problem? Do they break and split? Do they look shabby and neglected? Then you'll welcome this amazing new toiletry that is revolutionizing the manicure. Not a polish. Not an oil.

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Smooth protective base actually accentuates polish —brightens its color—adds to its fascinating sheen and brilliance. One trial will prove Sav-A-Nail is the one thing you need to make every manicure a success. Endorsed by leading beauty salons.

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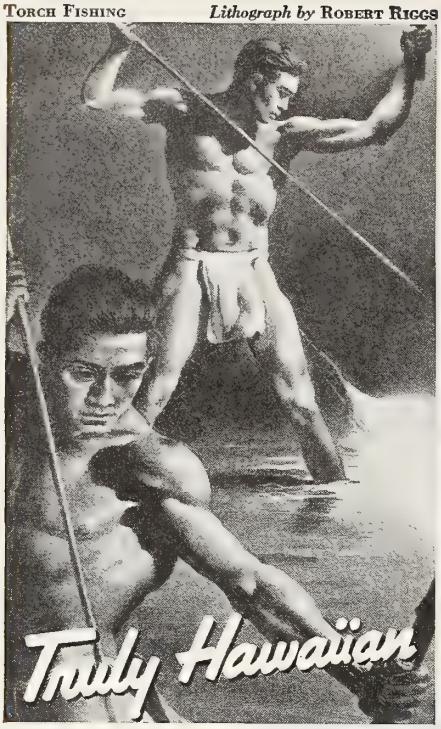
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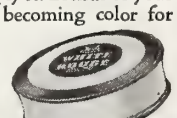
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BAD MAN OF BURBANK

(Continued from page 42)

actors who are 'so thoughtful.' I'm not. Ask my best girl," (Mayo Methot is the 'best girl', soon to be the third Mrs. Humphrey Bogart) "she'll tell you. She told me, plenty. Because I forgot to send her a valentine on last Valentine's Day. Never thought of it, that's all. No one ever sent me a valentine.

"I was brought up very unsentimentally but very straightforwardly," continued Mr. Bogart who, in person, looks ten years younger than he looks on the screen. "A kiss, in our family, was an event. Our mother and father didn't glug over us, my two sisters and me. They had too many other things to do, and so did we. My mother, Maude Humphrey, an artist of repute, always had swell jobs, was always interested and busy. My father was a doctor, pretty much of a he-man. Christmas, which happens to be my birthday, was not exactly overlooked, but there was no to-do about it. Everyone was busy with matters of more interest and importance.

"I respect my mother more than I respect anyone in the world. But ours is not the kind of affection that spills over or makes pretty pictures. If I sent my mother one of those Mother's Day telegrams or said it with flowers, she would return the wire and flowers to me, collect.

"I was born in New York City and thereafter went to various schools, eventually to Andover. My career there was abruptly terminated by the headmaster who caught me and some other students ducking a junior professor whom we did not revere. I can't show reverence where I feel none. I joined the Navy, served through the war, got out from under as fast as I could. The adventure was too strenuous for me, as adventure usually is. I have no desire to be a Don Quixote, Don Juan, crusader, explorer or anything that requires any effort. I'm lazy, and when people ask me what I would do if I didn't act, I say, 'nothing,' and mean it.

"After the War I got a job on Wall Street and was so bored my ears flattened out. Too lazy to rescue myself by looking for work elsewhere, I was rescued by William A. Brady (father of Alice) who took an interest in me and gave me a job backstage in one of his theatres. I became an assistant stage manager, I don't know how, and then slipped into the greasepaint and that was that.

BUT to continue the shearing-of-sentiment process—actors are always publicized as having a 'beautiful courtesy.' I haven't. I'm the most impolite person in the world. It's thoughtlessness again. If I start to be polite you can hear it for forty miles. I never think to light a lady's cigarette. Sometimes I rise when a lady leaves the room, more often not. Now and then I find myself rising when a man leaves the room. If I open a door for a lady, my arm always gets in the way so that she either has to duck under or get hit in the nose. It's an effort for me to do things people believe should 'be done.' I don't see why I should conform to Mrs. Emily Post, not because I'm an actor and believe that being an actor gives me special dispensations to be 'different,' but because I'm a human being with a pattern of my own and the right to work out my pattern in my own way.

"If I feel like going to the Troc wearing this coat (a brown and tan checked garment, with 'gussets' of suede at the elbows, not very new) and a pair of moccasins, that is the way I go to the Troc,

BABY FEET RUINED by OUTGROWN SHOES



It's true Mother!

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Your choice of Man's or Lady's Wrist Watch **FREE** with every Ring ordered during this **SALE** and paid for on our easy monthly plan. Lady's or Man's Ring, with simulated diamond that you'd think cost at least $200. Nothing extra for the watch. It's included **FREE.** Ladies 1939 dainty model; Men's "Shockproof" military wrist watch-gold plate front—with all the color and charm of natural yellow gold; Jeweled; **Guaranteed by $1,000,000 FACTORY.** Send only 3 cent stamp with your ring size (strip of paper wound round finger will do). Make two monthly $2 payments. **WE TRUST YOU**—your package comes AT ONCE by Return mail.



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Rush offer by RETURN MAIL—all postage paid to my door. 3 cents enclosed.

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Rosemary Lane's nifty ballet work isn't the least reason why you'll enjoy "Gold Diggers in Paris."

if at all. If I go to the Troc and want to make a jack-ass of myself in front of every producer in town, that's my business.

"But what I really can't understand," Mr. Bogart said, seriously now, "is why actors can't have human frailties like other people; why they can't make the same mistakes, guess wrong now and then; why they must be presented to the world as of a uniform and unassailable virtue. You take a composite cut-out of everything you read about actors and actresses and you'll get one female star, one male star, one villain. The hundreds of actors and actresses, with their highly individual faults and failings and sins and repentances, are melted together into three lay figures.

"The actor is a 'popular guy' is another well-worn slogan. Well, I'm not popular in the hail-fellow-well-met sense in which the phrase is meant. I'm not like Frank McHugh who has to shake his pals off his coat lapels. I have a few good close friends, that's all. Everybody doesn't like me. And I don't like everybody.

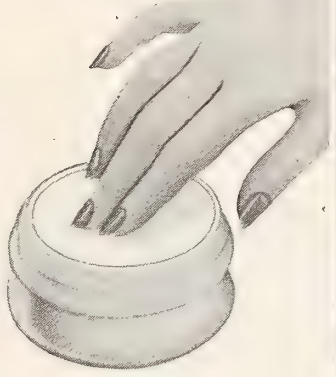
"The actor is always a 'man's man.' It's doubtful whether I'd qualify or not. I don't hunt big game or mice, because I don't like to kill things. The 'Killer' throwing away his B.B. gun rather lets you down, huh? Still, there'd be no fun in human nature without a few inconsistencies. I don't fish because I fished for ten years and never caught anything. So that lets me out of the 'man's man' class, no doubt. I've never read about a man's man who didn't hunt or wasn't a 'compleat angler.' I'm not a big, hearty eater, either, downing two dozen oysters and a haunch of venison as a lesser man would eat a tray of canapes.

"I hate to handle money. I like to talk when I have stimulating people around me, but not for the sake of hearing my own jaws break. I'm a Liberal-Democrat, and think Roosevelt's a grand guy.

NEW . . . a CREAM DEODORANT
which safely
STOPS *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

Arrid is the ONLY deodorant to stop perspiration with all these five advantages:—

1. Does not harm dresses, does not irritate skin.
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3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days—removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
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When emotions are stirred *you perspire!*

Work and play, and summer weather aren't the only things that make you perspire. When you cry or get angry or excited, especially in those intimate moments that mean so much, perspiration becomes more active.

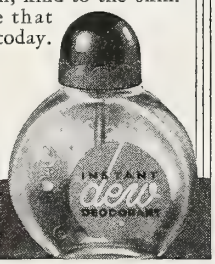
Beauty, charm, personality—all the feminine attributes that win a man's affection—can be completely marred by under-arm odor.

Careful women use DEW — the modern deodorant. Stops perspiration and keeps the under-arm dry regardless of what you do. Be as gay and active as you please without thought of perspiration odor. Be confident of your daintiness.

Use DEW to guard frocks from ugly perspiration stains.

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Enjoy the assurance that DEW gives. Get a bottle today.



INSTANT *dew*
DEODORANT
Stops Perspiration



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I have a pet aversion, though. This kind of types me—all the Best Actors have their 'pet aversions.' Mine is book jackets. I always rip em off and get down to the raw when I read. I read in bed and smoke before rising. I like to smoke a pipe but they're too much trouble so I go for cigarettes. I like rough, tweedy clothes, and would go in for nudism if I could get away with it. I couldn't. The composite cut-out certainly doesn't include any such thing as a nudist. I seldom go to the movies because to go to the movies means that I have to go—and to go anywhere entails too much expenditure of energy.

"An actor is always, at one time or another, shown 'in his garden', with a knowing-about-flowers-look in his eye. Flowers? I don't know a damn thing about them. Call a rose by any other name and you couldn't prove it by me.

"I will not say that 'money is not important,' appealing to the higher ideals though such a story always is. Money is darned important to me. I have a lot of things to do with it, a lot of people to make comfortable and secure. I want to be comfortable myself, not in any superfashion. I don't need a yacht, a swimming pool, a private projection room, a de luxe car. I only want the things I need for my comfort, a pleasant home (I just bought Hugh Herbert's house in the Valley, and that's where Mayo and I will live when we're married), a good car, some kind of a boat to bat around in—because I like water and everything in it, on it and with it.

"I'm not a respecter of Tradition, of the kind that makes people kow-tow to some young pipsqueak because he is the descendant of a long line, born to the name of Gouldfellow or something. Not until the young p.s. has done something himself can I respect him. Leaning on a name is the perfect equivalent of leaning on the other fellow all your life.

I TAKE my work seriously—but none of this 'art for art's sake,' if you don't mind. Any 'art' or any job of work that's any good at all sells. If it's worth selling, it's worth buying. I have no sentimentality about such matters. If someone offers me five dollars a year more than I'm getting, I take it. And would kiss an 'old stand' goodbye without a single teardrop.

"I believe in the institution of marriage. The institution of marriage is right. It's human beings who are wrong. There's nothing the matter with marriage, per se. The matter is with the persons who make mock of it—and with it.

"I believe in love. Not 'the one love of a lifetime,' pretty tale as that can always make, too. There couldn't be just one love—among fifty million people it would be pretty hard to find it.

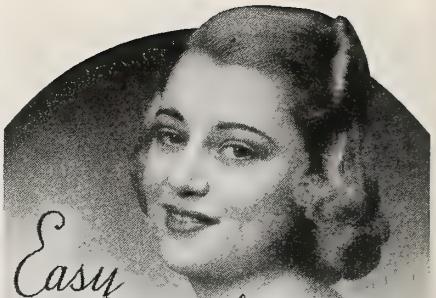
"Love is very warming, heartening, enjoyable, a necessary exercise for the heart and soul and intelligence. If you're not in love, you dry up. I'm in love now. After all, the best proof a man can give of his belief in love and marriage is—to marry more than once. If you're not married or in love you're on the loose and that's not comfortable. Love is comforting, too. It is the one emotion which can relieve, as much as is ever possible, the awful essential aloneness of us all.

"So you have me," said Mr. Bogart as, luncheon finished, we walked to his car, started the short drive back to the Warner Bros. Studio at Burbank.

"So you have me," said Mr. Bogart, "heart of stone and all."

Humphrey Bogart has broken the mould!

The Villain does not always have a heart of gold; the Movie Actor, composite of all the virtues, can have a cloven hoof concealed among the flowers. Hallelujah!



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ALL over America men and women who want to cleanse kidneys of waste matter and irritating acids and poisons and lead a longer, healthier, happier life are turning to GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules.

So now you know the way to help bring about more healthy kidney activity and stop getting up often at night. Other symptoms are backache, irritated bladder—difficult or smarting passage—puffiness under eyes—nervousness and shifting pains.

This harmless yet effective medicine brings results—you'll feel better in a few days. So why not get a 35¢ box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today—the original and genuine—right from Haarlem in Holland—Don't accept a counterfeit—Ask for and get GOLD MEDAL.

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EASY TO INSTALL
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So natural they even have *half-moons*

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NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGER NAILS

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ONE VILLAIN COMIN' UP!

(*Continued from page 44*)

at some well chosen future occasion.

Cesar Romero's theatrical career was all a happy accident. At one time he worked in an office, even as you and I. He met a girl who liked to dance and, after hours, they'd invent and practice tricky ballroom steps. A friend said he could land them an evening job tripping the light fantastic. Would they take it? Would they! It wasn't long before the popular pair had so many dancing jobs that it took them hours to figure out new routines. So Cesar left the office—never to return.

"The dancing didn't go on forever, though," reminisced Romero. "After a while it was over. But it had a lasting effect. I never wanted to be a clerk again. I made the rounds of theatrical offices and soon became very broke. I was hungry and locked out of my hotel room and had all the other harrowing experiences beginners fall heir to. Then I landed a job on the road. With practically no professional experience, I became the male lead in 'Strictly Dishonorable.' Things began to look up."

It was while playing this semi-villainous role that the proverbial movie talent scout found Romero and drafted him into cinema service. Cesar had been "discovered" as a baddie and, since his sleek looks contributed toward the illusion, a baddie he has remained through dozens of pictures. What's more, he will probably continue in the role until he becomes resigned to it.

Anyway, playing villain has netted him the things he likes—money, California and the friendship of pretty girls—so perhaps, even before he ever becomes a reel hero, he will be a real philosopher.



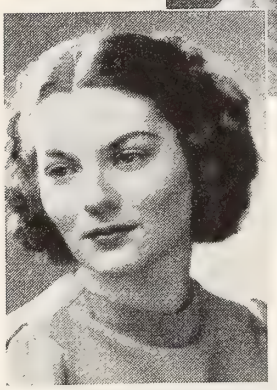
Smokey kisses Allan Jones good night in his best Hollywood manner.

LIGHT-PROOF
FACE POWDER!

The greatest make-up improvement in years



THIS is what happens when your make-up reflects every ray of light.



SEE the difference with light-proof powder that modifies the light rays.

Luxor powder is *light-proof.* If you use it, your face will not *shine.* Trial box sent postpaid for a dime!

● At parties, do you instinctively avoid certain lights that you can just feel are playing havoc with your complexion? All that trouble with fickle make-up will be overcome when you finish with powder whose particles do not glisten in every strong light.

Many women think they have a shiny skin, when the shine is due entirely to their powder!

With a finishing touch of light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night. Nor will you have to worry over *shine.*

Seeing is believing

You have doubtless bought expensive boxes of powder on claims and promises, only to find that you wasted the money. You don't run much risk with Luxor, because your first box will cost you only ten cents!

Test it in all lights, day and night—under all conditions. See for yourself the lovely softness and absence of shine when you use light-proof powder. See how it subdues those highlights of cheek-bones and chin, and nose.

MM-6-38



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Send me a trial box of Luxor light-proof powder, postpaid. I enclose 10c (silver dime).

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SECRET
of the
milky way to soft skin

Famous beauties have bathed in milk for centuries. Now science knows why. Milk contains certain oils very similar to those which normally keep your skin soft and youthful. But no longer need you bathe in milk to enjoy its fabulous beautifying powers. Duart brings you genuine milk-oils in a new-type beauty creme, marvelously softening to dry skin. Try Duart Creme of Milk and learn the secret of the "milky way" to a satin complexion. At drug, department, and 10c stores and beauty shops.

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Corns Come Back Bigger, Uglier
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● Don't take chances by paring corns at home. Corns come back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever, unless removed Root and All. End that corn for good with this new, double-action Blue-Jay method. Pain stops instantly, by removing the pressure. Then the corn lifts out, Root and All in 3 short days. (Exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application.) Blue-Jay is a tiny, modern, scientific corn plaster, held snugly in place by Wet-Pruf adhesive. Try Blue-Jay now. 25¢ for a package of 6. Same price in Canada.

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BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. It left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

HAND IT TO HALEY

(*Continued from page 49*)

bachelor who is missing so much, and that while a gay café date makes you feel superficially jolly for a couple of hours, a bank account's a thrill that's more permanent.

It was at the emphatically tender age of five, at a Christmas festival at church, that Jack decided he would be an actor. He hasn't been pulled this way and that by the usual diverse tendencies, as a direct consequence. His parents attempted to overlook his idiosyncrasy and the people in their circle in Boston laughed at his crazy ambition. But Jack noticed that they also chuckled at his droll antics.

Instead of falling for Santa Claus on that holiday before he entered school, Jack had one of those inspired hunches of his. He sensed that he didn't want to be president as his mother suggested, nor a navigator like his father. He didn't even want to be a fireman anymore. A certain lad was leading a group of children through a manual of arms in the pageant. The supposed soldiers tried to obey their chief, but the amateur officer was wearing one of those tall, furred Buckingham Palace hats and it slid over his face so often that the audience rudely howled with delight. Jack wanted to be in that spot. The following Christmas he saw to it that he was one of the singers in a little number entitled "Leapfrog, Jump!"

WHEN he graduated from grammar school he made the class address, and nearly dropped to the platform from nervousness. He kept thinking how well the other entertainers were doing, and the horror of not coming up to snuff gripped him.

After school hours he worked at sundry humble jobs. When he graduated from high school his family wished him to be a competent electrician, so he got on the payroll at the Charleston Navy Yard.

"That was when I nearly made my running start on the wrong track," he confesses now. "I turned over most of what I earned to mother, but with what was left I stepped out. It never occurred to me to save money until one day a kid who was working with me showed up in an automobile. To my astonishment I found he'd bought it by putting aside something each Saturday.

"After that I hoarded what I could to run away and get on the stage. There was no entrée there in Boston. One weekend, when I had forty dollars altogether, I told mother that I'd been transferred to the Philadelphia Navy Yard and that it was a chance for advancement. Really, I had been writing to a pal of mine there and I figured that if I got to Philadelphia I'd be able to dash up to New York for weekends and get acquainted with some actors who'd give me a break.

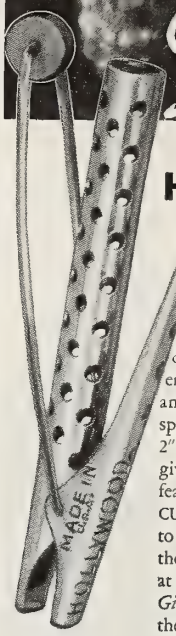
"When I arrived in Philadelphia I felt guilty, so I mailed mom ten dollars. She sent back twenty. So you can guess what kind she is!

"My pal couldn't get me on at the navy yard. But after a week or so of looking around, I landed a job as a song-plugger for one of the music houses. I sang in movie theatres and I was almost an actor.

"One day when I was at the music store a genuine actor walked in to inquire whether anyone knew of an idle comedian who'd join his vaudeville act. I'd had to wait three months for that opportunity, so I immediately went into my well-rehearsed sales chatter."



ON TWO NEW
HOLLYWOOD
CURLERS
...with spring end holders



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If you like curlers with spring end holders, you will like these new HOLLYWOODS. They are designed so that they hold hair ends securely yet do not crimp and will slip off easily without spoiling the curl. Two sizes...with 2" and 2¾" curling surfaces. They give you all the superior, patented features that make HOLLYWOOD CURLERS so easy to use, so quick to dry, so pleasing in results. See the complete HOLLYWOOD line at your variety store...from the new *Giant* that makes big soft curls to the little *Midget* that is so useful in controlling short, bothersome ends.

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From face or body without harm to skin, by following easy directions. Our electrolysis device is used by physicians and is guaranteed to kill hair forever or money refunded. Your electric current not used. Only $1.95 complete. Prepaid or C.O.D. plus postage.



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Darling, your hair's SO LOVABLE!



Not a fly-a-way hair in sight . . . yet she shampooed that hair only a few hours ago.

● Does your present shampoo leave your hair bodiless? Make you think you've got a dried-out mop? Then try the new oil shampoo used by beauty specialists. It's an oil shampoo that FOAMS! Water can be hot, cold, hard or soft. Wonderful for dry, coarse or heavy hair. Oily hair benefits too. Science says you should combat excessive oiliness with oil. For lustrous, clean hair that stays set, ask for Admiracion FOAMY Oil Shampoo. Three 3¢ stamps bring a sample. Admiracion, Harrison, N. J.

Should you prefer an oil shampoo that makes no lather, ask for Admiracion Olive Oil Shampoo in the RED package.



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MEN—WOMEN. Common education usually sufficient. 42,766 appointments 1937 Gov't year. Short hours. Write today sure for free 32-page book, with list of positions and full particulars telling how to qualify for them.
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Happy Relief From Painful Backache
Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Jack got the vacancy, and for six months he played the small-time circuit. He became familiar with split weeks, with cold trains and all the unglamorous drudgery of that branch of the theatrical game. But he couldn't be dismayed. He saved enough to tour the New York booking offices and land with Winnie Lightner on the Keith Circuit. Winnie had some singing and dancing girls for background, and one of them was Florence McFadden, a blue-eyed blonde who was terribly in earnest. Jack didn't pay any special attention to her then.

But a half-year later, which was just one year after he'd begun his career, he formed his own act. Within a few months he was appearing at the Palace Theatre in New York City, the mecca of all vaudeville artists.

"I'd stopped practicing putting on make-up!" he grins, remembering. "When I won that first job I nearly bought out the drugstore and I had to try the grease-paint on in front of all the customers. Then my landlady objected so forcefully to my ruining her towels that I began taking my trimmings easier!"

He admits that he was scared stiff when he went on at the Palace for the first time. "Sophie Tucker and a lot of big folks were on that bill. Once I got into my routine I was all right, but how I suffered each day while I was waiting to go on. It's been worse than dreaming you were caught short on Park Avenue without a stitch on, that fear of not making good which has pursued me."

Jack splurged for the last time then. He bought a car. You really don't need a car in New York City, as he subsequently discovered. But if he hadn't bought that car he might never have found the one girl. He checked over his address book and rode out to the McFadden's. The elder sister wasn't in, but Florence was. So he asked her to go driving with him anyway. After that he discerned a growing yearning for her company.

"I liked Jack," Florence Haley remarks, "because he didn't look like an actor. He didn't talk about himself unless you probed. Then, too, I liked the way he treated his mother and went to church with her. He was self-respecting and serious."

WHENEVER he was in the city from his out-of-town engagements Jack and Florence used to invite half-a-dozen friends over to cook a community dinner. Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa, Jack Benny and Mary Livingston, and George Burns and Gracie Allen were particular pals. That was before radio had skyrocketed them to fame.

He could have made the jump into Broadway musical revues three years sooner if he hadn't been deviled by his peculiar handicap.

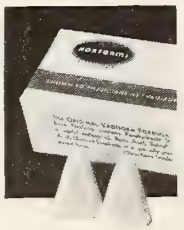
"I was a hit at the Palace and a producer sent for me to come over to his office to discuss a lead. He gave me the script and told me he was quite sure I'd do. Next day, when I was to read it along with several others, I only got as far as the theatre. I just couldn't make myself go in. I never even tried for the part!"

But after his three years of big-time vaudeville he mustered up sufficient confidence to tackle the revue producers again. Two seasons of headlining and he came to another turning-point. He had gradually reorganized his ideas about women. He saw that love wasn't a casual matter at all. He saw romance in its true colors, as a beautiful, essential experience. As a lasting reinforcement he wanted it. He awoke to the fact that Florence was far more than pretty. He appreciated her sterling qualities. They were married between a matinée and evening show.

But because Jack went up so fast, and

FEMININE HYGIENE made easy





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Norforms are ready for use. There's nothing to mix, nothing to measure. You don't have to worry about an "overdose" or "burn." No apparatus is needed to apply Norforms. They are the modern way to feminine hygiene.

NORFORMS have revolutionized feminine hygiene—made it simple, convenient and *easy*. These antiseptic suppositories are very easy to use... much more convenient and satisfactory than the old methods of achieving inner cleanliness. *They leave no embarrassing antiseptic odor around the room or about your person.*

Norforms melt at internal body temperature, releasing a concentrated yet non-irritating antiseptic film that remains in prolonged and effective contact. This antiseptic—*anhydro-para-hydroxy-mercuri-meta-cresol*—called *Parahydrecin* for short—is available in no other product for feminine hygiene. Norforms are positively antiseptic and non-irritating.

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STAINS DISAPPEAR QUICKLY—even stubborn smoke stains—with Iodent No. 2 Tooth Paste or Powder. Specially compounded by a Dentist to clean hard-to-bryten teeth safely. Polishes your teeth to glistening beauty. Also made in No. 1 texture for teeth easy-to-bryten. Try Iodent—enjoy its purity and delicious minty flavor.

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No. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN **TOOTH PASTE** *also* **POWDER** No. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

was a Broadway favorite in his early twenties, don't think that he was able to stop there. An audience doesn't clap at every production, you know, even though those who are in it have the best of intentions. He was so blue over the revue role he was doing when they married that he went back into vaudeville. Florence teamed with him.

After a season they had their introduction to Hollywood. A studio signed them for a two-reel reproduction of their act. After that Jack signed as master of ceremonies in a Los Angeles movie house.

"I had a chance to stay on indefinitely, but I also had one of my inspirations. A Chicago company of 'Good News' was being organized and I was offered the lead."

He did so splendidly in it that a pair of prominent writers wrote "Follow Thru" for him and starred him on Broadway in it. Remember "Button Up Your Overcoat?" That was Jack's song. Two years afterwards he introduced the equally popular tune, "You're an Old Smoothie."

But even when he was imported by Hollywood the following year he never became a smoothie in reality. He is proud of the Haley name. First he and Florence had a daughter, and then a son. The children are the apples of his eye.

A year ago Jack bought a house in Beverly Hills for his family. It's in a fashionable neighborhood and there is a swimming pool in the garden. But he candidly says that he bought it at a great bargain and wouldn't have put in the pool if he hadn't known it would enhance the re-sale value. He is among the well-to-to because he has remained conservative in spite of his increasing salary, because he has carefully, habitually invested a major share of his income. He has the blood of Erin coursing through his veins, but he's a smart Irishman. He wants a roof for his family in the future, as well as now when the spotlight's shining.

He hopes he can go on and on with his acting, and he finds Hollywood an ideal place to live. The Allens, the Bennys, and the Burnses and Benny Rubin remain the Haleys' best friends. "Yet we don't have any more fun than we did when the girls fixed up a spread in someone's tiny apartment, back in our New York vaudeville days!" Pictures aren't as difficult as vaudeville, incidentally. "There one had to absolutely depend upon himself. You either clicked or you didn't. Nobody advised you how to get on, or gave you a retake."

Still, he is remarkably honest when he concludes, "If I had to begin today I doubt if I could get over at all on the screen. I don't see how beginners can secure any training. Comedy after all is developed by audience reaction; fundamentally, it's a matter of timing. If you haven't an audience to practice on, if you can't alter and polish, how can you improve?"

The big shot among forgotten magnetic men—if there is such a tribe—is the success who has finally made good with Hollywood itself. It's a grand and faintly ironic feeling that bubbles over in Jack today. And if he isn't upsetting himself or the one he loves, nevertheless he is excited beneath his calm at this late recognition.

"Imagine!" he exclaims with a modest whistle. His blue eyes are more sky-blue than ever as his cherubic face lights up. He gives an embarrassed shrug, then a puzzled look possesses him. "I never quite understood why nobody ever wanted to interview me before. You know I've really been getting paid very well all along. I guess I shouldn't admit it, but I always wondered—secretly—why no one ever got any assignments to talk to me. And now I'm, well, I'm afraid I won't come up to your expectations!"

Hand your applause to Haley. He deserves it.



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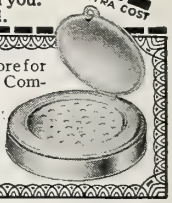
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STA-RITE Hair Pins Bob Pins

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GARBO FINDS LOVE

(*Continued from page 24*)

deprived of. To thoroughly enjoy the complete companionship of the man she loves satisfies her at the moment. Dwelling near him in a flower-decked villa by the sea, with time to revel in his company, is more bliss than she has believed ever could be hers. And yet, she is timid about announcing her new-found happiness to the world. She continues to hide her love behind words like friendship and companionship. Is it because she feels that to confide her feeling would be to lose her chance of its continuance? Perhaps.

And, as we go to press, word comes to us that Garbo and Stokowski have silently stolen away from their retreat in Ravello and have moved on to Taormina, a seaside village in Sicily. Rumor is rife that here, under the shadow of the ever-smoking volcano, Mount Etna, they will be married.

Whether they will or not, only time will tell, but the fact remains that Greta Garbo has found love, which she always feared was not in store for her. And, knowing values as she does, it is our guess that she will keep it, and our wish that she will find continued happiness in the companionship of the man she loves—Leopold Stokowski.

HER STAND-IN MADE HER A STAND-OUT

(*Continued from page 70*)

I finished out my nine-week course. So I went to work as a model.

"I learned a little more about acting. Not much, but a little, and every little bit helped, believe me. Especially when a studio offered me a screen test. I took the test from 8:30 to 12:30, and at 3:30 that afternoon was on the train to 'Looahvul.' Four days later Judi finished her course, and came down to visit me. She was there when word came for me to get started for Hollywood. So mother and I set out. And Judi cried all over the place, she was so happy for me."

In Hollywood, the newly-arrived and ambitious Marjorie felt that she was getting nowhere. She was discouraged, unhappy.

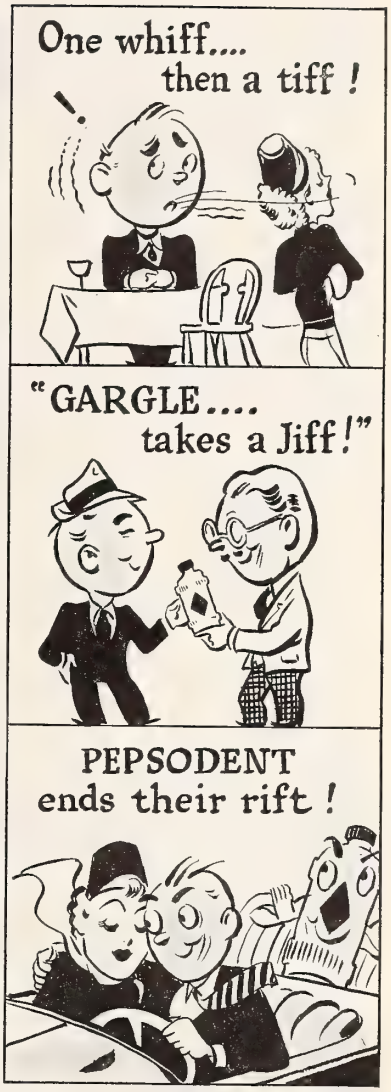
"I kept writing Judi about it. And Judi didn't come right back at me with a bunch of pep talks—which wouldn't have done any good. She wrote: 'I got you into it, and if you don't like it, honey, I'm all for your getting out of it. Come on home and get married and forget Hollywood.'"

"I wasn't disappointed in Marjorie," interrupted Judi. "I was disappointed in Hollywood. I wrote her that, too."

"It helped, too," said Marjorie, "but Mother was the one who made me stick it out. Mothers are that way. 'No, you've got to stay. You've got to show them.' I'd pack my bag and she'd unpack it. When my contract was almost up, and I knew it wasn't going to be renewed, we had quite some scenes. I said I couldn't see spending *her* money to stay in Hollywood, just to hope.

"But, almost immediately, another studio signed me. That was a year ago. I saw I was going to learn things, have a chance. I wired Judi: 'Come on out—we're on our way.'"

She did extra work at first. "I wasn't deserving of a stand-in till 'Second Honeymoon.' They told me about the second day

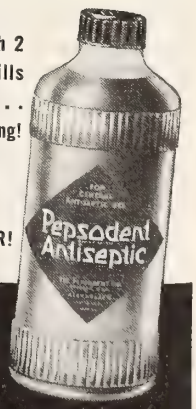


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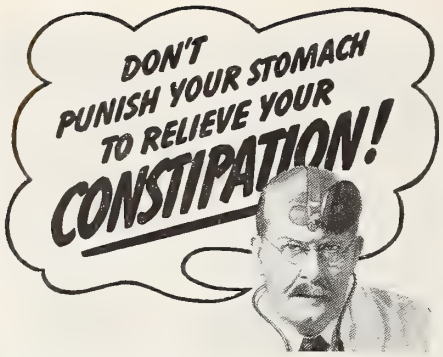
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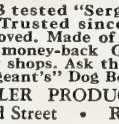
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that I could have one. I spoke up for Judi. They found out that we didn't look very much alike, and kept saying 'No.' Finally, I said, 'Look—she's my best friend. She's got to have the job.' I needed her now, more than ever. I needed her advice and encouragement. I needed her help to make the most of the chance I had.

"She was the one who had the belief that I had talent. I wasn't. I just had the desire to have talent. Judi thought I *could* act, but didn't quite know how. She'd rehearse me for hours on end. She had the patience to do that. She cried at the preview, boohooed like a baby. She said, 'You've done it!'

"I dreaded that preview. I didn't see how I could live through the agony, or how I'd be able to live afterward. I could just hear people saying, 'That terrible girl, so silly, so gapey. She can't act.' I still can't understand why they didn't say all that. I can't see why they said I was 'new and different.' I may be new, but I can't see how I'm any different.

"I don't know what kind of rôles Mr. Zanuck has in mind for me, but I have a hunch. 'Natural' rôles. If he ever called on me to be a dramatic actress, I know I'd be all hands and feet. At least for a couple of years yet. And if they ever wanted me to play a beauty—that would be just as bad. I don't have so much as one dimple."

AFTER "Second Honeymoon," Louisville wanted her to make a personal appearance there. And she was all set to go, when her phone rang. The man calling said he was Gene Markey, the producer.

"The idea of Gene Markey calling me was preposterous. I suspected it was the publicity man on the picture. He was always kidding. I said, 'Not Gene Markey, the big shot?' 'Yes, Gene Markey—the, er, big shot.' He had a rôle for me in 'Sally, Irene and Mary.' I joked right back. Finally, he said, 'If you don't listen to me, young lady, I'll tell Mr. Zunck on you.' Then he gave up.

"The next morning, Mr. Markey's secretary called me and said, 'If you don't come right over, he'll drag you here.' If I ever wanted to sink straight through to China, that was the time. I worried for two days about losing my job.

"And I," said Judi, "helped her worry. I did some of the talking over the telephone that night."

Marjorie fastened those shining brown eyes on me. "Do you want to know what gives me the most marvelous feeling in the world? To be in the picture at the end of ten days. By that time I feel as if they're going to leave me in it. I live in mortal dread of being in a picture only two days and then being yanked. When that happens, it will take more than encouragement to get me to stay in Hollywood. I don't know if I could take it."

Is she afraid that success will do things to her friendship with Judi?

Their instant, whole-hearted smiles were reassuring answers to such a question. Marjorie said, "We live the same as we did in college, except that Mother's with us. We sleep in the same room. We both wear the famous black hat. We're two girl-friends, having a grand time together.

"I'd still be myself if I were in Judi's shoes and she were in mine. If I ever started acting any differently toward her, that would be the first touch of 'going Hollywood.'"

Judi leaned toward me and said, confidentially, "Don't worry about Judi. She'll never be mistreated. Not by Marjorie Weaver.' Judi added, "And with her looks and her talent, and my ambition for her—well, what's going to happen to Garbo and Dietrich?"

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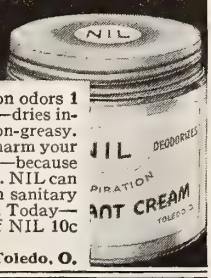
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GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 97*)

Madeleine Carroll put in a strenuous day on the "The Adventuress" set a while back. The scene was a shell-torn Spanish town, and the action called for Henry Fonda to drag Miss C. over a pile of rocks. The thing was shot over and over again, until Madeleine called a halt and took time out to bolster her posterior with a pillow. War is one thing, but a girl's anatomy is certainly another.

Ingenuity Plus

It took a prop man to solve a momentous problem on the set of "White Banners" the other day. The scene they were shooting showed Jackie Cooper, in tweed knickers, leaving the home of Bonita Granville to go skating. Everything was set when the cameraman announced that the tweed trousers would photograph white, which would never do. The director, the assistant director and everyone else sat down to confer, when the prop man produced a spray gun, sprayed the Cooper pants with brown lacquer, and the show went on.

■ ■ ■

Rosalind Russell stopped in at a prominent Hollywood beauty parlor recently and was talked into a "personality" hair-do. After being sculptured to perfection, she was led out to the dryers. Rosalind took a look at the other gals in the room and discovered they all had "personality" treatments. Miss R., after a few censored remarks, ripped heck out of her new personality and walked out of the "jernt."

Technician Loy

Press Agent Item: "Myrna Loy is so interested in 'process' shots that she spent an entire day at the studio, when her own work was finished, watching Clark Gable doing 'process' scenes for 'Test Pilot.'" Miss Loy's interest in the technical end of pictures is Hollywood legend. She often amuses, but never surprises, her co-workers by insisting on building her own sets. Between scenes she can always be found rearranging the heavy arc lights, or "grips," as she calls them.

■ ■ ■

Mae West, who has long been rumored the owner of the Ravenswood Apartments in Hollywood, where she lives, denies everything. Mae says she hasn't an apartment house to her name. As a matter of fact, the Ravenswood is owned by the George Pepperdine Foundation, a philanthropic organization, and Mae's rent helps support a Home for underprivileged girls, a classification in which Mae herself has never been included.

Sam's Fraud

Samuel Goldwyn is beamingly happy over the fact that his highly publicized Norwegian star, Sigrid Gurie, turned out to be a fraud. Sam, who imported her from Norway, spent a year teaching her English, and not until a mysterious husband sued her for divorce did he learn that Miss G. was born and raised in good old Brooklyn, where a number of elementary schools include English on their regular curricula. But it's all good publicity, and Mr. Goldwyn has yet to shudder at a press clipping.



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ATHLETE'S FOOT

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Don't Pay Until Relieved

According to the Government Health Bulletin No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments, seldom do any good.

Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

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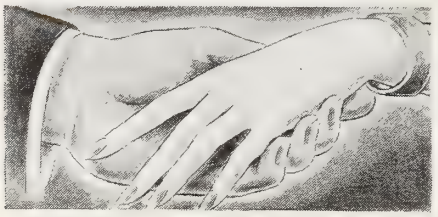
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MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 81*)

★★ Sally, Irene and Mary

"Sally, Irene and Mary" is an average screen musical, worth seeing because it is full of gags (some good and some you-know-what), because there are several good musical numbers, and mainly because it has Fred Allen. The persimmon-panned Mr. A. walks away with the show.

Sally, Irene and Mary are the names Mr. Zanuck has given Alice Faye, Joan Davis and Marjorie Weaver, three stage-struck manicurists who have placed themselves under the management of Allen, a shoestring theatrical producer. Their plans for a musical blow up when Alice Faye falls in love with singer Tony Martin, who is the sweetheart of the show's potential backer, Louise Hovick. Later Marjorie Weaver inherits a worn-out river barge, and with the help of Gregory Ratoff and a little tinsel the thing is converted into a showboat—and the show goes on.

Alice Faye and Tony Martin handle the romantic tunes effectively, and Joan Davis and Gregory Ratoff furnish a riotous moment with their parody on a Russian number. Jimmy Durante, as a street cleaner who becomes a producer, furnishes his own robust type of comedy and draws his share of the laughs. Marjorie Weaver, who has little to do, is disappointing. Directed by William Seiter.—(*20th Century-Fox*).

★★ Fools for Scandal

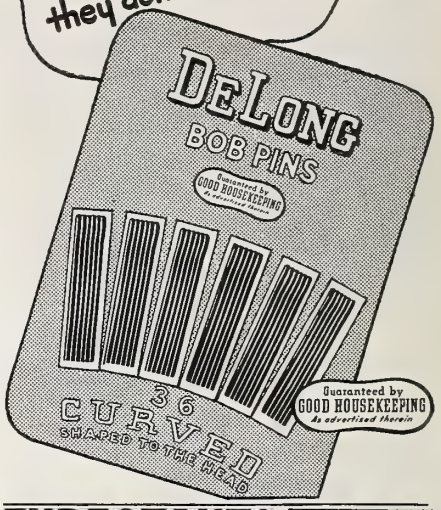
Mark this down as one of the season's major disappointments. With Mervyn LeRoy at the helm and a cast headed by Carole Lombard and Fernand Gravet, the picture should have been a howling success, and audiences have a right to expect just that. What they get is a confused mixture of slapstick and supposedly continental comedy, and the result can hardly be recommended to discriminating patrons—unless an extra special set of dishes goes with it.

The story deals with the romance between an American movie star incognito in Paris and an impoverished marquis who charms her with crepes suzette and a Gallic manner. The personable nobleman joins her household staff as a cook, breaks up her engagement to a stuffy insurance salesman (Ralph Bellamy) and wins her for



Carole Lombard and Fernand Gravet are "Fools for Scandal" but it's all in good fun.

what a blessing they don't show in your hair



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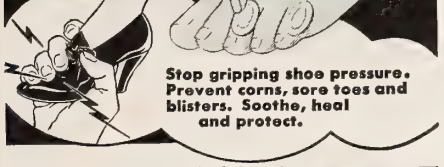
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FREE New glamour lipstick and face powder the stars use. Send label from 25c jar of Tayton's Cream and 3c stamp with your name and address to Tayton Company Dept. D, 811 West 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif. and generous trial of all five shades of powder and also lipstick will be sent you. State lipstick color.

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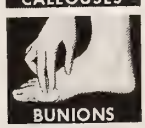
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himself. Handled with more skill, this plot might have formed the groundwork for swell comedy. As it is, it will confuse some audiences and bore others.

Fernand Gravet suffers by comparison with his American screen debut in "The King and the Chorus Girl," although he manages to lend his role more charm and appeal than a less capable actor would have given it. Carole Lombard's fans are in for a letdown, for her work doesn't measure up to the hilarious portrayals she has recently given the screen. Ralph Bellamy is excellent as the insurance salesman, and Marie Wilson gets laughs as Miss Lombard's maid. Isabel Jeans, Allen Jenkins and Marcia Ralston head the supporting cast.

Directed by Mervyn Le Roy.—(*First National*).

★★ Romance in the Dark

If the advertisements for this one mention "a new Gladys Swarthout" you can pretty well believe them, for "Romance in the Dark" offers Miss Swarthout the best opportunity she has had in pictures. Paramount has contrived a neat comedy with music which should win her many new friends.

Best thing about the picture is that its music fits inobtrusively into the story. There are nine musical numbers in the film, some sung by Miss Swarthout alone and some in duet with John Boles, and they are all pleasant to listen to.

Comedy is supplied in abundance by John Barrymore, who has recently been busy brightening up the screen with his own special brand of high comedy. As a romantic impressario with a keen eye both for business and beautiful women, he is a constant delight, and walks away with all of his scenes. John Boles appears a bit more relaxed than has been his custom of late, and there are fine supporting rôles by Fritz Feld, Claire Dodd and Curt Bois. There is but one criticism for Miss Swarthout. Despite her beauty, she still appears cold and aloof on the screen, although her work in this picture shows evidence of considerable defrosting. Directed by H. C. Potter.—(*Paramount*).

★ The First Hundred Years

You've seen this one before. It concerns the modern, sophisticated young couple whose careers conflict. Robert Montgomery wants to go to New Bedford and build ships, and Virginia Bruce prefers to stay in New York with her profitable theatrical agency. They can't agree, so the usual separation ensues. Then there is the alluring Other Woman, admirably played by Binnie Barnes, and the understanding, good-humored Other Man, nicely portrayed by Lee Bowman. Things look helpless until the advent of—surprise!—the elderly relative, who, despite advancing years, turns out to be more modern than either of the young battlers. There are moments of light-hearted banter which are pleasing, and there are several good performances. Main trouble is that it has all been done before, even up to the ending, when the modern young couple is reunited by the old-fashioned stork.

Robert Montgomery, who is used to this sort of thing, plays it well, but he has served his time and should get what he deserves, better rôles in better pictures. Virginia Bruce, unattractively gowned, tried her best to make the young wife a believable person. Allan Dinehart is good as a blustering lawyer, but Warren William seems out of place as a sophisticated New Yorker due to the fact that he wears Spanish sideburns and those shirts with the long, pointed collars. Richard Thorpe directed.—(*M-G-M*).





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TODAY'S TALKIES



★★★ Jezebel

If you enjoy a direct and violent assault on your emotions, "Jezebel" will please you. Otherwise it may not.

Background of the story is New Orleans shortly before the Civil War. The yellow fever epidemic of 1853 furnishes its climax and its most exciting moments, even though the film is devoted mainly to a character study of Julie Marsden, its central character. Played by Bette Davis, Julie Marsden is a self-centered and imperious Southern belle in love with a young banker (Henry Fonda). Her own spiteful passion breaks their engagement, but when he returns from the north with a bride (Margaret Lindsay) she will not accept her defeat. Her connivery causes a duel and the death of the hot-headed young man (George Brent) whom she had tricked into defending her honor. The picture's end finds the young banker stricken with yellow fever and sentenced to a leper colony, with Julie Marsden a tragic figure trying to undo some of her wrongs by accompanying the man she loves to the colony and certain death.

Bette Davis does a fine job, and Henry Fonda is capable. Best male performance, however, is George Brent's portrayal of the high-strung Southerner. Others are Fay Bainter, Spring Byington, Donald Crisp, Margaret Lindsay, Richard Cromwell and John Litel. Directed by William Wyler.—*Warner Brothers.*



★★ Merrily We Live

Depicting the antics of a zany family, this film is distinctly of the "My Man Godfrey" school of screen comedies. It has plenty of laughs, manages to be completely cockeyed most of the time, and probably is much funnier than it seems to a reviewer who has seen more than his share of lunatic families on the screen.

This one concerns the Kilbourne family. They are wealthy, of course, because it takes a certain amount of financial security to run a screwy menage. Mrs. Kilbourne (Billie Burke) is a goldfish fancier and a reformer of hoboes, much to the disgust of her husband (Clarence Kolb) and Grosvenor, the butler (Alan Mowbray). Daughter Jerry (Constance Bennett) seems given to mental voids, and her young brother and sister, (Tom Brown and Bonita Granville) spend most of their time bickering with the rest of the family. When an unkempt gent (Brian Aherne) wanders into this set-up he is immediately pounced upon by Mrs. Kilbourne, who wants to reform him, and Grosvenor, who wants to throw him out. Of course, he's really not a hobo at all. He's an author, but no one knows it until the last reel.

"Merrily We Live" is full of robust comedy, and if you aren't jaded with this sort of entertainment, you'll enjoy it a lot. The entire cast is first-rate, each member doing his share to add to the general confusion. Directed by Norman McCleod.—*Hal Roach.*



★★The Girl of the Golden West

This story of hearts entwined and the old, old west has been done before, but the present version is notable, among other things, for the most spectacular miscasting of the season. It's difficult to imagine Jeanette MacDonald as a saloon keeper, ruling over a bar patronized only by the bearded gentry of a tough Western town. It's no easier to picture Nelson Eddy as a bold, bad bandit with a price on his head.

Jeanette, or Butch, as they must have called her at the Polka Dot saloon, is betrothed to the local sheriff (Walter Pidgeon), who is ambitious to wipe out Ramirez, the much-feared bandit for whom a reward of ten thousand dollars has been offered. When the two finally meet there is much talk of "This Town ain't big enough for the two of us" and other standard Western threats, but the pure love of the beautiful barkeeper for the handsome bandit softens the sheriff's murderous intentions. Nice gesture, too, for it turns out later that Ramirez had been giving all his plunder to charity.

Miss MacDonald affects an exaggerated swagger for her heroine role, while Nelson Eddy's Ramirez could pass for a choir singer on an outing. However, they're not wholly at fault in such flagrant miscasting, and they make up for it with several pleasing songs. Walter Pidgeon and Leo Carrillo stand out in the supporting cast. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard.—*M-G-M.*

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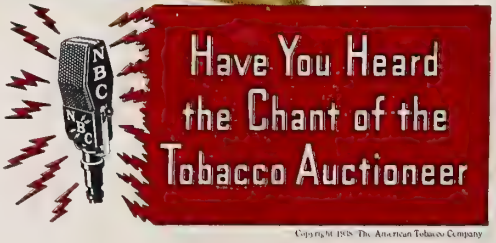
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—Sylvia Sidney

Earl Christy


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YOUR LIPS ALLURE WITH IRRESISTIBLE LIPLURE

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Neglect, Wrong Care, Ignorance of the Ipana Technique of Gum Massage—all can bring about

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"



ANN: *"Hello, Jane. Well, the laugh's on me—there's a tinge of 'pink' on my tooth brush. What do I do now?"*

JANE: *"See your dentist, pronto. Cheer up, my pet—maybe it's nothing serious!"*

ANN: *"Good heavens, I* hope *not. What did Dr. Bowen tell* you?"

JANE: *"Mine was a plain case of gums that practically never work—I eat so many soft foods. Believe me, I've been using Ipana with massage ever since. It's made a world of difference in the looks of my teeth and smile!"*

ANN: *"You make good sense, darling. Guess there's just one thing to do—find out what Dr. Bowen tells me..."*

Don't let "Pink Tooth Brush" ruin your smile

WHEN you see "pink tooth brush" *see your dentist.* You may not be in for serious trouble, but let him decide. Usually, he'll tell you that yours is merely another case of neglected gums. Because so many modern foods are creamy and soft, they fail to give our gums the exercise they need. That's why so many dentists today advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana with massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as clean the teeth. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation increases within the gum tissues, gums tend to become firmer, healthier.

Play safe! Change *today* to Ipana and massage. Help your dentist help you to sounder gums—brighter teeth—a lovelier smile!

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...who has youth and beauty and all the world to gamble it in..."life slips too hurriedly by, so sip the cup of frivolity and danger while you may"...you will watch with beating heart this sensational drama of New Orleans' gayest, maddest era in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's glamorous production. In the cast also: MELVYN DOUGLAS, ROBERT YOUNG, Barbara O'Neil, H. B. Warner. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Merian C. Cooper. Screen Play by Zoe Akins.



HIZZONER—THE MAYOR

By GEORGE BENJAMIN

Did you know that comedian Hugh Herbert is a big political figure?

Mr. Herbert writes a column, too. A jack of all trades and master of—all.



DID YOU know that Hugh Herbert is a Mayor? Or, that he's chairman of the Chamber of Commerce?

Yep, there's not a lazy hair in the Herbert head. In fact, besides these "minor" duties, he's honorary editor of the town newspaper, and knocks off a column, too. The town, y'know is Studio City. This doesn't mean the Warner lot either. Nope, it's a growing section all its own, boasting Glenda Farrell as Citizen No. 2, to say nothing of the many other celebrities in residence.

All this Hugh manages after his real job, acting in the movies, is completed. You must admit there's no grass growing under the Screen's No. 1 comedian's feet. For just in case you didn't realize it, our "Woo-Woo" man polled more votes in a recent popularity contest than any other two funnies combined!

Incidentally, Mr. Herbert explained just how he came by that Woo-Woo that's made him famous.

"I didn't really start that Woo-Woo! Oh, my no!" Herbert Amusements, Ltd., stated. "You see, it was actually the extras who made it a go. I was doing a picture with Louis Calhern. We had to do location shots, if the rain stopped. It had been going on for days! Louis and I decided to have a couple one evening. And after—well, shall we say several—we called it a night, never expecting to be called for work next day. But at seven a. m. the phone rang, and they said, 'Report at once!'

"My, my, that was bad! But, what was worse than our heads was that the scene was to be made on a limb up in a tree, about thirty feet off the ground. Louis and I finally got set, and, no sooner did we take an easy breath than along came a strong gust of wind to do us in! Well, as we swayed back, almost toppling, I said, 'Woo-WOO!' The whole company laughed. Very funny, very funny indeed, they thought! What they didn't know was how we felt. After that, every time I walked on a set the extras would give me the Woo-Woo, so I put it in the act."

Just how Hugh Herbert got started doing comedy proves you can never tell when your lucky break will be a disappointment in disguise.

"When I was a kid I used to usher in a stock house uptown," said Hugh. "I was always observant, even to remembering my customers and where they liked to sit. Before long I was entertaining the scrubwomen and stagehands by giving impersonations of the acts. My boss saw me and said if he ever had a spot in the show he'd give it to me. One day he let me paste on a mustache and go on in 'a bit,' but that was enough for my customers to recognize me and give their pal a big hand. Right then and there I took my bows, several of them, to the manager's chagrin."

HERBERT chuckled as he reminisced, "After a few of these 'successes,' I wouldn't go back to ushering. Oh my no! Too far beneath me! Some time later pictures came in, and a girl and I stood behind the screen and did all the voices of the characters. About a year of this and I decided I was big stuff, so I wrote a vaudeville sketch for a fellow and myself. We had an agent and were going to be great; that is, until we drifted apart before our debut. Later on I wrote another for a girl and myself, and we actually played the circuits.

"From this I got an offer to go into a Burlesque. They were to get a new sketch for me, 'til I showed them my own and they liked it. This eventually proved my entree into the legitimate theatre, and I finally wound up on the coast—where all good actors go—Woo-Woo!

"But to get back to Studio City! I sure like being its mayor. We get things done. Have the streets lighted and paved already. It's a growing, important place, Studio City! Y'know, I get them together for council meetings, and the aldermen do things because they must listen to us. We're strong. Why, I sent out two hundred invitations, and four hundred came once! Great response, great!

"Oh, yes," Mr. H. answered. "I do a column on our town paper. Use lots of my fan mail as material. Some are very funny, my yes—very funny. One lady wrote me that I reminded her of her dear departed husband, poor guy, (*Continued on page 107*)

"When your feet hurt···you hurt all over!"



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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for bunions relieve pain; stop shoe pressure on the sore spot. Thin, protective, healing, safe, sure. Won't come off in bath.



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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for soft corns between toes, relieve pain instantly; take pressure off the sore spot; quickly, safely loosen and remove soft corns.



FOOT RELIEF

Dr. Scholl's Kurotex, velvety-soft foot plaster relieves shoe pressure on corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots, prevents blisters. Cut it to any size.



CORNS, CALLOUSES

Dr. Scholl's Liquid Corn and Callous Remedy. 2 drops relieve pain quickly; soon loosen and remove hard or soft corns and callouses with ease.



REMOVES CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Corn Salve quickly relieves pain and soon loosens old, hard corns for easy removal. Dependable, economical. Easy to apply.



REMOVES CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Fixo Corn Plasters quickly relieve pain and remove corns. Stop nagging shoe pressure. Easy to apply, stay in place. Waterproof.



EASES FEET

Dr. Scholl's Moleskin, foot plaster for relieving shoe pressure on corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots. Prevents blisters. Cut it to any size or shape.

NOW is the time to get relief—during DR. SCHOLL'S FOOT COMFORT WEEK.

Over 125,000 Drug, Shoe, Department and 10¢ Stores are behind this annual drive to relieve foot troubles. Go to your dealer now and let him show you how easy Dr. Scholl has made it for you to be foot-happy.

Remember—anything you buy bearing Dr. Scholl's name must give you satisfaction, or your money will be refunded.



For **FREE FOOT BOOK** and sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for relieving corns and sore toes, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. MCW, Chicago, Ill.

TENDER FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder relieves tender, hot, tired, chafed or perspiring feet. Soothing, comforting to irritated skin. Eases new or tight shoes.



TIRED, ACHING FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves feverish, aching, tender, sensitive, tired feet, caused by exertion and fatigue. Safe, sure. Very refreshing.



CLEANSES FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Soap (granular), loosens secretions of the skin; cleanses skin pores; stimulates normal circulation, aids in promoting foot health.



PROTECTS STOCKING

Ease-all Stocking Heel Protector firmly but comfortably grips the heel, saves wear of stocking at the heel, prevents blisters. Washable.



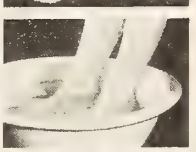
FOOT LOTION

Dr. Scholl's Foot Lotion cools, soothes, invigorates tired, burning feet. Relieves soreness. Delightfully comforting; deodorizing and antiseptic.



RELIEVES SORE FEET

Dr. Scholl's Bath Salts relieve tired, aching feet. Also useful in bath for relieving muscular aches, pains. Soften water for all toilet purposes.



CROOKED HEELS

Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strates prevent crooked heels, keep shoes shapely. Cushion heel; save on repairs. Easily attached in any shoe. For men and women.



SORE, TENDER HEELS

Dr. Scholl's Heel Cushions make walking a pleasure; provide mild support for the arch. Made of sponge rubber, covered with leather. Easily applied.



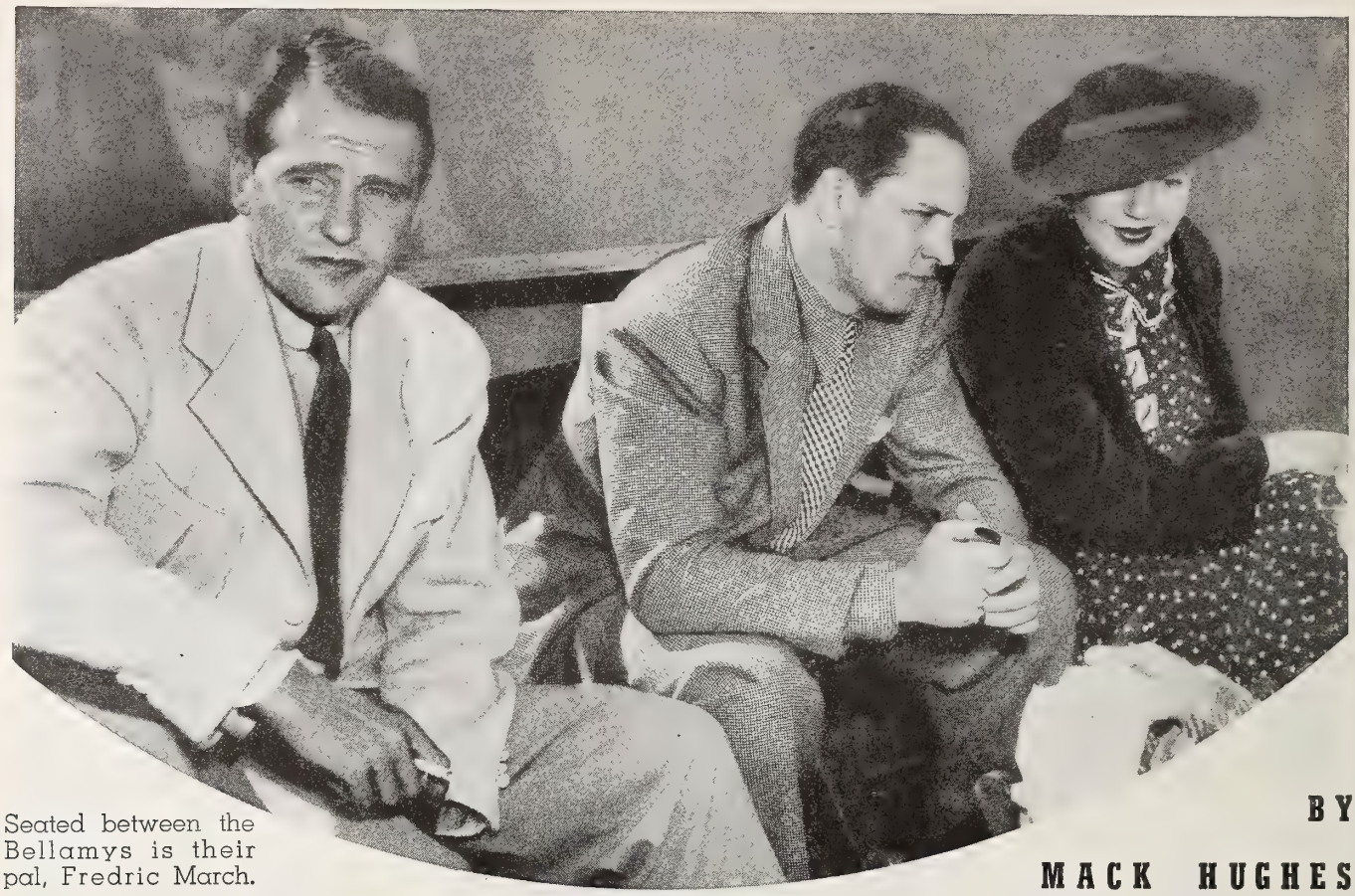
CORNS, BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Felt Pads in sizes for corns and bunions instantly relieve pain of these foot troubles by stopping shoe pressure on sore spot. Easy to apply.



Dr Scholl's Foot Comfort Week

*TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Seated between the Bellamys is their pal, Fredric March.

BY MACK HUGHES

MR. B. GOES TO TOWN

THERE'S NOTHING like it!" exclaimed Ralph Bellamy. "Every movie actor should come to New York at least once a year. It's so stimulating, this town, that no one should be away too long.

"You know, when Catherine and I came east, I was completely worn out from overwork—thank goodness! But, now that we've had three weeks holiday here, I feel like a new person. Not that we've had much chance to rest, for we haven't, what with theatres and old friends to see. It's been three and four o'clock every morning, but even so, I feel far better than I did before we arrived. Now I'm all set to go back and do some hard work."

This seems to be the general opinion of those immersed in the vast business of making movies. Nothing is quite so relaxing as a complete change, particularly when the new scenery is the axis about which things concerning your main interest in life (acting) revolves. For it was from the New York theatre that Ralph Bellamy went to join the movie colony.



"The Awful Truth" is that Ralph didn't want to play in it.

"At home, you know, when friends gather, there seems no way to escape discussing the picture business. But in New York that isn't so. There are so many other things to divert one, the opera, commercial business and, of course, the theatre," explained Mr. B.

All things considered, it is only logical that movietown dwellers are primarily interested in movies, for there, everything centers around the picture industry. Everyone seems connected in one way or another with this enterprise. Even, as Mr. Bellamy points out, most of the natives and settlers are in some way or other concerned. Once they've retired and settled in Hollywood, with their life savings, they register with Central Casting for an occasional job as extra.

"So you can understand why they have fourteen thousand people registered for these jobs when there are approximately only three thousand jobs," continued Bellamy.

"Did I say Hollywood was the *only* place where the topic of conversation was pictures?" laughed Mr. B. "Well, since you liked 'The Awful Truth,' I'll give you the low-down on it!

"I had had (*Continued on page 105*)

Ralph Bellamy takes some bows which he claims he doesn't rate

HERE THEY COME ON A MILLION DOLLAR SPREE TO WAKE AND MAKE AND TAKE PAREE!

Those gorgeous "Gold Digger" lovelies have taken America twice! Now see what they do to 50 million Frenchmen!



"GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS"



HEAR *for the first time on the screen*— The SCHNICKELFRITZ BAND

& 4 Brilliant Song Hits

"Day Dreaming" • "A Stranger in Paris" • "The Latin Quarter"

"I Wanna Go Back to Bali"



Starring

RUDY VALLEE

ROSEMARY LANE • HUGH HERBERT

ALLEN JENKINS • GLORIA DICKSON

MELVILLE COOPER • MABEL TODD • FRITZ FELD

Directed by RAY ENRIGHT • Screen Play by Earl Baldwin and Warren Duff • Story by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay, Maurice Leo From an Idea by Jerry Horwin and James Seymour • Music and Lyrics by Harry Warren and Al Dubin • A WARNER BROS. PICTURE

MOVIE REVIEWS



★★★★ Test Pilot

In a month full of mediocre films, Metro really startled the Hollywood preview-goers with one of the year's fastest and most exciting screen dramas—one of those rare pictures which actually live up to their advance notices. "Test Pilot" has everything: a swell story, a splendid cast, and powerful air stuff which furnishes some of the most breath-taking moments the screen has ever offered.

Clark Gable plays an aerial daredevil whose business is risking his neck trying out new ships. Boy meets girl when Gable is forced down in a Kansas wheat field, not more than fifty paces from Myrna Loy. They marry, much to the disgust of Spencer Tracy, Gable's mechanic, and Lionel Barrymore, his boss. But Myrna wins them over, and, with Gable and Tracy, makes "Test Pilot" the most virile and—potentially—the most profitable picture of the year.

Gable and Tracy are excellent in their he-man roles, and Myrna Loy is at her charming best. In the supporting cast, Lionel Barrymore deserves praise, as do Ted Pearson, Marjorie Main, Gloria Holden and Louis Jean Heydt. Best scene is the terrific moment when a plane, in a power dive, loses both wings, and the pilot calmly rips off the instrument board, for his records, before he bails out. Victor Fleming directed.—*M-G-M.*



★★★ Port of Seven Seas

After a deluge of screwball comedies, an honest, well-written and well-played film like this is a welcome and very pleasant relief. Its title is misleading, for it is a psychological drama which uses the seaport only as setting and background. It's only other fault is that it may be considered too talky for some moviegoers; but for intelligent audiences "Port of Seven Seas" is both appealing and charming.

Story concerns the love of Madelon (Maureen O'Sullivan) and Marius (John Beal). Marius leaves for the sea on short notice and Madelon discovers she is to become a mother. She tells Marius' father, Cesar (Wallace Beery), and she tells Panisse (Frank Morgan), an elderly suitor. Panisse, who has loved her for years, marries her, and with the aid of Cesar they find happiness and contentment, until the return of Marius brings emotional conflict.

For Wallace Beery, the role of Cesar offers a fine contrast to his usual slapstick comedy. The roles of Marius and Madelon are effectively played by John Beal and Maureen O'Sullivan, and Frank Morgan, scaling the range from comedy to pathos, turns in the picture's most expert performance. Etienne Girardot and Jessie Ralph head the supporting cast. Directed by James Whale.—*M-G-M.*



★★ Four Men and a Prayer

Had the director told his cast exactly what type of picture they were making, much better results might have come of "Four Men and a Prayer." Indications are, however, that he was not too sure himself, for his film skips from screwball farce to serious intrigue and back again with almost clock-like regularity. The proceedings left this reviewer, for one, more baffled than entertained.

C. Aubrey Smith, a British colonel in India, has been dishonorably discharged. He returns to England with proof that the incriminating evidence had been forged, and calls his four sons home to aid him in erasing the disgrace. On his first night home he is murdered, and his papers stolen. The picture then centers about the efforts of the four sons to track down the murderer and clear their father's name.

Richard Greene, the young English actor making his Hollywood debut, scores as an excellent leading man type. Loretta Young does what she can with a not too clearly defined character. David Niven plays a comedy role and turns in the picture's best performance. C. Aubrey Smith is gruff and noble as the wronged colonel, and the other two sons are ably portrayed by George Sanders and William Henry. Directed by John Ford.—*20th Century-Fox.*

BY LEO TOWNSEND



FROM STAGE HIT TO SCREEN SENSATION *in a blaze of glorious romance and heart-lighting laughter! . . . The play that pierced the armor of New York . . . screened in all the punch and drama and excitement that kept it running month after month on Broadway! . . . Get your hoped-for thrills from the screen this summer . . . in the vacation-camp romance that piles up all the adventures you've ever dreamed for yourself in new places among strange faces! . . .* **DON'T LET ANYTHING KEEP YOU AWAY!**



GINGER ROGERS AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR.

Having Wonderful Time

WITH

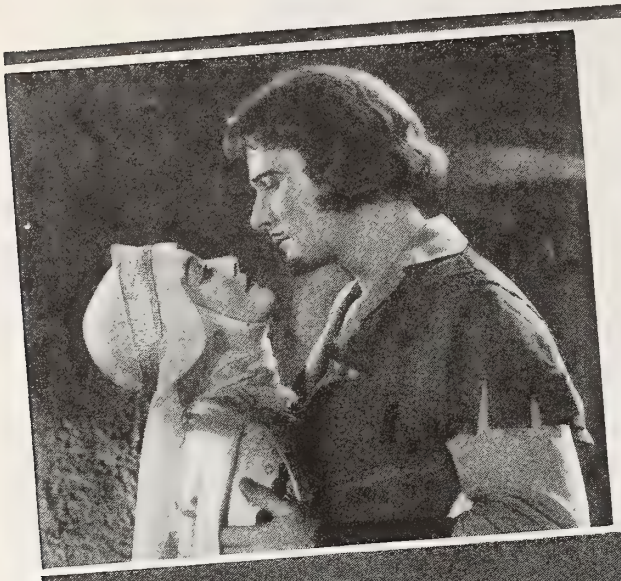
PEGGY CONKLIN · LUCILLE BALL · LEE BOWMAN
RICHARD (RED) SKELTON · ANN MILLER · DONALD MEEK

A **PANDRO S. BERMAN** *Production · Directed by* **ALFRED SANTELL**

Screen play by **ARTHUR KOBER**
Adapted from his New York Stage success as produced by **MARC CONNELLY**

RKO RADIO PICTURES

TODAY'S TALKIES



★★★★ The Adventures of Robin Hood

For pageantry, spectacle, romance, and beauty, the new "Robin Hood" is tops in screen entertainment. The Sherwood Forest and Nottingham Castle backgrounds are perfect for Technicolor. Whether it be horses kicking up a spray as they cross a stream, or a great hall full of brilliantly garbed knights in mass duel, the color is a constant delight.

The story has been given a deeper social significance than it heretofore had, and, by emphasizing government greed and the tyranny of power-mad rulers, has been considerably modernized. Robin is now a more purposeful character, whose hobby of robbing the rich to give to the poor is incidental to his desire to rid the tax-payers of their inhuman burden.

Errol Flynn is a magnificent Robin Hood, who dashes about in a most romantic and swashbuckling manner. Claude Rains is splendid as the cruel Prince John, and Basil Rathbone does a superb job as Sir Guy of Gisbourne. Olivia De Havilland is decorative as Maid Marian. In fact the entire cast deserves much credit, as also do Erich Wolfgang Korngold's musical score, and the co-directors Michael Curtiz and William Keighley.—*Warner Brothers.*



★★★ Dr. Rhythm

The latest Bing Crosby opus offers something rare in film entertainment—a musical with a sense of humor. There is nothing of the pretentious boredom which takes possession of most "big" musicals, and not one bit of self-conscious tomfoolery. A swell cast is perfectly at home with a good script, and everyone has a fine time. All of which makes "Dr. Rhythm" Dr. Crosby's best picture.

The good doctor, who prefers to be known as "the groaner," is most ably assisted by the drolleries of Beatrice Lillie, whose zany antics run the gamut from high satire to low burlesque. Her gipsy dance with Crosby, to the tune of "Only a Gipsy Knows," is one of the funniest moments in a picture loaded with highlights. Other high comedy interludes include a mad water sequence between Andy Devine and an indignant seal, a devastating bit featuring an operating table with merry-go-round proclivities, and a department store scene in which Miss Lillie attempts to purchase "two dozen double damask dinner napkins" from Franklin Pangborn.

Bing Crosby performs with ease and charm, and croons well. Mary Carlisle is pleasing in the feminine lead. Directed by Frank Tuttle.—*Paramount.*



★★★ To the Victor

Here is a wonderfully refreshing picture whose power lies in its simplicity. There is artistry in its direction, and great beauty in its characterizations. Will Fyffe gives an unforgettable portrayal of the gnarled old Scotsman in whose black heart there is room for no one except his dog, a cup-winning shepherd named Black Wull. The dog's only rival is Owd Bob, who belongs to a neighbor (John Loder). In a thrilling sequence Owd Bob wins in the trials. Broken hearted, the old man goes back to his lonely existence, and soon after this, it is proven that his dog, Black Wull, is a killer. The high point of the picture is Fyffe's scene with his dog—when he quietly explains to him why he must be shot. With a tender sort of brutality, without bitterness or anger, he leads the dog into the hills toward death.

There is a pleasant romance between John Loder and the old man's daughter (Margaret Lockwood), and a great deal of action by the antagonistic herders. The supporting roles are handled with understanding and honesty, but the picture belongs to Will Fyffe—with honors to its director, Robert Stevenson.—*Gaumont-British.*

More Reviews on page 80

Pick your pictures by our reviews and you will enjoy them so much more

NEW STARLIGHT FOR HOLLYWOOD

The New Universal proudly presents The American Debut of

DANIELLE DARRIEUX

The girl whose exquisite beauty . . . charm of performance...has made her the most beloved stage and screen star in all Europe . . . The star of the sensational MAYERLING . . . which all America has taken to its heart!



DANIELLE DARRIEUX • DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.

in

"THE RAGE OF PARIS"

with

MISCHA AUER · HELEN BRODERICK · LOUIS HAYWARD

Original Story and Screen Play by Bruce Manning and Felix Jackson

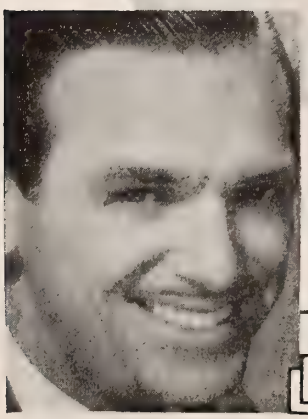
Directed by HENRY KOSTER who made "3 SMART GIRLS" and "100 MEN AND A GIRL"

Produced by B. G. de SYLVA

CHARLES R. ROGERS

Executive Vice-President in Charge of Production

UNIVERSAL PICTURES







Creature of a thousand new moods of femininity!

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR

HELEN BRODERICK

MISCHA AUER

"DANDRUFF ITCH?"



Use This Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of the scalp to prevent dryness.

To Accomplish This Is Easy With The Zonite Antiseptic Treatment

Just add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin . . . Then do this:—

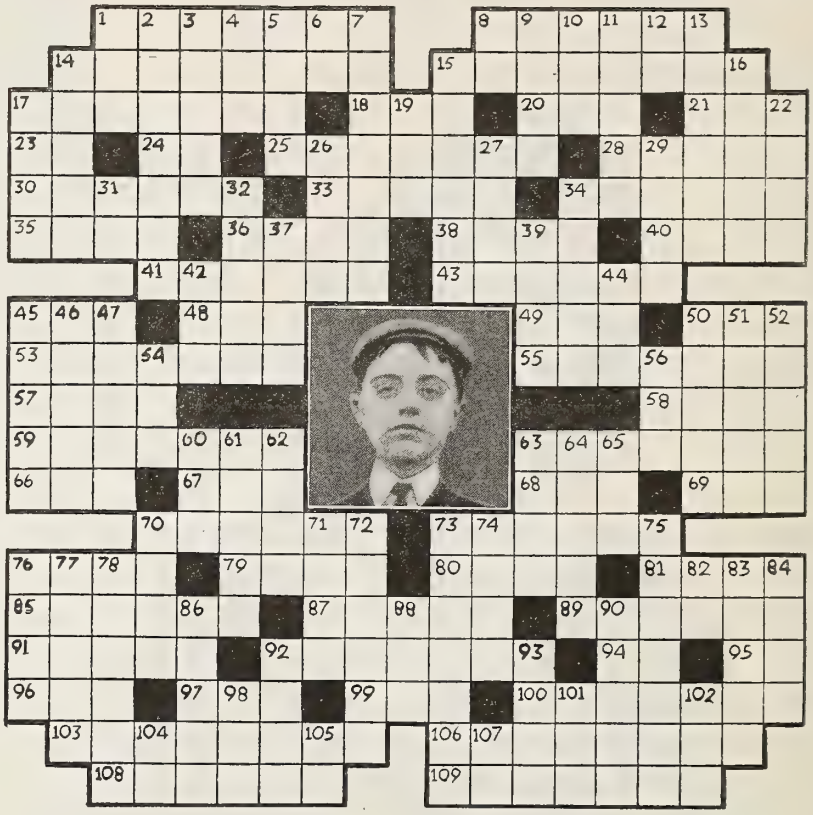
1. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. *(This gives hair and scalp an antiseptic cleansing—stimulates scalp—kills all germs at contact.)*
2. Lather head with any good soap shampoo, using same Zonite solution. *(This cuts oil and grease in hair and scalp—loosens dirt and dandruff scales.)*
3. Rinse very thoroughly. *(Your head is now clean—your scalp free from scales.)*
4. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. *(This relieves dryness.)*

RESULTS: By using this simple antiseptic shampoo treatment regularly (twice every week at first) you do what skin specialists say is necessary, if you want to rid yourself of dandruff itch and nasty scalp odors. We believe that if you are faithful, you will be delighted with results.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 710 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.



OUR PUZZLE



• ACROSS

Answer to Puzzle on Page 91

1. First name of star pictured
8. He was "The Thin Man"
14. Friar Tuck in "The Adventures of Robin Hood"
15. Gene Lockhart's wife
17. Blacky in "Tip-off Girls"
18. Ma - - - Wilson
20. "- - - Many Wives"
21. Producers Wurtzel and Lesser
23. P - - l Kelly
24. State of Alice Faye's birth: abbr.
25. - - - - - - - Cortez
28. - - - - - Moran
30. Sheds blood
33. - - - - - Gombell
34. Contradiction
35. Consumes
36. Winged parts
38. "- - - - Since Eve"
40. Mar - - - - Dietrich
41. Antitoxins
43. Gift by bequest
45. Exclamations
48. Tear
49. Cliff Edwards is Ukulele - - -
50. Anne - - - rley
53. Film ready to be shown
55. More quiet
57. What Novarro was in "The Sheik Steps Out"
58. English actress, - - - - Ray
59. She was our star's last wife
63. Oriental
66. Printer's measures
67. Mosquito in "Girl of the Golden West"
68. Court of Common Pleas: abbr.
69. Color
70. Star of "The Divorce of Lady X"
73. Great arteries
76. Norse chieftan
79. Flower container
80. Ben Volt in "College Swing"
81. Split
85. Mrs. John Barrymore
87. A gradual passing
89. What Elissa Landi was in "Warrior's Husband"
91. - - - - - MacMahon
92. Flowering tree
94. Article
95. Public notice
96. Heroine of "Reckless Living"
97. Gum
99. - - - ry Crabbe
100. Dwellers
103. Feminine dressing gown
106. Our star's last film was "The - - - - - - - - and the Butler"
108. Tom Logan in "Tip-off Girls"
109. Male lead in "International Settlement"

PAGE

• DOWN

1. "- - - Lord"
2. What our star's recovering from
3. Star of "Professor, Beware!"
4. Ginger Rogers' estranged husband
5. Roman highway
6. "Blondes - - Work"
7. Kindnesses
8. State of our star's birth: abbr.
9. - - - - Kruger
10. "- - - Killed Gail Preston?"
11. Hollywood stars - - - - - to Yuma
12. Director Mervyn - - Roy
13. Star of "It's Love I'm After"
14. One of Fred Stone's actress daughters
15. Core
16. Mickey in "You and Me"
17. Oliver Hardy's nickname
19. King Richard in "The Adventures of Robin Hood"
22. - - - - Talbot
26. Mohammedan priest
27. Selznick's nickname
29. "You - - - - Live Once"
31. And: Fr.
32. Hindu women's garments
34. Heroine of "The Lone Wolf in Paris"
37. Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller
39. Roman shield
42. Epoch
44. Sir - - - ric Hardwicke
45. Oral plate
46. Egret
47. Bangs
50. Spirited horse
51. Male lead in "Jezebel"
52. Star of "The Joy of Living"
54. "- - - Tide"
56. "- - - ists and Models"
60. Priestly vestment
61. Female ruff
62. Maureen O'Sullivan's role in "David Copperfield"
63. Natural color
64. The baneberries
65. Watering place
70. - - - - Howland
71. City of Sonja Henie's birth
72. Star of "The Show Goes On"
73. Sucks up
74. Oil: comb. form
75. Jerry in "Professor, Beware!"
76. Late actress mourned by our star
77. Male lead in "Everybody Sing"
78. She won the Academy Award again this year
82. Judy Garland will make "The Wizard of - -"
83. What the M-G-M lion does
84. Finishes
86. Anneals: dial. Eng.
88. Public Works Administration: abbr.
90. One of Vallee's alma maters
92. Italian: slang
93. Mend
98. Thus
101. Bode: var.
102. S-shaped worm
104. "The - - Getter"
105. Andrea L - - ds
107. Initials of Bruce Cabot's ex-wife

NO DATES IN MARY'S BOOK
NO SONG IN MARY'S HEART



She doesn't dream that underarm odor is the reason men pass her by!

Mary is pretty, vivacious, and young—she *should* be as popular as any girl around. Yet the men that she meets always seem to avoid her. Through glorious summer evenings she sits home alone, while men take other girls out on good times!

Too bad Mary doesn't realize that it takes more than a bath to prevent underarm odor — that underarms must have *special* care to keep a girl dainty and fresh, safe from offending.

Wise girls use Mum! They know that a bath takes care only of *past perspiration,* but Mum prevents odor *before it starts.* To avoid all risk of offending friends — use Mum every day and after every bath. With Mum, you'll be *sure* your charm is lasting, you'll be a girl that men always find *attractive!*

MUM IS QUICK! One-half minute is all it takes to smooth a quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is soothing to the skin, harmless to every fabric. You can use it right after underarm shaving.

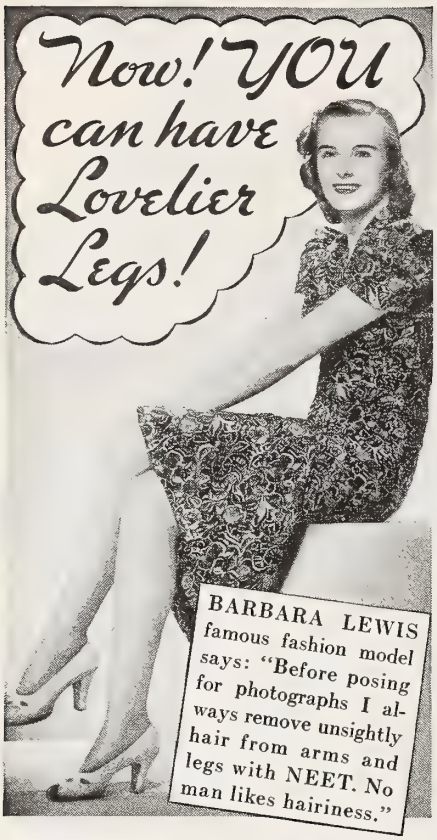
MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum's sure protection lasts all day or all evening long. No worries, then, about unpleasant odor. For Mum makes underarm odor *impossible!*

IT TAKES MORE THAN A BATH — IT TAKES MUM



For Sanitary Napkins—
No worries or embarrassment when you use Mum this way. Thousands do, because it's SAFE and SURE.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



UNSIGHTLY HAIR WASHES OFF QUICKLY *with New Cream*

In a bathing suit... evening gown... even through stockings... unsightly hair spoils your charm and drives away romance.

Now you can easily have *lovely legs and arms*—free of ugly hair. Just spread on NEET, as you would a cold cream. Then rinse off with water! NEET removes all hair—delays re-growth—leaves your skin petal-soft and satin-smooth.

Avoid Unpleasant Razor-Roughness

Say good-bye to rough skin and sharp, wiry hairs that grow in after shaving. No razor stubble to snag your stockings . . . no danger of cuts when you use the safe and easy NEET method.



Magnified view of sharp bristly hair after shaving. Snags stockings.



NEET removes hair *below* skin surface — delays re-growth—*no razor stubble.*

Don't let summer romance pass you by. Shorter skirts, summer dresses and beach wear spotlight *arms and legs* as never before. *See that yours are lovely.* Do as millions of women do—remove unsightly hair with NEET. Get it *today!* At drug and dept. stores. Trial size at 10c stores.



NEET Just Rinse Off Unsightly Hair

BETWEEN YOU'N'ME



A Boston fan loves her history and wants more of it in her movie fare.

$5.00 Prize Letter
Foiled Again

I like music. I like comedy. I like dancing. But I'll be blanked if I'm going to sit through another one of those so-called "musical extravaganzas" again! I'm one of those suckers who get caught by those magnificent advertisements that tell about the girls, laughs, thrills of these musicals that crop up so often to blight the existence of us poor moviegoers.

And what do we get? A mess of songs and dances that barely cling together by means of the most childish imitations of plots imaginable. Every so often a troop of scantily clad beauties dances across the screen for no particular reason. There is usually a comedian or two, perhaps a villain, and so it goes for an hour or so till the hero gets the girl, the villain is foiled, and I once more realize that I've been fooled again, and swear off of musicals forever (or at least till the next one comes along).

Why doesn't someone tell the producers that it takes more than a song and a dance to make a picture? Can't we have a musical comedy that is a musical comedy? Songs and dances are swell in their proper places, but they're never there! As for the plot, why I can tell you the whole story of any musical out, after seeing five minutes of it. So please, producers, let reason temper music and order temper dancing and the result will be really enjoyable entertainment.

—M. Lederman, New Brunswick, N. J.

$2.00 Prize Letter
Glamor's the Bunk

Intelligent fans, who realize that our stars are ordinary human beings, with their respective shares of flesh and blood idiosyncrasies, will glean keen food for thought from MODERN SCREEN'S May article, "Glamor For Rent," wherein the theatricalness of the Great Goddess Glamor is debunked.

When Hollywood was in its formative stage, endeavoring to interest the public in the affairs of its inhabitants, glamor was understandable and forgivable. Today, however, when the people desire their screen favorites as natural as the man next door or Cousin Annie from Milwaukee, glamor is inexcusable, "hammish" and ridiculous. It detracts from whatever histrionic talent an actress may possess. Witness Marlene Dietrich whose career was shattered like a thin-blown glass tumbler hurled against the wall, by the tinsel varnish of seductiveness which her employers wished upon her.

While the majority of our leading female lights might have begun their careers as overdone temptresses, they are now, thanks to their own inherent intelligence, acting and conducting themselves on and off the screen like people, not like gaudy automatons.

—Marice Jacobs, Philadelphia, Pa.

$2.00 Prize Letter
A New High

When I, at the tender age of something-or-other, first saw a moving picture, I was dumbfounded that actual likenesses could be projected on a screen and made to move. When I saw my first talkie, I was amazed. Surely, thought I, when the motion picture has reached the point where it can make itself heard, it has reached the point of perfection!

But, no! Along came wonderful technicolor and I was thrilled even more that the actual flesh-like appearances of the stars could be projected before my very eyes.

Along came Walt Disney's superb "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," a picture that blends all the marvels of the past and yet adds another—drawings that move, talk and have power enough to sway your emotions! A picture that truly tops any-



"Will Shirley Temple remain unspoiled?" asks a young lady from Ohio.

thing that I have seen in the entertainment world!

No doubt the motion picture will go on to still greater heights, just as it did in the past when I doubted that it could go further. But, in spite of that possibility, after seeing "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," I cannot help but say that the film industry has reached perfection.

—Hal David, Hartwell, Ga.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Historical Films

Seeing a picture like "Wells Fargo" is a thrilling experience. As the reels un-

Movie-goers have their say and get cash prizes. Try it—it's grand fun and you can win!

fold, we all share the desire of the people for land and freedom—a desire which drove them ever westward; the building up of the great express company so that contact between the East and West might be assured, and that news of important events might be broadcast as quickly as possible; and, with it all, the plain simplicity and courage of these heroic people. Such a picture, and others depicting the early life of America, make us proud that we, too, are Americans, and leave us eager to make our own lives carry on in the great tradition. With such a background, and with such blood running through our veins, we should seek to be worthy inheritors making our country the ideal place our ancestors dreamed it would be. Such episodes in our history are not rare, and it is to be hoped that the producers will avail themselves of the rich store of Americana still untouched.

—Mary Chace, Boston, Mass.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Shirley's Trip

The plan of Shirley Temple's mother to take her on an extensive personal tour to let the public see that Shirley is real and not a movie make-up expert's dream is very fine as far as the idea is concerned. But, I don't think this trip will do Shirley any good.

One of the radio commentators made an appeal to the public some time ago to treat Shirley as an ordinary child and give her a chance to see the cities she will visit. This is not possible. The minute Shirley appears on the platform of a train or any place, there will be nothing for her to see but bobbing heads and waving arms and people fighting to get in the front line.

I am an ardent Shirley Temple fan, and I think she is a remarkably intelligent child. Her appeal lies in her unassuming charm and sweetness. However, she is fast reaching the age when all little boys and girls begin to have definite ideas of their own and abide by them. Will thousands of people fighting for just a glimpse of her have no effect on her? Will she remain unspoiled and oblivious to fame and fortune? Will this excitement be good for her health—strange people, strange surroundings, and constant commotion?

If I were Mrs. Temple, I would keep Shirley in Hollywood, and not take any chances.

—Dorothy Kushner, Cleveland, Ohio.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Cheers for R. Bellamy

I wonder why it took the role of a dumbell in "The Awful Truth" to make Hollywood re-discover Ralph Bellamy!

Ralph has always been a fine actor. I remember him first, as the judge in "Young America," and although the part was small, he easily stole the picture. Then came "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," in

(*Continued on page* 84)



WRITE A LETTER—
WIN A PRIZE

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, $5; two second prizes of $2 each; six prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You 'n' Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.

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OUT in the pitiless glare of the sun, skin faults are magnified. Color flattens out. Skin seems coarser. Your face looks harder all over!

But see how "Sunlight" shades flatter you!

"Glare-proof"—Pond's "Sunlight" shades are scientifically blended to reflect only the softer rays of the sun. They soften its glare on your skin . . . make it *flattering!* Your face has a lovely soft look. Your tan a rich glow.

Try them right now. Two glorious "Sunlight" shades, Light and Dark. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. Big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.



Test them FREE! in glaring Sunlight

Pond's, Clinton, Conn., Dept. 9MS-PU. Please rush me, free, Pond's "Sunlight" shades, enough of each for a 5-day test. (This offer expires Sept. 1, 1938.)

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FROM GREAT STORIES COME THE GREATEST PICTURES!



...and here is the story the author of "Treasure Island" always considered his best!...now on the screen for the first time! ...spectacularly produced by 20th Century-Fox!

Strangely they met...gallantly they risked their lives for each other...a valiant three against a nation's vengeful might!

Robert Louis Stevenson's

Kidnapped

with

WARNER BAXTER in the role you always wanted him to play

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW in his first picture since "Captains Courageous"

ARLEEN WHELAN
the year's emotional discovery in her sensational debut

C. AUBREY SMITH · REGINALD OWEN
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RALPH FORBES · H. B. WARNER · ARTHUR HOHL
E. E. CLIVE · HALLIWELL HOBBES · MONTAGU LOVE
and a cast of 5,000

Directed by Alfred Werker
director of "The House of Rothschild"

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Sonya Levien, Eleanor Harris, Ernest Pascal and Edwin Blum

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F Zanuck In Charge of Production

A NEW TRIUMPH IN *BIG-PICTURE* ENTERTAINMENT!


SHIRLEY TEMPLE


NELSON EDDY


JEANETTE MacDONALD


RANDOLPH SCOTT



OLYMPE BRADNA


ERROL FLYNN



KATHARINE HEPBURN

"Hollywood is not



Here is Sylvia with George Raft in "You and Me." She likes George because he's natural, but she'd love to be on a set with Spencer Tracy!

SYLVIA SIDNEY didn't look like a movie star. She had on slacks, not the well-pressed, natty Hollywood variety, but the kind you wear around the house on a rainy day when you're sure nobody will come to see you. They were rumpled and wine-colored, and the navy blue house-coat-blouse she wore with them was loose and comfortable looking.

She did not sit like a movie star. She had flung herself, utterly relaxed, into an enormous chair, both legs tossed over its arms.

Her hair had lost its Hollywood set. It was carelessly pulled back from her ears, and pinned low, any old way, on her neck. She wore tortoise-shell rimmed eye glasses which accentuated her little features. And her eyes were red and swollen.

No, Sylvia Sidney did not look like a movie star. She looked like a girl, who had been crying all night.

"For twenty-four hours," she admitted.

Hollywood had done this to her, Hollywood that recently criticized Sylvia Sidney for coming out there, taking its money and then rapping the place.

This story is her answer to Hollywood.

"*Why* am I ungrateful?" she exclaimed, her voice cracking with emotion. "I'll tell you why!

"Here's just one instance. A day last year I had to work so late that I actually grew weak with fatigue. After the scene was over I went to get a massage. On the way, walking up a flight of stairs, I became faint, slipped and fell smack on my nose. Both my eyes turned black and blue. Within an hour, I, a ghastly sight, was lying, terrified, in a hospital bed. I did not know whether my face was ruined for life or whether I'd ever be able to make another picture!

"I know," she went on, "that through the entire night Walter Wanger paced the floor. After all, I was an investment—a Hollywood investment.

"But I also was a girl," she added, "sick in bed, with a busted nose and two black eyes, and feeling as lonely as could be. So lonely and homesick that I telephoned every so-called friend I had in Hollywood and asked each to come to see me. I wanted someone to sympathize, to hold my hand. But nobody came. Not one of them!"

SHE PAUSED. "There's more, yes, a lot more. I'm in a jam now—about Hollywood. That's why I've been crying.

"They want me to do a story I don't like. The part doesn't suit me. I'm not an ingenue. I'm twenty-eight years old. I'm a woman and I want to act one. They've got plenty of young girls for the other type of thing. Anyway, they're insisting I do this picture. So I appealed to the one person who could have helped me, the one person I had looked upon as a prop. He could have come to my assistance by just saying a few words, and it meant no money out of his pocket. But did he? No. My prop fell down." She shrugged her shoulders. "A Hollywood prop.

"They say I grab the money!" She laughed. "Listen, in my contract I'm supposed to be paid between pictures, even when I'm not working. I didn't think that was fair to my employers, so I refused sixteen weeks' salary!

ber me!"

Sylvia Sidney

Accused of being ungrateful, of biting the hand that feeds her, Sylvia Sidney at last tells you her side of the story —and it's certainly enlightening!

by

NANETTE KUTNER



"I'm just like any working girl," says Sylvia Sidney. "If I get sick, there's no money coming in!"

"I'd be much better off if I were contented to be just a movie actress on the coast. But I love the stage. When I do a play, even if it's a bad play, I learn so much about my craft. After every play I'm a better actress. For instance—I take one scene. Each night I try it a different way with different inflections, a piece of business here or there, so that I finally arrive at the most telling effect. And even after a play has closed I think about the scenes and mentally work on them. I find none of that in pictures.

"When I say these things, Hollywood retaliates. They say, 'If you don't like pictures why don't you get out!' Well, to tell the truth, I *can't* get out!

"That is because Hollywood is not for me! And by Hollywood, I mean the money part. As soon as I began earning that kind of money, those unbelievable telephone number figures, I appeared outwardly a strong, self-reliant person. And the weak automatically lean upon the strong. So, almost immediately, distant relatives, and aunts and uncles, and friends I hadn't seen in years, demanded and needed my help. Why, people with whom I have barely a nodding acquaintance, think nothing of stopping me on the street and asking for money.

"And what are you going to do when a friend says she needs a hundred dollars for her hotel bill? You can't turn her down—not when you're making Hollywood money. So I don't. And so, it keeps on and on." Her voice rose. "Hollywood has given me so many financial responsibilities that I don't dare leave!

"I don't dare call my soul my own. Recently I gave a party for the benefit of Spain, (*Continued on page 72*)



Charm enough for three men, poise to burn, sex appeal galore—that's Cary Grant.

Randy Scott is Cary's "best friend and severest critic," as Merton used to say.



FOR

And so when Cary Grant

WE HAD a whispering interview, Cary Grant and I. An interview pianissimo. I purled at him. He susurrated at me. (If you don't know what that means look up the noun "whisper" in your dictionary. I just did.)

It was like this: Cary and I were on the set of "Holiday." We repaired to Cary's portable dressing-room. Now, a portable dressing room, in case you don't know, is a sort of box-like oasis put up for the convenience of the stars. And in the portables the stars make changes of costume, repair their make-up, entertain visiting Elks and interviewers, take naps, do whatever they feel like doing between scenes. Now some few portable dressing-rooms are de luxe, and interior-decorated, and steam heated, and a' that.

But the majority of stars, especially "the boys," take their portables as they find them, and the way they find them is the way I found Cary's. It is a place made of compo-board, without a roof. This reduces the visibility, but does nothing about the audibility.

So Cary and I sat in his cracker box and purled. At least, I sat, gingerly, on the edge of my chair. Cary lounged on the couch. I've never seen a loungier lounger than Cary. I kind of hate to say that there is something reminiscent of a panther about Cary, and the way he relaxes, and the way he springs up and at you, it seems such a florid way of putting things. But it's the truth.

Now, this whispering interview would have been much



Doris Nolan found Cary as fatally fascinating as you will in his new picture, "Holiday."



Cary has definite ideas about feminine allure, and finds a lot of "what it takes" in Phyllis Brooks.

HE'S A *Serious* FELLOW

gives you the lowdown on his private life, you can believe every word of it

by **GLADYS HALL**

simpler if Cary had been a dopey guy. But no. I hissed to Cary, "This is to be about how you are a dopey guy like in 'Bringing Up Baby.' I thought it would make swell copy to tell that you are kinda loony, and what kind of looninesses you do."

"But I'm a serious feller," cooed Cary. "I can't tell you I send elephants to people for their birthdays. I can't think of anything dopey I do, like brushing my teeth with a whisk-broom, and all. You've got the wrong idea about me."

And that ruined everything, and ran into whispers of such long duration as would bring a political whispering campaign to an early grave.

"You've got the wrong idea about me," Cary went on earnestly. "Because I do those comedies, you've got the wrong idea. I mean that comedy is serious business. It's mathematical. It's morbid. Timing comedy is very serious. It is much more difficult, requires more thought, effort, concentration and hard work than any of these 'comedy-dramadys' where you say, 'Yes, Mrs. Jones; no, Mrs. Jones', or die for love with full orchestration.

"Yeah," tinkled Cary in a still, small voice, "you take me for a loony guy just romping through a picture like the fun it looks. You don't know the mental anguish, the silver threads among the black, the furrows on this brow which precede those romps and antics. Why, it's easier to die a dozen screen deaths than to get over one good, well-paced screen laugh. I'm serious about my work, very. I'm a student when I'm working. I pore over my scripts. I'm not one of the boys who takes this business as a racket. I'll bet even Muni doesn't do more research on his Pasteurs and Zolas than I do when I'm helping to 'Bring Up Baby.' I used to go over my scripts with Randy Scott. I've got over that now. But I still work out the character I'm playing the same as if he were Hamlet. I think about him, figure out bits of business for him to do, try to size up his psychology, and what his reactions would be under different circumstances. I observe people in the hope that I'll catch on to some gesture, characteristic, or mannerism that might reasonably belong to the fellow I'm playing.

"When I get all mixed up, too mixed up, I play the piano—anything from swing music to Chopin. I play, and keep on playing. Or I go to the movies. I'm nuts about the movies. Any picture can make me forget the dirty dishes in the sink. I've never seen a picture yet that bored me. Sometimes when I come out of a theatre and hear people say, 'That was awful, that was this or that,' I feel like saying, 'I don't agree with you. And anyway, what do you expect for (*Continued on page 78*)

THAT Girl's Here Again!

MARGARET SULLAVAN is one of those around whose name legends have grown.

Unknown to movie audiences, she captured their imagination through her first screen performance in "Only Yesterday." Not beautiful in the conventional movie sense, she gave to the role a shining beauty of spirit unrelated to inch-long eyelashes or sphinx-like smiles which reveal nothing because, like the original sphinx, they have nothing to reveal.

What Sullavan revealed was a gift for honest acting, a blend of emotional power and restraint that could move the heart. The public clamored for more of her.

They didn't get as much as they wanted. Pictures came few and far between. Publicity items were scarce as hens' teeth. Therefore, because movie personalities must be sold on the strength of their individuality as well as of their pictures, what little was known about her was exaggerated. What wasn't known was made up. She became by reputation another of those stormy petrels who flout the rules, make faces at teacher and, in a spirit of general waywardness, raise merry hell.

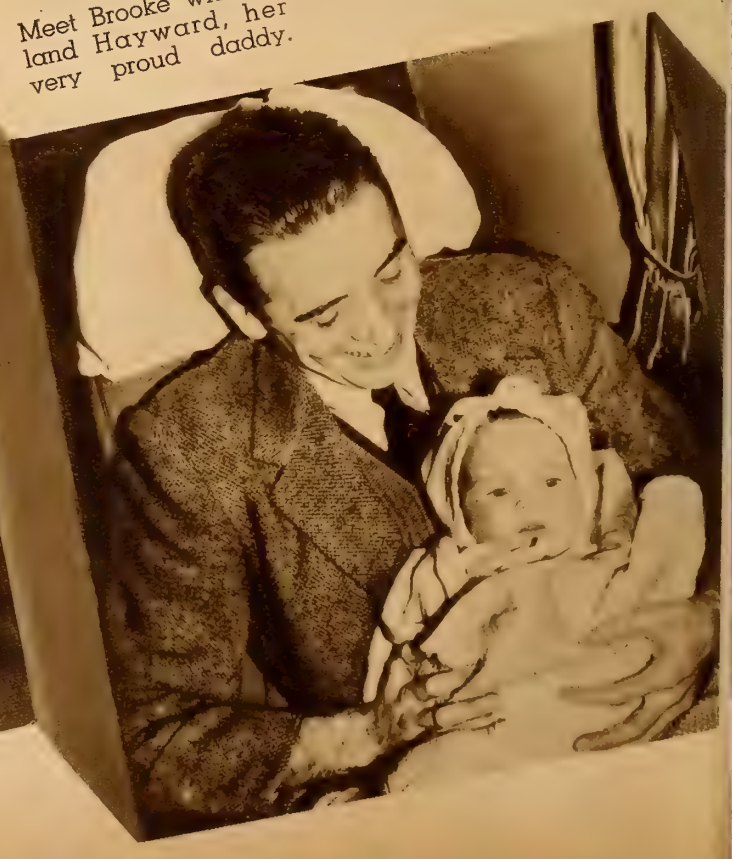
Like most legends, this one is based on a crumb of fact and a whipped-up meringue of fancy. The fact is that Margaret Sullavan thinks for herself and acts for herself. Black is not black to her because a thousand others see it that way, if she herself sees it as gray or purple. If she does see it as gray or purple, it's not through caprice but through conviction. Sham has no part in her make-up. Indeed, it's her very scorn of that theatrical commodity which has done as much as anything to build up the illusion of perversity. Unconventional Hollywood has its own conventions. You must dress thus-and-so, appear here and there, maintain such-and-such attitudes toward such-and-such aspects of life. Your own feelings and beliefs have little to do with it.

Convention makes cowards of most of us. Sullavan has never let what people think influence her course. Not because she cultivates defiance, and not because she burns to blazon new trails either. But because it would make her acutely miserable to follow any path save the one that seems marked out for her. That she lacks arrogance is indicated by her willingness to recognize her mistakes. What seems right for her today may seem wrong tomorrow. In that case, she breaks clean and starts over. She has a directness in speech and action which may disconcert those of us who take refuge in social evasions against the thrust of truth. Honesty with her is not a high moral resolve. It's something she can't help. If the truth hurts, it's still the truth and must be faced.

DESPITE this straightforwardness, generally regarded as an attribute of the male, she seems wholly feminine. I watched her as she played a scene for "Three Comrades." In a dark blue ski suit, gay mittens and clumping shoes, she walked up a snow-crusted path, arms linked through those of Bob Taylor and Robert Young. Their height emphasized her littleness. At its softly curling edges, her fair hair looked as if the sun had been caught in it. She had the air of a child till she lifted her gray-blue eyes to Taylor, a hint of gentle mockery veiling their tenderness. Their feeling was repeated in the sweet huskiness of her tones. You didn't know what the scene led from or to,



Bob Taylor, Maggie and Robert Young in "Three Comrades."



Meet Brooke with Leland Hayward, her very proud daddy.

BY IDA ZEITLIN

Margaret Sullavan's back—with a brand new contract, a good as new baby, and a will to stay!

but in six light words and a gesture, she'd created a mood there was no mistaking—that of a woman deeply cherished and cherishing.

Later she came over and dropped into a high-backed chair. The woman of the scene you'd just witnessed was gone. With her feet barely grazing the floor, her wide-spaced eyes, the silky texture of her hair, again she suggested the small girl. Nor was it an impression altogether physical. There was something in her manner, too—among other things, perhaps, her faculty of withdrawing like a child into some secret place of the mind, whence she looks out guardedly on a world that can't always be trusted.

Once convinced that no harm is pending, she lowers her guard with disarming humor. "Note the green sickly pallor," she says, lips buttoned over a smile that glimmers through, "the trembling hands, the tongue stuck to the roof of the mouth. All symptoms. Of what? You know. Interviewitis."

Though her tongue be stuck, she manages nicely. She's not voluble. She *(Continued on page 85)*



"And to think," says Maggie, "I was gonna commit suicide once!"





A MAN

Jimmy Cagney knows what he wants!

What's more, he isn't afraid to take it

by

CAROLINE S. HOYT

Jim got his first job on his nerve, and has been getting things that way ever since. He believes that if you say you can do a thing, and mean it, you can't help succeeding.

FOLKS AROUND town were saying, "Well, I guess Cagney's happy now," or "Jimmy must be feeling pretty swell these days," or "Wonder whether Cagney's changed?"

The folks had reference to the fact that Jimmy and his studio have quit "a-feudin'."

There were portents, hummed Hollywood, that Jimmy has "changed"; indications that he is happy as, perhaps, never before. For Jimmy went to the studio party, and Jimmy never before attended a studio party. He was greeted by loud salvos of, "Hi, Jimmy," "Hi there, Cagney!" by everyone on the lot. And what is more remarkable, Jimmy returned the salvos by calling every one of the greeters by *his first name*. He hadn't forgotten the name of a single carpenter, electrician or supervisor.

Then, too, Jimmy is reunited with his "Club" again, that unofficial but warmly all-for-one-and-one-for-all club comprised of Irishman Pat O'Brien, Irishman Frank McHugh, Irishman Allen Jenkins, Irishman Ralph Bellamy and Irishman James Cagney. The "boys" are always together off the lot. Now they are together again on the lot. And there's always windy weather when these fellers get together. Tales of their exploits run around the lot now, hand in hand with laughter—how Pat and Jimmy, between scenes of "Boy Meets Girl," would go down to the set of "Four's a Crowd," where Rosalind Russell was working,

without FEAR



Jimmy, the boy, meets Marie Wilson, the girl, in "Boy Meets Girl." Result, uproarious comedy.



Jimmy's smart "little woman," "Billie," who knows a thing or three about how to keep a husband happy.

and just stand there staring at Roz, never batting an eyelash, never taking their eyes off her face, just stand there staring, *staring,* until Roz, with a sense of humor as lusty as theirs, stopped the show by yelling, "I can't do any good work with these "B" picture actors gawking at me!"

They tell how Jimmy and Pat took themselves down to the Anton Litvak set of "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse," with scripts of "Clitterhouse" projecting from their pockets, and just stood there on the side lines as though patiently awaiting their calls, causing Director Litvak to question his own sanity. What were they doing there? Were there two actors in the cast he didn't know about? Then they'd romp down to the Busby Berkeley set of "Gold Diggers in Paris," and ogle the girls, until one day the female of the species proved itself more deadly than the male, and the girls, dozens and dozens strong (and beautiful), swarmed. They swarmed around Jimmy and Pat, all but crushing the breath out of them, and the "Gold Diggers in Paris" saw James and Patrick no more.

Another day Pat and Ralph Bellamy had time off from the set of "Boy Meets Girl," and went to the races at Santa Anita. It was a five-horse race, and they put their money on four of the horses. And the fifth horse came in. Jimmy loves that one.

So, time marches on. Jimmy is back on the old home lot, and all is forgiven. Jimmy hasn't changed a bit.

Fact is, Cagney is a man who never changes. He never reacts violently to anything. He makes no unnecessary noise. His pet hate is loud voices. His own voice is, as you know, little more than a whisper. He never gets excited. If he does, you would never know it. Even his horseplay goes softly shod. He does what he wants to do, what he believes in doing, and that's that. There is no to-do about it. Come poverty or riches, success or failure, ups or downs, Jimmy moves along his quiet, undeviating course, his voice the purr of a jungle cat, his eyes half veiled, half smiling. Not the zephyrs of spring, nor the catastrophic cyclone can ruffle one red hair of his head.

I WAS LATE for our luncheon date. Jimmy is never late for any date. When I entered the commissary, Jimmy was seated at a corner table, talking with his brother Bill and Dick Powell. Jimmy and Dick were planning a week-end on their boats. The discussion was whether they should go on Dick's boat, or on Jimmy's sixty-six-foot schooner, the "Martha," or take both boats and see which one could circle the other, or whatever boats do. There was no argument about whether they should take one wife, or both. The answer was neither. Jimmy and Dick have the sea in common. Mrs. Jimmy and Mrs. Dick (Joan Blondell) have sea-sickness in common. Result, ancient mariner Cagney and ancient (*Continued on page 87*)



If this set of studio bracers doesn't save them, it's farewell forever!

FIRST AID FOR Falling Stars

IT IS YOU, the public, who make movie stars rise and fall, and you have a way of doing it with which they can't argue. A star may think she's still tops—she's all but mobbed when she appears in public, her fan mail still comes in in truckloads—but let five little words be spoken and she knows that you no longer care, that you're showing it by staying away from her pictures in droves.

The words? "Poison at the box office." That is the way Katharine Hepburn learned that you'd turned thumbs down on her.

Katie was kidding around one day at the studio with a couple of directors. She said, "I suppose some day I'll have to be in one of your B pictures."

To which one retorted, "Not if I can help it. You're poison at the box office."

They're deadly, those box office figures. So are the film salesmen's reports. Nobody can argue with them. Maybe the man who runs your theatre tells the salesman that he doesn't want to book a certain star's pictures, or perhaps he protested against paying the re-









by **VIRGINIA VANCE**

quired rental on them. He says they don't do business for him. In that case perhaps he's checked. If you see a man in the lobby of a picture theater, with a thing like a stop-watch in his hand, you may know that he's checking the number of tickets sold, probably to see if the exhibitor was justified in complaining. If he was, it's likely to mean trouble for the star.

Sometimes it's not hard to see why a star falls. With Katharine Hepburn it may have been all those costume pictures; with Marlene Dietrich it probably was her determination to have von Sternberg direct her, and produce all those snail-like close-ups. With Constance Bennett it probably was a feeling that Commodore Vanderbilt was right when he said, "The public be damned," a saying which Miss Hepburn also seemed to be trying to live up to, especially where newspaper reporters were concerned. His studio felt that while Robert Taylor wasn't "fallen," he might be pushed! That was before he did "A Yank at Oxford."

When a star falls, or is likely to, there are certain steps taken almost automatically. If you know that they are happening to a favorite of yours, you may be sure that she's not the favorite of many other people. The studio, in a valiant effort not to lose money on a valuable investment, is administering tried and true hypodermics.

One first aid treatment is to give the star a different type of story, with a good director and a bang-up cast that includes a popular leading man.

Hepburn got "Stage Door." That picture killed two birds with one stone, for Ginger Rogers had been begging for pictures that would give her a chance to prove that she wasn't just Fred Astaire's dancing partner. Too many people had been calling their joint efforts "the new Astaire picture" to suit her.

That picture was perfect first aid. A huge price was paid for the screen rights to a successful stage play, the story of the play was thrown away, and a good writer engaged to do a new one, and the whole thing was handed to a director who had a reputation for turning out hits. The picture did what was needed. It helped Miss Hepburn. It also helped Miss Rogers, as is shown by the fact that, after he saw it, Fred Astaire sent her a telegram containing just one word, "Ouch!"

BUT THE wayward Katie needed more assistance. So she was put into a goofy comedy. That's First Aid Measure Number Two. Ever since "The Thin Man," goofy comedies have been sure-fire, though at the moment their popularity is waning. But nearly all the stars have been pestering their companies to let them have just one chance at cock-eyed humor.

Irene Dunne wanted it; she felt that the public was going to tire of seeing her play nice girls. She'd broken loose a bit in "Show Boat," when she did that hoydenish little dance, but she wanted more. She nailed down her new reputation in "The Awful Truth."

Katharine Hepburn drew "Bringing Up Baby," in which she fell flat on her face, time after time, for belly laughs, and got them.

Marlene Dietrich has been (*Continued on page 74*)



Would you expect dimpled Sonja to be a business woman? She is!

Before Love did a fade-out, Tyrone Power was Sonja's beau.



Wrecking THOSE RUMORS

Sonja Henie gives the answers to questions people have hitherto answered for her



Between scenes, Mrs. Henie is right there to take care of her famous daughter's every need.



It has been "rumored" that Richard Greene is Sonja's latest. But, it's only rumor, y'know.

by DORA ALBERT

IF YOU read your fan magazines, you already know that the Tyrone Power-Sonja Henie romance is colder than iced tea, and you probably believe that all of Sonja's incredible triumphs, her fantastically brilliant skating exhibitions, and her amazing success at the box-office have not compensated her for the loss of Tyrone.

The newspapers and magazines had a Roman holiday over the death of this romance, and the appearance on Tyrone's horizon of that red-headed stick of dynamite, Janet Gaynor.

They said, "Tyrone must have brought their romance to a close before Sonja was ready. Sonja must still be carrying a flaming torch for the slim dark boy with the irresistible eyes."

They said that when Sonja realized her romance with Tyrone was over, there was a bitter quarrel. "Sonja and Ty," read the columns, "talked it over, not long ago—and did they talk. Why, they almost yelled."

But Sonja's answer to all that was just a knowing smile and a shrug of her pretty shoulders.

Sitting opposite me, curled up like a little girl on a sofa, she said, "Although I have not seen Tyrone lately, we are still good friends. The stories that we quarreled are silly. They are all made up. Tyrone and I never had any discussion whatsoever about his falling in love with Janet Gaynor. The idea of my being broken-hearted is just funny."

Certainly Sonja Henie didn't look broken-hearted as she sat there, radiating warmth and happiness.

To her Tyrone had been a marvelous friend, a charming companion, but he was not the great love of a lifetime. Sonja had realized this from the beginning, so to her there never was any question of heart-break. Something that proves even more surely that Sonja isn't broken-hearted is the tremendous interest she takes in the effect of romance on the box-office. If she were really eating out her heart over Tyrone, she couldn't consider romance quite so dispassionately.

"You know," she said once, "I do not think that romances are very good for the box-office, anyway, particularly romances of long standing. Look how Dick Powell's box-office rating went down when he married Joan Blondell. And Robert Taylor, I think, would be even more popular if he didn't go so steadily with Barbara Stanwyck. If a man is young, handsome and eligible, every woman who sees him on the screen thinks that perhaps she has a chance. But if he becomes engaged, she may lose interest, because she knows she can't have him. If I were to get married tomorrow, my box office would drop right away."

Would that stop Sonja Henie from getting married, if she fell in love?

"No," she said, "but I will not get married for at least a couple of years. I have too much skating to do."

"Someone told me," I ventured, "that the man who really has the inside track to your heart is a Norwegian named Carl Carlson."

This time Sonja exploded in a merry peal of laughter.

"That is so funny," she said. "There isn't a thing to it. He was once my secretary. That is all. No one has the inside track to my heart. Cesar Romero? No. There is nothing to that story."

"Why not? He is young, handsome and romantic."

"Of course he is, and that (*Continued on page 90*)

DON AMECHE'S



What is the reason for Don Ameche's great faith in people? Has he tested and proven it, or is it a blind illusion?

Don is so happily married that he hates to cross the street without Honore, but he never found that that impaired his "glamor" or hurt his popularity.

secret HAPPINESS

Don never, even in the beginning, was treated like an outsider in Hollywood. He found only warm friendliness.



Simone Simon may say "yes" or she may say "no" to Don Ameche, in "Josette," but Don doesn't look worried.

by

MARY PARKES

IS DON AMECHE disillusioned? After eight years on the air, after nearly three years in Hollywood, has that warm heart of his received a cold check? Has that eagerness, which is reflected in his dark eyes, that spontaneity which makes his laughter so heartening to hear, been dampened and turned back on itself, wormed with doubt and sorry skepticism?

Is Don disillusioned about life, love and friendship? Doing as much for others as he does, is he disillusioned about gratitude, appreciation? Above all, is he disillusioned about work, about Hollywood?

The answer is No. No, no, a million times no! You couldn't disillusion Don Ameche. Not that he believes that Santa Claus comes down the chimney, or that Titania dances on the thin turn of the moon, but he does believe that the spirit of the fat Saint is in the hearts of men, and that the beauty of Titania is in the hearts of women.

No, you couldn't disillusion Don, not even if you tried. It's been tried. But if his best friend knifed him, if jealous rivals beset him, if faiths were broken, and hopes betrayed, he would still believe in the fundamental goodness of mankind. Because he believes in God, and he believes in the life to come. He said to me "I don't just 'believe it.' I know it."

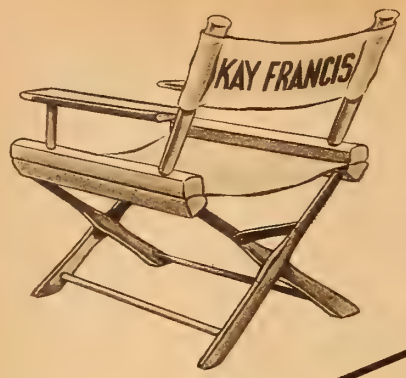
He believes in "doing unto others," believes that you are happiest when you're sacrificing. Men like Lister, men like Semmelweiss, called "the saver of mothers," men who work in laboratories their lives through, trying to isolate a germ, trying to discover a serum which will cure an incurable disease, priests and missionaries, men who are working to benefit mankind—these, Don believes, are the happiest men in all the world, for they are men with vocations, and the courage to follow them.

I said, "But what about your work, then? Feeling as you do, how are you content with being on the screen, and on the air? You can't call pictures a vocation!"

"But I do," said this astonishing young man. "I do." Right then I knew that he was about to tell me something in which he hotly and honestly believes. One might have known that he would feel his work a vocation, this young man who once thought of studying for the priesthood. It's been called a lot of things, this business of being a star. I've heard it called a racket, a form of self expression, a gratification of the ego, a short cut to fame and riches. But this was the first time I'd ever heard it spoken of as a vocation, as self sacrifice.

"It's a sacrifice for me to be in pictures and on the air," said Don. Could I believe my ears? "At least, I can think of half a dozen other businesses that would be easier on me. This work is hard, don't let anyone tell you different. It's nervous work. We're always at high emotional tension. We ourselves don't realize at what a tension we work until we crack up one fine day, and then that's that." (And there came to my mind Jean Harlow, Irving Thalberg, Bill Powell's recent illness, Alice Faye's fainting on the set, Olivia de Havilland on the verge of a nervous breakdown, Bette Davis unable to gain weight, and all those others).

"Honore and I," Don said, "always eat dinner out, you know. Not that I don't like to eat at home, but simply because I've gone at such a tempo all day that I can't relax, can't go where (*Continued on page 93*)



FAREWELL TO Francis

Marriage or career? Kay's old-fashioned, so she'll put aside stardom



Will Kay's new-found love and leisure make up for glamor and glory, and the satisfaction of personal success?

KAY FRANCIS is saying goodbye!

To put it bluntly, Kay Francis is retiring from the screen. Yes, it's true. She says so. And if there's one outstanding characteristic about Kay it's her sincerity. There's a sort of terrible, uncompromising honesty in everything she says. You always know she means it.

"In September," sighed Kay, ecstatically, "in September of this year, 1938, my contract with pictures is up, and I am retiring from the screen, grateful for many kindnesses, appreciative, and all that. But, barring an Act of God, my retirement will be permanent. I'm through. I'm getting *out*. It's *over*. And I can hardly *wait* for September!"

Can you believe it! It sounds incredible. It's easy to understand a star's ecstacy over the approach of so romantic and important a marriage as Kay is going to make in September. Who wouldn't be ecstatic about marrying a gentleman named Baron Raven Eric Angus Barnekow? But, can it be possible that Kay will never make another picture? Not even after the honeymoon?

"No, there will not even be any 'in between pictures,'" said Kay Francis, "not after September." She will leave the screen, she will be a star no longer. Kay will be ecstatic, because stardom has meant more than a little martyrdom for her, believe it or not.

Kay won't talk much about her Eric (who will be her fifth husband, her first two marriages having occurred before she was twenty-one). Having to discuss her personal affairs is one of the things she most detests about the status of stardom. And oh, how she does detest stardom! Being expected to expose to the public gaze her secret heart and the hearts of those nearest and dearest to her is just too much.

Kay did say, however, that she will be married sometime within the year. Just when, she couldn't tell, because she doesn't know. They will make their home in Hollywood for six months of the year (the Baron has a plant here for the manufacture of aeroplanes), and they will travel the other six months. Kay loves travelling more than anything in the world. You never meet her that she isn't planning "my next trip." When they are in Hollywood, she and the Baron will live in her new home in Cold Water Canyon. The Baron, who is half Scottish and half German, has several homes on the continent, and they will visit his homes when they are abroad.

This much she would tell, and no more, except what one could guess by that glow in her eyes which is there only when a woman is richly happy, in every way content.

"Barring an Act of God," Kay repeated vigorously, "I will never be 'in pictures' again, and I can't wait to be finished. I can't wait to be forgotten."

Did you ever think you'd live to see the day when a star would say, "I can't wait to be forgotten"—and mean it?

"It's stupid to make prophesies," said Kay, "even about one's self. And I'm not making prophesies. I won't say that if, now and again, a specially interesting picture



Meet Baron Raven Erik Angus Barnekow, who wants to be called plain "Mister." He's to be Kay's fifth.



Kay and Pat O'Brien look very much "that way" in "Women Are Like That," but it's for professional purposes!

should come up, I wouldn't do it, if I were asked. I might. But I wouldn't care about being the star. I should prefer not to be the star. I wouldn't care if I had only one scene to do, so long as I liked the story, and the character. But that is problematical. And never again, so long as I live, shall I sign a long-term contract anywhere, for any reason.

"It is not entirely because I'm getting married," said Kay. "It's a combination of everything. Eric dislikes the publicity attached to my work as much as I do, understands it even less than I do, never having experienced anything of the sort. But I disliked it intensely many years before I ever even met him.

by

FAITH SERVICE

I NEVER wanted to be a star," Kay went on, "I have loathed being a star. There's too much heartbreak to it. There's too much strain, too much publicity, which means too little privacy, too much of everything I detest, and far too little of everything I value. Naturally, I didn't anticipate all this before I got into it.

"The money has been nice," said Kay, honestly, "that has been the compensation. But I have invested my money, saved it, taken care of it. I don't need any more. There is no necessity to keep on just for the sake of making more.

"There is too much responsibility attached to being a star. If a picture is bad, every one blames the star. They rarely blame the producer, the director, the scenarist, the cameraman, or the rest of the cast. It is always the star who has failed, the star who is 'slipping.' And when a million dollar production is involved, that is quite a responsibility.

"Non-stars have a much better time of it. Take any well-known character actor. He has a wonderful life. He can have several weeks, even months, off between productions to travel and vacation. He adds immeasurably to any picture he is in, yet if the picture flops no one blames him. Such men are David Niven, for instance, and Frank Morgan, and Alan Mowbray. That's the way to enjoy being in pictures. Those who strive for stardom know not what they do.

"I loathe the business of stardom. I hate planned interviews. I hate being 'snapped' when I'm walking down the street. I hate being stared at when I go to lunch with my friends. I hate taking stills. I hate being mobbed when I go to have my hair done. The old simile about a star's life being comparable to a gold fish in a glass bowl is true.

"The rabid pursuit of stars amounts to persecution. One time on my way to New York, when we stopped in Chicago, I stayed in my drawing-room in lounging pajamas, a net on my hair, cold (*Continued on page 92*)



Ginger Rogers "works out" religiously and look at the fine results. Jean Parker's another example of streamlined perfection through exercise.

Figure IT OUT THIS WAY

The stars tell you how to do your own individual streamlining

by

MARY MARSHALL



Danielle Darrieux's beautiful legs and fetching figure are limbered up daily with her own special routines.



Dorothy Lamour, of the lovely arms and shoulders, "sets up" regularly, too.

ON THE back of an old shopping list, there are jotted down some notes which nobody could possibly read but myself, and if I leave them till they get cold, I'll not be able to read them either. These notes add up to around two dozen grand exercises, diet hints and defect-disguisers, each one designed to keep American female figures at a streamlined par. Since I don't own the magazine and can't have the whole book to myself, I want to get down to business pretty quickly, and pack as much information as possible into this article.

Let me remind you of some fundamental truths. 1: You *diet* to lose weight generally, if you're heavy all over. You *exercise* to lose weight in spots, and to improve the grace, balance and suppleness of your body. Don't ever again be caught saying, "The minute I diet, my face and neck get thin, and I never lose off my hips, where I want to." If you're hippy, bulgy or minus a waistline (so necessary this year with the fitted styles!) you should merely eat sensibly and exercise earnestly and faithfully. If you are really obese, please, please see a physician before you attempt any sort of diet or exercise at all. There may be a glandular disturbance which only a doctor can correct. But you others—the "just plump" folks—you can get thin all right if you use your common sense and your will power.

2: Trick diets and eating stunts are out. They're dangerous, stupid, and as passée as having the vapours. Every diet should include fruit, vegetables, lean meat, eggs, fish, skim milk or buttermilk, a little butter, a very little sugar, and some bread. You can count calories if you want to. Twelve to fifteen hundred a day are the least even the fattest wench should have, unless otherwise advised by a doctor. Personally, I have little patience with calorie-counting. I think anybody with the sense God gave geese ought to be able to stick to medium portions, single helpings, and a balance of the sensible foods given above. But there are plenty of calorie charts available, so go ahead and count if you want to.

3: It is harder, generally, to gain than to lose. Skinny girls are often highly nervous, and do not assimilate food properly, or they have bird-like appetites (in which case, try the system of eating little and often). Or they eat all the wrong things. Thin girls who have tried to gain and cannot should up and away to a medico. Don't think, because you're thin, that you can go in heavily for sweets, if you happen to like them. Sugar satisfies hunger too quickly, fills you up as a gooey sandwich or dessert does, leaving you unsatisfied an hour or two later. Sweets and rich starches dull the appetite for more desirable foods. If you're thin and generally healthy, you need exercises, too—for relaxation, mostly, and a few of these are given below.

4: Everybody who isn't sick abed needs to exercise regularly. And outdoor sports, swell as they are, don't quite fill the bill. You need formal, corrective exercises. But I do *not* mean strenuous exercises. Start as easy as you like, two or three minutes at a time, if you're quite plump, and have neglected physical exercise for some time. Work up gradually from that modest beginning. Don't bundle up, either, and try to sweat off weight. That doesn't do any good. You lose some weight in water, via the perspiration route, but you put it right back on again with the next beverage you drink. The secret of streamlining your body through exercise is faithfulness, perseverance, and doing exercises correctly and not sloppily. And—here you must use your own head—pick out exercises which will cure your figure faults. Frixample: many a bulging tummy is due to poor muscles, not actual fat. Firm those muscles, and don't give up foods which your body needs, nor bounce (*Continued on page 96*)

THE Skipper AND HIS LADIES



Yankee sea captains and Tahitian beauties were Jon's forebears.

Frances Langford is only a handful, but is she sweet!



Commander or cook with equal ease, Jon Hall is one versatile guy.



It's all smooth sailing on the sea of romance with Frances and Jon.

Jon tells how many he has loved, and what he thinks of Hollywood girls

by **MARTHA KERR**

I LIKE women who are well-dressed, have beautiful complexions and plenty of health and vitality," said Jon Hall. "I hate infidelity in women, and I don't like women who argue or try to make you spend more than you can afford. The women I go out with understand that I can spend only about twenty-five dollars a week for entertainment. If a girl insists on going to some expensive, elaborate place, I simply say, 'I'm terribly sorry, but I can't afford to go there. I'm afraid I won't be able to take you. And I won't argue with anyone, man or woman. I never have and I never will."

"You mean you don't even argue with producers?" I asked.

"No," said Jon Hall. "That's why I pay a manager, so he can do my fighting for me, if it's necessary. When I made 'Hurricane,' I didn't have a manager, and I did a lot of things I shouldn't have. I lost thirty pounds making that picture. I did all the diving myself, except the dive from the cliff, for which a double was used. And for one whole morning and afternoon I was horsewhipped." Jon laughed. "It was all worth while, though, every bit of it. I was lucky to get a role like that one in 'Hurricane.'"

The day he was chosen for the role of Terangi stands out as the high point in Jon Hall's life. That and the day he took his father, mother and sister to the premiere of "Hurricane," a premiere that was to make movie history in a town where all openings are spectacular. All night, lights flashed across the sky, and Hawaiian bands played till dawn, while ten thousand fans in the grandstands watched a hurricane so real they were shaken and moved, feeling as though they had really watched a great disaster. And on that day a new star was born, Jon Hall.

Sitting opposite, I stared at him. His physique is magnificent. The chair in which he sat seemed almost too small to hold him. Whether he is sitting or standing, he towers. His light brown hair is slightly wavy, the lines of his face are strong, almost rugged, and his chin, his grayish-blue dreamer's eyes and his well-chiseled features tell you that he has a proud heredity.

His paternal grandfather, Captain Charles Chapman of New England, sailed the seven seas until he reached the harbor of Papeete, then settled there to live. His great-grandmother was Levina, a woman who was almost a legend of the South Seas, famed for her beauty, kindness and her wonderful gifts as a hostess. His mother is one-fourth Tahitian, his father is Swiss. In his own day Jon's father was quite an athlete, so he taught Jon (real name is Charlie Locher) to love the outdoors, and to swim almost as soon as he could walk.

WHEN a man like Jon, handsome, athletic and an excellent dancer, hits Hollywood, the reverberations can be heard all over the continent. You have heard Hollywood characterized as the city of lonely women, and that is quite true. It is a city swarming with women, where every man becomes legitimate prey for the Dianas of the screen. Naturally, Jon Hall was soon in great demand at parties and social functions. A little bewildered by all this adulation, he was fortunate and grateful to be given the friendship of a (*Continued on page 99*)

THE LOVES OF Lamour

Yes, there is more than one, and yet, you cannot call her fickle

by DOROTHY GULMAN

DOROTHY LAMOUR is one lucky lass who needed no pointers from Miss Beatrice Fairfax to win her man. For the delectable Dottie was wise when it came to the grand emotion. She spotted dear old Dan Cupid practically at the moment he spotted her, and with all the accuracy of a William Tell, she guided the bow, and directed the aim, of that all-important arrow.

Picture a lush southern belle just turned seventeen, fresh from home-town triumphs as "Miss New Orleans." Put that moonlight-and-magnolia vision of loveliness into a drab grey uniform. Imagine her stranded in cold, bleak, mid-winter Chicago, operating an elevator in a busy State Street department store for eighteen dollars a week. It may not be your idea of gay, carefree youth, but it happens to be an unretouched portrait of Dorothy Lamour in 1931, when the late Dorothy Dell introduced her to me.

Dottie and I immediately became friends. Before long we were sharing an apartment at a downtown hotel where I was employed. The poverty which had haunted Dorothy all through her childhood had instilled in her an invincible urge to attain the success that spelled security. On one of the hotel's weekly celebrity nights she cajoled the master of ceremonies into calling her up to sing a number. The crowd had been lavishly entertained by Kate Smith, Harry Richman, Dennis King, Rudy Vallee, Hal Le Roy, and Vincent Lopez. They had rubbed shoulders with such notables as Jack Dempsey and Mayor Cermak. No one paid the slightest attention to the frightened little nobody in ill-fitting clothes, as she struggled (*Continued on page 101*)





Siren of the sarong. Left, with handsome hubby, Herbie Kay.

Tempestuous TENOR

Allan Jones' path has not always been strewn with songs! He's had to fight his way to favor

by **ROBERT McILWAINE**



Allan, Irene, and little Gail aboard Smoky.



NO, I DIDN'T wipe coal dust out of my eyes and hastily board a train for Hollywood," Allan Jones began almost apologetically. "I wasn't that lucky or talented or sumpin'. Do you know what it cost me to go into pictures? Well, plenty! And not all in hard work and prayers either! Twenty thousand of hard earned cash! What do you think of that?"

Well, he had me there, for I'm one of the gullible guys who read (and believed) that Jones was picked up by one of that ever-present gentry known as talent scouts. Y'know, they tap you on the shoulder, give you a ticket to the coast, a mansion in Beverly and stardom at the slightest provocation! Oh, they do, do they?

"I'm the kind who has to work like hell for everything I get," Allan continued, "including my break in 'The Firefly.' A friend of mine, who is a producer, had asked me to do some favors. Among them was to dub in my voice for 'A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody' for a scene in 'The Great Zeigfeld.' He promised nothing definite in return for the job, but said some day he would have something for me —he hoped.

"Sure enough, he turned up with 'The Firefly' script and asked me to do it. Even that wasn't a cinch, what with three strikes on me before I began, because the Nelson Eddy fans resented my being in one of his spots. Nevertheless, I worked like a slave and hope I did a good job. I even trained my horse to do a couple of tricks. If you saw 'The Firefly,' you remember when I fell off the horse, he came back and kissed me.

"As a matter of fact, since then, that's all he wants to do. He's spoiled now. Yep, if I don't stop in and see him every day, he raises plenty of cain. You've heard of picture hogs? Well, that's Smoky all over. He loves getting his mug right into the camera. Since the picture, he's become so jealous that if I exercise Irene's horse, it practically throws his nose out of joint."

Just to bring the records up to date, while we are keeping up with the Joneses, there was that little matter of some few words over "Everybody Sing."

"I'll tell you frankly I didn't want to do the picture," Jones began. "In fact, I took a six weeks suspension. This meant (*Continued on page 100*)

SUIT Yourself

With summer here, get into the swim of things with smart star bathing togs



Sweethearts in swim suits; Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane go to the beach in matching trunks and printed satin lastex maillot, by Catalina.



Marie Wilson wears a two-piece dressmaker suit by Catalina in cotton with Indian motif design.

by **ANN WILLS**

ASK ANY Hollywood star what her favorite outdoor sport is, and nine times out of ten, the emphatic answer will be, "Swimming!" Very often, it's the only sport she's able to fit into her busy day, for if she's working on a picture, she'll just have time for a quick plunge into her private pool or into the ocean in front of her cottage at Malibu. Many of the stars, as you know, find swimming the best and most pleasant exercise for relaxing taut nerves and for keeping the trim figures you admire on the screen.

Swimming days for all of us are just ahead, vacations are in the offing, and aren't we glad! Seems as though it's been an awfully long time arriving, but summer, sweet summer, is here at last, officially opened by a nice long Memorial Day week-end to give us a taste of the fun that lies before us. Summer, the season of the year when swimming heads everyone's sports list and your bathing suit is your favorite costume, which you don at every opportunity!

Seashore, mountain lake, outdoor pool, or ye olde swimmin' hole—all are calling you to dive into their cool blue waters, to exercise winter-softened muscles by vigorous swimming, to stretch yourself out on their shores and soak up the health-giving rays of the warm summer sun, breathe the good fresh air, and acquire a gorgeous tan on as much of you as possible!

Perhaps you career gals have already made plans for spending the precious weeks of your summer vacation. Or, if you're lucky enough to be in school still, you're looking forward to those glori-



Rochelle Hudson chooses Cherie, smooth fitting because it's made of Jantzen's Wisp-o-weight.



And petite Dixie Dunbar plans to do some serious swimming in the Vee Tuck, also by Jantzen.



While the choice of Eadie Adams is a conservative skirted suit by B. V. D. in dusty pink wool.

ous months of summer freedom. But, whoever you are, whatever your plans —well, if I could find any takers, I'd put my hard-earned shekels on a sure thing—I'll bet that you're in the market for a new bathing suit! And if you're not, if you had thought you'd make last year's model do, you'll change your mind in a jiffy when you see the entrancing new designs being offered you for summer, 1938. Flattering new necklines with easily adjustable shoulder-strap arrangements that look tricky, but aren't; bright new California hand-blocked prints; beautiful new beach colors that blend perfectly with the seascape—recession or no recession, you cannot resist 'em!

Hollywood, of course, swims all year 'round and, consequently, Hollywood demands the best in swim suits, the most practical and "swimable," and at the same time, the smartest. So, if you're the least bit particular about what kind of bathing suit you're going to select for this season, you can't go wrong if you make your choice from the ones that Hollywood has accepted wholeheartedly, can you? And you'd better be particular, for if anything must fit perfectly, be worn easily and nonchalantly, it's certainly your bathing suit. I'm sure you'll agree on that!

The suits you see above are made by three manufacturers who've all been making bathing suits for years and years, each year reaching a new high in perfection of fabric, fit and weave. Each season's models have been styled in tune with the latest fashion mood. With these years of experience behind them, it's only natural that, for ease of fit, for comfort, for sheer beauty of line, design and color, this season's crop will be hard to beat.

Those two up-and-coming young stars, Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris, are seen everywhere together these days. They're together so much that now they've even started dressing alike in "twin" fashions! For the beach, Wayne wears printed satin lastex swimming trunks that exactly match Priscilla's smooth satin lastex maillot. The seams of all these satin lastex suits are sewed (*Continued on page 105*)

Funniest GAL IN TOWN

And the funniest part of it is that Marie Wilson does not want to be

by MARY SHARON

THERE ARE a lot of funny people in Hollywood, but Marie Wilson is the funniest of them all.

Noah Webster described her exactly when he wrote that to be funny is to be "laughable, especially from absurdity or oddness." That's Marie all over. Ever since she was a child, Marie has always been funny, but her funniness has been tangled up with purpose and endeavor. As a youngster she was continually up to delightfully mad pranks. Only they weren't pranks to Marie. They were deadly serious episodes.

Her mother tells a rare one. When she was ten years old, Marie decided definitely to become an actress. In order to develop and practise her art, she felt the need of audience appreciation. So she organized a little theatre in the neighborhood. They were a lackadaisical group, however. Nobody but Marie had any deep interest in the Thespian art.

She fixed up drapes and settings, and coaxed her little friends to come and watch her emote, but they were hopelessly bored. Always, she found that her audience slipped quietly out, before she reached the climax of her act. She tried emoting before empty chairs, but that took something away from her performance. After all, it didn't make a bit of difference to the chairs, whether she emoted with feeling or not.

Finally, she took desperate steps. She was a good little cook. She could make frothy puddings and dainty little cookies. So she bribed her audience! If they (*Continued on page 103*)



Marie and Nick Grinde, who laughed the first time he saw Marie, but later learned to love her.



She's so romantic she's amusing, so no one will take Marie seriously.



OFF THEIR Guard

Carole, the glamor girl, is pitching right into the fan field this season! Yep, the Lombard's had more hits than Joe di Maggio, which, in any language, is a batting average.

Photos by George Strock

THE DAILY Dozen



Some meanies said that Betty Grable married Jackie Coogan for his money, and are their faces red now! The beautiful Betty loves to work—and by all the current news reports it looks as though she'll have to!

While the rest of us bend and stretch and roll to keep in

trim, Bet.





Scoop! Sonja Henie, Richard Greene, Ilona Massey, Vic Orsatti, Alice Faye and Tony Martin.



Eleanore Whitney took a dare and stole the show, right under Jumbo's nose.





Tch, tch! It may be only forty rooms, but still it's home to them!

Sightseein'





This quaint English cottage, upper left, is Bette Davis' rest-haven. Nature has been allowed to landscape in her own charming fashion. The "Nelson" mailbox, in case you're wondering, belongs to Bette's husband.

From his hill-top "nest," lower left, Warner Baxter's view extends from the Sierra Nevadas to the Pacific Ocean. At night, his terraced garden with its waterfall is lighted by the spotlight you'll find under the eave.

(Upper right) Would you want anything more grand than Paul Muni's choice? Its refreshing Spanish style and large swimming pool make it a cool refuge for a tired actor on hot California days. We like it, Mr. Muni!

(Lower right) Peaked gables, shuttered windows and wide expanse of green lawn make the spot where Dick Powell spends his leisure hours elegant in its simplicity. Such surroundings would inspire any crooner, we think!

THE *Daily* GRIND

Alas! Even a glamor gal like Olivia De Havilland must live by the clock



At six a.m. the alarm tingles, waking our sleeping beauty.



In comfortable pajamas, she rushes to the "Robin Hood" set.



Not a moment to waste! Olivia studies her script as she sips.



At nine, made-up and hair done, Olivia is ready to rehearse.

ON THE Lot

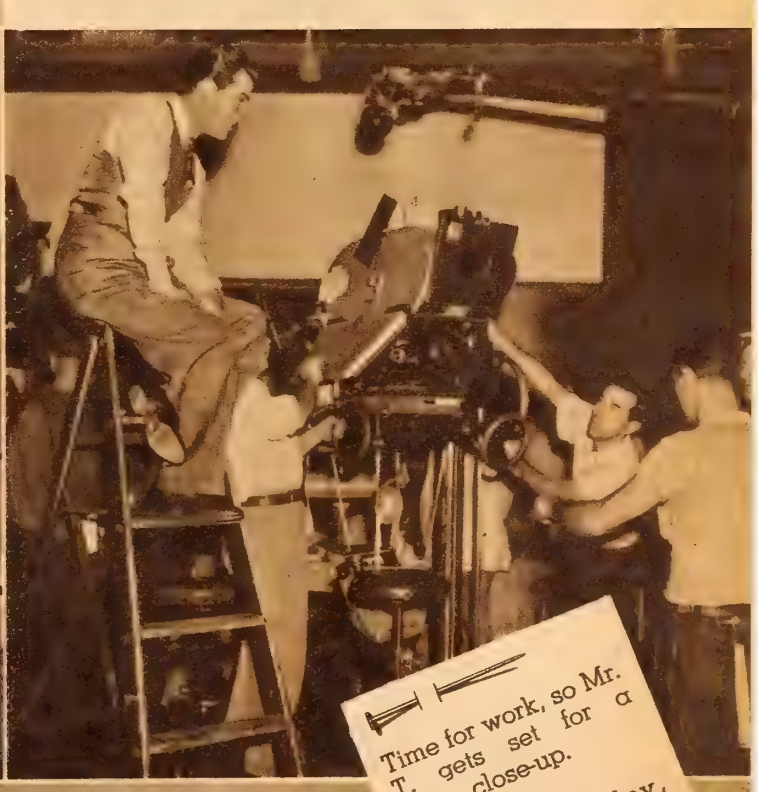
Between scenes of "Three Comrades," Bob Taylor does a little cavorting



"Miss Stanwyck? This is Robert Taylor. Remember?"



Bob's favorite luncheon pals—the property men.



Time for work, so Mr. T. gets set for a close-up.



Robert Benchley, book worm, gets the "hot foot."



A thoroughbred takes Marjorie Weaver over the jumps, and, right, Glenda Farrell plays at that rough, rowdy game—croquet!



Olivia de Havilland and Anita Louise run away from the studio in a boat, for the Warner brothers can't swim!

Summer's

THE TIME FOR FUN



Caddying for Deanna Durbin is fun to Peggy Ryan. Right, going swimming? No! Anne Shirley and John Payne play a love match!



"Well, then, let's see you, Doug," says Anita Louise, and Douglass Montgomery has to do or sink.

Vacation's here, so park your books and typewriters and step out with the stars

Good NEWS

BY LEO TOWNSEND

On the set of "Toy Wife", co-starring Luise Rainer and Bob Young, we talked to Bob while he relaxed on the sidelines and watched his stand-in work. "It's a strange business," says Mr. Y. "In this picture, I died two weeks ago. Now I'm working my head off, just as though nothing happened." Incidentally, Bob is a bit worried. He says he played a corpse in two pictures prior to "Toy Wife"—and he's afraid he's being typed.

Margaret Sullavan, for whom Jean Harlow's dressing room was redecorated, turned it down at the last minute and never moved in. No reason was given, but it's understood she was superstitious. So the dressing room is now the permanent studio residence of Luise Rainer, and Miss Sullavan has moved elsewhere. However, she retains Peggy MacDonald, her hairdresser, who was with Jean Harlow until Jean's death.

As we go to press, her studio is planning to send Shirley Temple to New York to attend the premiere of "Little Miss Broadway," her new picture. In the middle of all the fuss about the possible trip, Shirley's teacher said, "Won't it be fun, Shirley, to see your picture in New York?" "Yes," said Miss T., complacently, "if there's a Mickey Mouse."

More Shirley Temple data: For a young lady of such prominence, Shirley is surprisingly modest, which probably accounts for the fact that she's still unspoiled. She seldom looks in the mirror to admire herself, even when they're trying on those "Shirley Temple" dresses. (Her mother tries them all on Shirley, and if a model doesn't become her, it's not allowed to go on sale.) Her studio hopes to continue her career right on through young, womanhood, but her mother isn't so sure. She'd rather give Shirley a rest when she reaches the awkward age. Shirley blew up in her lines recently, the first time in a couple of years, stopped in the middle of a sentence and reached in her mouth. "Almost swallowed this," she announced, pulling out a tooth. Nine more to go, and she'll be a woman. Well, practically.

It Happened in Hollywood: Stand-ins rise in revolt and demand a title change. They want to be "focus artists." . . . A film, budgeted at close to a million dollars, is now shooting, with dialogue furnished scene by scene by a writer who works on the set. While the cameras are turning, the writer is trying to think up an ending for the picture. . . . A theatre marquee on Hollywood Boulevard announces, pretty firmly: "I'll Take Romance" and "Benny Goodman." You will, huh?

Fun and Games Dept.: When we walked on the set of "Three Blind Mice" the other day, Loretta Young, who goes in for such things, handed us a slip of paper on which was written "new door." "Can you make one word out of that, using the same letters?" she asked, in a suspiciously condescending manner. We couldn't, not being quick, so Loretta wrote down the answer for us. It's "one word." Get it?

Flash! If you want to know where Madge Evans has been keeping herself, a dispatch which reached us in today's mail will enlighten you. It reads: "Out of deference to the California citrus industry, Madge Evans is working on a new dance to be called the Big Orange." That's Madge for you—always looking ahead. Some of the rest of us, still working on our Charleston, ought to feel pretty silly.

Does anyone know that Arthur Treacher had to leave Hollywood on account of a woman? Well, this will kill you. The woman in the case is Miss Hannah, and she's a dog. A new Hollywood ordinance forbids any dog to walk the streets unless someone over the age of fifteen is on the other end of a leash. Arthur bought a leash, but Miss Hannah would have nothing to do with it. So he moved from his Hollywood apartment to a home in San Fernando Valley, where a dog's life is her own.

Question Box: What leading lady, now married to a director, has gone grand on the set of her current picture? Once one of the "regulars" at her studio, since her marriage she has acquired a haughty attitude and seems to take pleasure in making life miserable for the poor guy who's directing her present picture.

From all indications, it's still hearts and flowers with Tyrone Power and Janet Gaynor. At a party the other night a box lunch was served, and the men, who were given numbers, ate with the girls whose numbers corresponded to theirs. Tyrone ate with Janet, and the reason was that he had made a deal with the hostess to hand them the same number. In Hollywood, at least, an item like that is filed under L—for Love.

The neighboring communities evidently believe everything they hear about Hollywood. A case in point concerns Hugh Herbert, who was recently invited to be a guest at the San Bernardino Orange Show. Mr. H. checked with his wife, and they decided it would be fun, so he accepted. Next day the Orange Show management phoned, said they'd send a limousine and mentioned something about incidental expenses. Hugh couldn't understand why he'd need "expenses." Later, another phone call came, and a voice asked if five hundred dollars would be all right. Hugh was too surprised to answer, so the voice said, "Well, we'll make it a thousand, then." So Mr. and Mrs. Herbert went to the Orange Show in a nice limousine, enjoyed themselves immensely, and came back with a thousand dollars.

There's a proprietor of a hamburger stand between Hollywood and Santa Barbara who never goes to the movies. Hamburgers are his life, and he's happy that way. So he didn't recognize the young lady who came in with a girl companion and ordered hamburgers and chili. When they finished, the girls told him they were broke, but they would mail him his money. Two days later a check for ten dollars arrived, signed by Katharine Hepburn. He didn't even know who she was, until they told him at the bank, and even then he wasn't excited. The moral of this is that life can be very peaceful if you make it that way.

At the Brown Derby we saw Boxer Max Baer in a serious huddle with Maxie Rosenbloom, the actor. Thinking they were discussing the comparative mer-

its of their professions, we listened in, and discovered Max was lecturing Maxie on the joys of being a father. "It's the only way," he said. Mr. Rosenbloom looked almost convinced.

On a recent Monday morning, Bob Montgomery had one of those scenes he'd been dreaming about for years. The picture was "Yellowjack," and Bob rushed to the studio, put on his make-up, and went to bed. He was supposed to be dying in a hospital ward in Panama, with Virginia Bruce and Lewis Stone doing all the standing-up acting. Montgomery quietly went to sleep, and played the scene beautifully.

If you want to know what became of the Indians, they're all at Universal, helping Johnny Mack Brown make a serial called "Flaming Frontiers." After watching them emote for a while we scanned the cast list and found it most interesting. In addition to the star, there are such names as Chief Thunder Cloud, Shooting Star and Iron Eyes Cody. Hiya, Iron Eyes!

The romantic impasse of the month involves Joan Fontaine and Conrad Nagel. Joan has been, to coin a phrase, linked romantically in the public prints with Mr. Nagel. At the moment, she's playing the lead in "The Muddled Deal," and her leading man, a handsome chap who admits to being Derrick de Marney, has taken considerable interest in her. So Conrad visits the set several days a week, sits on the sidelines, reportedly to see that the romancing sticks to the script.

We've been seeing a lot of Westerns lately, and most of them are swell. But there's one major criticism—they have too much stilted and unnecessary dialogue. For instance, there's no need for a Western hero to announce, "Gal, I'm agoin' to kiss you," before he grabs the fair beauty in his arms. Back in the good old days when the West, like the screen, was silent, he just kissed her, and we all knew what he meant.

Visited the "Hold That Kiss" set and watched Maureen O'Sullivan, Dennis O'Keefe and company trying to eat chop suey with chop sticks. Things weren't going so well, and after her fourth or fifth unsuccessful attempt, Maureen put down her chop sticks and sadly announced, "Gosh, I wish I had worn my tweed suit!"

Luise Rainer goes glamorous in "Toy Wife," her latest picture. Recently ("The Good Earth," "Big City," etc.), the budget for her gowns hasn't run much over a few dollars. In this one, however, she has twenty-eight changes, and she's making Adrian the happiest man at Metro.

This is a story of June Lang and the sun, neither of whom needs any further introduction. It seems June took a sun bath on a recent Sunday, and whenever she stays out too long she gets full of electricity. So Monday morning she reported to work, and discovered that the electricity in her body made her clothes cling to her, a situation fraught with peril, what with the Hays office and one thing and another. Everyone went into a huddle, and someone said that a cotton slip would solve everything, since cotton was a non-conductor. It took two hours to dig one up, because cotton slips are hardly the rage in Hollywood this season. They found one on a wardrobe woman—or rather, she told them she had one on—cut it down for June and saved the day for the studio.

Recipe for a Successful Marriage: First, of course, you've got to be a girl. If you've accomplished that, then, if you have what it takes, you get to be a Leroy Prinz Girl. Then go, with the Leroy Prinz Girls, to London, where you appear in the floor show at the Dorchester House. Of the two dozen girls who went over two years ago, we know of eight who married wealthy and, they report, quite charming gentlemen. For instance, one is the bride of a naval lieutenant commander, and others have married the head of an automobile firm, an airplane manufacturer, the manager of a big theatrical agency, and a Greek count. The Greek count isn't head of anything, but he has three million dollars.

Victoria Richard, a wardrobe woman, brought her eighteen-year-old daughter, Kay, to the studio for her first visit a few weeks ago. Kay was excited, because she had never seen a studio or met an actress. First one she met was Mary Maguire, and next day she was called by the studio and asked to go to work. So now she's Mary Maguire's stand-in.

With all the talk of economy, a story is going the rounds concerning a song writer at a major studio. He had a year's contract at one thousand dollars weekly. During that period he wrote one song, after which he was never asked or assigned to do another. Two weeks before the contract was to expire, knowing his option couldn't be taken up, he ducked out of town and sailed for Europe. After six months, he returned and dropped in at his old studio to say hello to friends. First guy he bumped into was the studio cashier, who said: "Say, we've got twenty-four one-thousand-dollar checks waiting for you over in my office. Why don't you ever drop by, or don't you song writers care for salaries?" Seems the studio didn't even miss the guy. Just picked up his option and paid him one thousand dollars a week for staying in Europe!

Gypsy Rose Lee, who insists she's really Louise Hovick, owns one of Hollywood's most elaborate trailers, for it is her hobby, now that she's a local citizen, to spend her week-ends touring California. Recently she visited a swank Beverly Hills shop to discuss a new interior decorating scheme for her wandering home. "What type of room do you have in mind?" asked the gentleman behind the counter. "It's not a room," said Miss H., "it's for my trailer." "Madame," announced the gent, "we do not service trailers."

Virginia Field left for England recently, and she probably had a bit of explaining to do when the customs men looked through her luggage. One of her bags contained a meat grinder and a package of (unheated) hot dogs. These items, she says, are strictly American, and she's going to use them to amaze her friends. The meat grinder, in case you're wondering, is for making hamburgers.

Here's a true story of a side of Hollywood which isn't often publicized. During the making of "Alexander's Ragtime Band," Art Warck, head of the prop men on the picture, died leaving a widow and six children. Cast and crew got together and agreed to put all their earnings

Last minute chatter about the stars brought to you by our reporter

Ozzie Nelson, Bob Hope, Ken Murray and Edgar Bergen hold that note!



Ethel Merman honors Bob Hope at the dinner for America's crooners.



for Sundays and overtime into a fund. When the picture was finished they had enough money to build and furnish a home for the Warck family.

●

Overheard on the Boulevard: "I understand Nelson Eddy is on a concert tour. Wonder where he is now?" "Probably keeping two towns ahead of 'Girl of the Golden West.'" Don't blame us—we're only telling you what we heard.

●

They're boasting three beauties in the cast of "In Every Woman's Life." The three are Kay Francis, Anita Louise and Bonita Granville. Little Miss Granville is actually developing into a very attractive young lady. For proof, you might inquire of Jackie Cooper, who has just gifted her with a bottle of "Moment Supreme."

●

Notice is hereby given that the Bartholomew Printing Company, of this city, has suspended operations. Mr. Freddie Bartholomew, its proprietor and sole owner, had set up his own printing establishment in the basement of his home, and had solicited quite a bit of business from friends and acquaintances. When his aunt discovered he had received payment in advance for all his orders, the president of the concern was forced to shut down and return all the cash to his clients.

●

Danielle Darrieux is probably the most popular foreign actress ever to hit Hollywood. On the set of "Rage of Paris," she exhibits none of the expected mannerisms of the imported darlings. She kids with the director, the cast and the crew, and she tosses in a swell impersonation of Charlie Chaplin when she's in the mood. It must be added, however, that her husband, Henri Decoin, is not so popular with the boys around the lot. He shoots craps in French, and before they know it he has all their dough.

●

On the "Letter of Introduction" set we heard a bit of dialogue between Andrea Leeds and young Mr. Charlie McCarthy. The scene is a room in a boarding house, and Andrea has just returned from her first interview with a big producer noted for his amorous proclivities. She has just told her friends that she's landed a job with him. "Did he get fresh?" asks Edgar Bergen. "No," says Andrea. "Why he wouldn't harm a flea." "Well," says Charlie, "it's nice to know he draws the line somewhere." There's a splintering retort!

Arthur Whelan is a proud gent these days. He's Arleen's father. When she—a barber shop manicurist—was "discovered," he was an electrician; worked for a company which services bill boards and theatre marquees. When Arleen got her contract, Papa hung onto his job, and now he's glad he did. Most of his work lately has been putting his daughter's name up in lights, along with Warner Baxter's, for "Kidnapped."

●

The next picture starring those dazzling Canadians, the Dionne Quints, will be "Five of a Kind," which is now in production. In it the young ladies will speak—intelligibly—for the first time in their screen careers. And they'll speak English, which they're learning for the picture. Also, they'll sing a song, called, appropriately enough, "All Mixed Up."

●

Loretta Young's sixteen-millimeter camera has just completed a strictly home production which features four generations of her family. It all came about when her grandfather, Dr. Robert Royal of Seattle, visited in Hollywood. He, of course, played the first generation in the film. The sup-

porting cast included Loretta's mother, sister Sally Blane and daughter Gretchen Foster, sister Polly Ann Young and son Peter Hermann, and Loretta's adopted daughter, two-year-old Judy.

For the most breath-taking, blood-freezing moment in any picture you've ever witnessed, see "Test Pilot," the Gable-Loy-Tracy air epic. In a scene which seems like hours, but actually takes less than one minute, you see a plane go into a terrific power dive, headed straight for the earth. The tremendous air pressure rips the wings from the fuselage, and a second later the pilot bails out. When his parachute opens, you'll start breathing again.

Did you know that "infidelity" is a horrid word? It is officially horrid because the Hays office has barred its use in pictures. And that's why Joan Crawford's new picture, taken from a story called—ahem!—will come to the screen as "Fidelity."



Anybody want to hear what happened to Claudette Colbert's poodle, Smoky, while Claudette was in Europe? Well, we'll tell you anyway. It seems Smoky just toyed with his food, and showed no interest in anything at all, so he was taken to a veterinarian, who diagnosed the case. Know what the trouble was? He was lonesome! Smoky is Claudette's most respected critic. She takes him to all rushes of her pictures and hopes they will rate "four barks."

Hollywood Oddities: John Barrymore, who has trouble remembering his lines, didn't forget his daughter's birthday. . . . For six years Gail Patrick has been going to a Hollywood fortune teller, and each year he tells her that some day she'll be in pictures. . . . When bees got into W. C. Fields home a few weeks ago, two of them stung W. C. on the nose, but no one could tell the difference. . . . Director Henry Hathaway reversed the usual procedure one afternoon when he walked out on the cast of "Spawn of the North."

Dilemma Dept.: Mack Grey, affectionately known as "the Killer," and renowned as George Raft's constant companion, lost out on a role in "Spawn of the North" because he was ill. Recuperating in Palm Springs, he was called back to Hollywood for a role in "Prison Farm." When he arrived, the director took one look at him and turned him down—said he looked too tan and healthy for a prison inmate.

Bergen's bag of tricks amuses Mary Brian. Presto—a false moustache is a toupee!



Pat Ellis and Martha Raye have a chat at the Big Pineapple Ball.

There's a brand new sixteen thousand dollar organ at the St. Charles Catholic Church in North Hollywood, and the donor is the Crooner, Mr. Bing Crosby. In addition to his gift, Bing also appeared as soloist with the choir on the Sunday they dedicated the organ.

A prominent screen and radio comic (he's not on the air at present) has just emerged from several weeks in a hospital, where he underwent treatment for overindulgence in things alcoholic. Everyone hopes it taught the guy a lesson, because if it didn't his career will be ended within a year. He's a very nice gent when he's away from the bottle, and all his friends are hoping he has really said goodbye to it.





Tch, tch! Joan Bennett has a "mad" on Walter Wanger!



The uppercut's all in fun as Max Baer meets Lana Turner.

Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne at a smart shindig.

La Belle Lamour in "civies." Randy Scott is with her.



Listen, Jack Benny, it's good if Sophie Tucker tells it!

The Cobbs—Bob and Gail (Patrick)—light up after dinner.





MISS JANE ALVA JOHNSON

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew W. Johnson of Saint Louis

leads a vivid and interesting life



One of the most attractive post-debutantes in Saint Louis is Jane Alva Johnson. She is wholehearted in her enthusiasms—"loves" horse shows, entertaining, and smoking Camels. "Most of my friends smoke Camels, too," she says, "and they know I smoke nothing else. Even though I smoke quite steadily, I'm always ready for *another* Camel. Which is one of the nicest things I could ever say about a cigarette!"

She is a distinguished horsewoman



Riding, hunting, and horse shows are "an old story" to Jane Alva Johnson. While at Fermata School, she was a whip in the Aiken drag hunts. Her horses have won many trophies and ribbons. And she has even run off a show of her own! Above, Jane chats with Olive Cawley (left). "I don't have to *look* to see what cigarette you're smoking, Jane. Camels again! Why is it that you smoke nothing but Camels?" asks Miss Cawley.

Jane's reply is quite emphatic: "Camels are delightfully different. They never tire my taste. I depend upon having healthy nerves—and Camels *never* jangle my nerves. They are always gentle to my throat too. In fact, in *so many* ways, Camels *agree* with me!"

A gracious hostess



...and a charming Veiled Prophet's Queen

Miss Johnson had the exciting experience of being chosen Queen of the Veiled Prophet's Ball—a signal honor in the social life of Saint Louis. Above, a fashionable artist's portrayal of Miss Johnson, regal in her court gown of lamé and sable. Throughout the excitement of parties, travels, and an active sports life, Jane turns to Camels: "When I'm tired, smoking Camels gives me a 'lift'! And that delicate Camel flavor *always* tastes just right."

Among the many distinguished women who find Camels delightfully different:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia* • Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston* Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *New York* • Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, *Boston* • Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, *Philadelphia* • Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, *Virginia* • Miss Alicia Rhett, *Charleston* Miss LeBrun Rhinelander, *New York* • Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., *New York* • Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, *Pasadena* • Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., *Chicago* • Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr., *Philadelphia*

CAMELS ARE A MATCHLESS BLEND OF FINER, *MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS*... TURKISH AND DOMESTIC

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE
LARGEST-SELLING
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ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER "*Camels agree with me*"

THEIR BEST FRIEND



"A man's best friend is his mother"—and here is Bob Taylor with his.



Anita Louise, now twenty-one, still likes to take orders from her Ma.



The darling of the ice—Sonja Henie—is Mama's darling, too. Yes, indeed.



Jane Withers—a problem child on the screen—but a good child to Mother.



And everywhere that Nelson goes, Mrs. Eddy's sure to be! He wants it so.

"SKIN-VITAMIN" SCORES HIT WITH WOMEN



Scientific findings in different countries awaken interest of leading hospitals. A certain vitamin is found to heal wounds, burns, infections, *when applied direct to the skin!*



New York! Tested in Pond's Cold Cream, the "skin-vitamin" brings definite results! Slides thrown on screen show skin of animals is rough, scaly, when diet lacks "skin-vitamin"—show skin smooth, healthy again, when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" is applied daily.



Telephone calls and letters greet the first Pond's advertisement offering Pond's Cold Cream with beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" to women (October, 1937, magazines).



A young wife in Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, N.Y., writes: "I have never used anything *like* this cream. It's grand! In two weeks roughness was entirely gone, my skin felt velvety and smooth."



Society beauties tell of greater benefits from Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin" — (*reading down*) FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB, now Mrs. David S. Gamble, Jr.; WENDY MORGAN, now Mrs. Thomas Rodd, III; MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES, grandniece of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT—"Texture finer." "Skin softer." "Color better than ever."



Druggists — answering increasing requests from women for Pond's Cold Cream with the "skin-vitamin" in it—explain to them that it comes in the very same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Announced nine months ago, the "Skin-Vitamin" was quickly accepted by Thousands of Beauty Seekers

Thousands of women have already tried Pond's Cold Cream containing the "skin-vitamin," special aid in maintaining skin health and beauty. New thousands are constantly learning of its increased benefits.

Women's satisfaction is recorded in the mounting sales of this widely known beauty aid. Today Pond's Creams, long famous as largest selling creams in the world, now with the beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" have reached the largest sales in their entire history!

Tune in on "Those We Love," Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

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"SCRAM TO THAT SCOWL"

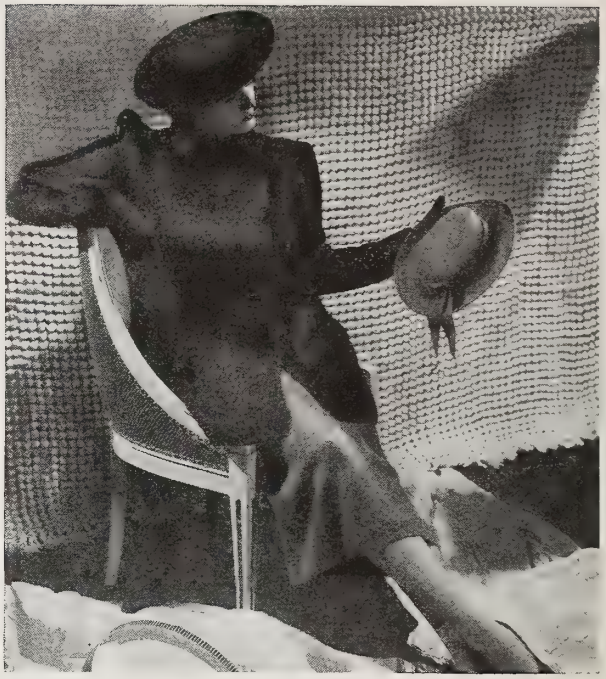


"FELLA, it's already gone! You see—I found that package of Beeman's you slipped in my pocket! Some flavor, I'll say! I like that luscious smoothness—that clean tang!

Look at the package — see that tight sealed foil? Keeps the air *out* and the fresh flavor *in* — no wonder Beeman's has such fresh snap and go! Let's stop in for more Beeman's right now!"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

No. 6013 — A stunning all-purpose coat with lots of "umph!"



No. 6025—The knit suit is ideal for the first days of fall.



FALL FORECAST

KNITTERS, look to the future! It's not a bit too early to get ready for the first cool days of fall. While away idle vacation hours with busy needles, and before you know it, you'll have a smart new costume! Here are two brand new designs for you to start on. Unusual sleeve and shoulder treatment of No. 6013 gives you a stunning double-breasted, three-quarter swagger coat that can be worn for any occasion all next fall and right on through the winter on mild days. It looks complicated, but is really quite simple to make. The elementary stockinette stitch is used for No. 6025, a smart suit with distinctive fitted flowered jacket and flattering vestee which can be removed and replaced by a blouse or gilet for variety.

Why buy an expensive fall coat or suit when you can have all the fun of making it yourself, and at a great saving? The directions, of course, are free, but if you want to secure both directions and materials for these attractive designs with a minimum of effort and expenditure, we will send them to you promptly upon receipt of your order. Just check your preference on the coupon below. Send it in today, and knit your way to fall smartness during your vacation!

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☐ Kindly send me, at no cost to me, Knitting Directions for No. 6013 in size .... No. 6025 in size .... I enclose stamped, self-addressed (large) envelope.

☐ Kindly send to me directions *and* materials for the design checked below, in size and color specified:

☐ No. 6013, size .... Color: This design in Black only. Total Cost $12.35

☐ No. 6025, size .... Color: Black—Brown—Navy. Total Cost $8.05

I am enclosing check (or money order) for $....., to cover all costs. (No orders will be filled unless accompanied by full payment.)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(Check one or both patterns and please print name and address plainly.)



"Don't let Cosmetic Skin develop—rob YOU of love"

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LOVELY SKIN WINS ROMANCE. SO WHY TAKE CHANCES WITH UNATTRACTIVE **COSMETIC SKIN**

COSMETIC SKIN DEVELOPS WHEN PORES ARE CHOKED WITH DUST, DIRT AND STALE COSMETICS. **LUX TOILET SOAP'S ACTIVE** LATHER GUARDS AGAINST THIS DANGER

I ALWAYS REMOVE COSMETICS THOROUGHLY WITH **LUX TOILET SOAP.** IT'S THE SAFE, EASY WAY TO KEEP SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH

LUX TOILET SOAP

STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"

9 out of 10
Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



You'll find a dash of Magic in CABAÑA!

MAKE your summer nails lovely with CABAÑA, the color *men* admire. Here is a flattering, tawny red . . . fresh, gay and stimulating . . . a color that throbs with romance!

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Use this striking shade to accent summer highlights in your hair . . . the sunny undertone of your complexion . . . the glamour of your summer self. Get CABAÑA *today!*

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1. LONGER WEAR — new Glazo lasts days longer without peeling or chipping. Slightly heavier—*clings* to nails.

2. EASY TO APPLY — goes on evenly. Will not streak or run. Dries quickly.

3. BRILLIANT LUSTRE —won't fade or become dull in sun or water.



Get Glazo's smart new colors — CONGO, SPICE, TROPIC and CABAÑA — at all drug counters. Extra large size, only 25¢

GLAZO
The Smart Manicure

"HOLLYWOOD IS NOT FOR ME!"

(*Continued from page 27*)

and some of the people whom I support objected. They don't even want me to have my private charities. I can thank Hollywood for that!

"I've bought a farm in New Jersey, a real farm with cows and chickens and things that grow. It's the only thing I've ever done to please myself—and I've worked since I was sixteen. I bought the farm because I long for harmony and peace and rest, and—I can't even get to the place! Hollywood keeps me from it. No sooner do I finish one picture than I'm called back for another."

She sank lower into the chair. She was quite hysterical. There is no doubt about it—Sylvia Sidney is emotionally tearing herself in two.

She would like to be in the East for the East means her native New York and the theatre—and that good actor, Luther Adler. Adler, from a family of actors, has contributed a great deal to Sylvia Sidney's social consciousness, and given her diversified interests.

SHE has never been one to care for parties. She would sit in a corner and feel self-conscious and wish she were home. I'm sure that's one good reason why her marriage to Bennett Cerf failed. Mr. Cerf is a party-going man. And it's another count against Hollywood. All that dot-on-the-map offers as entertainment is parties. And Sylvia is just not that kind of a girl.

Luther Adler has been able to bring her the interests her nature craves—good theatre talk, a cause to help, and, above all, sympathy, that very sympathy she couldn't get when she was ill in Hollywood. For in New York, the night she cried so, the night before I saw her, it was Luther, escorting Sylvia to a benefit for Spain, and noting she was upset, it was he who said, "To hell with Spain!" Then he led her to a quiet restaurant and let her talk it out. And, don't forget, every time Sylvia Sidney makes a moving picture, Hollywood separates her from Luther.

Besides, Hollywood won't let her make the pictures she wants to make, despite the fact she chose "Fury," which was one of the best she ever did.

"I'd take the smallest part to be on the same set with Spencer Tracy. He's such a fine actor. I've just finished 'You and Me' with George Raft. I like George. He's so natural."

She wants to do "Wurthering Heights."

"And Wanger says it's too depressing."

She wants to co-star with someone in "The Old Maid."

"It was all set, but the studio says I can't act restrained. Don't they know it's much more difficult to scream my head off!"

And so it goes. Hollywood is constantly the menace keeping Sylvia Sidney from her goal.

I could not help comparing this wholly frank outburst with a press agent-chaperoned interview I had witnessed her give the previous week, an interview in which Sylvia could not be herself.

THEN, wearing a black accordion pleated dress, and knitting a scarlet sweater, she had sat upon the edge of her chair and talked tensely on trivial topics, for Sylvia Sidney is a good actress. With that emotional voice of hers she can make bilge sound important and dramatic. She sat forward on her big chair, she opened her eyes wide and seemed to force all her energy into listening to the questions, and then all of it into answering them: what she would do if she were somebody else, the advantage of personality versus beauty in getting a job. And she spoke vividly about these things, as if they were her sole interest. She even talked about her high-ceilinged living-room and whatever in the world she would do if a balloon got stuck up there. She talked until her chum dropped in and asked for a piece of gingerbread.

"For Sylvia's cook makes the best in the world."

All this seemed a far cry from what she said to me, from, "It isn't as if I were really rich. I have to make it now. I don't want to hang around Hollywood when I'm thirty-five. I'm like any working girl. If I get sick, there's no money coming in."

And so she keeps fighting within herself. She tries hard, very hard, but as long as she wages these inner battles, I doubt if she can possibly be happy. There's that constant mental turmoil. Perhaps if she became a bit ruthless, perhaps if she kicked over duty, if she really admitted she has but one life to live, and that living is all-important, perhaps, then, everything might straighten out.



Jobyna and Richard Arlen catch their breath after a round of the Big Apple.



Pat Wilder tells Edgar Kennedy's fortune, and what a laugh it's giving him!

HERE'S YOUR *Perfect Vacation!*



HOW *to go*

Those long-awaited vacation days are here at last! And New Haven's great, modern fleet of day and night trains await your departure to Southern New England's delightful summer places! Over its network of 1900 miles of steel highways more than 100 trains daily will speed care-free vacationists to mountain, lake, and shore.

Join them! Why spend precious vacation hours crawling over blistering, traffic-laden highways? Instead, enjoy a cool, delightful trip aboard an air-conditioned New Haven train—actually a brief vacation in itself!

Low fares in fine, modern coaches buy luxury and conveniences found in no other popular travel method: deep, lounge-type seats . . . air-conditioning . . . scientific lighting . . . silent, smooth riding . . . beautiful interiors . . . and *safety!*

Plan your summer vacation and weekends NOW with the help of the free Resort Booklet described at the right . . . then choose a conveniently scheduled New Haven train and your perfect vacation has begun!

WHERE *to go*

Preview the scenic beauties and delightful experiences that await you in charming old Southern New England. Free 1938 Resort Booklet is profusely illustrated with photographs of scores of vacation places; quaint fishing villages . . . Old Provincetown, the artist's paradise . . . Nantucket . . . Martha's Vineyard . . . Connecticut and Rhode Island's beautiful shores . . . mountains, lakes, and rolling hills . . . and many other glimpses of this ideal vacationland.

You'll find the answer to "where shall we go this summer?" in this handy complete Resort Booklet: lists Hotels, Inns, Boarding Houses, Camps, Golf Clubs, Rod and Reel Clubs, etc. Helps you with your vacation budget problem, too . . . gives resort rates.

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SAFETY • ECONOMY • COMFORT • SPEED

The New Haven Railroad



Girls who know

—use the lipstick that gives a natural glowing color to their lips...never a "painted greasy look." Whether you are blonde, brunette or red head—Tangee gives your lips the color that best suits your complexion.

Like magic, Tangee changes from orange in the stick to warm blush-rose on your lips. *Only* Tangee has this famous Tangee color-change principle. Its special cream base keeps lips soft...smooth. Try Tangee. 39¢ and $1.10. For a natural matched make-up use Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Rouge.

THIS SUMMER, use Tangee Creme Rouge, waterproof. Never streaks or fades—even when you're swimming.

***Untouched*—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, parched look.**

***Greasy, painted lips*— Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.**

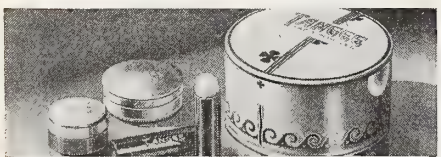
***Tangee lovable lips*— Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.**

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*



4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and TANGEE CHARM TEST

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.) Also please send Tangee Charm Test.
Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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FIRST AID FOR FALLING STARS

(*Continued from page 35*)

asking for First Aid Number Two, but so far it hasn't been forthcoming. Constance Bennett got it in "Topper."

The publicity staff comes to bat if Aid Number Three is called for. The star, who probably has high-hatted newspaper and magazine writers, has a sudden attack of graciousness and says that she will see interviewers. The publicity men telephone the papers and magazines to that effect, and probably get the reply, "What of it?"

Then the press agents go to work. They beat their breasts and wail, they remind the editors of their own long-standing friendship, they beg for interviews as personal favors. The star doesn't know that. She's quite sure that it is because she is herself that the writers want to see her, and nobody tells her that it's just because the press agent is a good guy and deserves a break.

The falling star grows lenient, usually, about letting people visit her on the set, if they're people who can help her. No longer does she go into a tantrum if an alien face appears while she's giving her all for the cameras.

IF she takes a trip to New York, as she's likely to, she entertains the press. Her company gives a cocktail party for her. Newspaper and magazine people are invited, and a lot of people who are asked because you have to have a lot of people at a party like that, and a lot more come because they always attend such shindigs, though nobody knows just who they are, or why they should be there. They seem to have second sight, when it comes to knowing that such a party is to be held. So everybody goes.

It's given in a hotel or a smart restaurant. Liquor flows freely, and is drunk largely by the people who can't do the star any good. The star is led about by a representative of the company, from one influential person to another, and talks to them, and if she has been very disagreeable in the past they say as little as possible and hope that she will go away soon so that they can continue to talk with their friends. Sometimes, at such enforced exchanges of courtesy, the star and the interviewer remind you of two fighting cats with arched backs, just preparing to unsheath their claws. The anxious representative of the star's company stands by and hopes for the best.

Maybe he gets it, in the form of nice notices about the star. But the cocktail party as first aid isn't sure-fire. Most of the good writers are awfully suspicious of those tactics, and will fall over backward to be no more than fair when they review the star's next picture.

Another hypodermic is radio performances. They give the star an opportunity to reach her public directly, especially if the program on which he or she is a guest is a good one, with a nation-wide hook-up. Marlene Dietrich tried her hand at broadcasting recently, with satisfactory results so far as she was concerned. She signed up for a regular program. Robert Taylor was in danger, his company felt, of being considered too pretty, especially by men. So he was mauled around a bit in "A Yank at Oxford," and made a regular feature of Metro's weekly radio program, where he has a chance to prove that he's another regular guy.

The press agent has another duty service to perform, if it is necessary. He can try to give the star a new personality. If she has been frightfully cold and haughty, he turns out a flock of stories, telling how kind she is to dumb animals, how she loves flowers, how interested she is in her own dear little home, where she does every bit of the housework herself, including the heavy cleaning. He rounds up a lot of her "favorite recipes" that he sends to the women's pages of the newspapers. The theory is that, if Mrs. Blank bakes beans the way the star is said to bake them, and likes the beans, she'll like the star's next picture.

If the star is in New York, she gets a change of heart about appearing at benefits. She'll do her turn on the program anywhere, for anything. She's trying hard to be a likeable human being, you see, and the press agents of her company are trying hard to help her.

She woos you with every trick she knows. She dresses as she thinks you'd like her to dress. She works hard over perfecting a good act, she's sweet to all of you who come back-stage to see her, though she may be almost perishing from fatigue. She tells you that she loves your city, although she may wish that it were at the bottom of the ocean, and that she'd never left her little fifty-room shack, with swimming pool, back in California.

But she'll do anything to cancel that dread verdict, "Poison at the box-office." It's almost as bad as a death sentence. She'll kiss babies, and sign programs till she nearly gets writers' cramp. She'll take every first aid dose that her company prepares for her.

And maybe, in spite of it all, the company will just buy off the rest of her contract, and there's nothing left for her but to go to New York, declaring that she is tired of the movies, that she's yearning to go back to the stage (where she may have been a chorus girl in the back row), that she's looking for a good play.

And you, the powerful public, whose favor she could not win once she'd lost it, blissfully go to the movies to see other stars, and never miss her.



Gene Raymond and Olympe Bradna (pronounced O-lamp) are amused by the script of "Stolen Heaven."

DAINTY *golden-voiced* DEANNA DURBIN

is keen about Lux...

"Deanna is as finicky about the care of her clothes as I am myself," says her mother. "I won't trust silks and woolens (nice cottons, either) to anything but Lux," Mrs. Durbin adds.

LUX keeps washable frocks and blouses charmingly feminine—lingerie fresh and sweet—stockings sleekly smart. All dainty things safe in water alone are safe in gentle Lux. It's easy to get a reputation for exquisite daintiness with Lux. It has no harmful alkali, as harsh soaps have—does away with cake-soap rubbing. This superb care that the screen stars adore costs next to nothing—yet it saves dollars on upkeep!



LIKE ALMOST EVERY GIRL of her age, Deanna loves sleek silk stockings. Naturally, they're always Luxed, so she's seldom troubled with annoying runs. Lux saves elasticity!

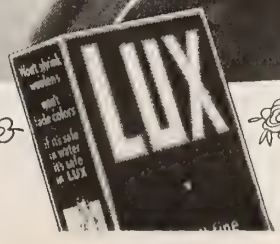


DEANNA'S FAVORITE COLOR is blue and she likes simple lingerie touches. "It's easy to keep Luxable dresses always spick-and-span," says her mother.



IN HER PICTURES, too, Deanna wears Luxables. See her in Universal's new picture, "That Certain Age."

AT UNIVERSAL, as at other leading Hollywood studios, Lux is specified in the wardrobe department for the care of everything washable. It insures freshness and daintiness... saves thousands of dollars in upkeep and replacements.

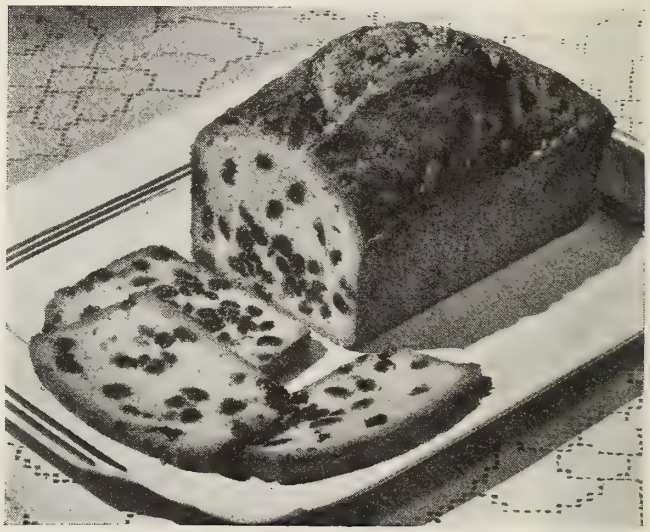


Daintiness wins

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION!



Such flavors as lemon, molasses, spices and pineapple distinguish Anita Louise's treats. While another of her favored summer sweets is the raisin-filled Pound Cake shown here.



Courtesy Sun-Maid Raisins

BY MARJORIE DEEN

WHEN YOU are considering the bill offered at your neighborhood movie house, have you ever noticed how amazingly often it will not be the announcement of a double feature program that draws you into the theatre but those intriguing words "extra added attraction" appearing on the marquee? No doubt the idea that you are getting something more than the usual entertainment is the thing that intrigues your fancy and adds an element of surprise and interest which gives a possibly mediocre bill greater appeal.

So it is with meals, too, according to Anita Louise, the lovely guest star of our cooking school this month. Yes, claims our fair Anita, the usual common or garden variety, two or three course dinner, far too often appears dull and routine. But provide the meal, she advises, with something special that the family had no real reason to expect, and what a hit that "show" will make!

Yet, where meals are concerned, this happy result can be achieved with the simplest of "added attractions." Hot biscuits with the main course, for instance, or cheese sticks with the salad. Or perhaps best of all, "cake with the last course," suggests our lovely golden-haired "guiding star."

The cakes suggested by Anita are the sort that accompany and complement other forms of dessert such as ice cream, fresh berries and canned fruits.

Anita's cake favorites are the kind that are baked either as cup cakes or in loaves. And these, if they do happen to boast of an icing, generally have one of the simple confectioner's type on the top and not on the sides. With recipes for two or three of these in your files, advised Miss Louise in a little talk we had recently, you can finish off any meal—especially in summer—in the finest style imaginable. Chances are equally strong that that "extra something" will win more acclaim than the culinary main features if you follow Anita's recipes.

For they are oh! so good—every one of them, take it from one who tested them and who passes on the recipes to you, knowing that during the months to come you'll be delighted to have them.

You'll find here, then, Anita's favorite gingerbread, with not too much molasses, since she dislikes a very dark cake.

And what a Pound Cake recipe is hers, filled with plump raisins and ready to attest to your cooking skill.

Then, as these are both of the loaf cake variety, be sure not to overlook the cup cake recipe, for these Summer Spice Cups are pretty special. Actually they are of the fruit cake type; but to assure greater hot weather enjoyment, far lighter both in color and texture than the usual fruit cakes. Maybe it's my own high opinion of their rich pineapple flavor that makes me assert, without fear of contradiction, that these fragrant little treats actually deserve feature billing.

SUMMER SPICE CUPS

1 (No. 2) can crushed pineapple
2 cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon ginger
¼ cup butter
¼ cup vegetable shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
½ cup seedless raisins
½ cup chopped nut meats
2 tablespoons flour

Place contents of a No. 2 can of crushed pineapple in a colander over a bowl, to drain. Sift flour, measure; add salt, soda and spices and sift together twice. Cream together butter and vegetable shortening until fluffy. Add sugar gradually, creaming well while adding. Add eggs beaten thoroughly. Beat well. Measure ½ cup of the juice drained from the pineapple. Add the pineapple juice to butter mixture alternately with the flour mixture, a little at a time, stirring until blended after each addition. Fold in the 1 cup of well drained crushed pineapple. Add raisins and nut meats which have been dusted with the 2 tablespoons flour. Blend thoroughly but lightly. Turn into cup cake pans which have been lined with paper baking cups*. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 20-25 minutes.

Delectable desserts like these receive Anita Louise's most enthusiastic praise

**As this batter has a tendency to stick to the pan—however well greased—using pan linings is strongly recommended. This cake may also be baked in two loaves—also in lined pans—allowing a longer baking period.*

RAISIN POUND CAKE*

1½ cups seedless raisins
4¼ cups sifted all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups butter (1 pound)
2 cups granulated sugar
9 average size eggs, separated
1 teaspoon lemon extract
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Rinse raisins in hot water, drain and dry on towel. Sift flour, measure. Add salt and sift three times. Cream butter until very soft and fluffy. Add sugar gradually, beating constantly. (A very thorough blending of sugar and butter is essential.) Add egg yolks which have been beaten with rotary beater until thick and lemon colored. Blend well. Add one half of flour and mix until smooth. Add flavoring extracts and raisins mixed with remaining flour. Beat until smooth. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites thoroughly but lightly. Turn into two loaf pans which have been greased, lined with paper and greased again. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) about 1 hour and 25 minutes, or until cake tester inserted in cake comes out clean and cake is firm to the touch.

**This recipe may be divided in half and baked in a single pan for a "Half-A-Pound" Cake.*

PECAN GINGERBREAD, ANITA

1½ cups sifted flour
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
½ cup granulated sugar
½ cup light molasses
½ cup butter
boiling water
1 egg, well beaten
½ cup chopped pecans

Sift flour, measure. Add salt, soda, baking powder and spices. Sift together twice. Place required amount of sugar in measuring cup; fill cup with molasses. Stir and add to flour mixture. Half fill measuring cup with butter; add boiling water to fill cup. Stir until butter has melted. Add water mixture slowly to flour mixture, stirring vigorously. Add beaten egg; beat together thoroughly. Fold in pecans. Bake in square greased pan in moderate oven (350° F.) 35-40 minutes or until cake tester inserted in cake comes out clean. Cool on wire cake rack.



AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER

SO BEGINS the story of many a happy married life. He goes out into the world to earn their living. She does the equally important job of keeping house. It's the world's oldest partnership—and the best.

The wise bride knows how important it is to be able to turn out appetizing and nourishing meals on her limited budget. What shall she do to make that cold meat left over from Sunday dinner into an appetizing dish for Monday night? Often she makes a combination dish with delicious savory Franco-American Spaghetti. Of course it goes big with husband—and her food money stretches just that much further. Franco-American with salad and dessert makes a wonderful quick meal when you want to cut cooking time.

Later, bride will learn that when Junior and Sallie come home ravenous from school, Franco-American Spaghetti with milk and fruit makes an ideal children's meal—and they never tire of it. It's nourishing, savory—and on the table in a jiffy.

Yes, indeed! Franco-American is entirely different from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. It usually costs only ten cents for a big 15¾-ounce can—that's less than 3¢ a portion. Get some Franco-American Spaghetti today at your grocer's. Watch your husband's eyes sparkle after the first delicious mouthful!

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

The kind with the Extra Good Sauce—Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups



MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE RECIPE BOOK? SEND THE COUPON PLEASE

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, DEPT. 67
Camden, New Jersey
Please send free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."
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Who tossed that BRIQUE?

Paris tosses us Po-Go, its favorite rouge—in *Brique*, its favorite shade. And you'll toss your hat in the air when you try it!

Po-Go's so unusual! Has a remarkable, feathery texture, for it's handmade in France. Goes on as evenly as powder, then stays put for hours. And its exclusive *Brique* shade is the most exciting, most flattering you've ever tried. Perfect for blondes! Perfect for brunettes! Perfect for brick-tops! In fact, *Brique* tops them all!

Toss down only 55c at your favorite toiletry counter, for Po-Go Rouge, *Brique* shade. Or send 55c (stamps will do) to Guy T. Gibson, Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

The perfect shade, BRIQUE—only in

Po-Go ROUGE



55¢

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1 —SET YOUR WAVE WITH

Dr. Ellis' Wave Set

Dr. Ellis' Wave Set gives you a soft, beautiful, lasting wave! Quick-drying, non-flaking . . . it's the world's most popular waving lotion!



2 —GIVE IT LUSTRE WITH

Dr. Ellis' Brilliantine

Try the new Dr. Ellis' Brilliantine! It helps hold the wave, gives your hair a silky lustre and a delicate perfume.

EACH 10¢ HIGHER IN CANADA

DR. ELLIS SALES CO., INC.
1125 PENN AVE., PITTSBURGH, PA.

AT ALL 5 & 10's AND DRUG STORES—COAST TO COAST

FOR HE'S A SERIOUS FELLOW

(*Continued from page 29*)

forty cents?' I am a fan for every star and player. I know how hard their jobs have been, what they've been up against. Sometimes I go to study the performance of this actor or that, but usually I go simply because I get the same kick out of movies that the little maid on the corner gets.

I'M a worrier, I am. I worry about the state of the country, the state of the world. I worry about the future. I worry about *my* future. When I get a part I like in a slick picture, I no sooner start to work than I begin to worry about my next picture, where it will be, what it will be, *if* it will be. And all about it. I'm worrying right now. I worry about *everything*.

"I'm neat, too. Surprise? I'm so neat I drive myself mad. I'm an ash-tray-emptier. Even in strange houses I go about emptying ash trays for people who probably don't want me to empty their ash trays. I've got to have everything around me in apple-pie order. My ties must be hung just so. The browns all together, the greens by themselves, the blues, and so on. I'd kill anyone who put a black tie among the yellows. My clothes closets, my desk, my book-shelves, everything about me and belonging to me must be, not just plain old so-so, but so-so-*so*. On the other hand, I slide around in any old get-up when I'm not working. Randy and I still have our house at the beach, and when I'm there I spend most of my time in bathing trunks.

"I'm a man of two natures," grinned Cary, mockingly. (He always seems to be mocking himself, even when what he is saying is serious.) "I have my 'light' side and my heavy side, very heavy. I like to go to football games in the afternoon, and to the Philharmonic in the evening; to the Huntington Museum of Art another afternoon, to a burlesque show that evening. When I was in New York I often went to the Symphony at Carnegie, and followed it up with a bust at Coney Island. I like what I like when I want it," said Cary, making one of his sudden springs to a sitting position, his voice husky, but not susurrant. And through the megaphone, in an agonized bellow, came "no off-stage whispers, please. We can hear you. We are catching off-stage noises."

"I am still a man of two natures—and two voices," said Cary, relapsing. "Every morning, for instance, Randy and I run up and down the beach for half an hour, taking deep breaths. I don't know what for, unless it's in the hope of growing three hairs on our chests where only one grew before. Then I drop dead and can't work for the rest of the day. We have a gym in the basement of our beach house, too, with all kinds of dumb-bells (I'll have no punning, please), and yet I'd rather lounge on the back of my spine than anything else I know about.

"Which reminds me of my bed. Have I told you about my bed? I thought not, but I was bound to get around to it. It's the biggest thing in my life. We had to cut down the banisters to get it upstairs. We had men working all over the place for days after it arrived, replacing walls, and chandeliers, and things. For years I've been suffering while I slept. If I turned over I'd fall out. Or I'd crack my big toe. Or I'd lunge around as I do when I'm sleeping, and knock half a dozen gadgets off one of the flimsy little bed-tables people put up with. I'd go to the Troc or somewhere, spend a lot of money having fun, and then couldn't sleep it off.

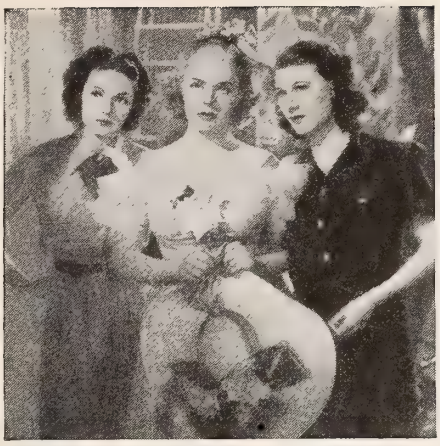
"So, I had me a bed made, long enough that when my chin is covered, my knees are not exposed to the elements. I'm too long for the average bed, you see, That's the point. And this bed serves, among other and more practical purposes, to prove my point, that I am a man of two natures. It is my one luxury, the only luxury I ever bought for myself. I haven't a tiled bathroom with a built-in shower and all the comforts of a spa. I can bathe in the kitchen sink if it comes to that. I drive an ordinary car. We have an ordinary beach house, rented. I have no hobbies. I don't own a yacht, plane, polo ponies, a home anywhere. I never take holidays, except this one." Cary indicated the set. "And you've noticed the carnival atmosphere here, haven't you? I'll have two weeks' 'vacation' after this picture, and I'll spend it studying my next script, having clothes fitted, having interviews, portrait sittings, dentistry done. No, I don't spend any money on myself at all, but I did have me this bed made, and it may interest those who love me to know that Grant sleeps at long last.

THE bed," beamed Cary, cupping his hands around his mouth, which was the one voice-silencing method we hadn't yet tried, "the bed is so long and so broad that you could mark out a football game on it. I can do seven turn-overs, and never reach either edge. I can lunge, and lunge, to my heart's content. In the headboard I have a built-in radio, a place for my candies, a place for my telephone, a place for ash trays and cigarettes, and indirect lighting which I can control three different ways by the mere flip of a paw. The indirect lighting means that I can now read without eye strain. And I read a great deal. The bed is made of bird's eye maple, with copper fittings, and it's really a beautiful job. It's not as Hollywood as it sounds. It has no Lalique glass inserts, nor a canopy under which the Doges might have slept. It has dignity and decorum, and anyway, I figured that I spend one third of my life in bed (sometimes only one tenth, but who'd waste a whisper on the difference?) and the percentage calls for splurging."

I had one question I wanted to rasp out before I went forth into the world where



By the expression on Gloria Stuart's face, we're sure Michael Whalen is hard to convince.



Marjorie Weaver, Alice Faye and Joan Davis get together to be snapped.

men speak in normal tones, and rasp it out I did.

"Are you going to get married?" I whispered.

"How should I know?" asked Cary, his rasp rising an octave. Whereupon, "No off-stage whisperings. We are catching off-stage noises."

"That 'noise,'" grinned Cary, "will be in the columns tonight."

"But I read in the columns," I persisted, as privily as possible, "that you and Phyllis Brooks . . ."

"Have a lot of laughs together," undertoned Cary. "No, that's not what you read, of course. That's what I'm telling you. That's the truth. We have a lot of laughs, a lot of fun together. We do not, and have not, discussed marriage, mice or men. If ever we do get married you'll know about it when you read the announcement in the papers, after the ceremony. You won't know about it before the ceremony. No one will know about it. *I* won't know about it.

HOW would I know whether I'm going to get married," whispered Cary wearily, "until I get married? I take romance seriously when I'm being romantic, of course. You can tell that I'd be a cinch *whispering* sweet nothings in the moonlight."

A little bird told me that Cary likes blondes, especially natural blondes, with as little make-up as a lady can respectably leave off, no red nail goo, no lip goo, no affectations of any kind. The same wise little bird whispered that Phyllis Brooks seems to fill the Grant graph on what a girl should be. The little bird went on to place a very large bet that there will be wedding bells for Phyllis and Cary, whether sooner or later.

"But what's the idea of planning to get married?" Cary was hissing. "What's the idea of 'setting the date' for November 22nd, or January 19th? How the heck do you know whether you'll feel like getting married on November 22nd. The date to get married is when you feel like getting married. That's the way it will be if I am the bridegroom in the case. That's all I can whisper about it, for that's all there is to it at present."

Cary's stand-in, a very personable young man by the name of Mel Merrihue, now thrust his head in at the door. He said, "Mr. Cukor'll be ready for you in a minute."

"I can't," gurgled Cary, desperately. "I can't talk. Get me something to gargle with, will ya? Get me a voice-restorer, a larynx-lubricator."

I tip-toed off the set. Through a megaphone came the dread, stentorian voice *"we are catching off-stage tip-toes."*



TODAY'S TALKIES

(*Continued from page 12*)

★★ Battle of Broadway

Shades of the slapstick era—this one. When you consider that the plot centers around an American Legion Convention and that the principal characters involved are Victor McLaglen, Brian Donlevy and Louise (Gypsy Rose) Hovick, you can figure out for yourself that it doesn't lack robust comedy.

Besides the commendable cast, the plot is good enough to hold you in your seat right through the last black eye. McLaglen and Donlevy, though war-buddies, are mortal enemies when a woman is involved. And when Miss Hovick becomes the femme fatale, there are even hard feelings between the boys and their old friend, Raymond Walburn. The latter is president of the Bundy Steel Works and a man of the highest ideals—until he spots the leading lady. From then on, the trouble begins, winding up with all the Legionnaires pitching in.

It's rip-roaring business from first to last, and guaranteed to produce chuckles and hearty guffaws. For any Legionnaires in the audience, it will prove a rib-wrecker. Though Victor McLaglen steals the show, he gets some stiff competition from Brian Donlevy and Raymond Walburn. We can't dispute that Louise Hovick is an eyeful, but she can still stand a few more lessons on the finer points of a dramatic performance. Directed by George Marshall.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ A Trip to Paris

Pictures may come and go, but the Jones family continues to be the best entertainment in its field. Like its predecessors, "A Trip To Paris" is light comedy, riddled with hokum, and not conspicuous for its plot.

Father Jones, Jed Prouty, is inveigled into taking his wife, Spring Byington, and the entire family to Paris on their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. The usual Jones-like complications set in. The son becomes involved in a spy plot, while Mr. Jones' cousin takes him for a good-sized financial ride. As usual, everything works out very happy indeed.

"LEO TOWNSEND, winner of the Preview Poll, is Hollywood's outstanding critic. . . ."

—Hollywood Reporter

This last Mr. and Mrs. Average Family picture is even better than the ones which preceded it. The cast again gives consistently good performances. The "bit" parts are exceptionally well done. The hotel detective gives one of the most amusing characterizations, and Joan Valerie, who plays the girl heavy, has much talent.

The writers and director have again shown their complete understanding of the intricacies of family life. The Jones Family is still good, and getting better. Directed by Mal St. Clair.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ Bar 20 Justice

With all the present enthusiasm for outdoor dramas (all the major studios are making open air epics with their top stars) it is nice to note that Hopalong Cassidy hasn't changed a bit. A lesser cowpuncher might allow the situation to go to his head, but not Hoppy. His basic qualities—honesty, fortitude and straight shooting—are still evident as he goes about the business of saving helpless women folk and making the West a decent place for right-minded citizens.

Bill Boyd and his familiar company of stock players act out this tense drama of gunplay and quick-trigger action with all their customary enthusiasm. This time Hopalong is about to entrain for the east when word reaches him of dastardly goings on in a nearby mine. Worrying about mines is beneath a cowboy's dignity, but when there's a gal involved—well, you know. In due time the black hearted villains are brought to justice, and Hopalong and the gal are fixin' to do some kissin', although such sissy display of emotions is left entirely to the audience's imagination.

Bill Boyd plays Cassidy as though he



really meant it, and there are agreeable performances in supporting roles by Russell Hayden and George Hayes. Directed by Lesley Selander.—*Paramount.*

★★ Go Chase Yourself

If it's a spring tonic you're needing, "Go Chase Yourself" is just the prescription. It's Joe Penner at his funniest, and this one will please the most particular sense of humor.

The story concerns the hilarious troubles of a brow-beaten gentleman whose wife doesn't credit him with the sense he was born with. The gentleman in question is, of course, Joe, and his spouse, the personable Lucille Ball. Joe may not have brains, but it looks like he has luck when he wins a trailer—though this doesn't turn out so fortunately either, since his wife decides he can sleep in it. This leads to tragedy of sorts. The climax is most hair-raising, with the trailer taking a nose-dive down a mountain, and the occupants headed for certain oblivion.

It's Joe Penner's best screen work, and the rest of the cast furnishes capable support, with a special nod to Lucille Ball. Then there's June Travis, Richard Lane, Tom Kennedy and Arthur Stone. Directed by Edward F. Cline.—*RKO.*

★★ Under Western Stars

Out of the west—or rather, into it—comes a new cowboy hero, whose screen exploits will undoubtedly soon rival the celluloid heroics of Buck Jones and other open-air Romeos to whom the six-shooter is standard equipment. The new Lochinvar of the plains is Roy Rogers, who sits well in the saddle, handles his shooting irons with authority, and possesses the easy manners of a man born to the West.

The plot is built around a fight between cattle men and the water company people. The cow interests claim that their enemies, robbing the soil of the moisture it needs, are the cause of the dust storms. Right or wrong, the cowboys got all the cheering from the preview audience, and the water boys were handed a round of hisses for their dastardly work.

What makes "Under Western Stars" an outstanding western is that it allows the camera to tell most of the story. Dialogue is used only where it is absolutely necessary, a fact which eliminates many a hammy scene usually encountered in dramas of the open spaces. Directed by Joe Kane.—*Republic.*

★★ Penrod's Double Trouble

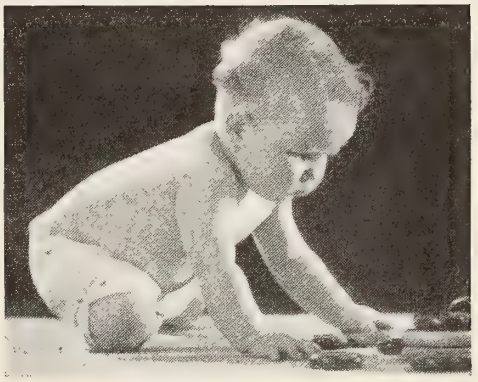
Hail, hail, the gang's all here—all those "regular fellers" who made those other Booth Tarkington stories into such picture successes. Again that likable naturalness of the entire cast has been kept intact. There isn't a kid in the neighborhood who won't have the time of his life at this movie. The plot is particularly thrilling this time, concerning Billy Mauch's strange disappearance into the blue after he's hidden in the basket of a balloon. His distraught parents, Gene and Kathleen Lockhart, offer a reward for his recovery, and some scalawags in a traveling show decide to put one over by returning to them a member of the show instead. This member, of course, being Bobby Mauch, has everybody fooled. But then the Junior G-Men, Billy's tried and true buddies, get going on the case and—well, we should spoil all the excitement of the chase for you! You'll be glad to see some other favorites in the cast, too. The Lockharts and Mauches do themselves proud, and we think you'll like "Penrod's Double Trouble." Directed by Lew Seiler.—*Warner Brothers.*

Martha Michener—aged 4 months



Dimpled, roly-poly Martha doesn't know that she's taking part in a study of infant feeding along with other babies near Westfield, N. J. She just knows that life is pretty interesting now—a new Clapp's Strained Vegetable appears on the menu every few days! Clapp's Baby Cereal is an old friend—she's had it for 6 weeks.

Martha creeps at 7 months



Fine straight back, Martha has. Rosy cheeks, firm flesh—you can see that her pressure-cooked Clapp's Foods are giving her an abundance of vitamins and minerals. She gets Clapp's Fruits and Soups now, as well as Vegetables and Cereal. With 16 varieties, there's never a dull meal. And she's gained 4 pounds and 3 ounces in 3 months.

Martha's a bouncing one-year-old



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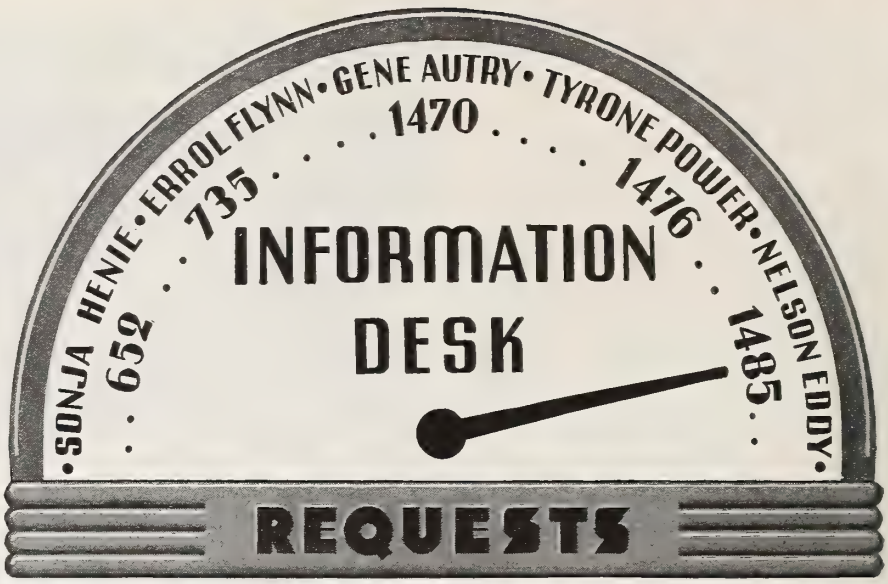


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Questions answered, curiosity satisfied—write us



FRANK MORGAN: Before Frank Morgan went on the stage, his family name was Wupperman. In fact that irrepressible young fellow of forty-eight summers was christened Francis Philip Wupperman soon after arriving on this planet via New York City, on June 1st, 1890. His father was George Wupperman, owner of the famous Angostura Bitters Corporation; his mother was a member of the Hancox family who arrived in these parts via the well-known Mayflower. Frank was one of eleven children. At an early age he was considered the best boy soprano in New York City, where he sang at St. Thomas and All Angels' Churches. His early education led him through public and private schools, and finally to Cornell University. At the time, young Frank wasn't terribly interested in higher education, so after two years he left school, and went into business. First he sold brushes, then he sold advertising for the Boston Traveler. Itchy feet finally got him, and he landed out West near Los Vegas, Nevada, where he became a cowpuncher. When his older brother, Ralph, gave up a flourishing law practice to go on the stage, Frank immediately followed suit, adopting the same name his brother had taken, in admiration for A. E. Morgan, a favorite actor of the time. After several years in vaudeville, followed by other years on the Broadway stage, Frank made his screen debut with Anita Stewart in "The Girl Philipa." For several years longer he mixed stage with movie roles, then signed a contract with M-G-M. Some of his most recent pictures have been "The Last of Mrs. Cheney," "The Emperor's Candlesticks," "Saratoga" and "Rosalie." "Port of Seven Seas" and "Swing Fever" will be his next. Frank Morgan is over six feet tall, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds, has light brown hair and gray-blue eyes. He is an ardent baseball fan, enjoys biographies and popular fiction, and his favorite outdoor sports are tennis, golf and swimming. He has become more popular with each succeeding picture, until he is now firmly established in the hearts of all those who revel in sophisticated comedy.



ROSALIND RUSSELL: Although at one time she sincerely wanted to be a theologian, Rosalind Russell finally decided upon the stage as a career. She was born June 4th in Waterbury, Connecticut. The daughter of a prosperous attorney, she enjoyed many advantages. She attended a private school at Tarrytown-on-Hudson where she was an eager student of literature, journalism and drama, as well as an enthusiastic participant in such sports as riding, swimming, basketball and hockey. She travelled extensively through Europe, South America, Cuba and all over the United States. Being ambitious, and wanting to be independent and earn her own living, she tired of travel, and convinced the manager of a stock company that she had dramatic possibilities. She was given a small role which marked the beginning of a thorough schooling in stock, during which she persistently worked up from the smallest roles to important ones. Finally she appeared on Broadway and attracted the attention of screen talent scouts while she was playing in "The Second Man." Her screen test resulted in a role with Myrna Loy and William Powell in "Evelyn Prentice." Her work pleased the studio so much that since then she has been cast in many other important roles in such pictures as "Craig's Wife" and "Night Must Fall." Under contract to M-G-M, she was last seen in "Man-Proof," has just finished "Four's a Crowd" for Warners, and now is scheduled to make "The Citadel" which will soon start production in England. Tall, slender, brunette, with black eyes, she is considered an excellent screen type both by cameramen and by fashion de-

HAVE YOU SENT FOR YOUR LIST OF ADDRESSES?

Want to know your favorite player's address? In fact, would you like to have a complete list of all the Hollywood stars' mailing addresses? It's yours for the asking. So many of you have written to this department wanting to know where to write this one or that one for an autographed picture, or perhaps you just want to write a fan letter, that we've compiled a complete list for you, naming the players alphabetically, according to their studio, and giving their complete mailing addresses. They are all there, even the featured players, printed in such a compact form that you'll be able to keep the list in your movie scrap book for reference whenever you want it.

To receive one of these lists, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a *large* self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with unless we receive your stamped and addressed envelope. Send your requests to the Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

signers. On the set she relaxes between scenes by chatting with visitors, playing games with her maid or reading the newspapers. One of her pet hobbies is interior decoration. She studies the subject eagerly, and designs all decorations in her own home. She also designs her own wardrobe.



BUCK JONES: This perennial idol of youngsters everywhere has been in pictures for eighteen years as actor, producer and director. He has made over one hundred and thirty pictures, and is president of the Buck Jones Rangers, a group of some three thousand youthful admirers from all over the United States and Europe. He was born December 4, 1889, in Vincennes, Indiana, but when a small boy moved with his family to a three-thousand-acre ranch near Red Rock, Oklahoma, where he learned to ride, rope, and shoot with the skill that later made him famous. From early youth he loved horses, and could do anything with them. After a public school education in Oklahoma, Buck Jones joined the army, saw service in Mexico and the Philippines, later flew airplanes, raced automobiles, rode bucking bronchos and roped steers—all for the thrill of adventure. He spent several years touring the world with Miller's 101 Wild West Show. It was during this time that Buck fell in love with Odelle Osborne, a circus bareback rider, and married her in the center of a circus ring, in front of thousands of spectators, amidst the fanfare of blaring circus bands. Today this same girl is his business manager as well as his wife. They have a daughter named Maxine. After several years under the big top, Buck decided to try Hollywood, and almost immediately he was signed as a cowboy actor. After a few months he was made a Western star, and has been a premier cowboy attraction ever since. Buck's real name is Charles Jones. He weighs one hundred and seventy-eight pounds, has dark blue eyes, brown hair, and stands six feet tall in his socks. Buck recently announced his intention to retire his present horse, "Silver," the third horse by that name to carry him through stellar Western adventure roles. The present "Silver" is sixteen years old, and has been in the movies for five years. A new "Silver" is being trained to take his place. Buck Jones enjoys Hawaiian music, and loves to throw out-door barbecues, dancing fiestas, and other parties for his professional and cowboy friends. He also often entertains groups of young admirers at his San Fernando Valley ranch. His latest pictures are "Hollywood Roundup," "Headin' East" and "Overland Express." His next will be "Sudden Bill Dorn."

Mrs. Berlin Farmer, Amonate, Va. Claude Rains was born in London, England, November 10, 1889. He is five feet ten and a half inches tall, weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds. His 1937 pictures were "The Prince and the Pauper," and "They Won't Forget." His most recent ones are "Gold Is Where You Find It" and "The Adventures of Robin Hood." Claude Rains is his real name.

Martha Burris, Tyler, Texas. Claudette Colbert was born in Paris, France, September 13, 1905. She is five feet five inches tall, and has brown hair and eyes. She weighs one hundred and seven pounds.

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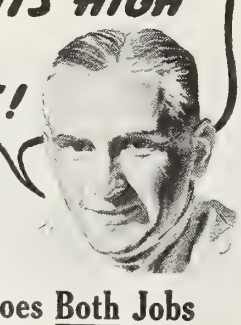
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Read about Tyrone Power, Carole Lombard, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy in the August MODERN SCREEN

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Maud Buck, Marieba, Australia. If you will send twenty-five cents apiece for each star's picture, the studio where they work will be glad to send you photographs suitable for framing. For Shirley Temple and Tyrone Power, address 20th Century-Fox Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; for Robert Taylor, M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal.; for Buck Jones, Columbia Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Gloria Delaney, Detroit, Mich. Spencer Tracy was born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5, 1900. He is five feet ten inches tall, has brown hair and blue eyes, weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds. You may write him at M-G-M Studios in Culver City, Cal. The studio will send you a picture for twenty-five cents.

Norma Trease, Irvington, N. J. Frankie Darro was born in Chicago, December 22, 1917. He has been in pictures since 1929, was in vaudeville before that. He is five feet four inches tall, weighs one hundred and twenty pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Write him at Paramount Studio in Hollywood.

William Carlson, St. Paul, Minn. Sonja Henie's next picture will be "My Lucky Star." 20th Century-Fox Studio will send her photograph for twenty-five cents.

Josephine Jordano, Bridgeport, Conn. You can write Phyllis Brooks at 20th Century-Fox Studio, Hollywood, and Danielle Darrieux at Universal Studio, Universal City, Cal. Here are some of the birthdates you requested: Mary Carlisle, February 3, 1912; Una Merkel, December 10, 1903; and Gloria Stuart, July 14, 1911.

Judith Howard, Cleveland, Ohio. Robert Livingston was born December 8, 1908. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred eighty pounds. His hair is dark, his eyes are green. He is happily married to the former Dorothy Gee, and lives in a Hollywood apartment. He's been in pictures five years.

June Ryan, Lebanon, N. H. Tyrone Power's next pictures will be "Marie Antoinette." and "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

Eddie Culley, Chaddesden, Derby, England. Helen Twelvetree's last picture was "Hollywood Roundup." Walter Huston's last was "Of Human Hearts." Lionel Atwill's last pictures were "The Great Garrick," and "Three Comrades." Fay Wray's last was "Murder in Greenwich Village," Constance Cummings' last was "Strangers on a Honeymoon," Dorothy Mackaill's last was "Bulldog Drummond at Bay," May Clark's last was "Outlaws in the Orient." Marion Davies' last was "Ever Since Eve," and Genevieve Tobin's last was "The Duke Comes Back."

Nan Gryalba, Palmerton, Penna. Here are the addresses of some of the cowboys you mention: Ken Maynard, Grand National Studios, Hollywood; Dick Foran, Warner Bros., Burbank, Cal., Gene Autry, Republic Studios, Hollywood; Tim McCoy, Monogram Studios, Hollywood; Johnnie Mack Brown, Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. and Buck Jones, Columbia Studio, Hollywood.

Hazel Munson, Fort Bragg, Cal. Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, Canada, August 10, 1904. She is five feet one inch tall, weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. was born in New York City, December 9, 1907. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred eighty pounds, has light brown hair, and gray eyes.

Sylvia Kevel, Brooklyn, N. Y. George Sanders was born of English parents, in 1906, in what was then St. Petersburg, Russia. He has green-gray eyes, light brown hair, is six feet three inches tall, and weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds. He is a bachelor, and is interested in science. His most recent pictures are "Love Is News," "Slave Ship," and "Lancer Spy." Address him in care of 20th Century-Fox Studios, Hollywood.

BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME

(*Continued from page 17*)

which he gave a sincere performance as a doctor. After that followed "Airmail," "Once to Every Woman," "Second Hand Wife," and a few other good pictures.

Then for some unknown reason Hollywood lost interest in him. He was given colorless stories, or miscast as a heavy. Some times he played roles that were almost bits!

And now came the part of a dumb cluck—and Ralph was once more recognized. In fact, Hollywood liked him so well that they gave him a somewhat similar role in "Fools for Scandal." Are they going to type him in this way, or have they finally awakened to the fact that he would be big box office if given half a chance?

I hope so. He fully deserves a break. No other actor could have existed as long as he has in such mediocre stories.

—Ruth King, Cranford, N. J.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Once Is Not Enough

This may sound like a foolish suggestion, but I can't help wishing that every city would dedicate one movie theatre to our old favorites. Of course, once in a great while an old favorite returns to a neighborhood theatre, but that is so seldom.

We like to re-read certain books over again and again. Why then must such pictures as "Barretts of Wimpole Street," "Rose Marie," "Maytime," "The Plainsman," "Top Hat," and "The Prisoner of Zenda" vanish, never to be seen again?

Hollywood has created masterpieces in these pictures, and there is no reason why they wouldn't be enjoyed next year as well as this.

—Margaret Cason, Chicago, Ill.

$1.00 Prize Letter
A Southerner Speaks

I am a southerner and go to the cinema to be amused, but every time a southern character is portrayed on the screen I get burned up!

Is there no one in Hollywood who has been south? We do not say "yo yawl" for "you all" nor do we address one person as "you all." We do not say "suh" for "sir," and talk as though we had marbles in our mouths, or were suffering from sleeping sickness. Of all the "southerners" I have seen on the screen, the women talk like hound dogs whining.

I don't believe the producers are actually that stupid. I think they do it to burlesque the southerner. This thing might have been funny the first, second, or third time, but has grown stale now.

Remember there are box offices down south, too. If their patrons were not such good sports to overlook these tasteless blunders, the joke might not be on them.

—Fred Arnold, Vicksburg, Miss.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Connie's Back Again

At last she's human! Suddenly taken off her high horse by the role given to her in "Topper" (which she did to perfection), our blonde star, Constance Bennett, has aroused new interest in the hearts of her once-admirers. I was getting very bored with her high-hat ways!

A few more comedy roles like "Topper" and "Merrily We Live" and Connie'll be back on top where she belongs.

—D. Seibel, Chicago, Ill.

THAT GIRL'S HERE AGAIN!

(*Continued from page 31*)

doesn't talk for the love of hearing her own voice. She says what she has to say, and stops.

I'd heard that she loathed Hollywood, that she couldn't abide the screen, that she'd moved heaven and earth to get back to the stage. Yet here she was, not only playing in a movie but sold down the river under a long-term contract. I asked her what it was all about.

Her answer came unhesitatingly. "My early training was on the stage, and I loved it very much. But I'd been in seven flops on Broadway when the movies offered me a job, I couldn't afford not to take it. I didn't like it. If it had been paradise, I wouldn't have liked it. I didn't want paradise, I wanted the stage.

"Then various things happened, and for the first time I was in a position to choose a play without considering the money end. Choose a play, mind you. Not beg for a part. Not even just take a part, so I could eat. But choose a play for no other reason than that I wanted to be in it.

"That was when I began hating the movies—not because they were the movies. I felt they were a person, not a thing, and I hated that person for keeping me from doing what I wanted to do. I'd hold imaginary conversations with it, him, this monster I'd conjured up. 'Well, then, kick me out, why don't you? I never wanted to come in the first place.'" A reflective gleam lit her eye. "Sometimes the conversations weren't imaginary."

How the difficulty was overcome she didn't tell me, nor did I ask her. She returned to Broadway to play in "Stage Door."

It's not the fever of first nights nor audience applause that lures her to the theatre. What she finds most enthralling are rehearsals. "There's something about an empty theatre that's intensely dramatic. I may get arty on you here, but I'll try not to. It's the sense of working with people to give a thing shape and meaning, battling it, making it go the way you want it to go. It's terrific labor and terrific nervous strain. But it's exciting. Once the scenery's up, that excitement goes. Then you get the itch to go, too.

"Of course you don't go. You have a run-of-the-play contract. I stayed for five or six months, and left because of you-know-what."

You-know-what is Brooke, the daughter born to her and Leland Hayward, to whom we'll return later.

BUT it wasn't that alone. I decided California was where I wanted to live. I was disappointed in New York. All the time I'd been here before, New York had been a fetish with me. 'I've got to get back,' I'd rage. 'This is a horrible place to live.' So many have had the same experience. Then when you do get back, New York lets you down. You're irritated by things you never noticed before, the dirt, and the pace, and the clatter. If you want to go down to the corner drugstore, you have to put on a hat and gloves and powder and lipstick and make a ceremonial of it. I don't like ceremony. Slacks are more comfortable. So I came back with my husband.

"I'd always known that if I did come back, and could get a job, I'd go into pictures, because I can't imagine doing nothing. That's the exact opposite of what I



● *"Look here, Mr. Bear—I've lived in this climate longer than you have, and believe me, that's not the way to get cool. Why, the minute you get up off that ice, you're going to feel hotter than ever!"*



● *"My word—you're bundled up for 40 below! Can't peel down?... No, I suppose not. Custom—dear, dear, it makes slaves of us all. But now listen: did you ever hear of Johnson's Baby Powder?"*



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said yesterday, when I told someone it was my ambition to do nothing all day long. And it *is* my ambition. I'm not trying to be whimsical, and I can't explain it, unless I'm lazy in theory but not in practice. Nothing seems more alluring than the thought of an empty day dangling somewhere out of reach. But the minute I have nothing to do, I go crazy.

"Besides, I never hated the movies as movies. It was just that I had another love, the stage, and now I've got the stage out of my system—maybe." Her smile mocked at herself. "When I first came back, I never wanted to hear about another play. Already that's beginning to leave me. Already I'm beginning to say: 'I *might* go back for three months.' Also I might not. We have a baby now. We're building a house. I've got myself hogtied. And like it."

Her mother refuses to indulge in the parental pastime of raving about the baby. "I'd heard these awful stories about how they look when they're born—wrinkled and spotty, and their heads coming to a point. Leland didn't like babies anyway, and I was terrified for fear he'd never look at her again if her head was pointed. So I made him promise not to see her till I'd seen her first. I don't know what the idea was, whether I thought I could smooth her head out, or what. However, I didn't come to for hours, and he couldn't wait. He thought she was all right," said Mrs. Hayward in a masterpiece of understatement.

THE house they're building is comparatively small, but it's set in two acres of ground to insure privacy. At the moment they're wrestling with items like lighting fixtures and door handles.

"Door handles! That's what you get for building a house. Before, there used to be a handle, and you turned it. Now you have to take courses in it."

They're also wrestling with the architect, whose ideas are somewhat more orthodox than their own.

"He wants us to have a dining-room," the perturbed mistress-to-be informs her husband. "What for?"

"He thinks maybe fourteen years from now we might want to have fourteen people in to dinner."

"What is that?" she inquired on another occasion, indicating a contraption fixed to the curtain rods.

"To pull the curtains."

"But we don't pull curtains."

"You've *got* to pull curtains at night, or people'll look in."

She burst into helpless giggles. "Look in from where? That's why we got all this ground, so people couldn't look in, and we *could* look out."

She'd always wanted a glass door. "Fine!" said the long-suffering architect. "And here comes someone Miss Sullavan doesn't want to see. And there stands Miss Sullavan, plain to behold, behind the nice glass door. You can't say you're not in."

"*I* can," declared Miss Sullavan firmly.

She can do other things, too, not prescribed in the stars' book of etiquette. All togged out in the creation of an ace designer, she can curl up on a dusty box and fall asleep. She can forget herself so completely in a game of tag with a soundman, that she stumbles over a cable, breaking her arm and breaking up a picture. She can disregard the prodding of expert ribbers to come to work day after day in a funny little knitted jacket, such as your grandmother might have worn, because she's conceived a childish attachment to it. She can suppress a wild curiosity to see her own rushes because she thinks she's better off when she doesn't see them.

"Seeing them turns me into a millstone 'round my own neck. This part in 'Three Comrades,' for instance—I love it. I want so much to do it well. Leland bawled me out for not seeing the rushes. He said it was outrageous. 'You're just coddling your vanity instead of taking advantage of your mistakes,' said he. So one day I disciplined my vanity and went, with the result that I was downcast for three weeks. It was awful. I didn't like the way I smiled or said words. I remembered what I'd been thinking and trying to do when I played the scene. None of that seemed to come through. I wanted to beg them to do it all over again. I put my husband, who's also my agent, through days of torture. 'You were right,' he said, 'you should have stayed away.'"

FRANK BORZAGE, her director, says, "Margaret never used to worry about working overtime. One day on this picture I kept her after six, and it was a minor tragedy. Suppose she didn't get home in time to see the infant fed. 'Suppose the heavens fall,' it sounded like. Nowadays when I plan to use her at ten, I don't get her in at nine. I can't stand her reproachful eyes following me around the set, reminding me about all this wasted time she might have been spending at home with the kid.

"When we break, she scoots to her dressing room, scoots out, hops into her car, and zooms home. What's the rush? Leland bought a Tyrolean rig for the child in New York, and this is the big trying-on day. That's the hit picture of the year, if you ask me—Leland Hayward solemnly shopping for a little cherub, and Maggie dashing home to see how the cherub looks in her new outfit. Even they think it's funny. But how they love it!"

She, too, says she's changed. "I never had a plan before. I kicked against plans. Now I know this is what I really want. I like being content—not too content—but more so than I ever dreamed I would be." Her smile glimmered again, half impish, half wistful. "I was going to commit suicide at thirty, now I'll wait till forty."

It was said not altogether flippy, nor altogether seriously. She was voicing that half-formed impulse, common to sensitive youth when, through the mists of childhood, it glimpses a panorama of life and death it's too young to cope with. She's tasting the first good fruits of maturity. She'll find that forty and fifty and sixty have their compensations, too.



Margaret Sullavan enjoys a dance with Frank Borzage, the director of "Three Comrades."

A MAN WITHOUT FEAR

(*Continued from page 33*)

mariner Powell are lone wolves when they put to sea.

By way of beginning I said, "Happy?"

Jimmy ordered chicken livers and rice, and a pot of tea before he echoed, "Happy? Sure, I'm always happy when I'm going back to the farm. Right now I like everything I'm doing. But then I always like what I'm doing, or I don't do it for very long. Life's too short for that.

LAST time we were on the farm I transplanted twenty-eight trees, good hard work, that, the kind of work I like. I like the house we're building at Cold Water Canyon in Bevery Hills, too. It's a six room house. That's one of the reasons we're building it, because we like small houses. The farmhouse in the East has just six rooms. That's enough for any man and his wife.

"Sure, I'm happy. I'd say that my definition of happiness is being without fear. Fear can eat the vitals out of anyone. When a fellow has to keep a job he hates, or work for a boss he hates, because the alternative is starvation, that's slavery. I hate slavery in any form." He has proven that. Jimmy has always dared to quit.

I said, "Being without fear is a form of self-confidence, isn't it? How did you get this way?"

"When things have been tough for a kid," said Jimmy, "he's never afraid again. I've had so many jobs in my time, and I got 'em all on nerve. When they'd ask me, back in the days when I was first on the stage, 'Can you sing?' I couldn't sing, but I'd answer, 'Sure.' When they'd ask me, 'Can you dance?' I couldn't, but the answer was the same, 'Sure.' 'Can you do dramatic stuff?' Same answer, 'Sure.' So it went. I'd get by with it, too. The same holds good of any job. Just say, 'Sure,' and *mean* it, and you'll get by. At least, you won't be any worse off than you were before."

"But now," I said, "now that you aren't a 'kid' any longer?"

"Same still holds good," said Jimmy. "If, at any moment the movies should shake a day-day at me, I know exactly what I'd do, got it all planned out. I'd form a repertory company, and tour the country. Matter of fact, Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh, Allen Jenkins and I have plans for such a company all doped out right now. We know just what we'd do, and how. May do it anyway, whether I'm in pictures or not.

"I can't have any fear," grinned Jimmy, "or I'd have taken myself out of Hollywood on the first train that left after mine came in, eight years ago. There wasn't anyone in pictures who looked like me. Where did I get off, and why had I gotten off at Hollywood? Those were the days when Valentino was still hot in peoples' hearts and memories. Those were the days when Buddy Rogers, and Charlie Farrell, and Gary Cooper were the tops. Now where did the Cagney pan fit into that art gallery? But I stayed on. They said, 'Can you be a movie star?' And I said, 'Sure,' and here I am, still the boy meeting the girl."

"But why did you say 'sure' to Hollywood?" I persisted. "What made you sure? What did you think you had to 'sell' to the movies?"

Jimmy has a habit of answering questions by telling you little anecdotes. He



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said, "I was looking at one of my first pictures one day with my then leading lady. I said to her, as I looked at myself, 'That guy's nuts. I look a little bit crazy.' The lady said, 'When I watch myself there's nothing going on!' (She is still 'going on,' too, however.) Anyway, maybe that's the answer where I'm concerned. I look nuts. There's something that people like about a guy who looks a little bit crazy. They never know which way he's going to jump, whether he'll turn out to be a poached egg or Napoleon. I guess," said Jimmy, thoughtfully, "that my other selling point would be titled, 'pugnacity.' I look the kind of a guy who's just about to pick a fight."

I remembered then Mae West's famous pronouncement, that of all the men in Hollywood Jimmy Cagney has the most sex appeal for her money. I recalled that someone else—Joan Crawford, wasn't it?—said that Jimmy's sex appeal is due to the fact that he always looks as though he is about to spring. As if taking a cue, just as I was thinking these torrid thoughts, Marie Wilson, who plays the girl to his boy in "Boy Meets Girl," passed our table, paused to give Jimmy a large hug, and exclaimed, "Every chance I get!" then ran off, rather breathless and noticeably blushing. Jimmy remained smiling, but unperturbed. Later the girls in his studio's publicity department told me that every girl and woman on the lot is "crazy about Cagney," that they've never "seen anything like it."

No, he doesn't look like Valentino did, dear knows. He doesn't look like Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, Clark Gable, or Errol Flynn. But he does look dangerous, in his quiet way. He does look unpredictable. He does look imperturbable. He does hold a challenge. It probably has something to do with the way he stands, this sex appeal of Jimmy's, for he stands as a fighter stands, his arms slightly bowed, his hands drawn up in front of him. Jimmy demonstrated for me that it's really difficult for him to straighten his arms out. Too many boxing matches have given them that pugilistic curve.

IF you will notice, there is also something about the back of his neck. His wife once told me that a woman said to her, "Do you know what I find most attractive about your husband?" "What?" asked Mrs. C. "The *back of his neck,*" replied the admirer. "There's something so purposeful about it." There's something unusual about the set of his head, too. Something about it suggests a battering ram.

Perhaps little Marie Wilson expressed it most aptly when she said, "He looks as though he's going somewhere, and you wonder whether he'll take you with him, or leave you behind."

He appears to be ungettable, this Jimmy. Yet, a fact little known is that a great many people come to Jimmy with their troubles and problems. He could be called The Little Father Confessor of Hollywood, and deserve the title. (But how he would hate it! For Jimmy, a sentimentalist in his heart, detests any of the outward and visible signs of sentimentality.)

Jimmy lives, and lets live too. Now, take his married life, one of the happiest, soundest, and most successful of all the Hollywood marriages. You never hear anything about it. You never hear "rumors." You never see Jimmy with anyone but Billie, his Missus, or with his brother Bill, or some of the boys.

For Jimmy and his Billie do really live and let live. And they go their own ways, when they feel like it, which isn't often.

Occasionally Jimmy invites to the house people in whom Billie is not especially interested. But that's all right. Billie just



Warren William, Robert Montgomery and Virginia Bruce seem all set to disagree.

goes out. She goes to a show, or plays bridge, or drives around until the gang is gone. Sometimes Billie may invite people for whom Jimmy doesn't particularly care. That's all right, too. He just goes out with some of the fellows, goes to the fights, to a show, or just drives around until he sees that the downstairs lights are off. Then he goes home. But for the most part their friends are mutual friends, the O'Briens, the Tracys, the McHughs, and the Jenkinses, the wives as clubby as the husbands.

There are no naggings, no orders given, no coercions in the Cagney household. "Marriage," says Jimmy, "can be a form of slavery, too. Ours isn't. Billie doesn't make a slave of me, nor I of her. There's no jealousy. When we were in show business together a few years ago one of the girls asked Billie if she didn't worry about me, always playing with a bunch of beautifuls. Billie said 'No. What good would it do me to worry?' It wouldn't do her any good. And she hasn't any reason. We both know that it's a lot of bunk, all the she-she in this business. She knows that I know it. We both know that when it's all over, when the curtain rings down I won't be of any more interest to people than Mr. Smith of Punkin Center is today.

"We both like to stay home. We sit around and gab about the farm, and about the new place here in Beverly Hills. Billie takes care of all the domestic shenanigans, the furnishings, the servant problems, if any, the planning of meals, etc. I'm not fussy about my food. There are too many important things in life to be finicky about whether you're eating cake or pie. I think I take enough interest in the house to be companionable. I like to fool around arranging furniture. I'm the one who says where to hang the antlers in the den! I take an interest in what Billie wears—isn't that supposed to be a goodly thing in husbands? Especially hats! I'm hat conscious. Oh, am I hat conscious! I hate conspicuous clothes, too much make-up, red nail polish. But especially the wrong kind of hats. Before I was married I'd ask girls for dates, and if they showed up wearing some squirrelly thing that dipped over sidewise, like the prow of a ship in distress—well, I'd dip out. If Billie wanted to buy one of those things, sometimes called hats, she'd buy one. I wouldn't say anything, and she knows it. But she doesn't buy 'em.

"I always go over my scripts with Billie. Like all actors I try out the business on the wife. Pat does the same with Eloise. Allen with Mary. We all do. I act out a bit of business with Billie and she'll say 'I think that's swell,' or 'I think that's

pretty bad.' Sometimes that's that, and sometimes I kick it around a bit and try it again until she okays it. We always say, 'I think' to each other. Leaves things open and free, as they should be. But in the essentials we think alike, and take 'em together. The rest doesn't matter."

PUGNACIOUS, yes. Imperturbable, yes. But there's another side to Cagney. And he shows that side in the things he notices. He betrays an almost feminine sensibility to the things which effect others. He told me about a party at the home of Allen Jenkins, for instance. And how Allen just up and blurted out the carefully kept secret of the Jenkins' Blessed Event, blurted it out because he just couldn't keep it in one more proud moment. Jimmy told me about the look on Allen's face, that hard-boiled screen face, when he spoke of the baby to come.

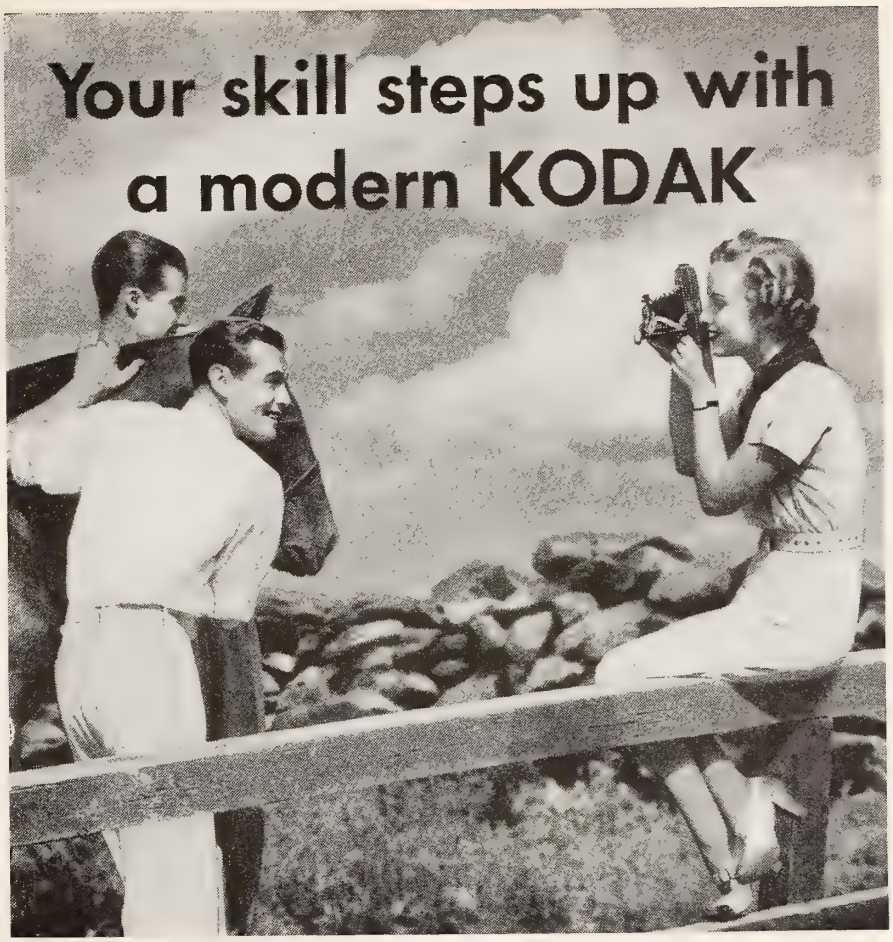
He told me about young Phil Regan, the "Singing Policeman," the young actor you saw in "Stars Over Broadway," "Go Into Your Dance," and so many others. Jimmy said, "that kid has worked ever since he could walk. Father was a truck driver. The kid had job after job after job, any kind of job. When he came to Hollywood he didn't tell anyone he was married, thought it better business not to. He always spoke of Jo as "my girl." But he always spoke of her. I found out that he'd been married at seventeen, that they'd had one kid, then another, then another, until they now have four. And when I found that out my respect for him went up one hundred per cent, and higher."

Yes, these are the kind of things Jimmy notices, the break in a man's voice when he mentions a baby, and the sturdy courage of a man who works for the wife and kids, gives 'em the best he's got of love and loyalty.

No, Jimmy hasn't changed. He'll never change, let contracts come or go, governments rise or fall. He'll never be afraid, either, not for himself. And he'll never be carelessly happy, no matter how things go—because Jimmy has a sense, deep in his Irish heart, of the tragedy of life. There is nothing you can do to him, perhaps, to make him shrink, or wince. But there are many things you can do to yourselves that will matter to him. Because he cares about people. What would an idealist call that? A sort of sense of the brotherhood-of-man?



Betty Compson out with two sailors? No, it's just Milburn Stone and Harry Carey.

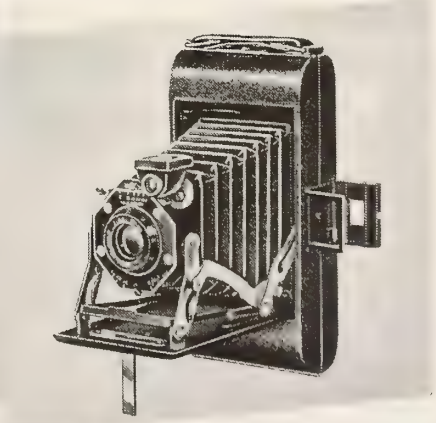


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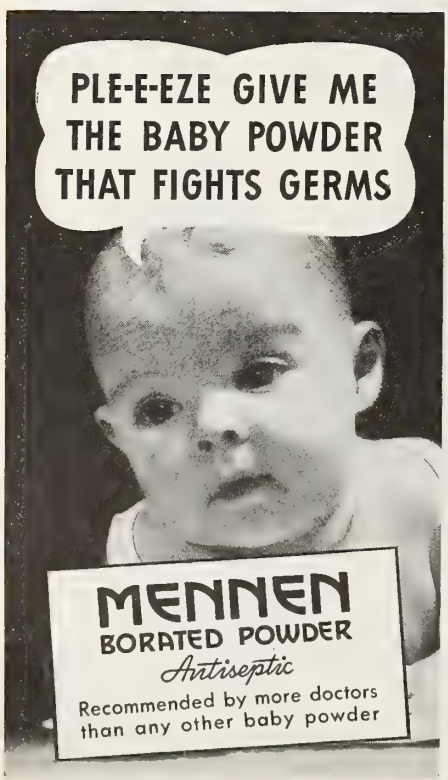
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WRECKING THOSE RUMORS

(*Continued from page 37*)

is all right," said Sonja, dismissing the subject, "if all you want is romancing."

Further proof that Sonja isn't nursing a broken heart is that, while romance rumors seem only to bore or amuse her (you get the feeling that the Tyrone Power romance is ancient history to her), there is another set of rumors about which she feels very differently—the rumors that she has gone temperamental and high-hat.

When she answered questions about romance she was a little reserved, but when she swung into her own defense, she became warm and animated. Her vivid brown eyes, that contrast so oddly with her blond hair, flashed, and she went directly and simply to the point.

THOUGH she laughed about them, she was very much hurt by the cruel and silly stories that circulated during her stay at Miami, where she gave a skating exhibition. As the New York newspapers had made a target of Robert Taylor just before he sailed for England, so the Florida newspapers made a target of Sonja Henie. It all arose through a series of misunderstandings—through stories that had a bit of truth, but were mostly pure fiction.

"When I arrived in Florida," said Sonja, "I found that I was booked for all sorts of affairs, and that every minute of the day was mapped out for me. Every time I opened a newspaper I would find a new announcement that Sonja Henie was going to appear at some affair. Often, the first indication I had that I was expected to attend was the appearance of an advertisement in some newspaper. But I knew that if I stayed away from any of these affairs, after the newspapers had announced that I'd be there, the public, not knowing the circumstances, would think I was becoming temperamental. So I went through with everything that had been arranged for me.

"For example, when I saw the announcement that I would appear at a certain swimming exhibition, I was panicky, for I had another appointment which conflicted with the time set for this exhibition. 'I couldn't possibly stay very long,' I told the people who were managing it, 'for I've got to keep this other appointment.' They told me it would be perfectly all right if I stayed only five minutes, and then left. Instead, I remained an hour and a half, which was all the time I dared take, and then went on to my other appointment. The next day the newspapers criticized me for being so blasé that I couldn't sit through the exhibition.

"One day at the beach someone asked me if I wouldn't like to see the horse races at Hialeah that afternoon.

"Since I was wearing only white slacks and a white coat, and had no time to change, I asked if it was all right to appear at the clubhouse like that, and was assured it would be. Since you can go almost anywhere in slacks in Hollywood, I gave it no further thought.

"Even when we were stopped at the clubhouse, I thought it was because we didn't have any tickets, and that my companion had gone to make arrangements.

"When I learned that my slacks were the real reason we had been stopped I was very uncomfortable, for I didn't want to violate the rules of the place. I decided to sit down as inconspicuously as possible, hoping that my white coat would hide the slacks. But while I was sitting there, word came that the governor of Florida wanted to meet me."

Sonja Henie turned miserably to her companion. If she went down in her slacks to meet the governor, she would have to pass thousands of people, all of whom would notice her informal attire, and possibly criticize her as an exhibitionist.

"Please," she begged, "tell the governor why I cannot go down to meet him. Please explain to him about the slacks."

The next day the newspapers said, "Sonja Henie refused to leave her seat at the races to meet the governor. She said, 'Why should I go down to meet him? I am just as important as he is. Let him come up to meet me.'"

Another story which circulated about Sonja was that a group of youngsters had thrown snowballs at her. The insinuation was that Sonja had made herself disagreeable to them. The truth is very different. On the first day of Sonja Henie's exhibition, a group of youngsters who had never seen snow or ice before went up to the rink just as the exhibition ended.

"I saw one of the youngsters edging toward the artificial ice," Sonja told me, "and I knew right away what was going to happen. I said 'Goodbye' very hastily, and went straight home.

"The youngsters began to throw snowballs at each other, and before long they were involved in a regular snow fight. Trying to stop the fight, one of the workmen threw a snowball at one of the boys. In revenge, they grabbed the doll house from which I had made my entrance in the 'Toyland' scene of my ice ballet, and began tearing it to pieces.

"The next day the newspapers said that the boys had thrown snowballs at me, but I was, of course, safely home when it happened."

DISMAYED by the unfavorable publicity she had received, and growing weary of having every minute of the day charted out for her, Sonja hinted to someone connected with her troupe that she would prefer not to have a press agent follow her around all the time. No doubt this was undiplomatic of her. Someone older and less sincere than Sonja might have found a subtle way of handling the situation, but Sonja is nothing if not direct. Her honesty is her greatest fault, and her greatest charm. After the Florida exhibitions were over, the press agent wrote a vitriolic open letter to Sonja Henie, which was published in a newspaper.

"Her letter was very funny," said Sonja, but there was a hurt look in her brown eyes as she spoke. I later learned that the press agent from Sonja's own studio simply adores her, and finds her the most cooperative star imaginable.

Laughingly, Sonja denied some of the other rumors about herself. There is, for instance, the persistent story that she has "lucky boots" which she always wears. Hollywood even said that when Royer designed a set of gorgeous costumes for her first picture, "One In a Million," she told him regretfully that she could not wear them because they would not go with "lucky boots" which she wears at all important events in her life.

"There are no 'lucky boots,'" said Sonja. "I change to new boots every five months, regularly."

Then there was the story that in "Happy Landing" she wore a beaded cap, beaded bodice, and embroidered skirt three hundred years old, which had been in her family all that time, having been passed down as part of a girl's dowry from one gener-

ation to another. According to the story, when Sonja Henie's mother heard that she needed such a costume for her picture, she made the supreme sacrifice of giving it to her daughter. Sonja chuckled merrily.

"How could I wear a dress three hundred years old? The silk would all be torn, wouldn't it?"

But, oddly enough, the story that the most exciting ice skater of our generation has never been on roller skates is true. Sonja is still as modest about her acting as ever.

"I do not act," she says. "When you try too hard you are not natural."

Now that she is on top, Sonja has no desire to tell the studio how to handle her. When asked what kind of pictures she would like to make she said, "Just the kind I have been making. Of course, it would be nice if they would film a skating picture in technicolor. But no matter what they do, I shall keep on giving skating exhibitions between pictures."

SONJA added modestly, "I do not think that at first the studio liked my making personal appearances. Perhaps they were afraid I wouldn't look just right, for many people at the studio had never seen me give a skating exhibition, and didn't know what to expect."

Sonja's studio knows now that they need have no fears about her, for the magnificent little lady of the skates will always acquit herself beautifully in anything she tries. Her tour set a new record for repeated triumphs. No other sports figure ever played to such packed houses as greeted Sonja Henie everywhere she performed.

Yet Sonja is as natural and unspoiled as the day she landed in America. Though she has given command performances before King George and Queen Mary of England, before Mussolini, ex-Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm of Germany, and King Haakon VII and Queen Maude of Norway, she has none of the airs and ridiculous posturings that you so often see in girls with not one hundredth of her claim to fame.

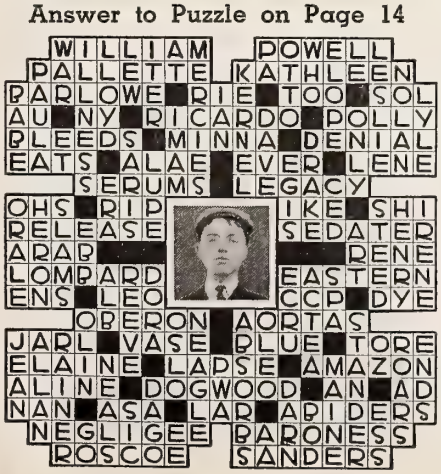
In the middle of our talk, she had turned to me, with that appealing directnesss of hers, and asked, "Am I bad copy? Someone told me I was bad copy."

Here she was, a world figure, the queen of ice skating, and a sensational success in pictures, and she was worried because someone had told her she was "bad copy." She has the simplicity of the truly great.

"No, I will never change," said Sonja. "I know that fame means very little and goes very quickly."

For some people, fame does go quickly. But not for the Sonja Henies of the world, who wear their crowns, their glories, and their triumphs with such disarming modesty.

Answer to Puzzle on Page 14





NEW-TYPE ICE DEODORANT

Is greaseless and actually cooling —checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

NOW, a deodorant that has *everything*—an ICE DEODORANT!

It's easy to put on! It's actually cooling! It's absolutely greaseless! Its own fresh odor evaporates immediately! It *checks perspiration!*

The wonderful new Odorono ICE is based on a brand-new principle. A gentle, cooling ICE deodorant that goes on like a vanishing cream and disappears completely. It is not greasy or sticky.

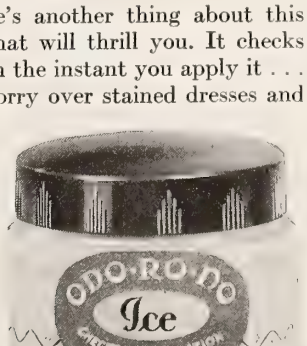
And here's another thing about this new ICE that will thrill you. It checks perspiration the instant you apply it . . . banishes worry over stained dresses and offending odors up to three days!

Its texture, too, is delightful. So light and easy to spread. And its clean, wholesome smell of pure alcohol disappears as soon as it's on, leaving you fresh, dainty —cool.

After the first application you'll understand why so many of the women who have tried it prefer the new Odorono ICE. You'll never have another moment's uneasiness about underarm odor *or* perspiration.

Try this sure, easy way of guarding your charm. Get a jar of the new Odorono ICE tomorrow . . . only 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments.

● "Safe—cuts down clothing damage, when used carefully according to directions," says The National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odorono Preparations.



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HOW NERVOUS WOMEN CAN SLEEP EASILY



By Dorothy Blake

Being a woman myself, I know that many women, as well as men, find it extremely difficult to fall asleep for hours after they retire — that others become fully awake after they have slept for just a short time, then find it almost impossible to go back to sleep. The next day they are nervous, unstrung, highly irritable. Before retiring I take one or two TREMS tablets. That's ALL I do. In about 15 minutes, tense nerves are completely relaxed, that taut feeling goes and I get a good night's sleep. All ingredients in TREMS are U. S. P. tested. Why put up with another sleepless night or nerve-wracking day when you can enjoy glorious relaxation with TREMS? **If your druggist does not have TREMS, send your name, address and 10c to TREMS, St. Louis, and 25c Introductory Package will be sent postpaid.**

FAREWELL TO FRANCIS

(*Continued from page 41*)

cream on my face, a pretty sight. My door was locked, but reporters and photographers *broke it open,* and there I was! "I told them," chuckled Kay, with relish, "that I was a strong girl who made a twelve-second mark for the one hundred yard dash in school, and that I would be likely to break their cameras over their heads if they dared take any pictures. They didn't, though one lad observed that there were some ladies who liked 'being photographed in pajamas!' There simply is no privacy for a star.

"I loathe trying to live up to slogans, and I just won't do it. 'The Screen's Most Beautiful Siren,' 'The Screen's Glamor Girl,' 'The Best Dressed Woman in Hollywood,' things like that. Absurd. Fantastic. Untrue. And very uncomfortable when they are pinned to you.

"I abhor having to show off. I detest sycophants. I avoid gossips as I would the plague. And this business is ridden with all three pestilences. I hate all the attention a star is supposed to give her precious self. I do nothing in particular to keep physically 'fit.' I do not diet. I have no beauty secrets. I wash my face with soap and water when it needs washing, and let it go at that. I don't know yet what is meant by 'glamor.' I'll be so glad when September comes, and I won't have to worry about what others think I should or should not do about myself. I want to get fat," declared Kay with feeling. "I want to do *nothing.* I want to sit on my back porch, in a rocker, and not even think. I can't imagine anything more divine than stepping off a gangplank one of these days, and looking down into a sea of faces to find them all staring blankly away from me, disinterested.

"THIS business of being a star is really spoiling my disposition," sighed Kay. "I used to have a fairly placid temper, but now I lose it every now and then. The strain is too much for my lazy nature. A star is expected to be a social entertainer, besides being an actress. They bring everyone from royalty to Shirley Temple's French 'double' onto the set while a star is working. They bring on the Army, the Navy, football players, basketball players, baseball players—and the star is expected to stop in the middle of a scene, and be gracious to the visitors. They bring on newspaper men, who may grill you for being 'temperamental,' if you refuse to meet them, and will almost certainly grill you for 'slipping' if you do a few bad scenes as a result of the interruptions. Either way you lose.

"I guess I'm just not an exhibitionist," said Kay. "I not only do not enjoy seeing myself on the screen, but I don't even see myself any more when I look in the mirror at home. Even the pleasures of a woman's vanity, the fun of 'prinking' are mine no longer. It has all become mechanical, impersonal, and boring. I look in the mirror, and I know there's a face there. And it's probably mine. I know that I must go through the motions of pulling it together, and I do, but I have no personal pleasure or interest in the process.

"I've only seen one shot of myself on the screen that I really thought beautiful. And even that was more a matter of lighting than of my face. It was a close-up in 'One Way Passage,' the picture Bill Powell and I did together a few years ago. It was beautiful because Bob Kurle, the cameraman, (he's dead now, poor dear) took so much time and trouble shifting his camera fifty different ways, experimenting with light and shadow. When I saw that, I felt the one pang of pure pleasure I've ever experienced when I've looked at myself on the screen.

"Usually I'm afraid to look. When I go to previews of my own pictures I feel like cowering in my chair like a kid afraid of a bogey-man. I'm afraid that I'll see myself walking with a slouch, or that I'll see a run in my stocking, or my clip won't be on straight, or that I'll be running my hand through my hair, or a dozen and one other things.

I KNOW that I've got one special quality to 'sell' on the screen, as most of us have. The fans expect sincerity from me, a certain warmth and 'sympatica.' And if they don't get it they howl. They didn't like me in 'First Lady' worth a cent. They told me so, by the hundreds. They don't want me to be flibberty-gibbetty. And so there is the strain of being sure I have the right character to play. Of course, that's every star's major problem. But it's too major for my shoulders." And Kay wiggled her's as though shaking off the too-heavy burden of stardom.

"I wonder," I said, "whether you'll be able to stand the let-down when the tempo of your life changes, for a star's life is a feverish one, with phones ringing incessantly, conferences, interviews, stories to be read. What will you do with yourself?"

"'Let-down,' what a lovely word," laughed Kay, "lovely and lazy." And she laughed again, so happily, so convincingly that there was not even a wisp of doubt in my mind but what Kay is, indeed, saying goodbye.

"There are so many things I want to do," she said. "So much blessed doing-nothing to catch up with. I won't have 'stories to read,' no, but I can read Hemingway, and Schnitzler, and my 'moider' mysteries in peace. I've always run my own house, pretty competently, if I do say so, but now I'll have time to fool around with the linens, and rearrange the books, and do things with flowers.

"You know," said Kay, "I am the laziest woman in the world. Really. I agree with Alice Brady when she says never to stand up if you can sit down, never to sit down if you can lie down."

I tried to switch around to the subject of love, by asking Kay if she is romantic. I reminded her that psychologists say people who marry more than once are romantics, or they wouldn't. Kay evaded. She saw through my little ruse. She grinned and said, "I know what you want me to say, that I'm 'forever blowing bubbles,' or 'looking for the rainbow,' or something. I'd much rather talk about being lazy. I am energetic when there's a job to do, I'll say that. I attack it with what is known as vim and vigor. I go to bed every night at nine o'clock. I accept almost no social engagements, allow nothing to interfere. But I hate it. I force myself to work. I should have been born in a harem," said Kay, luxuriously, "with slaves to wait on me, even to feed me. Never to raise my little finger again is my idea of heaven."

"But," I gasped, "won't you miss anything of all this, anything at all?"

"Yes," said Kay, and now she was not laughing. "Yes, I'll miss my crew. I'll miss the boys and girls who have been with me on so many pictures, the props, and carpenters, and electricians, my hairdresser, my script girl, all of the people

who have been my very good friends. I'll miss them terribly. Perhaps such good-byes would be too painful, if I did not know that I shall see them all again, here in Hollywood. As for my friends among the players, naturally, I'll keep on seeing them, perhaps more often than I do now. But I can't," said Kay, her eyes seeming to look backward now over the nine bright years of her stardom, remembering all the fame and flattery, the tangible rewards, the achievement and acclaim, the glitter and the glory, taking stock of it, and finding it somehow wanting, "I can't," she repeated, "think of any other thing I'll miss. Not one thing."

The woman was saying good-bye to the star. It is we who are left who will have the regrets when, in September, Kay Francis bids us goodbye.

DON AMECHE'S SECRET HAPPINESS

(*Continued from page 39*)

it's quiet, can't go to bed before one or two in the morning, because I'm too keyed up to sleep. It's not exactly soothing syrup, working in pictures.

"And if," he said gravely, "if I did not feel my work to be a vocation, a doing-for-others, as well as for myself, I'd often crack up in the middle of a picture, and just tell them to take it away. There are tremendous compensations and rewards, of course. The money is important, naturally. I know that we couldn't make this money in any other way. But even the money wouldn't keep me going if I didn't believe that what I'm doing really matters.

"I get letters from shut-ins, from children who are crippled, from the blind, telling me how they love our program on the air. I get letters from the old, who tell me that, as they watch pictures, they live their lives over again, find their lost youth, and the dreams that, for them, never did come true. I get letters from married couples telling me how they were on the edge of a nasty battle, then went to a movie, and, when they came out of it, forgot what they were going to fight about.

THE great majority of letters I get are just this kind, from the sick, the discouraged, from those who would have no life at all unless we gave it to them. Out of some 2500 letters, I daresay, there will be only ten which could be classified as 'mash' notes. Why, if it were not for these other letters I wouldn't keep on. I couldn't.

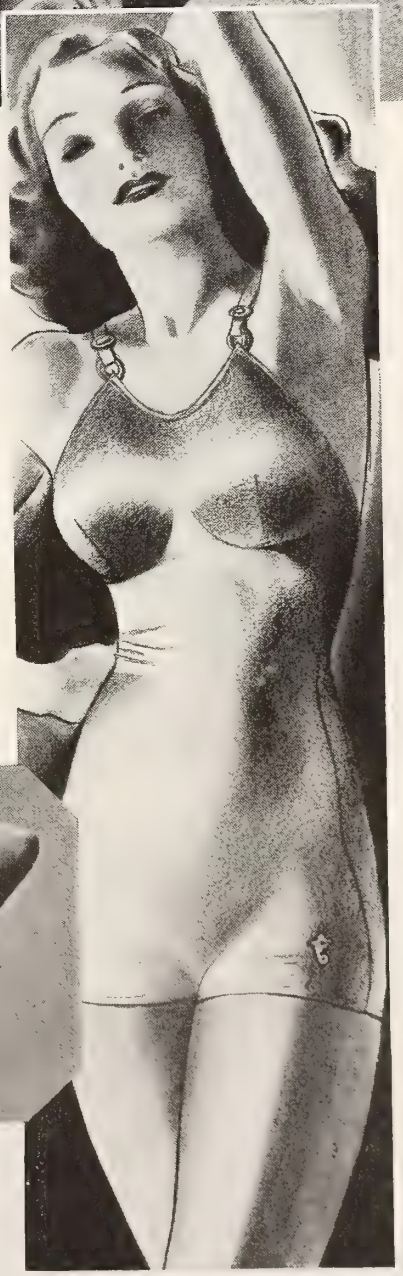
"Because," said Don, "they confirm my belief that entertainment is as necessary as food and drink. There has always been entertainment, of one kind or another, since the world began. There always will be entertainment, because it is an absolute necessity of life. And if I couldn't feel that I am helping to provide one of the absolute necessities I'd feel unnecessary, and that's a very bad state of affairs. Entertainment is food, and drink, and rest for the tired and the sick at heart.

"I consider Charlie McCarthy one of the great benefactors of the human race. Just think of the thousands of people, tired, harassed people, fretting over their problems all week, strained people, who sit down of a Sunday evening and listen to Charlie for an hour. As they listen, the tired lines in their faces smooth out, the dullness of their eyes brightens, they find that they

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have not forgotten how to laugh. Think of the fun and the forgetting Jack Benny and Mary, Burns and Allen, Harold Lloyd, all of them, give to others. Why, the writers of detective novels and 'moider' mysteries are benefactors. The makers of games and toys, the cartoonists, all are great humanitarians, whether they know it or not. And when the final rewards are handed out, I'll bet that the clown will be there right beside the philosopher.

"I haven't any ambition to make pictures that are 'artistic successes.' I don't want to play in Shakespeare. I don't care whether I make "B" pictures, or "A," or "Z," so long as I play in pictures that have the greatest appeal for the greatest number of people. So I can't be disillusioned about my work," smiled Don, "as long as I feel that I'm giving illusion to others."

I'd never heard the likes of this, but I carried on, and tried again. I said, "How about Hollywood? Hollywood is said to have disillusioned many a strong man, broken many a stout heart?"

"No," said Don emphatically, and he can be very emphatic indeed. "No. I had my notions too about Hollywood, before I came here. Everyone has notions about Hollywood, I'm sure, what with all they hear and read about it. I wondered about this 'playing politics' I'd heard so much about. That didn't sound too good. I'm not a politician. I can't say what I don't mean. I can't scheme and manoeuvre. But I haven't had to. I wondered about the publicity. I wondered about the so-called 'temptations.'"

I said, thinking of all the lithesome beauties I'd seen Don working with, "But how do you keep your feet so squarely on the ground, for there must be plenty of temptations in Hollywood. What is the anchor to windward? Your happy marriage, I suppose?"

"Yes. And my religion," said Don.

He went on, "And so I wondered about all this talk of having to do the 'right things' in Hollywood, if you want to make the grade. Doing the 'right things' seemed to consist in having a palatial estate, giving huge, swank parties, having 'glamor,' even though married, spending money drunkenly. I didn't see where Honore and I, with all of our obligations, would fit into such a pattern. I wondered, too, how people would treat me, an outsider, a newcomer into what I'd heard was a furiously competitive business. I'd read that foreign importations were not exactly given the fatted calf. And while I could not be considered a 'foreign importation' (saving my Italian blood) I was certainly an outsider.

"Well," said Don vigorously, "I've never been an outsider. Not for one single instant. From the very moment I stepped foot on the lot I was made to feel welcome, as much one of the family as any of the old-timers are. It may sound all sweetness and light to say that every one from the producer down was simply swell to me, still are simply swell to me. But I can't help how it sounds. If anything, it's an understatement of fact.

"Honestly, I don't know what people mean when they speak about the 'hard heart of Hollywood.' It's a big country, this California, it's a big industry, this movie business, and the people in it are big, too, big of heart and generous of spirit. I mean every word I say. I'm not theorizing. I can give you facts.

"Take Tyrone Power and me, for instance. Tyrone and I should certainly be rivals if any two men in this business would be. We are on the same lot. We are often tested for the same role in a picture. Sometimes Ty gets it, sometimes I do. But we never get out our Boy Scout knives, whichever way it falls. We play together, our parts fairly comparable in importance, as in "In Old Chicago," and now in "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Yet I feel nothing but friendliness for Tyrone. I'd do anything I could to help if he needed help. I know that he'd do the same for me. We often give each other 'tips,' we think might help one another's performance. We clown together on the set, lunch together, play golf together. We are friends.

I DON'T mean," laughed Don, "that we all are too good to be true, like angels in Arcadia. Certainly not. It's our business to look out for ourselves, and we do. But I mean that we are not forever going about with knives in our make-up kits, just waiting for a fellow actor's back to be turned. You often read that an actor has 'stepped out of a picture' because he didn't get as good a part as some other fellow. The chances are that if you could read the script, you would know why the actor had stepped out. A million to one it had nothing to do with the other actor.

"Bill Powell," said Don, suddenly, and when he said it he sounded like a small, earthbound boy speaking of a Lindbergh, "Bill Powell is one of my screen idols. If I'm a hero-worshipper at all, and I guess I am, then I hero-worship Bill, Ronald Colman and Spencer Tracy, among others. Well, one night not long ago, I was introduced to Bill at a restaurant in Beverly Hills. We both had stopped in for a cup of coffee after work. We started to talk, and we sat there the whole night through, just talking. We talked about our kids. Bill told me his ideas about bringing up his son. I told him what Honore and I try to do with our boys. Now, there's no reason why Bill Powell should take an interest in me. There's nothing I've got that he wants. But the point is that Bill did take an interest in me. And the bigger point is that that's Hollywood, friendly interest, not rivalry, a pat on the back, not a knife. I left Bill that dawning with more respect for him than I'd ever thought possible. I found him to be just as witty, and charming, and polished, and real as I'd thought he would be. Disillusioned?" Don threw back his dark head and laughed, "I'll say I'm not!"

"Jack Benny and Mary are among our best friends out here. And I mean friends. Do you know what Jack did a few weeks ago, when I was ill? He drove out to see me one Sunday morning, a drive of some thirty miles from his house in Beverly Hills to our place in the San Fernando Valley. When he got there I was asleep, and Honore had gone to church. He wouldn't let Annie or Irene, the girls who work with us, disturb me. He said 'I'll



just sit in the parlor and wait.' And that's just what he did, for an hour. Then he strolled into the kitchen, asked if he could have a cup of coffee, and sat there at the kitchen table, drinking it. When I finally woke up, an hour and a half later, he came up and sat with me for another hour, and then drove home again. Now, the thing is that Jack had two radio broadcasts to do that day, his own, and a guest appearance he was making. He was also leaving for New York early the next morning. But he took all that time to come out and see me, because he is a friend.

THEN," Don went on, "Jack and Mary, George Burns and Gracie, Lum, of Lum and Abner, and his wife, Harriet, Honey and I, we're all so happily married that we all go places together, talk about our homes and our kids, and are as plain folksy as old shoes. Take Bing and Dixie, and their well-known four boys, or Eloise and Pat O'Brien. They certainly don't hide their family life under any bushel of glamor, and certainly it doesn't decrease their popularity. I've never known people to care so much for children as the folks in Hollywood do. The bigger they are, the more precious they seem to find that 'patter of little feet.' If they haven't children of their own they take children into their hearts and homes, which seems to me to be the height of unselfishness. Hard-hearted, you say?

"Just the other day," said Don, "one of the carpenters on the set died. It was discovered that he had left a widow and seven children. Immediately a collection was taken up, with everyone from the director to the prop boys contributing. There was enough money collected on the set to buy a lot out in the Valley. Then the carpenters and the electricians offered their spare time (for nothing) to build a house on that lot. The result is that soon the widow and her seven children will have a house and lot, all free and clear, thanks to 'hard-hearted Hollywood.'

"Nothing," said Don, "nothing that has ever happened to me has had the power to disillusion me. You really can say that I still believe in Santa Claus, and you won't be so far wrong at that!"



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FIGURE IT OUT THIS WAY

(*Continued from page 43*)

around doing brisk, tissue-busting exercise, when what you need is slow, muscle-strengthening exercise. See what I mean?

All right, then. Here are two good general exercises, all-purpose streamliners which are not difficult. They "get you" at waistline, abdomen and hip, the three spots most popular with fatty tissue.

Lie your little self down on the floor, on your back. Flex the left knee. Bring it up to a right angle, and at the same time twist your body at the waist, and bring the left knee over the right leg. Touch your left knee to the floor. Keep your right leg straight, and, most important of all, try to keep your upper body flat on the floor. Reverse the procedure. Repeat five times with each knee for a starter. Work up to two dozen times. You won't be able to keep your upper body flat at first, but it's the trying that does the good work. When you begin doing this exercise, have your arms over your head, in relaxed position. Later, bring your arms down to shoulder level, bending them at the elbows. This is harder. Do the whole thing slowly.

Another general exercise: lie on your left side on the floor, the under arm extended, the other bracing your body. Legs together. Then swing the legs vigorously in a scissor kick, as wide apart as possible, and bring them together again. Do this five times on your left side, then turn over on your right side, and repeat. Work up to twenty times.

Both these exercises are more for the girl who wants to keep in trim than for the really bulgy miss who needs to correct figure faults.

Here are three exercises which combine good results for posture, gracefulness and a supple body. Do one or all if you stand badly, or are awkward and ill at ease when dancing. The first one isn't so much of an exercise as a check-up on posture, especially helpful to those of you who think you're too large behind, but who are really a wee touch sway-backed.

STAND, in few clothes, or none, sidewise in front of your mirror. Stand the best way you know how. Now, imagine that there are four dots on your body: one each on shoulder bone, hip bone, knee joint and ankle. These four dots should be in a straight line. Are they? If the hip dot is too far forward, you're sagging out in front and your bust line is going to blazes, too. If the hip dot is too far back, that's an indication of sway-back. Tuck your buttocks under, turn the pelvic bones out, tense the muscles of your thighs. Your chest automatically comes up, so does your head. Every time you get a chance at a full length mirror, check up and see if the four dots are in place.

Here is an original exercise for grace and suppleness. The French star, Danielle Darrieux, who, gawd knows, has no figure troubles at all, contributes this. She does it for ten minutes a day, just to keep limber. Kneel on the right knee, and extend the left leg back, and to the side, as straight as you can. Reach as far as you can with the left foot. Place the right hand firmly on the floor, arm stiff. Flop your upper body over, limp and relaxed as you can, left arm swung across your chest. Now slowly, as if you were dragging a great weight, bring your left arm and your body and your head up and back. Return to original position and repeat ten times. Reverse. You can do this exercise vigorously, also flinging your arm, head and torso up and back. But do it slowly at first.

Here's one which is kind of fun. It's very good for balance and posture, and serviceable at keeping hips trim, too. Place a matchbox or something small a good big step in front of you, and a good big step behind you. Stand in correct posture, with the four dots in line. Bend your left knee, and extend your right leg straight forward, touching the match box with your toe. Bring the right leg in circle fashion to the side and back, and touch the matchbox behind you, straightening the left leg as you do so. Reverse. The point is to make as wide a circle as you can with each leg without wobbling, and without losing the upright carriage of the upper body.

Before I come to the more popular subject of reducing derriere, thigh, hip and stummick, let me get a word in edgewise to the thin girls. Ginger Rogers, who isn't what you might call thin, nevertheless is apt to lose eight to ten pounds when she's working on a dancing picture. Going at high tension and working so hard, she used to have trouble getting to sleep. She'd find a certain nervous irritability creeping up on her at the end of the day. She found that the following stunts helped a lot. During the day, whenever she could spare five minutes, she'd get on a bed, knees up under her, and chest down as flat as possible—and just stay there. That's all. At first it seems awkward, but you'll quickly find it restful. And it's a swell cure for small backaches, too. At night Ginger, after a warm bath, religiously does the following exercise: lying flat on the back, without a pillow, raise the left arm. Let it flop. Raise the right arm. Let it flop. Raise the legs, one at a time. Let them flop. Sounds silly, but first thing you know, you begin to feel nice and drowsy.

Now, we come to the hard part. Hips, stummick, fanny, thigh, waistline, diaphragm (oh yeah), fat back, and that wail that's always with us, "What can I do about a sagging buzzoom?"

Hips first. This one isn't so difficult to do, and it's mighty efficient. Lie on the floor, on your back, legs straight and together, arms extended, shoulder height, to the sides. Now, with plenty of "umph" swing your left leg up, over across your body, and up to touch your right hand.



Barbara Read was delighted, too, when Edgar Bergen received a special award for creating Charlie McCarthy.

Return to original position, and do the same thing with the right leg. Keep your upper body as flat on the floor as you can while you do this.

Here's a rather difficult hip reducer. Lie on the bed, with your hips just slightly over the edge—not too far over so that you lose your balance. Your legs are in jack-knife position, knees up against your chest. With plenty of that "umph" again, extend the legs out straight, make a wide circle with each of them at the same time, and return to original position. Start out on this "werry, werry easy."

FOR the derriere and upper thigh, here are variations of the same exercise, not difficult to do, but a bit rough on the friendly old hide. Do them only a few times to begin with, working up when your rear and hip can stand the punishment. Sit on the floor, feet flat and knees up, arms behind to brace yourself. Now, if you'll pardon my plain-spikking, bump the rump on the floor. Not too tenderly, but you needn't kill yourself. For the chunk of fat on the upper thigh, lie down on the floor, turned slightly onto the left side, right leg bent up to brace yourself. With a push up from this right foot, raise your hips up off the floor, and then bump down on the rump. Bump five times, then reverse. Five times will be enough for a starter. Later, do it ten times.

A bulge below the belt is assuredly an unsightly sight in any language, but, believe me, here is the cinchiest figure problem of them all. To iron out a hip takes hard work; large or pendulous buzzooms are difficult to reduce and firm. But if too much tummy is your only trouble, take cheer—and get to work.

Is it excess fat or poor muscles that's the trouble, and how can you tell? This way you can tell: pull in your midriff as flat as you can. If you pull it in nice and flat, but have trouble keeping it so, then it's dollars to doughnuts your muscles are flabby. They need toning and strengthening with exercise. If, after pulling your abdomen in as flat as possible, there is still a bulge forward, then it's excess fat, probably aided and abetted by poor muscles, that you must fight. In the latter case, cut down on your food, but don't starve yourself. Watch your liquids, and never drink anything with a meal. Take coffee, tea or water at the end of the meal. Walk about for half an hour after meals. And roll, sister, roll. Lie on your back, and roll over and over across the floor, and put plenty of energy into this simple exercise if you want to smash off that extra fat.

TO tone abdominal muscles, here is a fine exercise which is not strenuous nor difficult. Lie on the floor, on your back, with your feet raised on a stool or some low piece of furniture. Raise your body up until you are in a straight line from head to toe. Hold the position while you count slowly to five, and return to the first position. Pull as hard as you can on those abdominal muscles while you count. You can do this exercise twenty times right off the bat and you'll have no stiffness or soreness next day.

A more difficult exercise is this one which I've written down several times: lie on your back on the floor, raise both legs, keeping the knees straight, to a right-angle position with your body. Lower the legs slowly, but do not let them quite touch the floor. Lift them slowly up again, and repeat, resting after the fifth time. Take your choice of these two exercises or, better still, do them both, taking it easy on the second one until your body is conditioned to exercising. Wear a good girdle. The best type is one which is quite snug and firm, with some strong material in front but, and this may surprise you, no bones. If you bulge in front, it's almost too much to ask of flabby muscles not to slacken at times, and when they slacken, those bones bend into an ugly curve and stick into you. Don't expect a girdle to do everything. It will help, but you must do the rest.

That first tummy exercise, let me add before I forget it, is also good for slimming the waistline.

A figure problem which isn't as common as the above-mentioned concerns the diaphragm. You know, the territory which lies just north of the waistline and south of the bust. Fat has been known to settle on this spot, thickening the waistline, spoiling the look of tightly fitted dresses and giving that "spare tire" look. Dorothy Lamour, whose figure is perfect, goodness knows, has an unholy horror of the unnecessary padding which might some day—who knows?—settle on this portion of her nifty chassis. Somebody told her once that gals who sing are prone to have this figure problem, and Dottie is taking no chances. She religiously does the following special exercise. It reduces the diaphragm and firms the figure generally.

Kneel on the floor. Bend the upper part of your body over, pulling the tummy in, hanging the head down, and making a hill with your back. Now, put your hands firmly on the floor to brace yourself, bring your head and chest up and pull down with your back muscles—all in one motion. Back up, back down, back up, back down, to a rather slow count.

Lessee now, time is getting short. What have I left out? Ah, to be sure. Bust. The knottiest problem of them all. If

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you're heavy all over and go on a slimming diet, the bust will reduce to some extent along with the rest of your figure. Along with reduction, almost inevitably goes a sagging of the muscles and a spoiling of the youthful contours of the bosom. Sagging muscles also come to the slim and shapely gals who do not maintain correct posture. Having babies and nursing them is looked upon as a sure fire way to ruin youthful contours. That "ain't necessarily so," as is proven by every single movie star who has had a baby. The thing to do about this part of the body is to prevent, rather than to try to cure.

Frankly and honestly, you can't "cure" one hundred percent, though you can do a little to repair the ravages of neglect and self indulgence. The two exercises which follow are dancer's exercises, contributed by Jean Parker. She has one of the prettiest and most feminine figures in Hollywood, and certainly sagging muscles are none of her funeral. She does these stunts simply to keep her graceful and supple body as graceful and supple as it is, but they are stunts which, incidentally, do wonders to keep breast muscles strong, and they will, to some extent, firm muscles which have been neglected.

YOU can stand for the first one. Is that a relief or not? Stand with your weight on the left foot, knee slightly bent, and right leg and foot thrust out to the side. Bend your body to the left, your right arm raised and flung across your face. Now shift your weight onto your right foot, sweep your arm across and up with as fine and graceful a movement as you can, pushing up, up, up, with the right palm. Repeat, five times, then reverse. The amount of good this exercise will do depends upon the vigor and "push" you put into that upward fling of the arm.

This second exercise is more difficult. Take it easy. Sit on the floor, with your feet crossed close in front of you, and your knees extended as far apart as you can get them. Arms are relaxed, with your hands in front of you. Now, bend to the left, letting your left arm rest on the floor. The right arm stretches up over your head, straight, and making a straight line with your body. Keep the arm well back, and close to the side of your head. Come back to the first position and reverse. Do it slowly, and put plenty of "umph" into that uplifted arm.

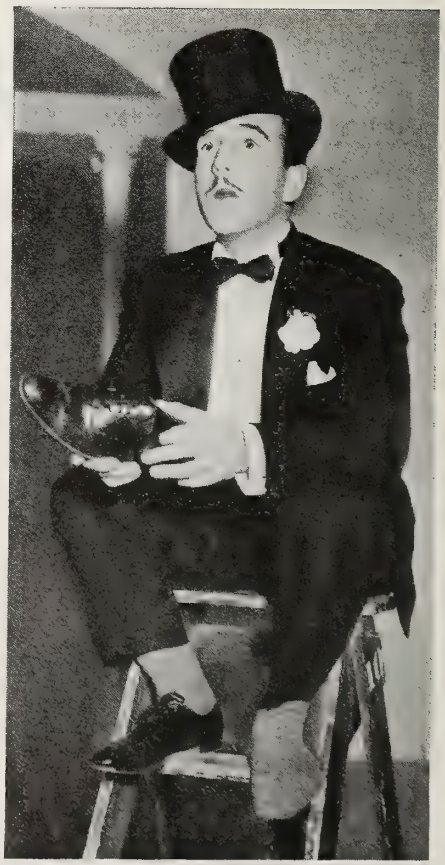
Here is an exercise for a fat back and fat upper arms. Lie on the floor, your knees bent up under you, arms extended a little way out to the sides. Now lift the friendly old hips up from the floor, and wiggle around on your back and upper arms. Not a very refined looking exercise, but who cares, if it takes the fat off where you want it off?

As usual, umpteen things I wanted to say will have to be left out for that good old editorial excuse, "lack of space." But I do want to add one thing, a caution to "little women" about trying to streamline their figures too much. By "little women" I mean the gals who are five-feet-two or under. To be streamlined in the Hollywood manner, you would really have to be emaciated. Your health would inevitably suffer, and that would be a wicked price to pay for a few pounds. If you have a tendency to be a little "on the plump side" don't, of course, let yourself go and become a little butter ball, but don't on the other hand, sacrifice your health, your disposition, and get that haggard look in the face from lack of food. This goes especially for small women who have passed the first flush of youth. Make it a habit, if you can, to stick to fruit for desserts. Curb yourself with an iron hand when it comes to pie, cake, ice cream and the like. Leave alcohol alone, except for very, very rare "party" indulgence. And learn to be smart about clothes and lines and corsets. If you're not slim, as well as short, beware of the exaggerated boleros which are so popular this season. And wear your skirts a little longer than is currently regarded as fashionable.

Big girls, who run to some "hippiness" and who are told by their pals, "Oh, well, you're tall. You can carry it," should, of course, do their hip exercises and watch their diets, and they can do a lot, too, with proper corsets and clever clothes to conceal their particular figure fault, and play up their good points. Get a girdle that is *long* enough, big girls, even if it costs a coupla dollars more. Be careful about dresses that have a seam at the waistline. Often as not, these styles are too short in the bodice for you. Similarly, you can't buy cheap blouses and cheap sweaters, since cheap attire of this type is always cut on the skimpy side. A too-short bodice will thicken your waist and add ten pounds to your figure. Avoid too-tight skirts.

And how about a word to the girl who really has a nice figure? Folks are apt to think that she's just too bloomin' lucky to rate any sort of advice. Well, for what it's worth, let me tell this girl not to be afraid of extreme styles. Dramatize your good figure with everything you've got. Beware of only one thing: don't try to over-emphasize your slimness. Up-and-down stripes and too-plain black dresses—no. Play up your slimness in a subtle manner, next time you buy a party dress. Have it full and flowing, full, blousey blouse, and much gathered skirt, all pulled in to a tiny, tiny waistline.

I gotta stop now. Will be doing business at the same stand next month.



A topper and tails may be okay with you, but give Lloyd Nolan the good old days of slouch hats and comfortable cowhides.

THE SKIPPER AND HIS LADIES

(*Continued from page 45*)

marvelous and cosmopolitan older woman who knows all the ins and outs of Hollywood, and has enough worldly background never to lose her perspective.

Unavoidably, the world being what it is, false and ridiculous rumors got about, attributing Jon's success to his friendship with the Countess di Frasso. The truth is that he never even saw this charming woman until three weeks before "Hurricane" was released. His hair was cut, the picture was in the can before he met her. There was never anything but friendship between them, never the romance that the newspapers tried to imply.

JON HALL has reason to resent this story, for it presents him in a light utterly at variance with his true personality. Jon is not an opportunist. I have never met a man so eager to forge ahead on his own, so determined not to pull those mysterious strings which are supposed to get you places in Hollywood.

Had he wished to pull strings, his life might have been very different; he could have gone to his cousin by marriage, James Norman Hall, who wrote "Hurricane," and ask to be suggested for the part of "Terangi." Instead, he went through almost incredible struggles in Hollywood when his first tiny role in "Charlie Chan in Shanghai" failed to make any dent on the public consciousness. Convinced that he was not the stuff from which film idols are made, the studio let him go, and he started all over again, playing tiny "bit" parts in unimportant "quickies."

Finally, he applied for a technical job on "Hurricane," realizing that his familiarity with the South Seas would qualify him as a technical expert. When he was asked to come to the studio, he thought it was in reference to this job for which he had applied, for he had heard that Joel McCrea had already been chosen to play "Terangi." Even when they screen-tested him, Jon still did not let himself hope too much. He thought perhaps he was being tested to see if he could double for Joel in the diving scenes. Actually, Joel had turned the role down, feeling that he wasn't qualified to play a Tahitian.

The urge to get ahead entirely on his own has dictated Jon Hall's romantic history as well as his career.

"When I was nineteen, and traveling in France, I fell madly in love with a very beautiful girl whose face was framed by soft, prematurely gray hair. In spite of the gray hair, she was young, courageous and gallant, and I knew and adored her for three and a half years. Perhaps we might have married, but she was very wealthy, and I knew that I couldn't be happy unless I could provide beautifully for her," Jon Hall told me.

One day the girl Jon loved, and with whom he had spent some of the happiest and the most miserable moments of his life, because they were so deeply and hopelessly in love, was killed while flying. An aviatrix in the days when flying was far less safe than it is today, she died as gallantly as she had lived, leaving Jon with nothing but a memory.

There followed a long period when it seemed as if icicles had formed in his heart, making it impossible to fall in love again. Then came the struggle to find himself; disillusionment at discovering it would cost more than he could afford to attain the diplomatic career for which he had hoped; after that his return to Tahiti, and finally Hollywood—and Andrea Leeds.

FOR a time they went everywhere together, and were rumored to be madly in love with each other. In a published story he said, "We have such a lot in common. We drive together, swim together, dance together, go to movies, watch 'performances.' We're both here on the Goldwyn lot, you know, both beginning. We have a lot to learn about pictures, and it's fun learning it together."

Now all that is over. He still says of Andrea, "A grand person, and a swell actress." But there's no flame in his eyes as he speaks, and you know that the glory and romance have gone out of their friendship.

There are other rumors now, clustering about his name. For instance, Walter Winchell's girl Friday announced in her column recently, "All those tips you ignored on Jon Hurricane Hall and Dorothy Sperber are correct. They confirmed the news in person at '21' last night."

Vigorously, Jon Hall denies the implication that he is engaged or married to Dorothy Sperber. Emphatically he said,



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"It is just Winchell's way of saying that Dorothy Sperber and I were at '21' one night, which is true enough, but doesn't indicate anything serious. As for confirming the 'news,' there was nothing to confirm. There couldn't be, for I am too much attached to Frances Langford."

YOU mean that when you're in Hollywood you see her every night?"

"Well, practically every night. We go to movies, parties and dances together; sometimes I come over to her house and a group of us plays bridge or rummy. When Frances is my partner, you can be quite sure that there are never any arguments over a game of cards."

Frances and Jon met for the first time when he appeared on the "Hollywood Hotel" radio program on which Frances sings regularly. Watching this tiny, half-pint singer, with her brown hair, brown eyes and the shy appeal of her manner, Jon fell in love with her almost at once. Analyzing it now, he says he thinks it's because there is something about Frances that is reminiscent of his mother. Even her mouth has the soft, sweet curve of his mother's mouth.

Because he was so deeply stirred, and going out with Frances would have meant so much to him, Jon was afraid to ask her. In spite of all the beautiful women who must undoubtedly have pursued him, as they pursue every handsome, eligible man in Hollywood, when he found his own affections involved, he hesitated to say anything to Frances, having no reason to believe that she would agree to see him again.

"On one of the few occasions when I did go to the Trocadero," he told me, "we danced together, but I still couldn't summon up the courage to ask if I might see her again. But somehow or other, she struck up an acquaintance with my sister, who invited her to dine at our home one evening. Although I had other engagements, the moment I heard who was coming over, I cancelled everything else.

"Frances is the kindest, most sympathetic girl I have ever met. She has been perfectly wonderful to her family, and I could tell you dozens of grand things she has done, if I didn't know that she would hate to have them publicized. There is no other girl to whom I would rather turn when I am worried or troubled about something. She is so patient, and understanding, and helpful."

"But would you be willing to marry a professional woman?" I asked.

"Why not?" Jon Hall countered. "I think it is good for a woman to have a career. So often it gives her a sense of values, teaches her how to get along with people, and how to live on a given income. Among women who have earned their own way, you are far less likely to find wives who are so wildly extravagant that they drive their husbands to desperation by their unreasonable demands. A woman who has earned her own livelihood knows that money doesn't grow on trees, and that it has to be earned before you can spend it."

NOR would Jon Hall have objections to his wife's continuing her career after they were married, so long as he remained "the man with the long pants."

"Two careers in the home are swell," he said, while I thought of all the people who insist that their marriages had ended because two careers couldn't exist under the same roof. "Many women would be bored to death if they had to give up their careers, and would consequently become very uninteresting and dull marriage partners. As long as a woman is doing something which keeps her interested, she remains interesting."

It's been said that Jon Hall would like to go to Tahiti to live, there to raise a family, and bring up sons and daughters amid the blessed peace of the South Seas. But he denies that such is his idea of the perfect life.

"Tahiti is just like any other place in that, if you spend all your time there, you lose your sense of perspective. For me the ideal existence would be to spend six months a year making pictures, and six in Tahiti, where I am building a home."

"What sort of a picture would you like to make next?" I asked.

"Another adventure picture," Jon said, "but not another 'Hurricane.' Next time I hope I'll have a chance to wear clothes."

TEMPESTUOUS TENOR

(*Continued from page 47*)

I not only didn't collect salary, but wasn't allowed to do any radio work or make records. Well, finally they changed my part considerably. You know, there is a certain contingent on the coast that feels an actor doesn't know what is good for him, and maybe they're right. They've plenty of proof at that, what with Gable's experience in 'It Happened One Night,' and other shining examples.

"However, I felt the picture was bad for me, and that's one of the reason's I'm doing personal appearances while I'm east. I think the fans should hear me sing, because some of them may think a voice is dubbed in for me. Then, too, if they see me maybe they may like my pictures more. They've been educated to believe that unless you're starred in a picture, you can't be too good. That's one reason 'The Firefly' wasn't such a boost for me. People were used to seeing MacDonald and Eddy starred in all those musicals, so when they saw Jeanette starred, with Jones in the supporting cast, they figured they were being cheated."

Then Allan began reminiscing about his early days. His experiences provide a story the film industry would do well in making.

"You know the way my family discovered I had a voice?" Jones asked, as he fired up his pipe. "I used to imitate my grandfather's voice, and finally Dad, who appreciates music in any form, decided to give me lessons. He was foreman in one of the coal mines in Pennsylvania. After school and summers I worked as a carpenter's helper to make a little extra money. Finally, a few years later, a big strike occurred and I got a job driving the men to work. I picked them up before dawn, and packed a gun I never used, the main reason being I was too darn scared of it!

"One morning the steam shovel operator didn't show up so I took a turn at it, and found I was pretty good. Then I really got into the chips, making about seventy-five bucks a week. Much to my chagrin, the strike was soon settled, and I was out. So, I went back to being a carpenter's helper and worked double shift, sixteen hours a day, to make the extra money. After I tried a couple of schools I was fortunate enough to find a fine teacher.

"Each summer he taught in Paris, so, with the first green sprigs of spring, I'd gather up enough greenbacks to get me

across the Atlantic. Once, before departing, I wired Dad to see if he could arrange a concert in my home town. He answered, 'Have two thousand men working for me. Make plans accordingly.' Well, I made money there, and, with what I had saved, hopped a boat for France. With plenty of hard work, and some concerts, I landed a job. You see, I didn't make much money, but it was pretty swell. Maybe that's the reason I accepted an acquaintance's invitation for cocktails one day after a matinee.

"The man was interested in Americans, having married a San Francisco girl. We got to be friends and so he asked me to sing at a party he was giving. There he introduced me to Mrs. Armstrong. Right off the bat she said, 'Young man, what are you going to sing for me?' I told her I hadn't decided. 'Do you mean to say you haven't arranged a program for me?'

"This was getting me down so I excused myself and went over to try the piano. But before the first chord was sounded she told me that the acoustics were bad there, and to move to the other side. I wanted to tell her I knew the room pretty well myself, but instead I changed my place. Later she told me I sang nicely.

"Just before I left, my host brought her over and said, 'Allan, allow me to reintroduce Mrs. Armstrong. She asked that I use her married name so you wouldn't be nervous. I'd like to present Dame Melba!' A good gust of wind, and I'd have been out for the count! She was marvelous, and told me I had a fine future if I'd work hard, always keeping a definite purpose in mind."

I THINK we might venture so far as to remark, en passant, that our tempestuous tenor's career is colorful. At a glance it's easy to see just why Mr. J. is the object of his studio's affections—with plans what am *plans!* Handsome in a rugged manner, soft spoken and completely charming, he would be valuable to any concern dealing in entertainment. However, as he points out, the talkies have changed the industry from a personality market into one demanding, not only appearance, but talent with opportunity to display it.

"After my return from abroad, I went on the stage. I didn't play Broadway, but I did the sticks in a big way. There wasn't a flop opened on the road that Yours Truly didn't head the cast. We didn't last long, but we returned often, and there wasn't a town boasting a Shubert Theater that didn't know me by sight. It was slowly but surely driving me crazy, so I bought up my contract. It was then I went out to Hollywood and, except for a few uneasy moments, I've been darned happy ever since my movie debut."

THE LOVES OF LAMOUR

(*Continued from page 46*)

resolutely through two choruses of "Dancing on the Ceiling" in one key, while the orchestra indifferently accompanied her in quite another key. The laughing voices of thoughtless ringsiders completely drowned her timid solo, and continued uninterrupted while she bowed and waited for applause that never came.

Dorothy was in tears as she left the platform. Her humiliation in front of so many stars, her shabby treatment from the audience had crushed all of her hopes and dreams. While a few of us were trying to console her, a young man came over to our table. "I'm afraid I didn't catch your





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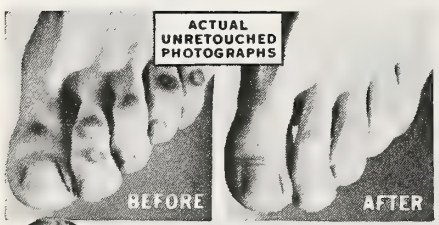
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name," he said to her, "but Herbie Kay, whose orchestra I manage, wants me to bring you over to his table. He wants to talk to you."

Later that night an exuberant Dorothy burst into our apartment in a frenzy of joy. The words tumbled out excitedly. "I am in love," she said, "gloriously, hopelessly in love, for the first time in my life. His name is Herbie Kay. I think he likes me, too, but if he doesn't now, he soon will." She paused. "He must," she added quietly, earnestly.

Two weeks later the theatrical columns announced that Herbie Kay and his orchestra were featuring a new vocalist by the name of Dorothy Lamour. And when the band departed for engagements in other cities, I lost my room-mate.

For three exciting years Dorothy sang with the orchestra led by the man she loved. She developed poise, learned how to meet people, and to radiate confidence and showmanship in front of an audience. She acquired a wardrobe that was smart and becoming. Occasionally the gossip columns reported that she and Herbie were engaged, even secretly married. I was convinced that Dame Fortune had singled Dorothy out as her particular pet. Here she was, in the constant company of the man she loved, doing the work she had always dreamed of doing, and earning a good salary for the first time in her life.

BUT one night I received a telegram which led me to believe Dorothy had suddenly lost her reason. "Have resigned from orchestra," it read. "Arriving La Salle Street Station eight a. m. tomorrow. Please meet me. Love, Dottie."

That dreary, rainy morning is still fresh in my mind. A red-eyed, unhappy girl greeted me. Over steaming coffee in the the station lunch-room she recited her tale of woe. She knew instinctively that Herbie loved her as deeply as she loved him. But Herbie, manlike, did not know. He didn't even suspect. She had been with him too constantly. She had been too completely at his beck and call. He had never been given the chance to miss her, to realize he would be a lot less happy without her. Working with his orchestra every night, rehearsing every afternoon, she had had no opportunity to keep him guessing. He took her presence and her nearness for granted.

"He was very angry when I gave him notice," she confided, "but I feel I am doing the wise thing. Perhaps it is mad to throw over a good job and a steady income, to return to uncertainty and poverty, but I must make him realize he loves me. Love and marriage are the only vital things in a woman's life, and they are worth enduring hardships for."

Almost a year passed, and Dorothy struggled on, accepting whatever engagements she could get. Finally she drifted to New York. There were days when she actually went hungry, but she was too proud to appeal for help, too stubborn to admit defeat. Occasionally a letter came from Herbie. She always waited several weeks before replying. And she took care that her letters were kind, but cool and impersonal.

Gradually managers began to sit up and take notice of the torch singer with the low, emotional voice and the radiant good looks. The Stork Club signed her for a short engagement. The National Broadcasting Company retained her as featured artist on a small sustaining program. But as the months went by, Dorothy began to think that perhaps Herbie did not love her, after all. She made one last desperate move. Receiving a letter from him, she returned it unopened, together with a brief note saying she felt it would be best to stop their correspondence, and to forget that they had ever known each other.

It took Dorothy Lamour almost four years to prove to Herbie Kay that he really loved her, but it took him exactly two minutes to finally see the light when that fateful letter arrived. He called his first violinist. "Take charge of the orchestra," he ordered. "I have to fly to New York immediately, but I'll be back in a few days."

And that's how it happened that one evening a very gay voice greeted me over the telephone. "Dorothy," I screamed, "are you phoning from New York? What in the world has happened? Are you all right?"

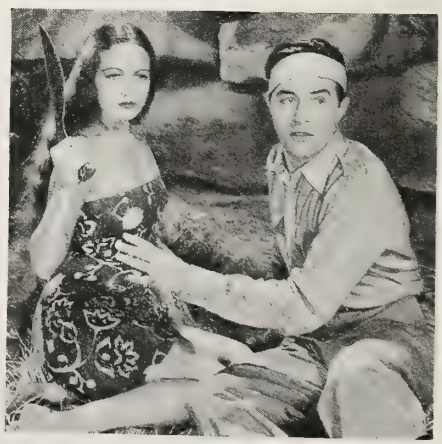
In a confidential whisper, Dorothy first swore me to secrecy, then told me she was in Chicago. I was to hop in a cab at once, and meet her at a certain obscure restaurant. I arrived breathless, and there was Dorothy, in a suit three sizes too big for her, no hose, and evening slippers. Herbie and Roz Metzger, his best friend, were with her, grinning from ear to ear.

Bit by bit I heard the whole story. Herbie had flown to New York, begged Dorothy to marry him. She had been at work in evening clothes, but he had rushed to one of the Broadway dress shops and bought her a travelling suit, so they could leave on the next plane. They eloped to Waukegan that very night, and Roz and I acted as witnesses.

Dorothy intends to keep Herbie's love just as she won it in the first place—by not letting him take her for granted. I sincerely believe that is why she continued to struggle for professional success even after her marriage. It has been almost three years since those "I do's" were spoken, and, despite frequent separations, caused by their careers, they are more in love today than ever. Herbie is "Grandpa" to Dorothy, she is "Dolly Face" to him.

Dorothy's one and only show of temperament at her studio occurred a short time ago when she asked to be allowed to appear with her husband's orchestra at the Cocoanut Grove. Shortly before that the studio had turned down a personal appearance tour for her at $5,000 per week, so she was told kindly but firmly not to go into the Grove. Dorothy pleaded. They remained adamant. Finally they said, "Look here, what means more to you, anyhow, your career or love?" "Love," she answered stormily. She had them there, so they consented to the appearance. She will not be advertised, because she wants Herbie to have all the publicity and advertising.

Dorothy's other consuming love is for her mother, Mrs. Carmen Lamour, who brought her into the world twenty-four



The sultry Dorothy Lamour will fight for "Her Jungle Love"—and no wonder when it's handsome Ray Milland.



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years ago in the charity ward of New Orleans' Touro Infirmary. Their mother and daughter devotion is stronger than most, partly because of the hardships they have weathered together, and partly because Mrs. Lamour is still a young woman, capable of being a good companion as well as a grand mother.

When Dorothy was just an infant, Mrs. Lamour toiled as a cashier, cook and saleswoman in order to provide her baby with life's barest necessities. Today Dorothy is determined to repay her mother for those early sacrifices. When Dorothy began her first picture, and received a definite contract, she wrote me, "The first thing I'm going to do with my salary is to buy a fur coat for mother. She has never owned one."

Ironically, her salary on that picture, "Jungle Princess," went for no such happy purchase. Before the completion of the film, her mother was rushed to the Good Samaritan Hospital for a major operation. The studio was unable to grant Dorothy a leave of absence at that time, and every day she would rush to the hospital for stolen minutes between shots. The money intended for finery just about paid hospital and doctor bills, but Dorothy was more than rewarded by her mother's complete recovery.

Now, when I see Dorothy and Mrs. Lamour, resplendent in mink at an opening night, I feel a tug at my heart-strings. I am so happy for them in their hard-earned glory.

The sultry, primitive Jungle Princess of the Cinema happens to be one of Hollywood's most civilized girls, a wife who loves wisely and well, a loyal and devoted daughter, and a friend who has not changed with the years.

FUNNIEST GAL IN TOWN

(*Continued from page 50*)

would stay until she finished, she would cook for them. So they stayed, and Marie emoted.

Anticipating what was to come, her audience even gave her applause, sometimes so much of it she couldn't finish. But Marie was content. She was acting. And no star ever took an encore with more gracious ease than Marie took those bribed curtain calls.

The denouement however, was sudden and unexpected. Marie prepared an unusually long repertoire one day, and kept her audience an entire afternoon. They retaliated by making heavy demands. Marie strove to please, but in doing it, stripped her mother's cupboard of everything in sight, and borrowed all she could get from most of the neighbors. That was the end of the Little Theatre Movement for Marie.

From the moment she decided to be an actress, Marie never wavered from her course. She mapped out a plan of action, and stuck to it through everything. There are several highlights in her girlhood that bear the telling.

She was born and reared in the little farming-town of Anaheim, but she was wholly movie-minded. She read avidly all of the fan magazines, and attended the neighborhood theatre regularly. She decided that if she had some sort of a specialty, she would stand a better chance of becoming an actress.

At the ripe age of ten, she became acquainted with a little girl who could dance. Marie's parents could not afford to give

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her lessons so she bargained with her little friend to teach her a routine.

As soon as she had perfected her dance, Marie went to Hollywood, ostensibly to visit a cousin. However, on the second day of her visit, she slipped up the street to the nearest movie studio. She even succeeded in climbing over the fence, but she plopped into the office of an executive who was feeling low.

She closed the door behind her and went into her routine, but the executive was annoyed. He couldn't see any talent in the big-eyed, slim-legged little girl. He saw only an interruption in his busy day. He asked her for her phone number and somewhat irately demanded that her relatives come and get her. It was a cruel ending to her adventure, but it didn't make her relinquish her ambitions.

On the contrary, during that brief moment on the lot, she caught a glimpse of several beautifully gowned girls in make-up, and actor-knights in armor. That was all she needed to crystallize her aims. From that day, she knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that some day she would be a movie actress. The route was the only thing that remained dubious to her.

TWO years later, she discovered that a contest for a Jean Harlow double was being held at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Marie entered it.

She had white-blonde hair, and a small heart-shaped face, so it was not difficult for her to double for Jean. She wore a slinky, black velvet gown and a heavy necklace of pearls. In approved "vamp" fashion, she started to mince past the row of judges. Right then and there her necklace broke. And every one of those judges got down off the stand and helped her to find her beads.

She won first prize, but it availed her nothing. She had only two days to spend in Hollywood. The prize was a dual affair, being a visit to Jean Harlow's home, and a free trip to Catalina. Nobody seemed to know how to get her out to Jean Harlow's home, so she never went. It rained the next day, so she couldn't avail herself of the free trip to Catalina.

However, she had the satisfaction of knowing that she had won first place in the contest. Although sometimes she wonders if her beads didn't have more to do with it than her beauty.

There is one thing about Marie that stands out. She never fails to achieve her aim, but there is always a note of pathos tangled up in her success. She is very romantic, as comedians usually are, but the great moments in her life, the ones that should have been beautiful, have always been tempered with the ludicrous.

Like the moment she stepped forward with a bouquet of roses in her arms to receive her diploma, when she was graduating from Miss Page's School for Girls. Marie stepped too close to the footlights. When she reached out her hand for the diploma, she tumbled head first down into the orchestra pit.

She met the man she has promised to marry, under the most embarrassing circumstances. She had run out of gas and stalled her car half-way up the hill to her home. Traffic was securely blocked both up and down. While cars were honking to right and left of her, and she was trying to straighten out the tangle, Nick Grinde looked out of the window of his hillside home and saw her. The sight of the slim, big-eyed little blonde, waving her arms and shouting in an approved traffic-cop manner appealed to his sense of humor. She *is* a funny little thing.

Nick straightened out the traffice jam, and put some gas in the tank of her car. That was the beginning. Marie felt sorry for him, living all alone in that big house of his, so she decided to be neighborly. She began to cook special dishes and take them over to him.

Nick liked everything she brought, and soon he found himself advising her about her career. Before either of them knew it, they had fallen in love. Some fine day, they will be married. And I am sure they will be happy, too.

Sympathy is a strong ingredient in Marie's make-up. She is sorry for everything and everybody, always has been. When she was eleven years old, a gray alley cat had a litter of kittens. Marie felt so sorry for them, when she saw how unkempt and dirty they were that she caught them, took them into the bathroom, and tubbed them all.

The bath almost finished the little kittens, and her mother had to help bring them around with hot toddy and various first aids. But, when they recovered, they were as beautiful as the grandest Angora in the neighborhood.

Marie's constant dream is to be the heroine in the immortal classic, "Camille," and to have a good looking leading man like George Brent. She thinks George is about the grandest, handsomest man on the screen, although she has only a speaking acquaintance with him. If she doesn't get to play "Camille," she hopes some day to be cast as the heroine in a drama, with at least three handsome leading men!

She'll succeed too. She always does win her point in the end. She is studying all the time to make herself ready for more serious work, when it comes her way. Meantime she has won for herself the coveted role opposite Jimmy Cagney in "Boy Meets Girl." And you're going to laugh loud and long at the comedy of this beautiful little blonde, with the dumb baby stare and the long-lashed big, brown eyes.

So much has been said and written about them, it is trite to mention that she has the longest lashes in Hollywood—probably in the world. Truthfully, they are so long she curls them back in order to see clearly. While she is at it, she breaks another record. She has the smallest waist in Hollywood.

You'd like Marie. She is something new under the sun. And although I like to laugh at her on the screen, I honestly hope that some day, she will reach her farthest goal, be "Camille" or some equally tragic lady—and have three handsome leading men!



Ann Dvorak, making a success of her picture come-back, is at home as a gangster's moll, a female horse-trainer, or a lady of quality.

SUIT YOURSELF

(*Continued from page 49*)

five times so that they can't possibly pull out, the legs are reinforced with gum rubber (more resilient and longer wearing than ordinary elastic), and the gussets are lined with Kleinert's softex to insure longer wear. The print in these suits is one of the gay hand-blocked California souvenir designs so popular this year. Other attractive prints are the Hollywood Studio print (complete with cameras, Kleig lights, camp chairs and other studio impedimenta), a smart fish print, and a variety of colorful floral designs.

AS a change from the maillot type of suit, Marie Wilson has chosen a two-piece dressmaker suit, bra and shorts of cotton, with Indian motif design (also very good this season). The waistband of the flared shorts is lastex gathered. Marie's figure leaves nothing to be desired, but perhaps yours does, and you're not at your best in a snugly fitted maillot. If this is so, then Marie's suit is the best type for you. However, if you simply can't resist the smooth, shining effect of satin lastex, you can have it in a solid color princess style suit, jersey lined. If you have a full figure, you undoubtedly know what wonders the princess line will do for you!

When you shop for your new bathing suit, there are two other Catalina suits (not shown here) that you must see. "Puckerette" is a one-piece shirred cotton lastex in smart diagonally striped designs, more closely gathered round the midriff to give a flattering form-fitting effect. "Miss Ca-ta-lina" is a one-piece model of wool and lastex in gay floral designs, lovely on a youthful figure.

This combining of wool and lastex does away with the old worry of having your suit stretch or sag, particularly when it dries on the figure. Your wool suit now fits you as well as your foundation garment, with the same two-way stretch. Rochelle Hudson's smart wool and lastex maillot fits her lithe lovely figure perfectly. It's made of Jantzen's new Wisp-o-weight fabric, in which soft lightweight wool is combined with lastex yarn. This suit takes its name, "Cherie," from the four red cherry buttons down the front. Dixie Dunbar, the cute little dancing star, sets off her trim little figure with the "Vee Tuck," also made of Wisp-o-weight. There are three different types of this fabric. In addition to wool and lastex in solid colors, you can have either silk worsted or pure silk, and lastex in underwater prints, tropical flowers, or California figures.

If you want to be conservative, you'll like the dusty pink B.V.D. suit that Eadie Adams has chosen. A nice note of contrast is added to the perfectly plain body of the suit by the white knitted straps. On the other hand, if you prefer a suit that's more of a novelty, if you're young and gay, you'll like B.V.D.'s "Fore and Aft," which is made in two contrasting colors, front and back, and is very smart and nautical looking, made up with navy front, red back and white rope halter.

Of course, you'll realize that the suits shown and described for you here are just a few of the many, many new and attractive models available. All these suits are priced to meet the moderate budget and are sold at department stores throughout the country.

Take your choice—skirtless maillot or suit with half, quarter or full skirt; one, two or three-piece suit; satin lastex, plain or printed; silk or wool jersey; shirred cotton lastex; all-wool in brilliant floral or undersea designs; or solid colors in Bahama (royal) blue or aqua, dusty pink or Rio Red, maize or lamplight, white or navy; California, Egyptian, Indian, fishnet or Mickey Mouse prints—the selection is a wide one. Take your choice, suit yourself, get into the swim with fashion and Hollywood in a smart new bathing suit!

MR. B. GOES TO TOWN

(*Continued from page 8*)

about the worst picture breaks I thought it possible to rate, but felt that before I was entirely washed up, I would like to do one role that I liked. A friend told me about 'The Awful Truth' and said that they were looking for someone off the lot to play a good part in it. I wasn't familiar with the story so I couldn't tell exactly what it was going to be like. Anyway I promised to see Harry Cohen about it at once.

"I've been with him so long that I knew just what to do. In fact, I figured just about what he would say. He had promised me something better than the stiff characters that had been my lot, so I figured that if I told him I knew the story and it was just the sort of part I could do, he'd pick up the phone and tell the director *he* had a swell idea, and the job would be mine."

Ralph began chuckling as he explained, "I went in the next day and said, 'Mr. Cohen, I hear you're going to do "The Awful Truth" and are looking for someone off the lot to play the part of the westerner. I've done the play and it's just the sort of thing I can do well, and I should have the part, especially since you've promised me a good role. It's just the thing we were talking about so I think it's only fair that you give it to me.' Cohen reached for the phone and said, 'Get me the producer! Hello, there! Say I've got a swell idea.'

"Then I figured, since the job was mine, I should know something about the story, so I asked for a script. They had written the part as an Englishman for Roland Young, but he would have none of it. Once I read it, I tried to do the same thing.

I WAS in a spot. Here I had begged for the role, and now I'd give anything to get out of it. Well, my pride didn't hold out long for I decided it was *my* career, so at least I should be washed up doing something I liked, which certainly wasn't 'The Awful Truth.' Back to Harry I stalked, but he couldn't and wouldn't understand how I could beg for a role and then turn it down. I was one smart guy, and that was that!

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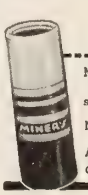
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"Finally Leo McCary called me for work. 'Bring a lot of clothes as we don't know how we'll dress this fellow.' Oh incidentally, 'Can you sing?' Nope. 'Can you carry a tune?' Never have. 'Good. You'll sing "On the Lone Prairie" with Irene Dunne.' So we took that scene first.

"By the end of the day I found Irene even unhappier than I was, and doing her best to get out of the picture. At that, Cary Grant's feelings made us both look like a couple of overjoyed kids. He had tried every way possible to leave, even offering to do a picture free if they'd let him out of this one.

"Cary stopped me and said, 'I'll tell you what, Ralph, let's get them to let me do your role and you play mine!' But, I wouldn't go for that!

"Each day Leo came on the set, with a little brown paper up his sleeve—the day's shooting! We worked it out later. It got to be a gag after the first day or so. Irene was completely miserable, saying, 'But, I've never worked this way before and I don't know what to do.' But, Leo knew, and after about four days, the story suddenly came to life. We three began apologizing, first to the producer, then, the director and so on to the grips and props. As things turned out, it was my lucky break, and it certainly taught me a lesson.

"Another arrangement Harry and I have is that I'm to direct some day. Recently, Jack Cohen told me they were doing a test of some youngster for the part of the xylophone player in 'You Can't Take It With You.' Here, I figured, was a good opportunity to begin directing. I wouldn't have the responsibility of a production on my shoulders and could try out some things I theorized upon. He agreed. I met the youngster, and found his wife was to assist him in the test.

"I don't know whether you're familiar with the usual procedure of a test? Usually they sit you on a stool, have you say something and move in for a close-up and it's finished. None of this for me! No, mine was to be a miniature production. I combined some of the scenes from the play. The day of the test I talked with the kid only to find him so nervous that none of his readings made sense. I told them to get the set ready while we went over to the make-up department.

AFTER about an hour with him, I realized it was all pretty futile, as the boy had no experience and was so anxious to make good that he was defeating himself. Then I did a thing all actors resent—told him how to read his lines. Suddenly I realized in doing this I wasn't fair to the kid, nor to the company. For, once he was on the set, Frank Capra, who is to direct the picture, would surely send him home.

"Well, we spent five hours making that test. I didn't feel too encouraged. After it was cut we went to the projection room where Jack asked me what I thought of his possibilities. Needless to say, I spoke frankly, told him my honest opinion, and then the lights were lowered and we saw that test. When it was over, Jack cried, 'What are you worried about? Why, it's marvelous! He's a natural and worth a seven year contract!'

"Well, he was right. It was a knockout. The kid was a wow. He looked up at just the right times, lighted his cigarette at the right moment, and everything was perfect. That boy certainly went to town! What a break for him, for now he'll have confidence and deliver," Bellamy continued with a chuckle.

All of which goes to show that you can never tell how far a frog can jump by looking at him. Neither can you tell when your worst assignment may turn out to be your best break. For, in the case of Mr. Bellamy, the one film he felt would finish his picture life gave him a new lease, and such a boost that, in the last few months he's chalked up three good ones, yet to be released.

"They can't stop me now—if it's hard work that counts! I'm all set for it, and happy as a kid with his first jack knife," Ralph Bellamy concluded with a smile.



The Coogans before being presented at court! At Jackie's wedding, to be exact. Brother Robert and Mrs. Arthur Bernstein, the groom's Ma, congratulate him and his bride, Betty Grable.

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HIZZONER THE MAYOR

(*Continued from page 6*)

who died in a psycopathic ward! Another asked if I could possibly be Dogface Nelson, her long last brother! Then there was the time some lady came up to me on a set, looked at me carefully and asked, 'Aren't you Hugh Herbert?' I confessed, and she exclaimed, 'Oh! my heavens,' and, rushed away."

A wise man once said, "All big men are essentially simple." We feel Hugh Herbert should have a front seat in this class. Not merely because he's one of our foremost comedians, but, in the words of his fellow actors, "He's one of the best." Even that villainous Basil Rathbone won't pass him without stopping for a kidding remark.

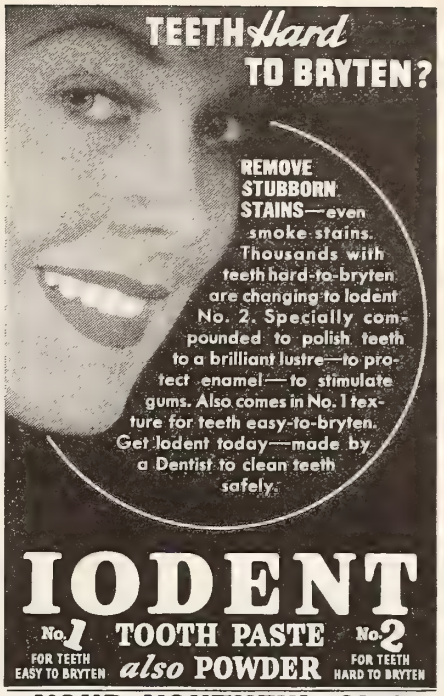
"One day Olivia De Havilland and I were sitting on the set swapping a few when Basil came over. You know how lovely Olivia is, and just as sweet as she is pretty, too. Well, along comes this Rathbone and says, 'Olivia, I'm surprised and disappointed to find you in such low company.' I sniffed around both sides of my chair, then looked up and said, 'I thought I smelled ham, woo-woo!' *That* started things!"

Yes, our Mr. Herbert is snappy on the comeback and has a way of winning the argument with a good-natured wisecrack. He's a philosopher—knows people as he knows his job.

So, you see why Hugh Herbert is one of those ever-in-demand thespians, for he does what he does better than anyone else. Lack of jobs will never be the cause of his giving a lusty "Woo-Woo!"



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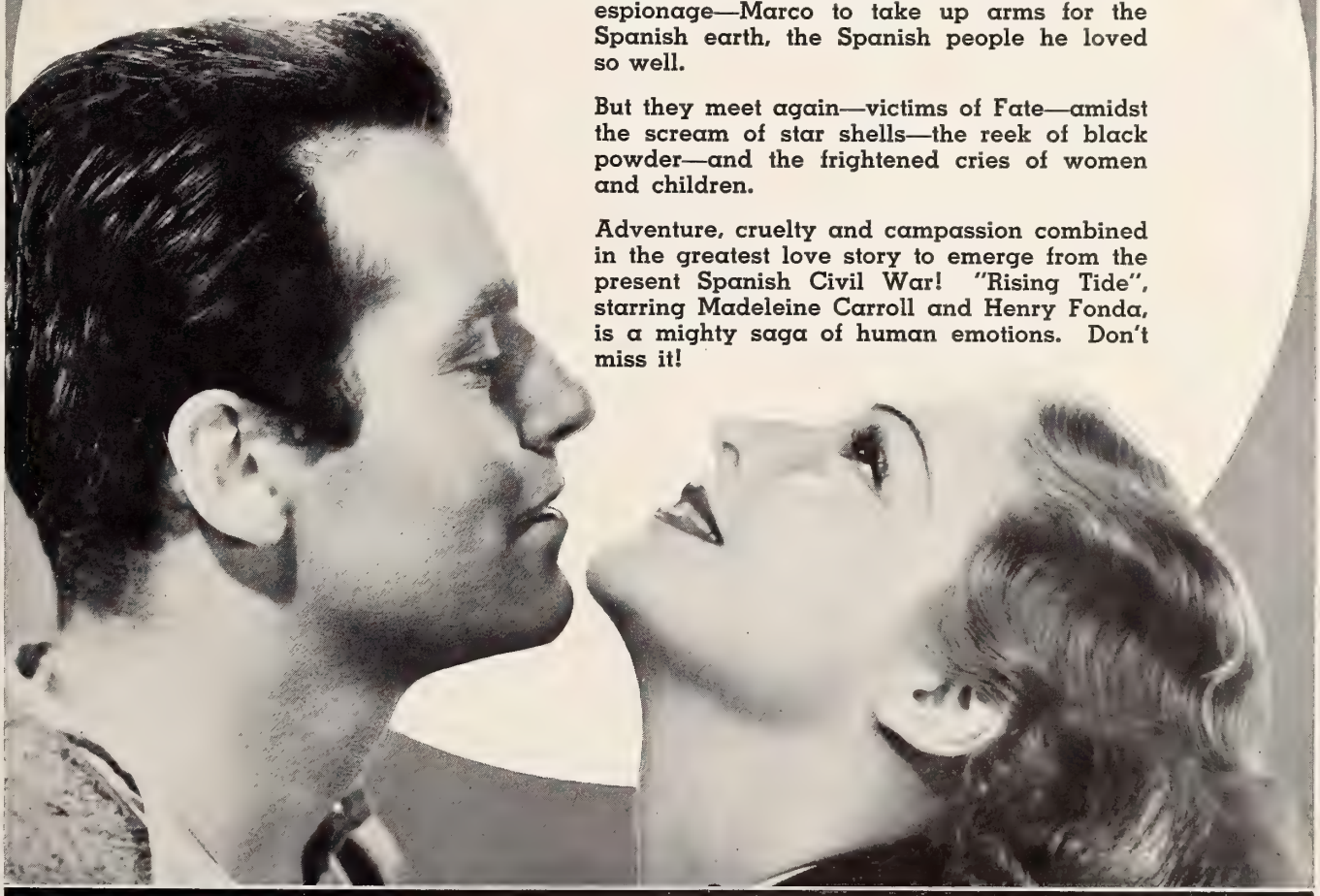
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A TIP TO GIRLS WITH A DATE TONIGHT



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Edward ARNOLD · *with* Frank MORGAN

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LIONEL STANDER · JANE WYMAN





A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by Richard Thorpe

Produced by Sam Zimbalist

MOVIE REVIEWS



★★★★ Vivacious Lady

"Vivacious Lady" is Ginger Rogers' first solo starring picture. She sings one song, and the little dancing she does is incidental to the plot, all of which gives her an opportunity to prove she can carry a picture on her dramatics alone. And "Vivacious Lady" is one of the most enjoyable films of the season. Intelligently written and directed, and played with quiet humor, it is a definite improvement over the recent barrage of screwball comedies.

Story has Jimmy Stewart, an associate professor at a small college where his father is president, going to New York and returning with a Broadway song-and-dance girl as his wife. He is forced to conceal the marriage until he can win over his parents and pacify the home-town girl to whom he has been engaged. It's a mighty task, but Stewart, with the aid of a bibulous cousin (Jimmy Ellison) manages to make the proceedings highly entertaining.

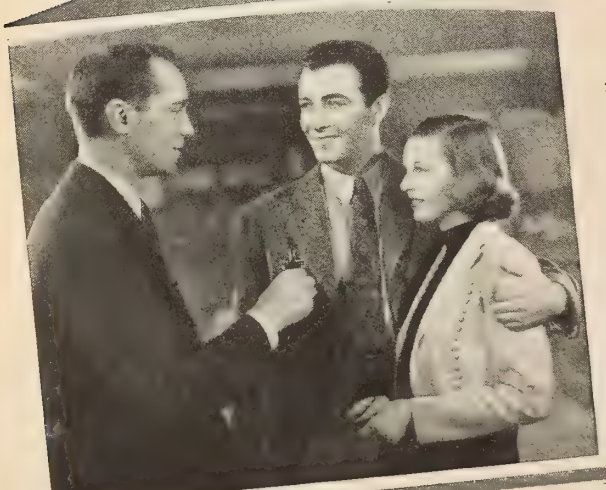
Miss Rogers and Stewart play their roles expertly, both of them turning in their best screen performances. Acting honors go to Beulah Bondi and Charles Coburn, who play Stewart's parents. Funniest scene in the picture has Ginger Rogers and Jimmy Ellison teaching Miss Bondi the Big Apple. The supporting cast is excellent. George Stevens directed.—*RKO-Radio.*



★★★★ Holiday

"Holiday," one of the memorable films of the early days of talking pictures, returns in a streamlined 1938 version and scores a solid hit. Starring Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant, this new treatment of Philip Barry's play compares favorably to the earlier version, and can stand on its own merits as first-rate film entertainment.

Audiences who recall the Ann Harding "Holiday" will find this one slow in spots because of the familiarity of the story. However, it has all the power and punch of the original, plus a brace of top-notch performances. Cary Grant is splendid as Johnny Case, the young man about to marry into the wealthy Seton family. His role takes him away from his usual screwball comedy antics and definitely establishes him as one of Hollywood's leading male players. Katharine Hepburn, as the renegade Linda Seton, slaps back at her detractors with the best performance she's given since "Bill of Divorcement." Doris Nolan plays the haughty Julia Seton with a finesse she has never before shown in her screen career. In the role of the drunken, defeatist brother, Lew Ayres makes a brilliant screen comeback and almost steals the picture. George Cukor directed.—*Columbia.*



★★★ Three Comrades

An honest translation of Erich Maria Remarque's story of Germany after the World War, "Three Comrades" is stirring screen fare. Rich in social consciousness, tragic and bitter in theme, it is one of those rare pictures you can feel as well as see. As adult entertainment, it is one of the most satisfying pictures of the year.

The three comrades—Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone and Robert Young—are discharged from the German army at the conclusion of the war. They have no place in post-war society, for their only taste of life has been at the battlefront. Disillusioned by attempts to adjust themselves to their new world, they set up an auto repair shop and resign themselves to their fate. A pitifully tragic love story is introduced when Taylor marries Margaret Sullavan, a young woman from whom the war has taken her money and health. Soon Young dies from a storm trooper's bullet and Miss Sullavan is claimed by tuberculosis, leaving the two remaining comrades trudging off into nowhere, with the rumblings of a new war already in their ears. Margaret Sullavan's performance is brilliant and marks a welcome return to the screen for this fine actress. All of the men are excellent, with Franchot Tone's portrayal the best of the three. Frank Borzage directed.—*M-G-M.*

BY LEO TOWNSEND

TODAY'S TALKIES



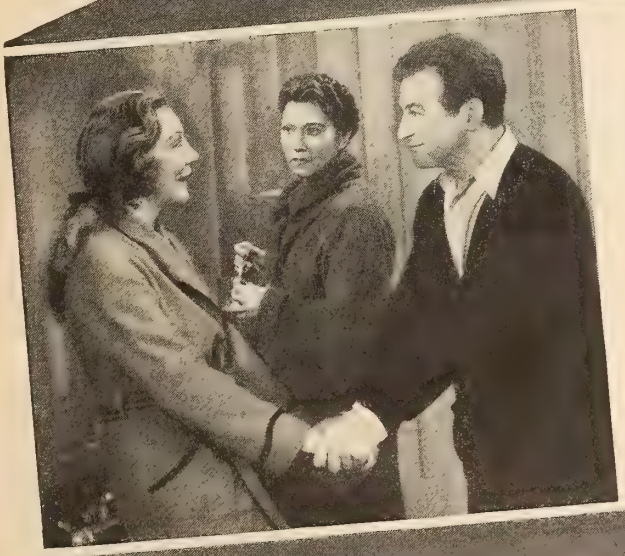
★★★ Alexander's Ragtime Band

Tyrone Power, Alice Faye and Don Ameche are listed as the stars of this "super-colossal" musical show, but the real hero is Irving Berlin. A cavalcade of his songs, from "Alexander's Ragtime Band" up to the present time, high-lights the picture and is responsible for almost every one of the film's better moments.

"Alexander's Ragtime Band" is first rate entertainment. The fact that it could have been better is probably unimportant. There is still the feeling, however, that the story gets in the way of Berlin's grand music.

There are too many good things in the film to list them all here. Musical numbers done most effectively are "This Is the Life," sung by Wally Vernon, "Everybody's Doin' It" (Vernon and Dixie Dunbar), "That International Rag" (Jack Haley, Alice Faye and Chick Chandler) and Berlin's new hit tune, "Now it Can Be Told."

Performances by the three principals are routine, and in addition there is the disturbing thought that while the picture covers a period of over twenty years, none of the stars ages more than ten minutes. In the supporting cast, Jack Haley, Wally Vernon, Eddie Collins, Paul Hurst and Ethel Merman all furnish bright moments. Henry King directed.—*20th Century-Fox.*



★★★ White Banners

Here is a great audience picture, full of the platitudes and the philosophies of Lloyd Douglas, whose two previous film stories, "Magnificent Obsession" and "Green Light," have brought joy and happiness to millions, including their respective producers. Anyone who enjoyed those two films will find "White Banners" just as good, and perhaps a little better, since its performances are all top-notch in such expert hands as those of Claude Rains, Fay Bainter, Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper.

Mr. Douglas preaches a sort of reverse Dale Carnegie Technique. Where Mr. Carnegie tells his followers that a dominant personality is a winning one, Mr. Douglas mildly insists that the meek will inherit the earth, or a reasonably accurate facsimile. As is his custom, Mr. Douglas projects his philosophy through the medium of one of the characters. In this case it is Fay Bainter, who wanders into the household and the lives of Claude Rains and his family and remains to show them the light.

All the principals perform expertly, with honors going to Miss Bainter and Mr. Rains. Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville, who were kids last time we saw them, carry on a puppy love affair with proper earnestness and a dignity befitting their years. Directed by Edmund Goulding.—*Warner Brothers.*



★★ Yellow Jack

Sidney Howard's drama of the fight against yellow fever during the Spanish-American War, which ran as a play on Broadway several season's ago, comes to the screen as an interesting, if not too exciting, chronicle of the heroism and eventual victory of a group of men who volunteered their lives to aid in the advance of medical science.

The film is almost a photographed stage play, for it employs only two or three sets. It is concerned entirely with the fight to discover a cure for the dreaded yellow fever, a fact which sometimes tends to make it slow and tedious. It is, however, a valiant effort to turn out serious drama, and as such it deserves praise.

Robert Montgomery has another opportunity to deviate from his usual assignments, and in the role of the Irish sergeant in charge of the volunteer squad he assumes a brogue and manages, after a dubious start, to make you believe sincerely in the character he plays. Virginia Bruce has little to do in the feminine lead, but her performance is satisfactory. The entire cast is good. Directed by George Seitz.—*M-G-M.*

More Reviews on page 84

Pick your pictures by our reviews and you will enjoy them so much more

TOGETHER *again!*

Cagney meets O'Brien for the first time since "Ceiling Zero."... And the stage hit that tickled the nation slaphappy for over two years, now floods the screen in a deluge of joyous laughter!



Starring

STAGE PLAY PRODUCED BY GEORGE ABBOTT

JAMES CAGNEY and PAT O'BRIEN

WITH

MARIE WILSON RALPH BELLAMY

FRANK McHUGH • DICK FORAN

Directed by LLOYD BACON

SCREEN PLAY BY BELLA AND SAMUEL SPEWACK

MAKE A DATE FOR "BOY MEETS GIRL" AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

DUAL PERSONALITY

BY MACK HUGHES

A laugh-getter on the screen, a worrier, off, Joe, of the Park Avenue Penners, is ever the philosopher



Joe and his pretty missus tear off a tune.

A TRAGEDIAN'S ambition is invariably to play comedy, and the clown always has a burning desire to do Hamlet. Life's real tragedy seems to be that us mortals are never satisfied when we do a good job. Oh, no, there's always just the thing, we think, we're best suited for, to be accomplished somewhere in the future.

Joe Penner, however, is the exception that proves the rule. A veritable Pagliacci, he goes to work when the camera grinds and makes us laugh no matter how many nip-ups that heart o' his is doing. However, Penner does not want to play tragedy. In fact, he knows his forte, is comedy, even though it's on the hokum side.

"I'm strictly a Chaplin comedian," Joe began in a whisper. "The difference is that Chaplin doesn't work with his voice, and I talk. But, no cracks about the way I'm talking now! You see, I've been under the weather for a few days. I took Red Sharkey and some of his friends to the ball game the other day and of course it would rain. My box was in the open so we had to scamper to the grandstand. The result was that when I got the kids under shelter there wasn't room for me, so I sat on a damp cement step. Well, I've been in bed for the past two days, and I've got to leave for the coast tomorrow. With my first day taken up with a business conference at the office here, and the next two in bed, about the only thing I've seen of New York is that ball game that did me in. Oh, yes, the setting is all right if you've got to stay- (*Continued on page* 84)

Mr. P. takes everything big—including his ice cream!





TWO LANES TO FOLLOW

Priscilla and Rosemary Lane enjoy some pineapple treats.

BY MARJORIE DEEN

WITH SUMMER at hand you'll be glad to hear that pineapple—most cooling and taste-tempting of fruits—engages our attention. It also interests Priscilla and Rosemary Lane in our illustration, which shows these two charming members of that delightful Lane "foursome" of sisters, lunching in the studio Green Room.

Their choice of foods is no surprise. In fact we could all profit by following their example frequently. Especially during the hot weather, for I can think of no dishes more zestful, more welcome on a warm summer day, than those which feature perennially popular pineapple in any one of the many styles in which it is canned.

This golden fruit certainly can boast not only of its ability to travel along in fine fettle on its own merits, but also of its happy faculty of combining so beautifully with other foods. With diverse fruits in beverages and other summertime treats, for instance; with salad greens; in gelatin and milk desserts; with cream and cottage cheese, etc. Also, its unmistakable and welcome flavor adds greatly to the appeal of seasonable sherbets and ice creams.

Excellent examples of pineapple dishes at their best are those that Priscilla and Rosemary were so obviously enjoying when we calmly interrupted their midday repast to take pictures! Priscilla—like so many Hollywood beauties—was "watching her calories" (without in any way cutting down on her food enjoyment) by eating a most appetizing, yet thinning summer salad. This consisted of a slice of canned pineapple topped with a generous mound of cottage cheese. Surrounding this luscious combination were thin slices of peaches which had been dipped in pineapple juice to retard discoloration. (Remember this one!) Generous wedges of lemon were served with this salad, in lieu of a dressing. However, for those less concerned about their "figgers" a mayonnaise or even a French dressing could be used.

As a welcome change, and as an even more partified version of this well-liked cheese-pineapple combination, you can have the "Bridge Party Salad" pictured here.

Rosemary's choice—and a mighty refreshing one, too—had both an intriguing "title" and "make-up." "Coupe Hawaiian" it was called, and I insisted then and there upon knowing how it was made. You, too, after trying it, will agree with Shakespeare's statement that "Rosemary's for remembrance!"



Courtesy Dole

This Bridge Party Salad is as good as it looks!

BRIDGE PARTY SALAD

1 tablespoon gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water
1 (14 oz.) can pineapple "gems"
½ pound cottage cheese
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup mayonnaise
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup cream, whipped
½ cup diced celery
Maraschino cherries for garnishing

Soak gelatin 5 minutes in cold water. Drain pineapple, reserving the fruit. Add enough water to pineapple liquid to make ¾ cup juice in all. Bring to a boil. Remove from heat, add soaked gelatin; stir until dissolved. Mash cheese through a food mill or sieve; add salt, mayonnaise and lemon juice. Beat until blended; add to hot gelatin mixture. Chill. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in whipped cream, celery and ¾ cup of the pineapple gems. Turn into individual molds. Chill in refrigerator until firm. To serve: Place remaining gems on large serving dish. Unmold and arrange gelatin salad around them (see illustration). Decorate each serving with sliced maraschino cherries. Garnish platter with salad greens (lettuce, romaine, endive or watercress). Pass mayonnaise, which has been

And you won't go far wrong when those peppy Lane gals lead the way to

thinned to the desired consistency with cream or a little pineapple juice.

PINEAPPLE CREAM SHERBET
(for Coupe Hawaiian)

1 (no. 2) can crushed pineapple
¾ cup powdered sugar
½ cup water
2 teaspoons gelatin
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup cream, whipped
¼ cup granulated sugar
2 egg whites, beaten stiff
⅓ teaspoon salt

Drain pineapple, reserving fruit. Combine pineapple juice with the powdered sugar and ¼ cup of the water, in a saucepan. Boil slowly for 10 minutes; remove from heat. Meanwhile soak gelatin in remaining ¼ cup water for 5 minutes, then dissolve in the hot pineapple liquid. Add pineapple pulp and lemon juice. Cool. Place in freezing tray and freeze until consistency of mayonnaise. Whip cream, gradually adding the granulated sugar. Add salt to egg whites and beat until stiff. Combine beaten egg whites and cream. Remove slightly frozen pineapple mixture from freezing tray to an ice-cold bowl and beat with a rotary beater until it it full of air bubbles. Fold in cream and egg white mixture, gently but thoroughly. Return to freezing tray and finish freezing.

COUPE HAWAIIAN

1 (no. 2 Tall) can pineapple "spears"
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 cup sugar
1 peach, fresh or canned, sliced thin
½ cup sliced berries
1 tablespoon sugar
1 small bottle maraschino cherries
whipped cream, sherbet

Drain pineapple, reserving fruit. To pineapple juice add lemon juice and sugar. Boil together 7 minutes. Chill. In each of 4 tall dessert glasses place 3 pineapple "spears" standing upright around the edge of the glass. Combine sliced peach, berries and the tablespoon of sugar. Sprinkle with the juice drained from maraschino cherries. Place an equal amount of this fruit mixture in bottom of each dessert glass. Place in refrigerator until serving time. Fill glasses three-quarters full with Pineapple Cream Sherbet. Pour over each serving a little of the chilled pineapple syrup. Top with whipped cream, garnish with maraschino cherries and serve immediately.

In Hollywood, as elsewhere, iced fruit beverages receive their share of attention as a change from the usual iced tea or coffee. The following is an excellent example, and incorporates a sugar syrup suggestion that you will want to remember.

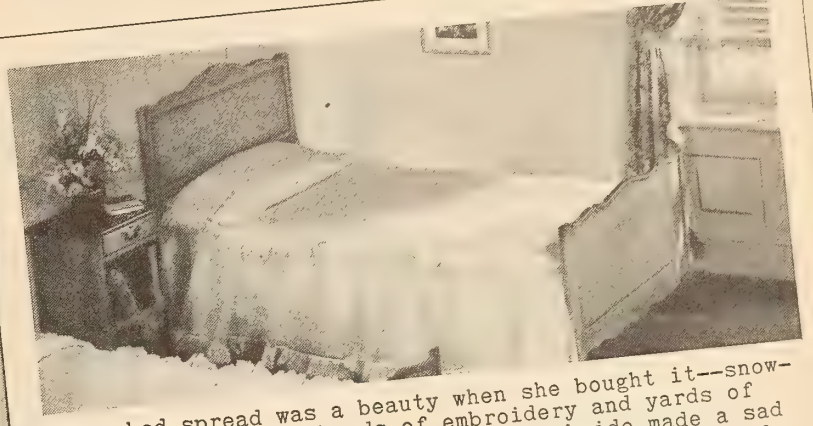
PINK PINEAPPLEADE

1 cup boiling water
1 cup sugar
1½ cups pineapple juice
¾ cup raspberry juice (drained from canned raspberries)
2 cups cold water
juice of 2 lemons
fresh mint

Make sugar syrup by combining boiling water with the sugar and boiling together for 5 minutes. Pour into a jar, cover and keep in refrigerator for sweetening this and other cold drinks—without leaving a wasteful deposit of sugar in the bottom of the glass. Combine pineapple juice and raspberry juice. Add cold water and lemon juice. Sweeten to taste with sugar syrup (approximately ½ cup). Chill. To serve: Place a sprig of mint and ice cubes in each glass before pouring in beverage. (Ginger-ale ice cubes are a delicious addition.)

cool summer tempters!

Three mistakes ...in the bride's house!



The bed spread was a beauty when she bought it--snow-white muslin with bands of embroidery and yards of perky flounce! But the poor little bride made a sad mistake! She washed her spread with lazy soap--and left it full of tattle-tale gray.



Spic-and-span new, the vanity skirt was something to make friends chirp with delight. But not after the little bride tubbed it. Her lazy soap just couldn't wash clean. And nobody had the courage to tell her--"Change to Fels-Naptha Soap. It gets all the dirt!"



Tattle-tale gray spoiled this slip-cover, too--and all the bride's wash--until Aunt Ruth got her Fels-Naptha. Thanks to its richer golden soap and lots of naptha, that stuck-fast dirt had to let go! Now the bride's washes sparkle like snow! And everybody raves about her home!

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

NEW! Great for washing machines! Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!

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—are soft . . . natural!

Men detest that ugly "painted look". Only Tangee can give your lips this lovely *natural* glow—it's the only lipstick with the famous Tangee color-change principle.

Orange in the stick, Tangee actually changes on your lips to a warm blush-rose—exactly your shade whether you're a blonde, brunette or red head. Won't smear or leave red marks on teeth or handkerchiefs. Special cream base keeps it on...hours longer. Get Tangee. 39¢ and $1.10. Try Tangee Rouge and Powder, too, for a natural matched make-up.

THIS SUMMER, use Tangee Creme Rouge, waterproof. Never streaks or fades—even when you're swimming.

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Greasy, painted lips—Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.

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ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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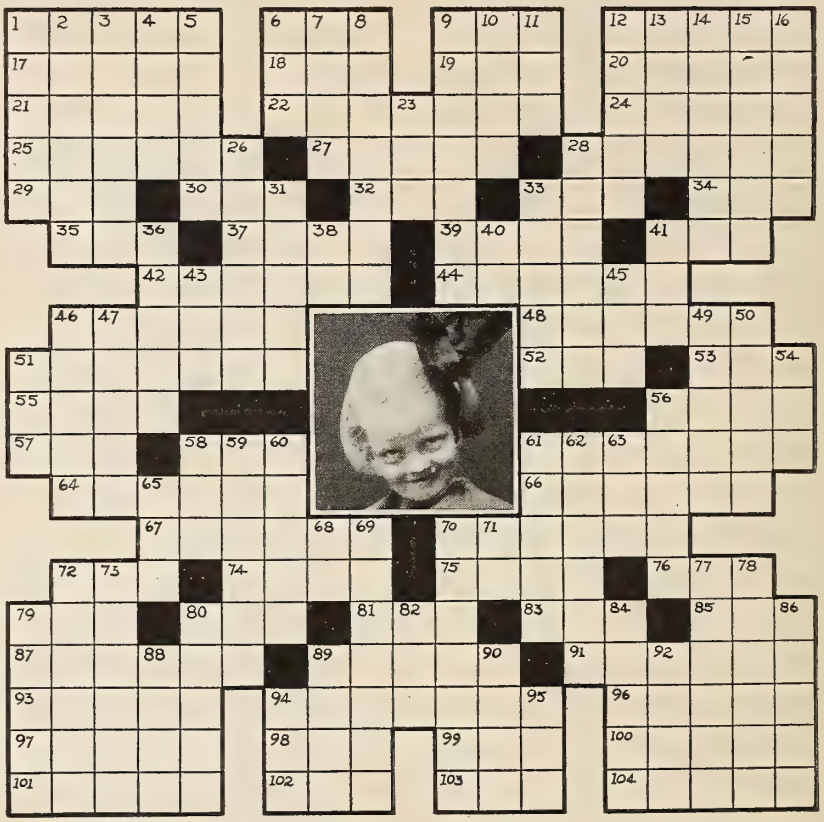
Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____
(Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____ MM88

OUR PUZZLE



Puzzle Solution on Page 75

ACROSS

1. First name of star pictured
6. "Gift of - - -"
9. Middle
12. Last name of 1 across
17. Star of "The Adventures of Robin Hood"
18. Past
19. Hail!
20. Open to view
21. Princess de Lamballe in "Marie Antoinette"
22. Fonda's wife in 70 down
24. What film stunt men require
25. That which is retained
27. Odeum
28. Beatrice Harris in "Men Are Such Fools"
29. Ilona Ma - - - y
30. Color
32. Madge in "Little Miss Thoroughbred"
33. Veterinary: coll.
34. "Dead - - -"
35. Prefix meaning three
37. Reverberated
39. Heroine of "Law of the Plains"
41. Limb
42. Male star of "You and Me"
44. Hillbilly comedienne in "Thrill of a Lifetime"
46. Mrs. Dan Topping, Jr.
48. James Flowers in "Hunted Men"
51. Made love
52. K - - - i Gallian
53. Me - - - Oberon
55. The Ordinal
56. Vat for storing green fodder
57. Falsehood
58. Lowing of a cow
61. Our star was in "That - - - - - - - Woman"
64. Massachusetts city of our star's birth
66. Pungent garden vegetables
67. Nora in "King of the Newsboys"
70. Opera star in "The Goldwyn Follies"
72. "- - - Stop New York"
74. - - - - Ann Borg
75. Mrs. Charles Laughton's first name
76. Compass point
79. Wallace B - - - y
80. "The - - - of Madelon Claudet"
81. Ricardo Cor - - -
83. Greek letter
85. Make a choice: rare
87. Joan Blondell's sister
89. - - - - - Morley
91. More weird
93. Pertaining to the largest continent
94. Beat soundly
96. The Princess in "The Adventures of Marco Polo"
97. Evade
98. B - - - ta Granville
99. - - - le Gallienne
100. Roman highways
101. Dirks
102. Consumed
103. Deposit
104. Mandingo palm nuts

PAGE

DOWN

1. Wild animals
2. Marco Polo's companion in that film
3. More hackneyed
4. Transport
5. South African antelope
6. Girl: slang
7. Premium paid for exchange of one currency for another
8. Our star was in "Of Human - - - - - - -"
9. Pertaining to Freemasons
10. His last name is Lebedeff
11. 16th century ruler of Tunis
12. Hero of "Knight Without Armor"
13. Assert
14. Mrs. Adolphe Menjou
15. Norma Shearer's late husband
16. Spirited horse
23. Cave
26. Louis XVI in "Marie Antoinette"
28. Become: obs.
31. Having organs of hearing
33. Comedian Barnett's first name
36. Eskimo dwelling
38. No good: abbr.
40. Egyptian sun god
41. Laboratory: coll.
43. German article
45. Large vessel
46. Month of our star's birth
47. Contest of horsemanship
49. Hero in "Merrily We Live"
50. Heroine of "The Lady in the Morgue"
51. Producer Lesser's first name
54. Age
56. Judge Hardy
58. - - - vyn Douglas
59. Maid Marian in "The Adventures of Robin Hood"
60. Douglas in "Kidnapped"
61. Growth of small trees
62. Ensiform
63. "Rose of the - - - Grande"
65. Pale
68. An alleged force
69. First name of Mrs. Kalmus of Technicolor
70. Our star's most recent film
71. Ole in "Little Miss Broadway"
72. Our star's married name
73. Alloy resembling gold
77. An evening party
78. Genus of spiders
79. Interjections
80. Trigonometrical functions
82. Epoch
84. Shield
86. Lock of hair
88. "The - - - - of Paris"
89. Marty Weston in "Mr. Moto Takes a Chance"
90. Star of "The Girl Was Young"
92. Our star's real first name
94. Large snake
95. Hero in "Her Jungle Love"



Riding Waikiki Waves

• *Lithograph by* ROBERT RIGGS

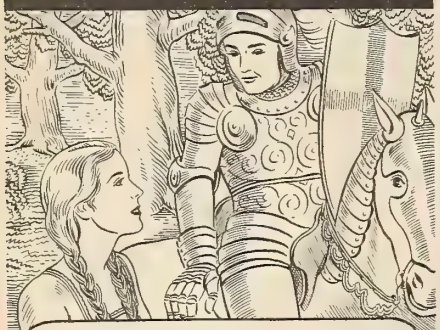
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A thrill from Hawaii is Dole Pineapple Juice. Pure, natural, unsweetened—its exciting flavor is ideally protected by the exclusive Dole Fast-Seal Vacuum-Packing Process.

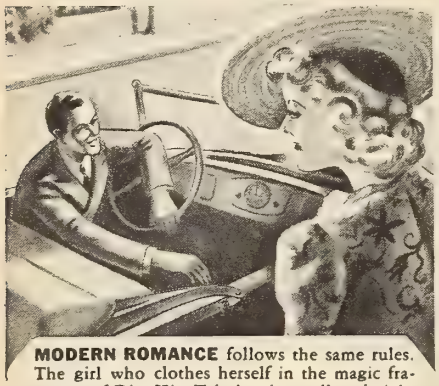


Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., also packers of Dole Pineapple "Gems," Sliced, Crushed, Tidbits, and the new "Royal Spears." Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A. Sales Offices: San Francisco, California.

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You ask the questions—we'll answer them



NELSON EDDY: A glance at the barometer that tops this page will tell you without further ado why this blonde giant rates a word from this department right here and now. So here are the statistics. Nelson Eddy was born in Providence, Rhode Island, June 29, 1901. Among his ancestors were President Martin Van Buren, and Caroline Kendrick (his grandmother, and a famous singer of her day.) Both his father and mother were also excellent singers, and young Nelson made his vocal debut early as a boy soprano for All Saint's and Grace Churches in Providence. He was educated at Rhode Island Normal School. For five years he was a reporter and copy reader on Philadelphia newspapers. Later he wrote advertising for two large agencies. He studied with several Philadelphia teachers, and learned operatic arias from phonograph records. His first stage appearance was in 1922. He made his New York debut in 1924 as "Pagliacci." Several years later he sang at a concert in Los Angeles, and made such a brilliant success that within a week he was signed to a long-term motion picture contract. Nelson Eddy's first movie was with Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady." But picture success came slowly at first. It was two years after "Dancing Lady" that the "right" picture came along. Then, opposite Jeanette MacDonald, he was given the male lead in "Naughty Marietta," and practically over night he became a screen sensation. There followed "Rose Marie," "Maytime," "Rosalie," and "Girl of the Golden West." His next pictures will be "Balalaika," and "Adventure for Three." Nelson Eddy is six feet tall, weighs one hundred seventy-three pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. His favorite sports are swimming, riding and tennis. Eddy sings thirty-two operatic roles. Besides English he sings in French, Italian, Spanish, Russian and Yiddish. He prefers Wagnerian opera. He has made many successful national concert tours, has appeared as guest soloist with several choral organizations, and has been in Europe three times where he was invited to sing in opera, though he never accepted. His fans hope he'll stay right here for a long time to come.



GRACE MOORE: This golden voiced, golden haired, vivacious lady of a dozen different careers believes that every one should hitch his wagon to a star, then reach for it through personal effort. She evidently practises what she preaches too, for we can't think of anyone who has achieved outstanding success in so many varied fields. She is not only a grand opera prima donna, a musical comedy star, a concert singer and a radio entertainer; she is also a perfect cook, expert sportswoman, a charming hostess, a happy wife, and the idol of countless thousands of admirers from kings and queens to the humblest of us movie-goers. Born in Jellico, Tennessee, December 5, 1901, she was one of five children, and originally wanted to be a missionary to China. But while in school at Ward Belmont in Nashville, she heard Mary Garden sing, and immediately changed her ambitions. She persuaded her parents to send her to a music school near Washington, D. C., but they still disapproved of her operatic ambitions, so she ran away to New York. She lived in Greenwich Village, and for six months Grace Moore sang in a restaurant for her suppers. Then she lost her voice and had to rest for six more months before it returned. After that she sang in musical comedy to get money to study opera, and in 1928 she made her Metropolitan Opera debut in "La Boheme." She sang there for three seasons, then tried her hand at the movies. Her first two pictures flopped, partly because sound recording devices were imperfect, partly because she herself probably wasn't ready for pictures.

HUNDREDS OF ADDRESSES FOR A STAMPED ENVELOPE!

Want to know your favorite player's address? In fact, would you like to have a complete list of all the Hollywood stars' mailing addresses? It's yours for the asking. So many of you have written to this department wanting to know where to write this one or that one for an autographed picture, or perhaps you just want to write a fan letter, that we've compiled a complete list for you, naming the players alphabetically, according to their studio, and giving their complete mailing addresses. They are all there, even the featured players, printed in such a compact form that you'll be able to keep the list in your movie scrap book for reference whenever you want it.

To receive one of these lists, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a *large* self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with unless we receive your stamped and addressed envelope. Send your requests to the Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

So she continued to study and sing. In 1931, in Cannes, France, she married Valentin Parera, the Ronald Colman of Spain, with whom she is still very much in love. In 1934 Grace Moore returned to Hollywood to make the picture "One Night of Love." This time it was a complete and glorious success, and the four pictures which followed have added to her tremendous popularity. These were "Love Me Forever," "The King Steps Out," "When You're in Love" and "I'll Take Romance." Grace Moore collects prize cooking recipes, etchings and prints. She loves emeralds and is interested in public events. She swims and rides expertly. She also plays a good game of poker, but doesn't drink or smoke. She adores riding on Fifth Avenue buses, and still considers a chocolate ice cream soda a grand way to make "whoopee." She once was selected by the late Florenz Ziegfeld as one of the ten most beautiful women in the world, and by a famous international photographer as one of the thirteen supreme beauties. Miss Moore's superb voice, and her great charm, born of radiant health and inspired vitality, have made her one of the screen's truly great personalities.



GENE AUTRY: 'Tis said that this public cowboy number one recently received 40,000 fan letters in one month, and by the number of inquiries directed to this desk we aren't surprised. Gene himself just can't figure out all this popularity. "Maybe it's 'Champ' they like instead of me," he suggests modestly. ("Champ" is his thoroughbred black and white Oklahoma horse.) But our guess is that his popularity has something to do with his good humored, unaffected charm, and that mellow tenor voice of his. Gene Autry is his real name, and he was born in Tioga, Texas, September 29, 1908. He is five feet, ten and a half inches tall, weighs one hundred seventy pounds, has reddish brown hair and blue eyes. His parents still live on a cattle ranch in Oklahoma. His father is a minister in the little town of Ravina. Gene has been warbling ever since he can remember. He started out by singing in the choir of his grandfather's Baptist church. When he was fourteen he bought a steel guitar and learned to accompany himself. At eighteen Gene became a railroad telegraph operator, and together with Jimmy Long, another singing railroader, he wrote "Silver Haired Daddy of Mine," one of the most popular songs of its kind. Since then he has written both words and music for over two hundred cowboy and hillbilly ditties. His voice has been recorded by practically every big recording company, and since 1930 he has sung on many big radio programs. Since he began making pictures in 1934 he has starred in some thirty popular "Westerns." He is happily married and lives on a ranch in San Fernando Valley, near Hollywood. His hobby is raising and training thoroughbred Western horses. "Champion," his favorite mount, is considered one of the finest horses in pictures. "Champ's" saddle, bridle and breast-piece are trimmed with sterling silver. Gene's own cowboy raiment is elaborate and authentic, because, as Gene says, when he appears in public, "the kids expect you to look like a cowboy, and you can't let them down." Gene Autry's next two pictures will be "Gold Mine in the Sky" and "Old Faithful."

(Continued on page 96)

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print, in this department, a brief life story of:

.....

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State .....

If you would like our chart with weights, heights, age, and birthplaces and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.



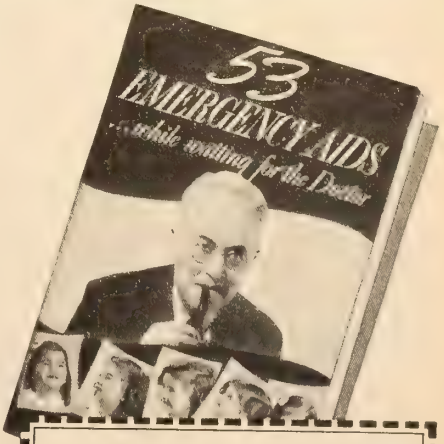
MOTHER:

When your baby is suffering KNOW what to do!

DON'T be *helpless* when an emergency arises! Every mother should *know* what to do. Don't trust to luck that your household will *escape* emergencies. You may be next. Be prepared!

At your drug store you can now get (while they last) a copy of Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe's new book—*free* with a purchase of "Lysol" disinfectant. Few doctors have had to deal with home emergencies as Dr. Dafoe has. Great distances, hard travel, in the Canadian back country forced him to teach his people what to do in emergencies till he got there. Now the benefit of this experience is yours, *free!* Accept "Lysol's" offer of first-aid facts. Ask, when you buy "Lysol", for your copy of Dr. Dafoe's book.

FREE! Dr. Dafoe's Book on Home Emergencies, 32 pages, 53 sections.
Do you know how to . . . Dress a wound? Treat animal bites? Give artificial respiration? Relieve sudden illness? Stop hiccups? Revive an asphyxiated person? These are just a few of many subjects this book covers, in clear, simple language anyone can understand. Free with any purchase of "Lysol", *for a limited time.*





Used in the care of the Quintuplets since the day they were born . . .

Lysol Disinfectant

If your drug store cannot supply you—mail this to
LYSOL, Bloomfield, N. J. Dept. 8-M.S.
(Enclose "Lysol" carton front. Dr. Dafoe's book will be sent at once, free and post-paid.)

Name _____

Address _____

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RINSE OFF UNWANTED HAIR

This Quick, Easy Way!

Legs are in the spotlight! And men just won't forgive the girl whose legs bristle with untidy hair. So— whether at the beach or clad in sheer silk stockings—be sure *your* legs are smooth and feminine!

Just spread NEET (like a cold cream in texture) on unwanted hair. Then rinse off with water. That's *all!* NEET removes all hair . . . leaves your skin satin-smooth.

Avoid Unpleasant Razor-Roughness

Say good-bye to rough skin and sharp, wiry hairs that grow in after shaving. There is no razor stubble to snag your stockings and cause runs—and no danger of cuts—when you use the safe and convenient NEET way.

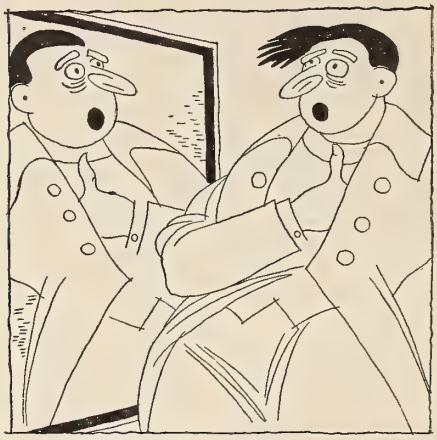


Beach wear, shorter skirts and summer dresses call for smoother, hair-free arms and legs. Do as millions of women do—remove unsightly hair with NEET. Get it *today.* At drug and dept. stores. Generous 10¢ size at all ten-cent stores.



NEET Just Rinse Off Unsightly Hair

BETWEEN YOU'N'ME



A fan from Detroit declares that Napoleon's hair did a flip-flop act in "Conquest."

$5.00 Prize Poem
Ode to Jean Harlow

As falls the fragment of some bright star
Into the night, where all was dark before,
A brilliant flash attracting fans afar,
Seen but a short time, to be seen no more,
So, on the screen, this lovely lady bold
Outlined a course before she fell.
Turning a silver star to one of gold,
A star to be remembered long and well.
What matters that her bright career was brief
And vanished swiftly in eternal night?
In such a fall there is no cause for grief,
For stars like these leave paths of brilliant light.
She spread the glory of her short-lived fame
And added lustre to a much loved name.

—Opal Wadman, Dublin, Ind.

$2.00 Prize Letter
Youth Speaks

Why not have more movies with youthful appeal in them? It seems that the stars between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five are doomed to destruction. Every picture is made either for juveniles or adults. We of the younger generation want to see pictures that depict our own everyday experiences. We aren't interested in torrid love scenes; we want good, clean, wholesome, realistic pictures.

How about some high school and college pictures? And then, for pity's sakes, don't star Fredric March or Clark Gable as a couple of all American full-backs. While I consider them superior stars, I believe there is a limit to all good things. Give the stars like Frankie Darro a chance. For years I've waited for his stardom, and I know he's just as good as the other box office attractions. He looks, acts, talks like and is the ideal American youth. Let's have more of his pictures. Give the younger generation a chance. Up with Darro and Youth!

—Lavergne Gebhardt, Chicago, Ill.

$2.00 Prize Letter
Middle Age Jitters

Ever since those two pixilated sisters made their hilarious hit in "Mr. Deeds," the movies have been pushing middle age around, and I protest. I haven't seen a picture in a long time now that didn't cause some individual of middle age, either a man or woman, to appear as a complete nitwit. When not cast as simpletons or morons they're malicious and meddlesome. In real life if all people between forty-five and sixty acted as they're made to on the screen—well, just try and imagine the world!

There is but one middle-aged person left with a shred of dignity—the banker. Is this significant? Somehow or other, our movie bankers are still depicted as people with sufficient brains and common sense to guard our money.

Let me assure producers that for one giddy matron like Billie Burke or Alice Brady we've got ninety-nine mothers of gracious manners, dignity, and charm. But in films all mothers are dames with muscle-bound brains and cigarette jitters. How about that realism which Hollywood boasts?

—J. W. Bayne, Vancouver, Canada.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Hurrah For Ma O'Leary

To our city came the picture "In Old Chicago," and, so help me, you couldn't see the name of Alice Brady on the billing with a pair of high-powered binoculars. Yet Miss Brady dominated the entire production and was the one player over which everyone enthused. Without her the picture would have been just another insipid historical romance, pepped up at the finish by a snappy fire sequence.



Another fan resents having to look with binoculars for the name of a picture's real star.

With Miss Brady, however, it became a splendidly human story, infused with the heroic personality of a wife and mother of the fine pioneer type that made America what it is today. Her glowing ideals made Molly O'Leary a sturdy heroine who couldn't be corrupted by easy money and smooth politics, and whose courage and spirit survived a holocaust. If Miss Brady isn't the Star of "In Old Chicago," I'm a cross-eyed pelican.

—Winnifred Davies, Vancouver, Can.

$1.00 Prize Letter
An Explanation's Due

Napoleon's hair did a flip-flop in "Conquest!" Came the last scene. Napoleon's

Write us your frank opinions about anything concerning the movies. You may win a cash prize!

hair, one of his most distinguishing features, was combed forward in a point. All through the picture it had been thus.

The scene shifted for an instant to the Countess, then back to Napoleon. His hair! An instant before, it was short and lay toward the front. Now it had grown an inch or more and was combed back! The scene shifted again and Napoleon arose and turned, and lo! his hair was back to its original length and pointing forward again.

I gritted my teeth. Darn the producer, anyway. Why did he want to spoil my picture like that? I sat there foaming around the gills. Instead of feeling the sad farewell of those two great lovers, I was gnashing my teeth in anger. How could Napoleon be so romantic while his hair was doing flip-flops?

Then I began to doubt. Had I really seen Napoleon's hair cut capers, or did I just think I had? I determined to stay and see "Conquest" over again. I did. Then, as the last scenes began, I sat waiting breathlessly, tensely, and hopefully. But it was no use. Napoleon's hair again grew and swapped directions. My fond hopes were dashed to the ground and my evening was definitely ruined. Oh, Napoleon, Napoleon, why did you do it?

—S. J. Underwood, Detroit, Mich.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Bigger Roles For Nolan

May I say just a word for a grand actor whose name is Lloyd Nolan? Realizing that every picture must have a good supporting cast in order to be a good picture, I still wonder why producers pay extraordinary sums of money to bring fine actors from leading roles on Broadway to second leads and mediocre parts in Hollywood.

In 1932 or 1933 Lloyd Nolan was playing the lead in "One Sunday Afternoon" on Broadway, and playing it very well too, according to the reviews. Now, in Hollywood, he has been relegated to playing secondary parts; the villain and bad man or once in a while a detective. While I will gladly admit that each part he has played on the screen has been played so well that you feel after seeing it that no one else could possibly have taken that role, I am afraid that continued casting in such parts will send him out of pictures.

He is young and good looking, and if he could play leading roles on Broadway, why not in Hollywood? He has a sense of humor and definite dramatic ability and I, for one, would like to see him in bigger and better parts.

—Jean E. Kreps, Evansville, Ind.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Praises For Bette

The plaudits that have rained down on Bette Davis for her brilliant acting in "It's Love I'm After," and "Jezebel" have been well deserved.

Bette Davis is Hollywood's most outstanding younger actress. She has not only

(*Continued on page 97*)



WRITE A LETTER—
WIN A PRIZE

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, $5; two second prizes of $2 each; six prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You 'n' Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.

POND'S SUNLIGHT SHADES



"GLARE-PROOF" powder flatters your skin in the hardest light

STRONG sunlight is hard on your looks. It sharpens every little fault . . . and casts dark, unbecoming shadows where it is not lighting up your weak points.

But you can make that hard, bright light actually flattering to you! Pond's "Sunlight" Powder shades are "glare-proof"! They reflect only the softer rays of the sun. Give a clear glow to your tan!

Two glorious "Sunlight" shades, Light and Dark. Flattering to any shade of tan. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. Big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Test them FREE! in glaring Sunlight

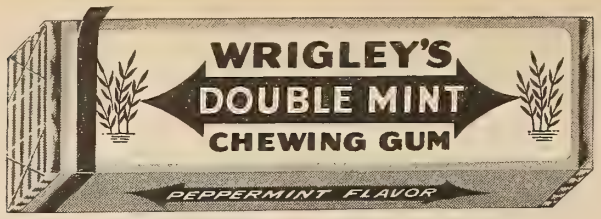
Pond's, Clinton, Conn., Dept. 9MS PV
Please rush me, free, Pond's "Sunlight" shades, enough of each for a 5-day test.
(This offer expires Oct. 1, 1938)

Name_____

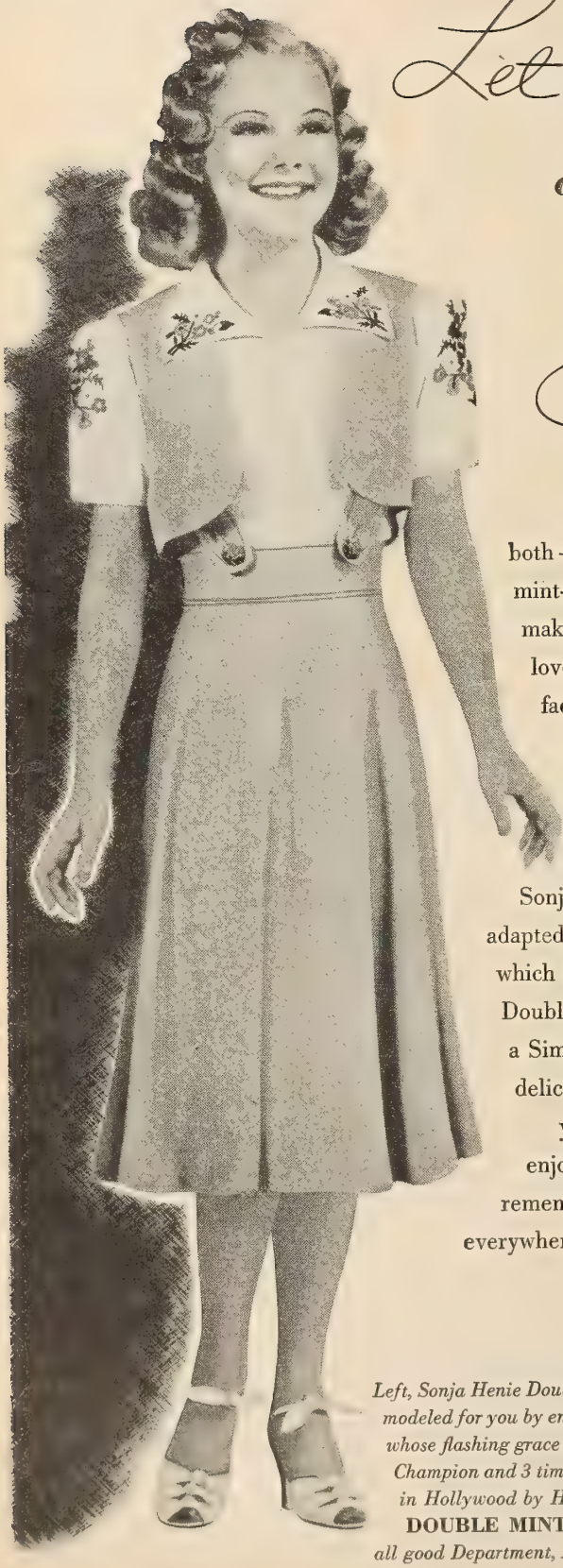
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City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company



Let refreshing Double Mint gum keep you cool and doubly lovely





The fickle male has an eye for girls who are not only good dressers but who have a taking smile as well. And now healthful Double Mint gum gives you both — style and smile. Millions enjoy this double-lasting mint-flavored gum. It helps assure sweet breath, relaxes tense nerves, makes your mouth feel cool and refreshed—whereby your whole self seems lovelier. Then too, chewing is nature's way to wake up sleepy face muscles (promoting young contours) and to brighten your teeth so that your smile reflects a new loveliness to attract friends.

However, it is ***smile plus style*** that wins. A perfect example is lovely Sonja Henie, acclaimed world famous artistic skater and distinguished Hollywood star. Asked by Double Mint gum Sonja Henie has designed for you this delightful, cool looking dress, *left*—adapted from her applause-getting Norwegian skating costume which she also designed. Smart. Becoming. And by Double Mint made available to you in a Simplicity Pattern. ***SO,*** you see how delicious Double Mint gum keeps you cool and doubly lovely. Daily enjoy this non-fattening sweet. Also remember it aids digestion. Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.



Left, Sonja Henie Double Mint gum dress. Designed and modeled for you by enchanting, lovely **SONJA HENIE** *whose flashing grace made her 10 times World Champion and 3 times Olympic Champion. Photographed in Hollywood by Hurrell. Made available to you by* **DOUBLE MINT** *gum in* **SIMPLICITY** *Pattern 2849. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety stores you can buy this pattern. Or, write* **DOUBLE MINT** *Dress Pattern Department, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.*

S-128


NORMA SHEARER


CARY GRANT


GINGER ROGERS


ROBERT TAYLOR



HOPE HAMPTON


RICHARD GREENE


ANDREA LEEDS



Today our glamor girl would rather ride a hoss than be a hostess.



Carole and Clark Gable used to brighten the night spots, but no more!

What's become of the good

WHERE, OH where, has the Carole of yesterday gone? Lombard, the actress, is more predominant on the screen than ever before, but the Carole of the press gatherings, the portrait galleries, the Venice Pier, the Carole who was Hollywood's favorite Party Girl—what has happened to her? Days past you never had to look twice to find her. In headlines, at preview microphones, in most anyone's front parlor. She was always there, and conspicuously.

But now Carole is the needle in the Hollywood haystack, and press, public and photographers all find her hard to track down. What's happened to that good scout who was always available for a laugh, a picture, a gag or a cocktail? That's what everyone is asking now. And not only us get-arounds in Hollywood, but fans write and want to know, too. "What about Carole? Why no interviews? Has she gone high hat? Where is she? What is she doing?"

Well, here it is finally, not the awful truth, but the very acceptable truth which explains briefly, but conclusively, all those harassing questions. Carole, as you shall soon see, is, in many ways, still the old Carole, only, whereas she used to be "anybody's copy," the Carole of today is strictly "not for publication." And that brings us to the first "why" of the story.

For the answer to that most repeated question of why this sudden desire for personal oblivion and Garboian solitude we must first *cherchez l'homme,* because there is usually a man behind most female plots, though the reverse has been more often publicized. And in this case we don't have to look very far, for he is usually right there by her side, a certain Mr. Gable. Gable is responsible for at least eighty per cent of her withdrawals from fanfare, and his responsibility may even be divided into two parts: forty per cent direct influence, forty indirect. Let's take the indirect first, because at the moment it seems to be the most prevailing. When you ask Carole why she has suddenly adopted this words-off and camera-away policy as far as Clark is concerned, she just closes her lips tight, and for the moment you think she isn't going to answer you at all. Then the old Carole smile shimmers through and she says, not harshly, but gently, "Well, considering everything, wouldn't you?"

And because we, eventually, saw what she meant, and saw that she was right, we redirect the question to you. In other words, we'll try to squeeze you into her shoes (size four and a half A) and then you'll see it, too. So now, let's suppose.

You are a famous movie star. You meet and fall in love with another movie star. You begin going places together. The world takes you up, plasters you all over its pages. Glamorous couple, so delightfully suited to each other. Real love at last. And the inevitable speculation—how soon will you say "I do?" In the meantime the world forgets that there is still such a little thing as the movie man's wife (oh, isn't he divorced yet?) to be reckoned with.

You haven't forgotten though. There is talk about a property settlement—that seems to be holding up the parade to the altar, by detour of the divorce courts, but how can that drag out so long? You know that the other woman is a fine woman, beloved by all who know her, but you also know that love turns funny tricks sometimes. If she loves him enough there may be jealousy, for jealousy is the first flower of heartbreak, and jealousy often produces a little bud of its own, a not so fragrant one, a bud with thorns—or as (*Continued on page 86*)

Scout?

by Katharine Hartley

She used to be the life of the party, but now she's the needle in the Hollywood haystack



Once upon a time Carole Lombard took great pride in being dubbed Moviedom's most dazzling damsel.



"Why Should"

by

Gladys Hall

"Ty" wishes he were at least triplets to get around everywhere he's invited.

I ASKED Tyrone, "Are you going to get married?"

"No," said Tyrone, "why should I?"

This revelation, this good news of 1938, burst upon a waiting world just the other day, while Tyrone and I were lunching together on the studio lot. I arrived first, and waited for him, as what member of my sex wouldn't? Tyrone, commonly and affectionately called "Ty," dashed in breathlessly, peeling off a dinner jacket, and shrugging into a sports coat as he advanced. "Lightning change act?" I queried. "I wish I were three people!" he laughed. I seconded the motion. One of Tyrone is, obviously, not enough. Ask Mr. Zanuck. Ask his fans. Ask the girls. If only his family name had been Dionne now.

Still breathless, he declared that he didn't feel like eating, then proceeded to order a man-sized beef stew, and a beaker of buttermilk. Ty had been to the dentist's that morning, had just come off the set of "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and was on his way to the desert for a three weeks' vacation before starting in "Suez." No wonder he felt it would come in handy to be like the amazing little amoeba, capable of endless dividings and subdividings.

It was then that I asked him, "Are you going to get married?" And it was then that Tyrone came back at me with, "Why should I?" He added, "Can you think of ten good reasons why I should?"

I told him that, without thinking, I could give him ten excellent reasons why he should not, why it seemed absurd for him even to consider it. At his age, with all that he is doing, and still has to do, with the world an open treasure chest, his for the reach of a finger, why should he marry? Of course, if he fell hopelessly in love, really hopelessly, so that love and a marriage license were one and indivisible, why, then . . .

Tyrone laughed. I needn't go on, he said. He'd thought it all out for himself. For one thing, he doesn't believe that any normal, up and doing young man, in these days of getting around a lot, and meeting all kinds of people, falls in love only once, or even only twice. He knows better. He illustrated by showing me an amusing cartoon recently published in one of the sophisticated "slick"



I Marry?"

Tyrone Power, who has fame and fortune, puts this personal question up to you

Tyrone Power and Janet Gaynor were as inseparable as ham and eggs. What happened?

magazines. The gist of it was that a Freshman says, "Mary is the only girl, the most wonderful in the world;" a Sophomore says, "Mary is the most wonderful girl in the world;" a Junior says, "Mary is a wonderful girl" and a Senior says, "The girl's name was Mary!"

"You're apt to fall in love a good many more times, aren't you?" I asked. "Both in and out?"

"Of course," smiled Tyrone.

So now you know.

I asked Tyrone the pertinent (and impertinent) question, "Are you going to get married?" because he is twenty-three, because he is a treat to the eyes, and because he is one of the pathetically few young eligibles left in man-starved Hollywood. I asked him because he "went with" Sonja Henie, and "goes with" Janet Gaynor, and incorrigibly match-making Hollywood has rumored and rumored and rumored that, first with Sonja, and then with Janet, Tyrone would soon be "twoing" it. Hollywood is probably the only place in the world where a boy and a girl cannot go out together, have fun together, even be romantic together without every one shouting the Mendelssohn wedding march.

The real facts of the matter are that Sonja and Tyrone were mutually attracted, of course. Why not? They had a lot of fun together, a lot in common, but they were never matrimonially inclined, either one of them. And when they realized that their fans were believing all of the publicity, were taking their "romance" much more seriously than they themselves were taking it, they decided to stop seeing each other, and put an end to rumors which were not fair to either their fans or to themselves.

Janet and Tyrone are good friends, too. Naturally there is an attraction between them. There usually is an attraction between any young man and young woman who are together a lot, but not an attraction which is likely to lead to the altar. Certainly not now. Not yet. Nor ever, I'd prophesy. Tyrone looks and acts quite heart-whole, quite fancy free. I think that all of the rumors have been magnifications, intensifications of the same old story which we inevitably (*Continued on page 98*)



"The reason my romances break up," sadly states Merle, "is because I'm jealous." Now — that's being candid for you!

She Wants to be Married

Yes, Merle Oberon frankly admits the altar is her goal

DO YOU want to get married?" I asked Merle Oberon. I was never any good at beating around the bush.

"Well, I'd like to *be* married, but I'm in no hurry to *get* married," she answered.

There's a difference. Between the passive, ladylike verb "to be" and the active, aggressive verb "to get" lies the story of wisdom which the lovely Britisher has gleaned in recent years from recent romances—her own and others'.

She regards the married state as the goal of every sane and normal woman. But, like the man who preferred the old-fashioned buggy to the aeroplane, she is in no rush. She's biding her time. We think her last romance, her gossiped-about romance with David Niven was marking time. Pleasantly, but not seriously. There is no romance at present. There are beaux, but no lover. In her middle twenties, she has passed the stage when girls fall in love with love. She is waiting to fall in love with a man.

When she first went out to Hollywood a few years ago —young, beautiful, luscious, with the romantic background of a youth which had taken her around the world —all the men who threw themselves at her feet kind of swept her off her feet, but only temporarily. It was wonderful to have one's phone ringing constantly, to have roses and orchids continually arriving. To be sure, being beautiful, Merle had always received plenty of male attention, but here was Big Time attention, from gents with famous names. But now—she wants something else.

She definitely does not want a marriage that is merely a stopover between Yuma and Reno. She doesn't hold with the Hollywood theory on marriage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." We had the feeling, while talking with her, that she regards her career as a very nice job, but only a job. She would want to keep her job after marriage—she said so—but she would not wish to become so bound around with it that, shortly after her wedding date, you'd be reading in the papers: "Marriage Conflicts with Career, says Merle Oberon." She says she doesn't see why there should be such a conflict, if both parties use their common sense. Adjustments will have to be made, yes; intelligent planning will be necessary to smooth out inevitable difficulties which must come up when the little woman works and, like as not, drags down a salary twice as big as hubby's.

IT'S ALL very well, of course, to say 'I'll do this, and I'll not do that,'" she told me. "The fact remains that we don't know what we'll do under circumstances we haven't yet experienced. I only know what I think I'll do, and what I shall try to do. When I get married, I want to stay in pictures. But I don't want to make more than two pictures a year. You've got to be good to do that, and I hope to be that good. I want them to be good pictures, and while I'm working in them I shall work just as hard as I possibly can. I love working in pictures. Every day I regard myself as a very lucky girl for landing in a medium which rewards a reasonable outlay of hard work with fame and glory—and such attractive cheques. All this is very pleasant, and I shan't want to give it up.

"We don't exactly choose the men with whom we'll fall in love, to be certain, but I doubt if I could fall for the old-fashioned sort who pounds the table and states that no wife of his shall be a breadwinner—or even a mink-coat winner. I'm sure I don't see why my future husband shouldn't be proud of me for my little spot of glory in the sun, delight in my triumphs, be pleased as punch that other people admire me. Well, at any rate, I hope it will be like that."

"What do you want from marriage—and your man?" I asked.

"A lot—from both," she answered.

Well, then, of course, that led to the old, old question of whether a wife is right in demanding absolute, unswerving fidelity from her husband. How did she feel about that—would she feel that everything was over if her husband was temporarily and, let us say, casually,

(*Continued on page 76*)

by Mary Mayes



"With a wife like Louise—loving, confident and always proud of me—I just have to make good," says Spencer Tracy very earnestly.

Because She Loved Him So Much

by Kay Frings

EXCEPT FOR the faith and foresight of one Louise Treadwell Tracy, Spencer Tracy would not be a movie star today.

Yet today, or at least not so many todays ago, Spencer has been awarded one of the greatest tributes the people of the screen world have to give. And never was an award made more fittingly, or with a more poignant story behind it. Spencer was ill in the hospital, unable to attend the famous yearly banquet at the Biltmore Bowl, and so it happened that it was Mrs. Tracy who reached with trembling hands to receive the gold statuette presented by The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best actor performance of 1937.

Not until the actual moment of the presentation did anyone know who had won the award. Still Mrs. Tracy, with the innate sense of premonition

If it weren't for the



Spencer and Louise Tracy, to whom he gives his affection and all the credit for his success.



Susy snaps a candid picture of her famous daddy.

that has guided Spencer all through his career, must have felt something. She is not a woman to go to banquets just for the fun of it, especially not when her husband is ill in the hospital and she must leave her two children, Johnny and Susy, at home alone. But on that evening she did go, and in a very strange and dramatic way.

Unaccustomed to the Hollywood way of party-going, always arriving late, she was the first guest there. There she stood, alone in that vast ballroom where thirteen hundred people were presently to gather, no one to greet her, no friends with whom to chat. But she was not embarrassed or upset. She was buoyed by the love and confidence she has borne for fourteen years.

In that overwhelming emptiness, she moved simply about the tables, found her place and sat down. There she was sitting, a silent, thoughtful figure, when the first photographer found her. He grabbed a picture, one of the most significant pictures that has ever been taken. Empty rows of chairs stretching endlessly on either side of her, Mrs. Tracy sat alone, hands quietly folded, a soft smile on her lips. So they found her, the wife of Spencer Tracy, quietly waiting for the event of events, the event which would symbolize success in their chosen lives.

Eventually she was called downstairs where a pre-official ceremony of the presentation would be held for the benefit of the newsreel and radio, and there she received the news. It was typical of her that she did not stand around to be congratulated and fawned over, but that her first thought was for a telephone, and Spencer. He answered from his bedside and she told him, "Darling, you won it!" That was all she said, but his answer was more emotional. To say that sobs of joy came chokingly from his lips may not sound quite in the Tracy character—the hard-boiled Portuguese fisherman of "Captains Courageous," on which he won the award—but he did cry, and those sobs were very expressive of his feelings at that moment.

Ill and harassed, just over an operation, sobs of gratitude and relief came all too quickly, and it was some little while before Mrs. Tracy could help him compose himself. Calm, courage and steadiness—these have been her gifts to him for many years, and she gave freely of them again in that moment. "One thing I'm glad of, Louise," he said finally, "I'm glad I'm not there, because it's right you should receive the award, and not me. It was all your doing anyway."

Mrs. Tracy's speech later, at the banquet, has since become the most talked of speech in Hollywood, not because of any aptness or cuteness, but because of its overwhelming simplicity. Reluctantly she stepped into the spotlight, with genuine humility she faced the microphone. "I thank you," she said, "for Spencer, Johnny, Susy and myself." It was a brief message, a simple one. But it put a lump in thirteen hundred throats.

Louise Tracy has always had a lot of empty chairs to the right and the left of her in her life, and always she has sat in the midst of them, confident and sure, not of herself, but of her husband and his right to become a great actor. Those empty chairs were theatre seats, when Louise sat in the midst of them during rehearsals, watching her husband struggle with his career on the stage before her.

It was a struggle, not only from the bread and butter point of view, but because Spencer has always been beset with melancholy and moroseness. One minute he can be gay and full of delightful madnesses, as they'll tell you around the sets today; the next you'll see him sad and long-faced, some evil banshee working its dark magic in his brain. It's all part of his Irish temperament perhaps, and another part of it, too, is his nervousness and restlessness.

To be a man with moods—that has always been the bad luck in his life. But he has had good luck, too, in having a wife who knows how to get him over those moods, and that good luck has made up for all the rest. Today she is not the movie wife who dogs her husband's steps on the set. She has never been on a Tracy set, but she is there in spirit just as she was there actually in the old days, "out front" where he could call to her when he (*Continued on page 88*)

grace and grit of his wife, Spencer Tracy might be driving a bus today



Luise Rainer shows no interest in Life's Little Luxuries. Her surroundings are simple.

Meet the Clifford Odets. "Cliff and I," says Luise sagely, "are civilized people."

Rugged Individualist

by James Reid



Luise and Robert Young go sentimental in "The Toy Wife."

Luise tackles her movies and her marriage with originality

FOR A YEAR and a half, Luise Rainer has been married. Yet she still is the most singular girl in Hollywood.

You never will mistake Luise for anyone else, even at first glance.

There is something "different" about her small, oval face; something difficult to define. It is not a trick of make-up or hairdress. (Off the screen, she wears no make-up, and is indifferent about her hair.) The "difference" is an inner quality—a strange, intense sensitiveness.

Once you see her face, you don't forget it. Just as, once you hear her low, throaty, expressive voice with its trace of accent, you do not forget that, either. She is individual.

Yet—when you see her on the screen, you do not think of her in terms of Luise Rainer. You accept her as the wistful Viennese of "Escapade," or as temperamental Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld," or as inarticulate O-lan in "The Good Earth," or as rebellious Frou-Frou in "The Toy Wife." Always she is human and real and understandable. But never twice is she the same. Never once does she play herself.

Everybody knows what she is like as an actress. (Hasn't she won two Academy Awards in her three years in Hollywood?) But very few people know what she is like as a person. All that Hollywood knows is that she leads an exceptional existence—especially for a star.

She shows no interest whatsoever in Life's Little Luxuries. She has neither a house, a swimming pool, nor a retinue of deferential vassals. Her private life is private—and simple. She lives in an apartment too small to accommodate even one full-time servant. A colored woman comes in, afternoons, to clean and to cook dinner, and then leaves. The rest of the time, Luise is alone, unless her playwright-husband, Clifford Odets, is in Hollywood.

She never shows up glamorously at parties or premieres, even "the right ones." When she is working, Hollywood never sees her. She never goes out socially. When she isn't working, Hollywood doesn't see her, either. She is away somewhere, goodness knows where. Between pictures, she just vanishes.

No director or fellow-player has ever called her "difficult to work with." Yet there are constant rumors of her battling with her studio over scheduled roles. She is head over heels in love with her husband, and her husband is head over heels in love with Luise. No one who has ever seen them together can doubt that. Yet, a large part of the time, they live a continent apart. This is definitely baffling.

In short, she is something more than a movie star. Something more, even, than a winner of two Academy Awards. Something more than the brilliant actress-wife of a brilliant playwright. She is also an individualist.

If Luise were anyone else, you might cynically suppose that all this is an act, all part of a careful campaign to be "different." But, Luise being Luise, you cannot suppose any such thing. She is too forthright a person, too honest, too natural. Poseurs study their every action and word in advance. Luise is nothing if not impulsive.

Consider, for example, her decision to fly to New York on a few hours' notice after finishing (*Continued on page 73*)

John Barrymore combines the manners of Hamlet, the madness of Mercutio, and the unpredictable qualities of a baddie partially reformed



John often goes home from the studio with his grease paint on, and experts aver that he wears the same grease paint back in the morning.

by Caroline S. Hoyt

FOR A LONG time now, pens have been dipped in heart's blood for writing about John Barrymore. Strings on tear ducts have been tugged and tugged, and the story has reached a new sentimental high, all about a man's reform, and the miracle that love has worked in his life. We have all been led to believe that the man is no longer what he was. Gone his showmanship, his Rabelaisian humor, his abounding extravagances (not only of yachts and cars, but of pranks and moods), and forever relegated to the past his brilliant nonsensities. A new picture is painted: a Barrymore walking in sobriety, cloaked drearily in dignity. But all this is absurd. Very definite and delightful remnants of the man who has fascinated the public for years still remain, and don't let any one tell you otherwise.

True, John Barrymore's marriage is a success. True also, he no longer misbehaves in the old bottle way. But that he is a bore, in the way that most reformed men are bores, all peaches and cream, that is impossible to John Barrymore. He's still the old John, in the most delightful ways. There is still his great fund of stories, his capacity for outlandishness, his vacillations from moments of rage to those of the most devastating sweetness, and there is still his keen showmanship. He is still standing in the center of the stage, with the gleaming spotlight turned full on him, and he is still claiming "To be or not to be." In other words, John is still carrying on in the old Barrymore tradition. And those who like their heroes to carry on all shout a Halleluiah!

THERE WAS, for example, that incident recently when John, Elaine, and Elaine's mother were all having dinner downtown in a Los Angeles restaurant. An hour hence they were to appear on a national radio program, and there wasn't much time to dawdle over coffee. Then, as they were leaving the restaurant, hurrying to their car, John suddenly stood still, stared dramatically at a little hunchback who was selling newspapers on the corner, then quickly bounded toward him. That memory of his, which is a card index file for everything that happened in the before-yesterday past, but which is strangely incompetent when yesterday's events need to be recalled, had suddenly offered up a buried treasure. In one great leap John was at the little man's side, clutching him around the shoulders, calling him loudly by name, delving at once into "the old days" when these two had worked in the same picture together.

To say that it was a meeting of old friends doesn't do the scene justice. It was a show, the noisiest, most ecstatic meeting that had ever been witnessed there on one of the town's busiest four corners. Forgotten were Elaine and Mrs. Jacobs, who looked at their watches anxiously, and whose hurry-persuasions were completely drowned out by the noisy excitement. Ignored were the dozens of people who began to gather around. A policeman edged in, and soon John was telling him about it too. They hadn't seen each other for years, and here was "one of the greatest little fellows who had ever lived," and the precious minutes flew. Finally Elaine tugged at the policeman's coat, and the policeman tugged at John's, "The lady says you will have to hurry."

Finally they dragged him off, the policeman clearing the way, leaving the hunchback a little flabbergasted by it all. At the radio station John told the doorman about it. In front of the microphone, just before he went on, he told the announcer about it. Three days later he was still talking about "the greatest little fellow on earth." It was only a meeting between two old friends, but it had all the qualities of a great play scene, and there had been crowds, too, to give it applause. His abundance of emotional energy, his extravagant use of voice, words and gestures had turned it into something which the strollers of downtown Los Angeles on that particular evening will never forget. No, reformed or not reformed, John does not go around meeting old friends, and saying, "How are you, old man?" and letting it go at that.

John still has his moments of ill humor, but, as in the old days, they have their (*Continued on page 90*)



Everywhere that John Barrymore goes, Elaine is sure to be, with Ma Jacobs bringing up the not-too-distant rear.

Bubbling Billie

I SAT in Billie Burke's drawing room while her secretary, a plain, middle-aged woman with a sweet smile, bustled around the room. Every few minutes the phone would ring, and the maid would rush in and say to the secretary, "Miss D—, the phone is ringing."

She couldn't hear it. "Poor Miss D—," Billie sighed later, "she was with Mr. Ziegfeld for twenty years, and so many people kept shouting at her that she has grown hard of hearing."

Even before Billie Burke came in, I marveled at how, in the few days she had been in this hotel, her personality seemed to have pervaded the room. It was easily the most feminine room I have ever seen, with its flowered chintz draperies, white lamps with dainty flower designs, and vases filled with jonquils, tulips and lilacs, spilling their fragrance everywhere. There are nearly always three or four vases of flowers in every star's room, but I counted ten in Billie Burke's.

Her secretary stooped to pick up a petal that had fallen to the floor. "Every time I do this," she said, "I remember 'Craig's Wife,' the woman who would have no flowers around because the petals fell off and marred the perfection of her rooms. In that picture Miss Burke portrayed Mrs. Craig's neighbor, who had a beautiful flower garden, and was always trying to give some of her flowers away to the neighbors. That's just the sort of thing Miss Burke would do, too."

Suddenly the door flew open, and a slim young person cascaded into the room. There was such youth and impetuosity in her movements that I thought, "This must be Billie Burke's daughter, Patricia." I caught a glimpse of red-gold hair and a tiny jacketed figure. Then she fairly flew to a closet. A moment later she sank down on the rose-colored couch.

"I'm so sorry to be late," she said breathlessly. "I had no idea what time it was."

This was Billie Burke!

Billie Burke is one of the most feminine stars I have ever met. Even in the tailored suit she wore, she looked as frilly and frivolous as a lace handkerchief. She wore a strand of pearls around her neck, and a miniature of Patricia as a baby, which seemed to say, "See, I am not ashamed of being sentimental."

"You manage to look about twenty years old," I sighed. "How do you do it?"

"Oh, but I don't," she said, and smiled that shy smile that made her the idol of matinee girls twenty-five years ago.

"To keep young," Billie continued, "live normally and don't mind getting old. Never think about the fact that some day you are going to look old—and it will never happen to you. Keep your body limber, and don't let yourself get old under the knees. Walk every day, keep your tummy in, your posture right, your muscles taut. I always exercise in the morning for twenty minutes, and take cold showers and salt rubs.



Billie Burke and Brian Aherne kept the audience in constant gaiety in "Merrily We Live."



"Patricia is her own mistress," says Billie of her talented daughter.

by Dora Albert

Underneath those frills and foibles, there beats a big, bright brain

Sometimes women let themselves get fat, and when you're fat, you're poisoned, and must try twice as hard to reduce, for the poison in your body makes you lazy."

There is something amazing in the way Billie Burke's career has gone on and on. A generation ago, when candies and hats and coiffures were being named after her, the word "Billieburkishness" was coined to express her peculiar charm. Twenty years ago an interviewer wrote, " 'Billieburkishness' signifies demure sauciness, immature coquetry, irresistible grace, fatal wounds inflicted by angel eyes."

WHEN THIS sheltered girl fell in love with Florenz Ziegfeld, known for his gay recklessness, everyone felt sorry for Billie Burke. Fearing that marriage would ruin her career, the theatrical producer for whom she worked did everything he could to end the romance, even to the point of confiscating Flo's letters to Billie. But Ziegfeld simply hired Victor Kiraly, the manager of Billie's show, to manage a show for him, and persuaded Victor to smuggle his letters to Billie. Then he and Billie would meet secretly. When interviewers questioned her, she would say, "I have no intention of marrying Mr. Ziegfeld or anyone else, although Mr. Ziegfeld is a very charming man." One hectic April day they were married.

All Broadway predicted that the marriage would never last. If Anna Held, famed on two continents for her provocative manner, her large limpid eyes, and her glorious figure, had not been able to hold Florenz Ziegfeld, what chance did this naive girl have?

"Never pursue a man," Billie says. "Always let him pursue you. And never let him be too sure of you. For eighteen years I held the most difficult man in the world." It was not a boast. It was a simple statement of fact.

"The open hand is the only way to hold a man. I think the most stultifying thing in the world is (*Continued on page 83*)



"A woman is smart to play dumb," Billie Burke confides.



Edgar Bergen hasn't come as close to marriage as Charlie has!



"Well, mow me down, if Andrea Leeds hasn't fallen for me!"

Girls seldom get the idea that Charlie's crushes

EDGAR BERGEN may have less on top of his head than Charlie McCarthy, but he has more inside it. And, despite the fact that recession has hit his hairline, you can still call Edgar handsome. Handsomer than Charlie, certainly. Yet, to hear Edgar tell it, he hasn't come half as close to marriage as Charlie has.

"He's the one who mows 'em down," Edgar says, wryly. "I get the left-over glances. I'm sort of tolerated, as a friend of Charlie's."

Practically from the beginning, it has been that way. Time after time, Charlie has kept girls from taking Edgar seriously—when Charlie has given him a chance to meet them. Year after year, Charlie has reduced Edgar's possible love-life to splinters.

There was that pretty history teacher in high school, for example. Edgar was inclined to be enamored of her. But he never would have passed history, never would have graduated, never would have become what he is today, if she hadn't met Charlie. Edgar himself hadn't known Charlie very long at that time. He didn't sense Charlie's potentialities. He didn't realize that women could fall in love with dummies. Even wooden dummies. He got around to that discovery later. At the moment, he was absorbed only with the discovery that he could "throw" his voice.

"I didn't know I could until I had unconsciously done it. I didn't get the idea from an ad, or a book, or even an urge. I stumbled into it. You know the funny yells that kids have, cat-calling to each other. Well, one day I was calling to one of my classmates in the school corridor. He looked for me in the opposite direction. I thought it was because of the echoes in the hall. But the same thing happened other places. After a while, I began to think that maybe I had something.

"One night, at home, I was studying. To keep myself amused, I was imitating an old man in the distance, calling. My mother was in the next room. Finally, she couldn't stand it any longer. She went to the door, to see where the old man might be, and what ailed him.

"That decided me. I invested in the 'Wizards' Manual —or How to Be a Magician, a Hypnotist and a Ventriloquist.' All for twenty-five cents. I was about thirteen or



by James Reid



Bergen feels that it's much better to be Charlie's friend than not.

might really be Bergen's!

fourteen. Anyway, too young to wonder how a girl could ever sit on my lap, with a dummy there. If I'd thought of that angle, I suppose I'd have planned to take care of it with hypnotism."

Also, if he hadn't acquired Charlie, he might never have had to endure romantic frustration. Any other dummy might have been persuaded to hide in a suitcase after working hours, and give Edgar a chance to put across his own personality. But not Charlie.

"My first dummy was an ordinary papier-maché one. He was like a million other dummies, and that gave him a negative personality, to begin with. On top of that, he was blackface—and I wasn't so good at colored dialect. Between his blank face and my hammy dialect, people watched me, instead of him. They never seemed to get the idea that *he* was supposed to be talking.

"So I went down to an old woodcarver and told him I wanted a dummy that was 'different.' I wanted one with character in his face. One that looked wide-awake. One that looked as if he could talk by himself.

"I took along some sketches (*Continued on page 81*)





Cute Marjorie Weaver feels her net profit will be high when she goes fishing for long hours under the summer sun.



When aplayin' she does go, Arleen Whelan, right, wears wool, for she realizes it is cooler than you'd think.

Believe it or not, there are ways and means of getting the best of a high temperature

by
Mary Marshall

THERE ARE those who love hot weather and those who hate hot weather, but the fact remains that, with the exception of a fortunate few who own slices of mountain tops, we all have to cope with hot weather problems in one way or another. The girls who simply adore the heat, my dear, are apt to go to extremes in taking advantage of summer's health-giving and beauty-giving properties; and those who hate heat with an unholy hate are apt to sit down limply and give up all effort to feel good and look nice until comes the first of October. There is a happy medium, and there are ways and means of getting the best of a high temperature. Give me your attention and I'll tell you a few things.

The psychological effect of looking nice is wunnerful. "Oh, how cool you look!" Do folks say that to you? Cool, and fresh, and fragrant—that's summer sex appeal. Well, begin from the skin out. Take luke-cold baths and showers. Put a pine essence, which has some zing to it, into your tub. Blot yourself dry, don't rub. My pet lazy stunt is to let myself evaporate—takes a little time, but mmm, it does feel good. Then pat on cologne or toilet water instead of using a bath powder, which is inclined to roll up into heating and chafing particles when it's been on a little while. Use a

Everything's Under the Sun



A permanent with a soft wave like Anita Louise's is most comforting on hot days.

Olivia De Havilland basks with the greatest of ease.

deodorant which tends to stop perspiration.

Wear a shirt or chemise under your girdle. And *don't* leave off that girdle if you need one, and practically everybody does, even the thin gals. The idea of the shirt is—well, haven't you all gone thru the business of tugging on a girdle after a shower, and getting hot and cross all over again? Remember that cotton is a durn sight cooler than silk, and that old things are cooler than new things. I buy gent's cheap woven undershirts to wear under everything that isn't transparent. You can find cotton pants and slips if you shop around for them. Pack away your lace-trimmed lingerie for winter. Sitting on a lace-trimmed pantie and getting stencilled does not make for that fresh and cool appearance.

I don't need to remind you of the value of washable things over clothing that must be dry cleaned. But there, too, I should give a thought to the gal who must work in an office except for that cherished two weeks' vacation. She is faced with choosing between a laundry bill that staggers, or standing over the ironing board. In which case, may I remind her of the blessing of seersucker? And howz about a thin dark or printed suit, with which thin, inexpensive blouses can be worn? Alpaca is nice and cool, too. Save your white linen or sharkskin suit for gala occasions and make up your mind that you can squeeze only two wearings out of it at the outside, and then it's off to the laundry. White suits look cool, but they ain't. And may I remind you that wool is a heap cooler than it's given credit for being? This is a tip passed along by Arleen Whelan who practically lives all summer in short-sleeved wool tops, plus shorts, slacks or skirts, as occasions demand.

Do you dote upon going without stockings whenever you can? Okay, but kindly wear something between your feet and your shoes. Thin wool, again. is best. Do you want to know (*Continued on page 70*)





What Makes A Man Fall In Love?

Interest, but not aggressiveness, wins men like Gene Raymond, left. Appearance and disposition count a lot with Dick Powell.

Five Hollywood heroes list the wiles that snare the unfair sex

by Lillian Genn

WHAT MAKES a man fall in love? What particular appeal makes a woman attractive to him? What qualities capture his heart?

Many a girl with charm, looks, and intelligence never succeeds in winning a Prince Charming, and would give a pretty penny to know why she fails.

We thought it would be interesting to have the men themselves shed some light on the subject, so we hunted down five of Hollywood's most attractive males, and put the problem to them. What advice could they give a girl who would find love, and, through it, happiness? Also what might she unconsciously do that would chill love?

The first object of our research was the idol-of-the-hour, Robert Taylor. He thinks that the answer to a girl's chance at romance lies in her general genius for making herself attractive.

"I don't mean by that physical attractiveness. I am taking it for granted that she has made herself as lovely as possible, and that she dresses smartly," he explained as he relaxed his stalwart six feet in an easy chair.

"What I mean is that she should cultivate the qualities which make people vote her a 'grand person.' Geniality, tact, and poise are far more powerful drawing cards than a pretty face.

"I believe that nothing is so effective as the vivid and radiant quality which is reflected through a good disposition. Men don't enjoy the company of a girl who is pessimistic, or cynical, or who complains.

"She must acquire confidence, if she doesn't already possess it. Without the feeling that she's equal to any situation, and has something to offer, the girl probably wouldn't be able to do anything about it if romance did come her way. Her frame of mind has a great deal to do with how she impresses others.

"She should be friendly. Let her go out of her way to be nice to people, to meet them more than 'half way.' She should give of her time and energy to help them, and to understand them.



Wayne Morris likes intelligence, sophistication and a sense of humor.

James Stewart, right, looks for naturalness and companionship in his girls.

"The greatest single reason why many girls are lonely and don't win their Prince Charming, is because they don't try to understand other human beings. Their point of view is out of joint with their fellows', and they are unwilling to admit it or believe it.

"When a girl takes an interest in people, and her sympathies expand, she plants the seed of popularity. She finds that people begin to be interested in her.

"In the story books, the girl who found her Prince Charming was always feminine. The same thing is quite true in real life. This doesn't mean that a girl should be a clinging vine. But it is fatal for her to toss away her greatest charm.

"I think, too, that very often a girl would be lots more attractive to men if she didn't try so hard to be. If she could just forget whether her nose was shiny, and not bring out the compact and lipstick every five minutes, it would make a man feel more at ease.

"If I ever marry, I'll take my wife on a camping trip with me for about two weeks out of every year," said Bob, shrewdly. "She won't have any occasion for make-up and will have to be as nature made her. It will do her no end of good."

WE NEXT asked the enormously attractive Dick Powell for his opinions on the subject. He depreciated his abilities as a love-expert, but after a little urging, he broke down and gave us some valuable pointers.

"If a girl isn't getting the right sort of breaks from Cupid, I don't think it's anything to develop an inferiority complex about. No, finding your true love is largely a matter of luck. If you don't believe me, just take a look at all the plain girls and homely men who have done all right for themselves," beamed Dick.

"But such a girl certainly ought to walk firmly up to a mirror, take a good long look at herself in a bright light and say, 'What's wrong with me?' Perhaps she'll find some little matter of make-up, hair comb, or dress that needs changing. More probably, she'll notice some little detail she's been missing, such as a discontented droop to her mouth, or an unfriendly expression about the eyes, that's been making all the difference in the world."

Then Dick disclosed what he believed to be the most potent secret of all in this extremely interesting business of romance: Don't be obvious.

"A girl who makes her intent to charm too evident, sets the tide of popularity flowing away from instead of toward her. Give the poor male his rightful chance to exert his own powers of fascination. The one thing he'll run from quicker than anything else is even the faintest suggestion of a trap to catch him off guard. He must be free from that suspicion.

"To try to attack man's psychological fortress with the weapons of 'See-how-charming-I-am' is fatal from the first onslaught.

"Be charming, but let him find out for himself just how charming you are," smiled Dick. "He'll do it, never fear! But he'll do it a whole lot faster and more surely if you leave your signboards at home."

Many a man, according to James Stewart, falls in love with a woman just because of her smile.

"A woman's smile can change her entire face," explained this likable young man, in that slow drawl of his. "So much so, that I really believe it is in a smile that a woman is or is not charming. Women who haven't beauty, have supplied themselves with magnetism, and have added to the attractiveness of their personality, merely by knowing how and when to smile.

"The faculty of knowing what to say and when to say it is second only to the ability to say nothing at the right time. This is very important," stressed young Stewart. "Ask any man, and, if he's (*Continued on page 95*)



"Yes, I've certainly been affected by success," confides Ray Milland.

Ray's conceited, extravagant, important—and admits it—but he's way up there just the same, and here are the real reasons

by Ben Maddox

RAY MILLAND strode into the studio café.

He was late, an unpardonable sin with him. "I can't stand anyone who's late," he declared emphatically, and waved impatiently for a waitress. "There's no excuse for it!" Definite he was, just like that. He does nothing by halves.

There didn't seem to be a waitress—things like this happen even to movie stars! So he groaned and, momentarily stalled, presented his own alibi. "We had a party last night and one of our guests went home leaving his car behind him. He came for it this noon and apologized for an hour. I couldn't stop him!" Apologies, you gather, must be brief to win Ray. He can get a point immediately, and prolonging the obvious is the fastest way to bore him.

A fleeting year ago this dark and handsome fellow who looks like Prince Charming and is, literally, more fascinating than that legendary gent, was merely a promising leading man. Now, however, his rating is entirely different. His charm packed so undeniable a punch that, at last, he has been rewarded. Having proved he has what it takes, he is busily heroing in million-dollar supers, his studio's best efforts. He is, finally, an important one.

So now, you fans are clamoring for an up-to-the-minute memo on Milland. What's happened to him, as a person, while he's been making all this progress professionally? Has becoming a big shot changed him? Is he happier bedecked with his Hollywood halo? Is his personal life the life of Riley, now that he's "arrived?" In short, what is success doing to him?

"When I woke up this morning," said Ray, despairing of ever catching a waitress' eye, "I had an impulse to pack a suitcase and head straight for Switzerland. It's too late for the skiing, but at least I could see St. Moritz, and feel its spell again. This afternoon's airliner east would be the thing. I like to get places in a hurry. I'd take the Normandie for the Atlantic."

"A nice steak, Mr. Milland?" chirruped the blonde delaying the lunch.

"I could pack in five minutes!" retorted Ray. "All right, steak—before I starve to death."

He is, he asserted, a very impatient fellow. "You can have excitement if you go after it," Ray informed me. You can mix with glamorous people if you want to. I speak from experience. I hate to be stuck with mediocrity. It isn't necessary. One of the advantages of success is that you can be more honest as to how you feel. You can speak your mind more freely. I'll admit that certain behavior antagonizes me. I am bored to the extreme by people who try for an effect. I can sense sham instantly. In fact, I can see through people, even tell their next move. That's why I have only three close friends. I'm not being inconsistent, either. Being cosmopolitan isn't a sham when in your heart you want to escape from the ordinary."

A film idol rarely admits to (*Continued on page 80*)



by Robert McIlwaine

Glenda may not practice what she preaches, but she has the idea!

GET IT while you can, and all you can!" Glenda Farrell speaking, and as the screen's ace portrayer of gold-diggers, she should know the answers! "Never try to save a man's money for him, or you'll get it in the neck. I know, for that's what happens to me. The best plan is to spend till it hurts. But—never let it hurt you! The more you make a man spend, the more he will earn for you to spend."

The ironic part of it is that vivacious Glenda, on the screen, can take a guy for his last match box. But in real life, she can't get today's cocktail—yep, it may be cocktails, but they're on Miss F! However, yesterday's beau is today's friend with Glenda. So—

"I'm Irish and romantic, so I just can't seem to use my head. That's why I end up saving some man's money and a blonde cutie spends it for him. *I* don't go to the Troc or the races! Oh no, I even wait for movies to come to neighborhood houses where it's a quarter instead of fifty cents. But, along comes a brainless wonder and she's at the races, the Troc and all the swank previews.

"I invariably pick the wrong man. Do you know, for two long years I went with one lad and saved his pennies. He was struggling to get ahead and I was in love. My first thought wasn't where we would go. Never! How could we spend an inexpensive evening?. We dined in, listened to the radio and on rare occasions (after pay day) went to the neighborhood movie. I was looking out for *his* future!

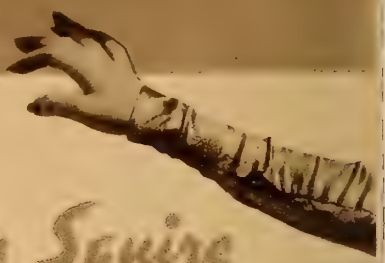
"And what happened to yours truly? Got it right in the neck! A contract player from another lot, more lush than flush, saw this swell accumulating bankroll and decided to adopt it. You can bet there are no quiet evenings by the fire for him now. Oh no, it's the races and a new club each night. She has to be seen! Not me! That air around Santa Anita way might give me a cold!

"I stood this just as long as I could and pushed off for New York. It worked. Yes, it's my turn now! Why, I've broken five dates in a row with him, and I'm thoroughly enjoying it, too. A lot of people would think I'm an awful lot in love to take the trouble to break those dates—and maybe an awful lot of people are right.

THE SAME thing, figuratively, goes for the studio. I work like a Trojan, think I'm doing a good job and when I expect a raise, what do I get? 'Everyone's letting players go, so take this or else.' Well, I took the 'or else' and it turned out to be pretty darn good. It was in the nature of a mild triumph when I went to another studio, getting as much for three days work as I had gotten for three months. The picture wasn't very good, but they knew I was in demand. Then along came an offer for as much money for two pictures as my home studio offered me for four. Well, they finally came to giving me as much for three as I was offered for the two. You know where my old studio's got me? I've been with them so long I wouldn't be happy anywhere else. So I'm going back home and do Torchy Blanes again and I'll love it."

Glenda is residing in that California town boasting as its mayor none other than Hugh Herbert. And, Miss F. is the Mayor's favorite citizen. Maybe it's only an idea, but we'll bet leading citizens of Studio City will be gathering out Farrell way once her chintzes are hung and that old Sheffield feels at home. (*Continued on page 75*)

IT'S FASHIONABLE TO BE *feminine*



by Marian Squire

THE CURRENT cinema clearly indicates the trend for feminine furbelows, and both male and female juries unanimously convict them of charm, allure and flattery. Don't go overboard with ruffles, however, for a truly smart get-up is never fussy. Rustle delicately, and ruffle with discretion. Be as girlish as you like, but don't let your clothes give the impression that you've dressed in a high wind.

Virginia Bruce, in "The First Hundred Years" has a series of business frocks which illustrate the point neatly —with one sartorial exception to prove the rule.

There are delicate touches of frou-frou, but "touches," remember. One slim black coat dress has wide revers of stiffened white piqué. A soft chiffon ruffle outlines the neckline close to the throat, relieving what might otherwise have been too-tailored severity. It blends the clinging vine with efficiency, something all business girls could use to advantage. A soft bosomed black frock, fitted through waist and hips, has a huge rhinestone clip as sole decoration. This is worn with a tiny cone hat, erupting at the top in small curled ostrich tips. Another cone crowned hat has a heart shaped brim, and accompanies a waist-length silver fox cape.

In one of designer Dolly Tree's costumes for Virginia Bruce her imagination goes a bit out of bounds. Her travelling outfit is no help, either to Miss Bruce's face or figure. The jacket is too long for symmetry, and the suit's lines are destroyed by too much swirl of material, and burden of wide fluffy fur collar. This is a lesson to tuck away for future reference. However slim you may be, silhouette is sacrificed when a swing skirt is combined with swing jacket or tunic. There are too many lines



In "Four Men and a Prayer" Loretta Young, left, wears a dramatic evening gown of white chantilly lace with sequins. Irene Dunne's broad-shouldered white bengaline coat tops a pencil slim black crepe skirt and a jabot blouse of rich silver lamé.

The stars show you how to combine glamor with smartness in new costumes for morning, noon and night



going in too many directions. It's all right to maintain the pencil line in both, but a wide skirt required a fitted jacket —and vice versa. Miss Bruce is further handicapped in this sequence, by a bonnet whose brim shoots out in front, with a crown that projects rearward, in a flat line across the top. A novelty, no doubt, but most unbecoming.

Miss Tree redeems herself, however, with two beautifully simple evening gowns whose interest centers in accessories. Quite similar, both have Grecian ancestry, carried out in soft white material. In one, small rhinestone birds perch on the shoulder, where the wide folds of the bodice are tightly shirred—an intriguing touch you might remember as a builder-upper for any evening gown of your own that has lost its appeal. Even the "five and dimes" now abound with butterflys, bugs, and other interesting clips which add a dash to your shoulder straps.

The second "formal" is in the same spirit, with yards and yards of skirt clinging to the figure when not in motion. Variation is in the bodice. One shoulder strap lies flat, and the other is a twisted (*Continued on page 79*)



The elegant simplicity of shimmering gold lamé fashions another of Loretta Young's long-sleeved dinner gowns in "Four Men and a Prayer." Irene Dunne's clothes in "Joy of Living" prove the bolero to be universally becoming and always popular.



by George Benjamin

She may only be eleven, but little Withers can troupe with the best of 'em

Calamity Jane

DESPITE OPINION in some certain quarters, Jane Withers is not a precocious little girl. She is not, offscreen, the young Indian she portrays when the cameras are grinding. To be sure, she is as bright and noisy as Fourth of July, but there the "brat" in young lady Withers ends. No, Janey is not a problem child. She is not, her mother tells you, a wonder child either. She is just a normal, healthy youngster with an abundance of talent and pep.

When it comes to mimicry, she has a parrot backed off the boards. Her imitations are devastating. One of them was so penetrating that it was deleted from her personal appearance tour by request—the request of an executive in her organization. No tribute for accuracy could be higher, you're bound to agree.

Jane is an indefatigable worker. She will give full measure on whatever the script calls for—and the script usually has a way of calling for taking a header down a flight of stairs or a sock on the jaw or an equally strenuous bit of business which requires liniment and bandages once the scene is shot to satisfaction. Since calamities invariably punctuate the Withers' pictures, the young star has come to be known as Calamity Jane. She doesn't mind it at all. In fact, the appellation sort of gives her an added importance and lustre.

Jane will never have to learn how to win friends etc., etc. She knows instinc- (*Continued on page 97*)

JACKIE AND HIS BRIDE TELL ALL

Here, at last, are the inside facts of the Coogan story told to you by those who really know it—the Coogans!



A poignant scene from Jackie's greatest success, "The Kid," with Charlie Chaplin.

I WANT MY MONEY

BY JACKIE COOGAN

I'M BROKE.

For most of my childhood years I worked—hard work, too—and I have nothing to show for it. Acting before the cameras means unceasing concentration, a constant grind. Most men have their fortunes made, their careers behind them, after as many years of labor. I have little or nothing. I shall have to begin all over again . . . at twenty-three.

This wasn't what my father, a real pal, intended. He always had my best interests at heart. I know that sounds trite as I say it, but it is what he used to tell me time and again—and after all, he would have had no motive in lying. He knew that I would always share



Jackie, looking pretty slick with a "topper" and walking stick.



Charlie Chaplin and Jackie—fast friends since "The Kid."

The child star of more than a decade ago gives the inside, intimate facts of his quest for justice in the courts

everything I had with my dad, that I would never let him down. I had a right to expect as much of him. He wouldn't have failed me.

When I was a kid—"The Kid," as they called me in the picture of that name, produced and starred in by Mr. Chaplin—Dad used to say, "Come on, Jackie, let's get going. The $4,000. you earn this week is yours." For years he put me on a petty allowance of six dollars and twenty-five cents a week, reminding me, "You're going to be a rich man when you grow up. I want you to learn the value of money. I don't want you to be like most of the other Hollywood actors who leave the screen broke and disheartened."

But all that I earned in those years has been taken from me. It is in the hands of my mother, Mrs. Bernstein, and my stepfather, Arthur L. Bernstein. (My mother claims now that I knew all along that none of the millions I earned belonged to me. In her court deposition she stated that she never intended that I should have any portion of them.)

What was that income? When I was six, income taxes of $53,000. a year were paid for me. When I was thirteen, my father bought a number of lots in the Wilshire-Fairfax section of Los Angeles. That is the swank residential part of town. The lots cost a great deal of money; they are worth nearly a million dollars today. Dad—and I offer this as typical proof of the unselfishness of his attitude—placed the check for the property in my hands, so that I might turn it over to the seller. "Here, Jackie—it's your land. You pay for it," he said.

Those lots have since been sold.

A year or so later, Dad purchased a business block for $300,000. And much earlier he had bought at least $500,000. worth of other real estate. Then there were the oil wells at Huntington Beach—still producing so far as I know.

In January, 1923, seven companies were competing for my services. Mr. Joseph Schenck of Metro outbid the others. I received a $500,000. bonus on a contract which called for four pictures at a sixty-forty cut. Dad was to be paid sixty per cent of the net—for me. I remember that we signed with Mr. Schenck instead of with Mr. Sol Lesser, who had helped further my career, because Mr. Lesser was unwilling to let Dad act in a supervisory capacity over my productions, whereas Mr. Schenck had agreed. Dad was also given a salary (*Continued on page 92*)



Jackie's favorite and most recent portrait of himself.



Here he greets Betty Grable at the airport.

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OLLYWOOD, April 21 (U
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HOLLYWOOD, April 21 (U

Jackie Accepts Mother's Challenge, but He Can't Remember Anything Serious.

HOLLYWOOD, April 19 (U. P.).—Jackie Coogan expressed willingness today to accept his mother's invitation and state the nature of the "particularly bad thing" he did when he was 20 years old.

Unfortunately, he continued, he couldn't remember ever having been "particularly bad." In his adolescent years, he said, he hadn't been exactly a perfect boy, but "
been "just kid stuff"
really

Bernstein, a dapper little man,
tried to comfort his wife
testified in the
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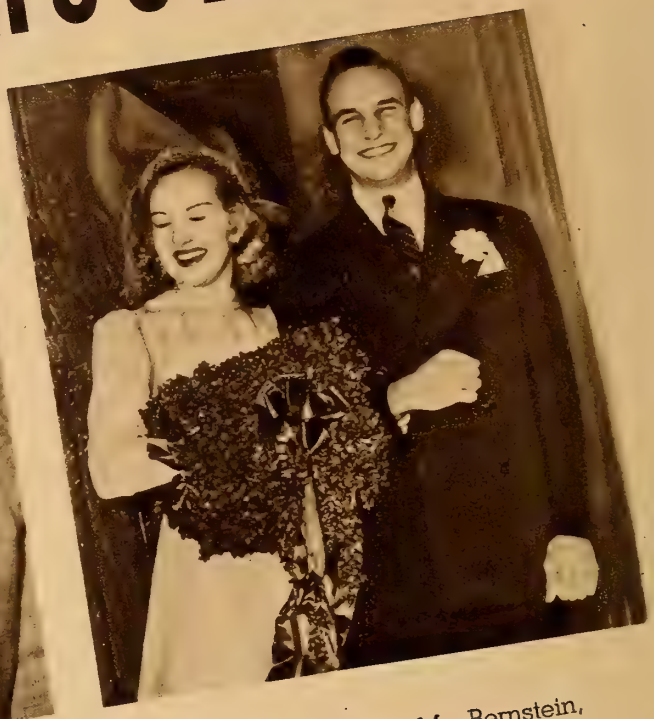
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JACKIE SHOULD HAVE



Before the young Coogans took out their marriage license, Jackie's mother warned Betty that he was a poor boy.



"When we were married, Mr. Bernstein, Jackie's stepfather, didn't even come into the church. He stood outside."

OF COURSE Jackie should have his money. Not only because he worked eighteen years for it, worked his whole childhood away, and earned it, but also because he's the kind of a boy who lives the Golden Rule, who always gives other people their just dues, and more.

I don't mean that Jack is generous only with money. Goodness knows he hasn't had much of that. I mean that he gives everything in kindness, and thoughtfulness and consideration. I never knew a boy so sweet to his mother as Jackie was. He always called her "Moodie dear." He was always affectionate with her, or tried to be. And his affection was never returned. People who have known him all his life tell me this.

Jackie is the most unselfish person I ever knew. And because he is that way it never occurs to him that others won't be the same. Any other boy would have realized that something was very wrong when his estate, the trust fund he, and everyone else, believed was there for him, was not turned over to him on his twenty-first birthday. Instead, he was given a "present" of a thousand dollars. And even that had a string to it. He would be given this gift, he was told, on condition that he sign certain papers which, it turns out, signed away just about everything he had. He signed them. It's hard to believe, but he did, because he is, or was, entirely without suspicion. It just wasn't in Jackie to believe that a fellow's mother would keep from him what was his. He trusted his mother. And even now though he is sensitive enough to realize that this is a bitter thing he has had to face and to do, even now he isn't bitter about it. He realizes that it had to be done, but he says, "I'd rather not talk about it."

I know Jackie well enough to swear that if hi

Mrs. Jackie Coogan tells you the intimate details that led to

Press Agent Quits Coogan Cas

Hired Saturday by Mrs. Bernste
Needs Help Badly.

Dave A. E

HIS MONEY

BY BETTY GRABLE



"After our marriage, Jackie realized that he had responsibilities to meet and not one cent to meet them with."



"Jackie has never lived on my money. He had an orchestra before we were married, and saved from that."

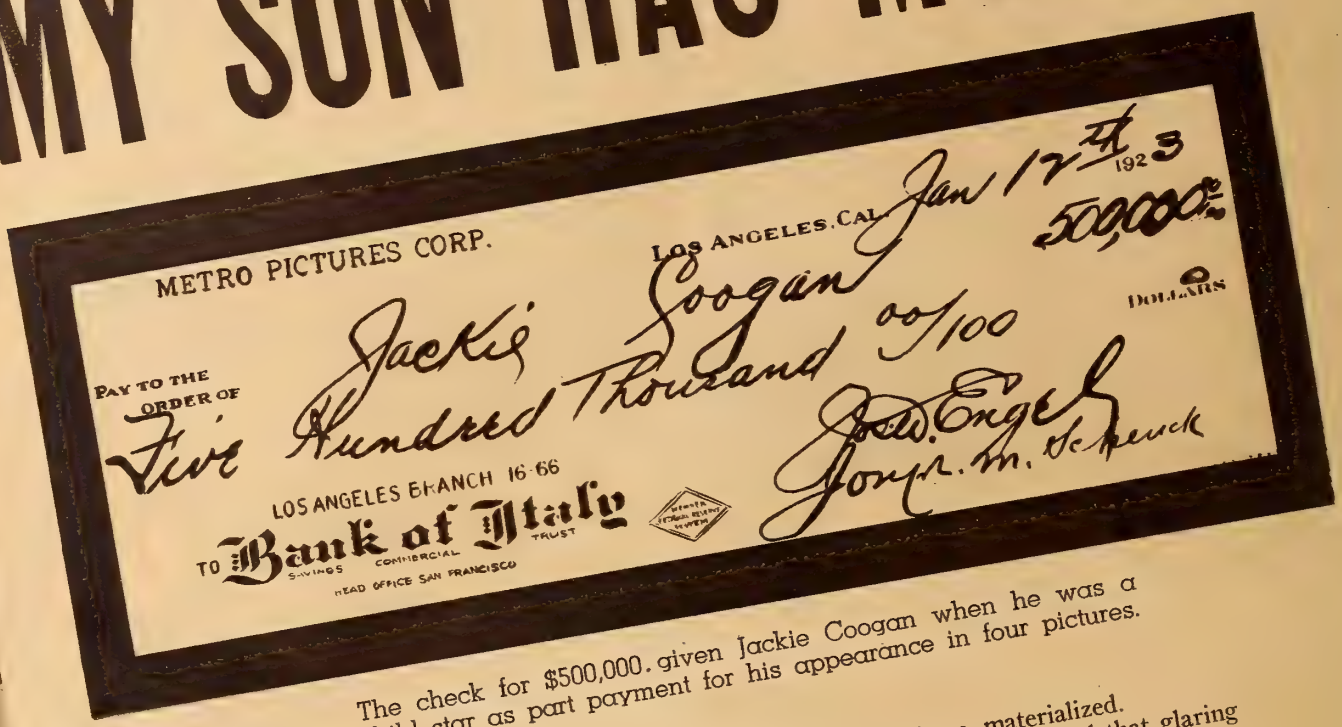
family had handed his estate over to him on his twenty-first birthday, or at any time thereafter, he would have more than provided for them for the rest of their lives. He would have done everything in the world for his little brother Robert. Jackie feels simply terrible about Robert, worse about him than about anything or anyone else. He would love to be able to take Robert and keep him with us. He wants Robert to understand why this had to be done, and is so afraid he'll be given the wrong impression, for Robert is only thirteen and too young to grasp the whole situation. Jack is really suffering over Robert.

If Jack has any fault at all it is that he isn't aggressive enough. Perhaps he had to "give out" so much when he was a child that a lot of it was taken out of him. I only know he hates to fight, detests arguments or friction of any kind. I can't have an argument with Jack, because he won't argue, that's all. He gets up and goes away and stays away until any possibility of an argument has blown over. Then he comes back and acts as if nothing has happened. He never would have taken the stand if it weren't that when we were married he realized he had responsibilities to meet and not one cent to meet them with. With all that he had earned, with a childhood of work behind him, with all the talk of the trust fund created for him, the "Millionaire Kid" didn't have enough to take me out dancing, let alone get married.

It's all the more shameful because Jack is so unselfish and self-sacrificing. As his wife, I know. He "does unto others" in every little way he can think of. He always brings me my breakfast in bed, on a tray. When it is our maid's night off, it is Jackie who gets the (*Continued on page 93*)

her husband's predicament and the reasons for his suit against his mother

"MY SON HAS MONEY,"



The check for $500,000. given Jackie Coogan when he was a child star as part payment for his appearance in four pictures.

BY RUTH RENICK

JACKIE COOGAN Charges Mother Deprives Him Of $3,000,000. Earnings!" That screaming headline in a Los Angeles newspaper recently, struck me squarely between the eyes.

Dazedly, I read the story, the strange, and somehow sad and almost incredible tale of the lawsuit brought by Jackie, "The Kid" of tender memory, a grown man, now, against his mother, Mrs. Lillian Coogan Bernstein, demanding an accounting of the $3,000,000. he earned as a child star.

I reeled from that news as I had from another story, a few years ago, the story of the automobile accident in which Jack Coogan, Sr., was killed.

I lost a friend the day Jackie Coogan's father died. That kindly, understanding Irishman, with the Celtic gift for making other people's burdens his own, was one of the most genuine persons I have met in my two decades in Hollywood.

But, of course, my loss was as nothing compared to Jackie's. His father was truly his best friend. They were pals in the most profound sense of the word. And if Jack Coogan, Sr., had lived, I know that this ugly matter figuring so sensationally in the public prints never would have—never could have materialized.

It was only natural, when I read that glaring headline about Jackie's lawsuit against his mother and her husband, Arthur Bernstein, one-time general manager of Jackie Coogan Productions, that I should dwell, in memory, on a May day in 1923, when Jackie Coogan was a wistful, happy-but-pensive boy of eight.

It was then that Jack Coogan, Sr., with a note of unwonted seriousness in his voice, said to me, "Ruth, Jackie never will have to worry about his financial future. He's going to have all the things I didn't have when I was a kid. I had to hustle out and sell papers when I was his age. And when I was older, I had to eke out a living as a vaudeville hoofer.

"Well, those are hardships Jackie will never know. And I'll tell you why. Because I'm going to see to it, through ironclad investment of his earnings, that my boy will receive from me exactly $1,000,000. on his twenty-first birthday. Yes, indeed.

"And later, he will get as much more as there is to get. His mother and I don't want to grow rich at Jackie's expense. What we want to do, on the other hand, is to conserve, and, if possible, increase, the money he makes, taking for ourselves only enough to assure comfort."

Jack Coogan, Sr. confided to "The Kid's" leading woman, and revealed his plans for Jackie's financially secure future



Ruth Renick, Jackie's leading woman, and Jack Coogan, Sr.'s confidante.



Nobody could possibly doubt that the young Coogans are very happy.

LILLIAN COOGAN—Jackie's mother—a plump, easygoing woman, sat beside Jack Coogan and nodded assent. I was to have other conversations with Jackie's father about Jackie's future, but that was the first. This is how it came about.

After Jackie's magnificent success with Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid," the picture which started him tugging on the heartstrings of the world, Coogan, Senior, a good business man, realized that in the person of that lovable boy there was a real gold mine.

So, the Jackie Coogan Productions came into being. A contract was signed with the old Metro Company. Jack Coogan sought a suitable, heart-warming story for the first production under that then colossal agreement.

He found that story in Mary Roberts Rinehart's charming chronicle, "Long Live the King." He wanted a leading woman, and I was chosen for the part of Princess Hedwig. I was in New York at the time, and received word from Jack Coogan to hurry back to Hollywood. Jackie himself had had a hand in selecting me for Princess Hedwig.

"It seems," his father told me, "that Jackie is a fan of yours. He saw you with Douglas Fairbanks in 'The Mollycoddle,' and insists that you play the part."

So Jackie and I went to work. In the cast, I remember, were Alan Hale, Rosemary Theby, Vera Lewis and Robert Brower. The director was Victor Schertzinger, whose name then, as now, was one to conjure with in Hollywood. One day we worked on one of the most spectacular sets ever constructed in Hollywood up to that time, the Lavonian castle. Jackie, as the boy king, proudly reviewed his gorgeously-uniformed troops. As he faced the cameras, there was a gallant smile on his appealing face.

Truly, it was a brave smile. For Jackie's feet hurt. His shiny, patent leather boots were too tight for him, and he confided to me, "They're killin' me, but I won't say anything about it. I don't want to hold up the production."

Jackie's proudest possessions at that time were a handful of bright marbles which Charlie Chaplin had given him. During a long interval, when camera angles were being changed, he tugged at his mother's dress and begged,

"Mother, won't you play marbles with me?"

Busy, Mrs. Coogan said, in a manner not unkindly, "No, Jackie, Mother hasn't time now."

The youngster hobbled in those torturing boots across the courtyard to his father.

"Daddy," he pleaded, "won't you play with me?"

"Can't do it now, Jackie," Coogan told him briskly. You'll have to find someone else."

(*Continued on page 78*)

other Offers 'Kid' Share of His Cash

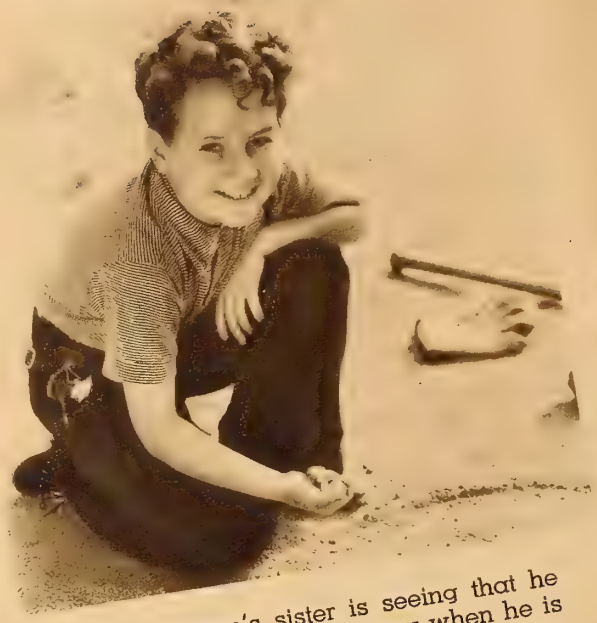
HOLLYWOOD, May 3 (UP).—Mrs. Lillian Coogan Bernstein, vanquis
er first court encounter with her son, Jackie Coogan, tonight offered to g
childhood screen earnings as a "reasonable settlement," if t

NO FUTURE MONEY

HOLLYWOOD, April
Shirley Temple will not
to court when she comes
obtain the fortune she
a child movie star.
Neither will Deanna
Mickey Roo
any

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WHERE IS THEIR



Bobby Breen's sister is seeing that he will receive half his money when he is twenty-one and half nine years later.



The $500,000 Shirley Temple is said to receive a year is put in trust both by her father and her studio.



Deanna Durbin's fortune is put in a trust fund payable when Deanna reaches maturity. Judy Garland, right, endorses her checks to her mother who safeguards the money for her.

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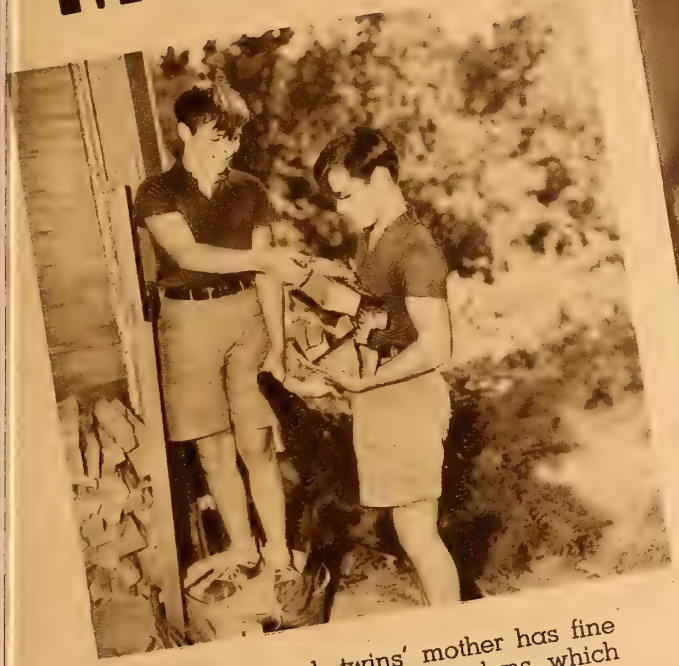
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MONEY ?

Is the financial future of these starlets secure?



The Mauch twins' mother has fine plans for the future—plans which star the Mauch twins alone.



Virginia Weidler will always be able to make money, and her mother will make sure it is saved for the child.



Mickey Rooney's checks are sent directly to a trust company which sends him only living expenses. Freddie Bartholomew, right, has Aunt Millicent to watch out for his finances.



1



2

1. Q. When did you first go before the camera? **A.** In Salt Lake City, when I was four weeks old. Mother held me and I was quite unhappy about the whole thing.

2. Q. Didn't you ever have your picture taken alone? **A.** I was four when I posed for my first solo starring picture. Everyone says I don't look a day over three in this one.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEW

in which the lovely Loretta Young delves into the old family album



5



6

5. Q. Have you ever been married? **A.** Yes, when I was seventeen and to Grant Withers. It didn't "take" however, and we were divorced a year later.

6. Q. Have you ever posed for "leg art?" **A.** Digging through the files, the only answer I can find is this little number. It was taken just four years ago.



3



4

3. Q. Were you considered a "party girl" in your youth? **A.** Indeed! I'm the one with the smile at the left, and the young ladies on either side of me are my cousins. It was their joint birthday.

4. Q. What about your picture debut? **A.** I worked in pictures for two days when I was five. At fourteen, I got my first big part—the lead with Lon Chaney in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

7. Q. Is there a man in your life? **A.** Haven't a single one at the moment. I've been out a few times recently with David Niven, and I've gone to a party or two with Cesar Romero.

8. Q. What are you doing now? **A.** I'm working in "Suez" with Tyrone Power. I'm playing the Empress Eugenie, and I'm also discovering she did something besides wear those funny little hats.



7



8



It looks like Richard Greene still cuts plenty of ice with that little queen of the silver blades, Sonja Henie.

Right Walter Wanger definitely prefers blondes—like Joan Bennett, but Reginald Gardiner votes Hedy La Marr!

Who's the pretty girl, George? "That's no . . . ," etc., says Mr. Murphy, a bit blithely. That's my wife.

Lovely Norma Shearer and her good friend, Merle Oberon, squired by Jimmy Stewart and Doug Fairbanks.

GOOD NEWS

BY LEO TOWNSEND

Come on behind the Hollywood scene with our intrepid reporter, who sees all, hears all and—tells all

Clark Gable has a chance to become a Flathead! The Flatheads (with an "l," please) are a tribe of Indians living on a reservation in Montana, and they have offered to make Gable a chief if he wants to come and settle down with them. Among the attractions offered are plenty of hunting, life in the open, and good fishing. But Gable turned them down. You can't have Carole Lombard and be a Flathead, too, or something like that.

●

Want to know what a star keeps on her dressing-room table? We made a list the other day, on the set of "Always Goodbye," of the items we saw on the table in Barbara Stanwyck's dressing room. Here's the inventory: a hair brush, a copy of "Remembering Laughter," a pack of cigarettes, two sticks of gum, a picture of her son, a box of matches, a towel, a box of hairpins and the top of a cold cream jar.

●

They were telling stories about John Barrymore the other day. The one we liked best was this: In New York, about ten years ago, Barrymore was visiting friends in an unfamiliar part of town. He suddenly decided he wanted a haircut, even though he feared the barbers in the neighborhood were the type who didn't spare the shears. Wandering around, he found a small shop, majestically beckoned to the head barber, and said: "Sir, I want a haircut. And I want such a haircut that only you and I will know I've had a haircut."

●

Latest of the Barrymore stories happened on the set of "Spawn of the North," his current picture. Players were seated at a table, and Barrymore was preparing a "Coffee Royale," for which a spoonful of sugar and brandy is lighted and poured into the coffee. Benzine was being used instead of brandy, because it would make a brighter flame. A match was applied to the benzine, and the sudden burst of flame startled everyone but Barrymore, who gazed at it fondly. "Ah," he said, "The nectar of my youth!"

●

Talking to May Robson on the set of "Sister Act," we asked her what kind of a part she had. "It's what we used to call a 'Come along, Jessie' role on the stage," said Miss Robson. "There were hundreds of plays where one of the featured characters announced she was about to leave, walked to the door and said, 'Come along, Jessie.' Well, I'm Jessie in this one."

●

Miss Robson also told us a story about her one and only airplane flight—a twenty minute trip from Paris to London. She was accompanied by her niece, a companion, some smelling salts and a crucifix which a friend had given her. After the plane took off, she shut her eyes and alternately kissed the crucifix and sniffed the smelling salts. After ten minutes her companions started nudging her, but she refused to open her eyes until the plane landed—when she discovered she'd spent the entire trip smelling the crucifix and kissing the smelling salts!

●

Talked to John Payne on the set of "Garden of the Moon." He has worked at several studios, but he's getting his first real break in this picture, but he's he plays the male lead. "I'm not sore at the other studios," he said. "I got something from each of them." What he got, he told us, was a pair of bedroom slippers from one wardrobe department, shorts from another, and three shirts from still another.

●

Edward G. Robinson did a "Little Caesar" in person the other day when a gal driver creased one of his fenders. He was using a lot of his favorite film dialogue on the frightened young lady when his young son, Manny, broke in with, "I think you ought to be arrested, lady." Papa tried to shush him, but it was no use. "I'll arrest you myself," said Manny, "see my badge?" He whipped out a tin policeman's badge, and succeeded in completely breaking up his father's act. Robinson laughed, and the young lady sped on her way.

●

Herbert Marshall and Virginia Bruce were the center of attraction on the set of "One Woman's Answer." It was late afternoon, and there had been many takes of the same scene. Virginia is in bed, and Marshall, her husband, comes in, sits on the bed and talks to her. After several more takes, the scene is okayed, and Virginia crawls out from under the covers. "Boy, am I tired!" she says to no one in particular. "I've been in this darn bed all day!"

●

Do you know about Shirley Temple's new hobby? Her mother knows about it, but there's nothing much she can do to stop it. Seems when there's no one around the house Shirley picks a number at random out of the phone book and enjoys a long talk with a total stranger. The only hitch in her fun is that when she tells people it's Shirley Temple she sometimes gets very strange—and unconventional—answers.

●

On the "Valley of the Giants" set, Wayne Morris and a gang of huskies were doing a mob fight scene

At the director's order, the boys all leaped into action, and fists flew all over the set. When the scene ended, Morris pulled himself out of the center of the mêlée, looked around and said, "Did I hit anybody?"

●

Bob Taylor probably gets more gifts from fans than any star in the business. He'd have a house full if he kept them all, but most of them are donated to local charities. For instance, in the past six months he has received sixteen sweaters. A woman in Albany, N. Y., has knitted nine for him in the past two years. Men's sportswear manufacturers send him hundreds of items, hoping he'll wear them in his pictures. And since he bought a ranch, he's received a shipment of alfalfa seed from Nebraska. He skipped charity on this gift, and planted the seed.

●

Marion Davies, they say, hasn't been on speaking terms with Norma Shearer since Marion's recent birthday party for William Randolph Hearst. Guests were asked to come as American colonials, and Norma added a touch of surprise to the occasion when she came in her "Marie Antoinette" costume, accompanied by sixteen ladies-in-waiting. Since "Marie Antoinette" was the picture Marion wanted very much to make, you can imagine the chilly reception Miss Shearer received.

●

Flash! Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, in their new pictures, wear bathing suits for the first time in their screen careers. In "Three Comrades" Mr. T. swims intentionally for the first time (remember his ducking in "A Yank at Oxford?") and Miss Stanwyck appears in a bathing suit in "Always Goodbye," marking her screen debut as a bathing beauty. There's no particular significance in this news—we just wanted you to know.

●

Any of you girls know a sure way to put on a little weight? If you do, Jimmy Stewart would be glad to get the recipe, for all the methods he's tried so far have failed. He's six feet two and a half inches tall, and he would like to add about thirty pounds to his present weight of one hundred and fifty-five.

●

Most of the locals who attend previews go hoping they're going to see a swell picture—and sometimes they do. But when the picture's a flop they sit silently through it and suffer along until the lights go up. Joan Crawford, on the other hand, takes no chances. She brings her knitting. If the picture is good she watches it. If it's bad she knits. Producers are beginning to regard her as a modern day Madame De Farge, her busy needles clicking out doom for their epics.

●

Add a new name to your list of Hollywood men-about-town. The latest entry is Mickey Rooney, who has just acquired a swank apartment at the Montecito—and a valet! Young Mr. R., according to reports, out-Powells William when he turns his roadster over to the uniformed doorman and makes his entrance.

●

Hollywood incidentals: When Margaret Sullavan and Leland Hayward dine out, he reads a newspaper throughout the entire meal, and she doesn't mind. . . . Dorothy Comingore, the eighteen-year-old actress discovered by Charlie Chaplin, is now under contract to one of the studios. . . . Tom Beck owns one hundred and twelve trees. He keeps them all in nurseries, because he hasn't any land to plant them on.

●

Imagine the lovely Loretta Young hanging a haymaker on anyone? Neither could Loretta—but that's what the script called for. So Fidel La Barba, former flyweight champ, was called in to give her the low-down on knockouts. "Sure, I see," said



Frank Morgan, above, looks more distinguished every day. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Oakie do all right by themselves, too.

Just a cool million in talent, personality and umph—Myrna Loy, Bob Taylor and Clark Gable—or do you know them?

If you're married to a lovely like Virginia Bruce, right, you can't be camera shy, so J. Walter Ruben takes it all in stride.

That luscious Hedy La Marr gets around, and no wonder. Reggie Gardiner and Dick Barthelmess are the lucky lads.



Loretta, after Fidel's first demonstration. "Not so complicated, is it?" She took a big swing at her instructor, missed by some ten inches and ended up with a thud on the floor. "Not so complicated, maybe, but rough," she admitted ruefully.

●

In a court action over an automobile accident in London last year, Merle Oberon was given a $25,000. judgment. The court found Merle's own chauffeur responsible for the accident, and ordered him to pay the $25,000. Miss Oberon laughed it off, for both she and the chauffeur knew he didn't have the money. After her return to this country, though, she received a cable from her London solicitors. It seems that in London all chauffeurs must be bonded before they can obtain drivers' licenses, and the insurance company handling the bond will pay Merle the $25,000.

●

We've been trying for an hour to make an item out of the fact that Pat O'Brien raises dahlias, and we're ready to give up. We even asked Pat why he raises dahlias and his reply covers the subject very simply. He said, "Because I like to raise dahlias."

●

Neatest trick of the month was staged by a theatre owner in San Diego, California. During the run of "Kentucky Moonshine," anyone who came to the theatre barefoot got in free!

●

Newest twosome around town is Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayres. Had their first date together the other evening—dined and went roller skating. The Gaynor-Power romance is definitely on the wane, and Tyrone is concentrating his attentions on a bit player at his own studio.

●

Jackie Moran's beginning to have girl trouble. All of which is very funny to everyone but Jackie. The girls from Hollywood High, near where Jackie lives, have taken to standing around his house and waiting for him to show up on his way to the studio, to his lessons or to the corner for a coke. Now he's taken to using the back alley and complains that being the dream of a sub-deb is certainly confining.

●

We were talking to Ruby Keeler on the set of "Mother Carey's Chickens" and asked how she felt about being back at work. "Just scared to death," said Ruby. This role, incidentally, is her first picture in over fourteen months, her first costume picture and the first role in which she doesn't dance a step.

●

Luise Rainer might have been put down as one of the most opinionated stars in town when she first came to Hollywood. She would not dress, even under the studio's direct threats, in anything but slacks. But now there's a sudden change of heart. You couldn't hire her at any sum to put on slacks —Mama and Papa Rainer are in town.

●

On the "Too Hot to Handle" set the other day, Clark Gable had to take a nose-dive into a mud puddle. There were elaborate rehearsals so the "take" would be good the first time he really dived in. Everything was in readiness. Clark took a deep breath and dived in head first, and Walter Pidgeon got so excited that he blew up in his lines. They had to postpone the next take until the following day, in order to rehabilitate the Gable wardrobe.

●

Donnie Donahue out on the "Mother Carey's Chickens" set is proving too precocious for everyone's comfort. At first afraid the three-year-old Donnie wouldn't be able to grasp the meaning of his own role, the cast now finds that he's getting everyone else's down pat, besides. The other day, Ralph Morgan slipped up in a line, but covered it so quickly that it would have been a take except for Donnie's piping up: "Spoilt again, Mr. Morgan."



Eddie (Little Caesar) Robinson stole forty winks on us here, but the "little woman" stayed as fresh as a daisy.



Loretta Young's swell sister, Sally Blane, steps out with her handsome hubby, Norman Foster.

The newest wrinkle of the movie stars seems to be taking a Hollywood wardrobe to Paris. Dannielle Darrieux, when she left for France, had seven trunks full of clothes—and all from local shops, except for those copied from her clothes in "The Rage of Paris" and designed by Vera West. And Marlene Dietrich, believe it or not, isn't planning to purchase a stitch in Paris on this trip. She loaded up with gowns here and bought some thirty hats just before boarding the boat in New York.

●

On the "Letter of Introduction" set, we watched actresses acting as actresses. It was a stage scene with Kathleen Howard, Doris Lloyd and Andrea Leeds. Director Stahl was buzzing around like a nervous bumble-bee and giving everyone the jitters. Both Miss Howard and Miss Lloyd blew up once or twice, and only Andrea Leeds kept her composure and her lines intact. They're calling it the "Letter of Introduc-shhhh-un" set around the studio, because everyone's walking around on tiptoes.

●

The table was bending under birthday cakes the other night at the Café LaMaze. Tony Martin had taken Alice Faye there to celebrate her birthday and there ran into Janet Gaynor giving Tyrone Power a tête-à-tête celebration in honor of his. They joined parties and three-tiered cakes.

●

They're calling Bing Crosby the "rainmaker" down at Rancho Santa Fe, California. For every time in the past several years that Bing's staged a golf tournament there, the skies have opened and the deluge has fallen.

●

Frank Morgan owes his reputation to Clark Gable since a broadcast a few weeks ago. Morgan had lapsed into a coma, entirely missing his cue, when Clark gave him such a violent nudge in the ribs that he jumped some three feet, then caught himself up and went into the dialogue, looking pretty sheepish.

●

In case you missed it on the financial page, Jane Withers' weekly allowance has hit a new high—five bucks a week. "I'm going to try to spend it wisely," Jane told her mother, "though some of my extravagances have me frankly worried." Mrs. Withers' worst fears were confirmed a few days later when the trainer of "Darwin," the chimpanzee being used on "The Three Blind Mice" set, called her up. He wondered if she approved of her daughter's deal on Darwin. Jane was purchasing him on the installment plan, one dollar down and fifty cents every Monday.



Myrna Loy's the perfect off-screen wife, too, according to Arthur Hornblow, Jr.

●

Alan Dwan, on the "Suez" picture just celebrated his thirtieth year of directing—and Loretta Young and Tyrone Power presented him with a fancy plaque. Dwan started out making pictures for the "Flying A" company way back when. They made three a week—with Wallace Reid the star and an extremely slim and youthful Eugene Pallette as the juvenile.

●

Studio call sheets, which announce the daily working schedule of pictures, sometimes make good items. For instance, one studio sheet recently read, "Weather permitting, if sun shining, no clouds, and not too windy—on location. Leave studio at six a.m. In event of bad weather, stage eight—dust storm."

●

Item on the universal appeal of Bobby Breen: Discussing young master Breen's radio popularity, Eddie Cantor said, "The Irish think he's Irish, the Jews think he's Jewish, and when he sings 'La Donna Mobile' the Italians go crazy!"

●

They hung a "For Men Only" sign on stage twelve at one of the studios, so we went in to investigate. The set was full of guys with cauliflower ears, and in the foreground a husky gent was playing a tune on a punching bag. A closer look revealed that the husky gent was Bob Taylor, and the punching bag routine was part of his new picture, "Give and Take," in which he plays a prizefighter. Taylor, who's been taking boxing lessons for this role, was actually doing a first-class job on the punching bag. He's glad they're casting him in strictly he-man roles, but he denies they're grooming him for a new Tarzan series.

"LUX was my stand-by at college"

says Andrea Leeds–

"still is, now that I'm in pictures. It's so important for daintiness"



A college moving picture won this dainty star a contract with Samuel Goldwyn! She's charming—here's one of her secrets . . .

"I Luxed all my own things at college—even sweaters," she says. "It saved a lot on upkeep. And when I visited my family in Mexico, I'd take Lux along with me. It saved my stockings and lingerie from ruin!"

Smart young girls keep personal things dainty the way famous movie stars do—with Lux. Lux removes every trace of perspiration odor, yet keeps colors and fabrics new looking longer. Lux has no harmful alkali—safe in water, safe in Lux!

Andrea feels it's part of her job always to "look like a million dollars." "So I stick to Lux," she says. "It's wonderful for colors!"

The appealing daintiness of this lovely co-ed has already won her millions of fans. Don't miss her in the new Universal picture, "Letter of Introduction."



"At school, I always 'kept up' with the movie stars. When I found they used Lux—nothing else for me! I was thrilled at how Lux cut down stocking runs!"

for daintiness . . .



Leading Hollywood Studios

specify Lux in their wardrobe departments to keep costumes and all washable properties fresh and sparkling. It insures daintiness—saves dollars on upkeep, their wardrobe directors tell you.



So THAT you wouldn't have to bend over a hot stove this summer, skilled Franco-American chefs spent many long hours cooking to just the right delicate consistency delicious strands of Franco-American Spaghetti.

So that you wouldn't have to bother getting together and cooking all the ingredients for a delicious sauce, Franco-American chefs have turned out a sauce for you which is simply a marvel.

So why do hot summer hours of work when this has already been done for you? Especially when you can get this most delicious prepared spaghetti for so little—it costs only ten cents for a big 15¾-ounce can—enough for 3 portions.

Husbands and children who have once tasted Franco-American get pretty pernickety when you try to feed them any other prepared spaghetti. Franco-American is grand for children's lunches—hot and nourishing and tempting—and on the table in a jiffy. It combines wonderfully with left-overs, thanks to that marvelous sauce. It's always a hit for Sunday night supper. It's a life-saver when people drop in unexpectedly and it's marvelous for outings and picnics. Let Franco-American help keep you cool and rested this summer! Better lay in a few cans right now!

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SMART for the classroom, indispensable as your fountain pen, are these two new designs to send you off to school in style in September and keep you at the head of your class all year. Never done any knitting? Then start on this three-piece suit, elementary as ABC! Paris says raglan sleeves, collarless, high necklines, fitted waists. They're all here in the "triplet set." There's good news for real knitting fans in the knitted sweater, for it has the new four-tone stripe, colorful and flattering, to blend in with all your skirts. Make the suit in a rich brown, evergreen, or deep plum, the sweater in a combination of bright autumn woodland shades. Send in today for your free instructions.

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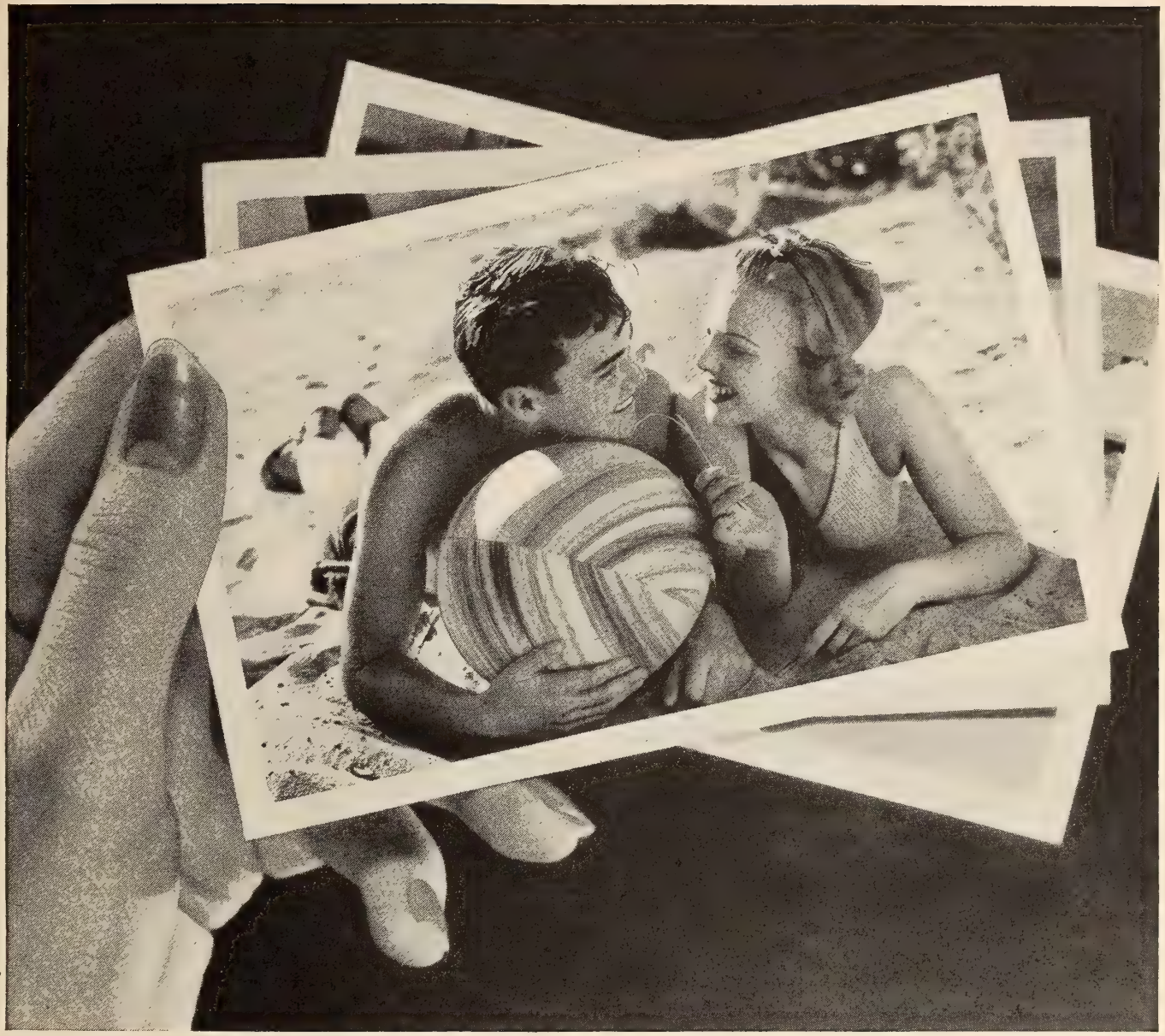
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"I'd get snapshots of every boy I really liked"

says DOROTHY DIX, famous adviser on life and marriage





"I CAN'T see why girls don't use more system in their search for the one-and-only man. Every big business uses system, and love-and-marriage is the biggest, most important of all . . .

"When you meet a boy you like, get some snapshots of him. Keep these. Save the snapshots of all the boys you like. Then, when a newcomer appears and tries to rush you off your feet, look at the snapshots of the others . . .

"Nothing awakens memories like a snapshot. As you see the faces of good old Tom, good old Dick and good old Harry, you may find that one of them really means more to you than your new friend. If so—you're saved from making the wrong choice in the most important decision of your life!"

* * *

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for callouses, relieve pain quickly, safely loosen and remove the hard, dead skin. Stop pressure on the sore spot; soothe and heal.



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EVERYTHING'S UNDER THE SUN

(*Continued from page 43*)

something? Wool socks, worn consistently, will help to banish corns, callouses and other superficial foot ailments. Or you can wear those separate foot things to be had in every department store. If your feet swell in hot weather, stay away from pumps and high heels, and immerse the tootsies every day in cold water, into which you have thrown a handful of table salt. Use a foot powder every day, and a foot balm or ointment every once in a while.

Going from your feet to your heads in my usual abrupt fashion, I trust you have your summer permanents already. No? Well, then, unless you're handy at fixing your hair yourself, just grit your teeth and devote an afternoon soon to getting the best, the most expert, and the most becoming permanent you can afford. A *simple* one, please—like Anita Louise's soft wave. Not too long, hanging around in the back of your neck and driving you crazy. The up-on-the-head arrangements look mighty pretty and cool, and if your hair is "adaptable" and you are skillful at keeping it in order, go ahead and have one of the simpler up-swept coiffures. Otherwise, an easy nape-of-the-neck curl. Sun in moderation is a wonderful hair tonic, so shampoo your locks yourself and dry them outdoors, brushing while they dry. It would be nice if you could keep your hair pretty dry while swimming, but don't let it spoil your fun. Rinse your hair, though, in clear water after the swim, and once every couple of weeks, do the necessary business with olive oil or a good oily tonic. Not a very attractive idea, but it will pay dividends at the end of the summer.

AND now, dears, your faces, and the cosmetic problem. How can a gal add a spot of glamor to her personality when powder runs right off as fast as it's put on? Well, now . . . have you a nice bottle of astringent in your ice box? That's a very good idea. Pat it on, ice cold, with cotton, and don't be stingy with it. Fan your face for a few minutes afterwards. If your skin is nice and clear, for daytime, you can go powderless, wearing lipstick by all means, and eye make-up if you need it.

A great aid to summer-time allure is a good foundation cream. In a shade a little darker than your skin. Get a good one—there are several on the market. Last summer I laid a buck and a half on the line for a container two-by-four-by-one inch, and it lasted me thru the season. This little gift of the cosmetic industry serves many purposes. It gives powder and rouge a firm staying basis, for one thing. You should use cream rouge with it. Used alone, with no powder and bright lipstick and the least touch of eye make-up, it gives excellent protection from too much sun, looks elegant and natural at the same time. It gives a little shine to the face, very fetching on certain occasions, and very much in the Hollywood manner. The movie stars go in a great deal for this type of make-up. And worth noting: for those summer snapshots of you and the boy friend on the beach at Little Codfish Cake by the Sea, your face will come out ever so much prettier for a little shine.

Use these foundation creams sparingly, and blend the cream down into your neck. When applying the cream, have the hair bound up in a towel or something, for these creams do *not* enhance the beauty of the hair. Let the cream "set" a few minutes—it goes down into the skin and does it good, too—and then blot very lightly with tissue. If you're going to put powder on over it, press the powder gently onto your face after the cream has set, and remove excess powder with clean cotton or brush. The powder will stay on very well, in spite of the heat.

AN indispensable, as well as an inexpensive, aid to summer comfort and summer good looks is the compact freshener-upper, to be carried in the purse. When you have taken a long motor ride to the friend's place in the country and, frankly, look like heck upon arrival, and do not wish to be considered a very vain and fussy person because you take hours to "fix up"; when you must work in a city office and have a divil of a time keeping your face on during the hot, perspiring day; when you go dancing on a summer evening and do not wish to get all drippy after one turn around the floor—on any number of occasions, in fact, these clean, refreshing little gadgets will do wonders for you. You can't miss 'em, even if I can't offer you their trade name. Cheap and handy—on drugstore, five and dime, or department store counters.

Ah, me, I suppose I should mention that problem that is always with us: namely, to tan or not to tan. Also how much to tan. Seems to me we should all have acquired some sense about it by this time. And I think most of us have. Well, then, the sensible and chic thing to do nowadays is to get a suntan only if it's extremely becoming; to get it slowly, by the two-minute-a-day-on-up exposure method; not to get as bronze as an Indian in any case, but only a nice feminine, golden shade.

If your skin fries to a crisp in the sun, if you freckle horribly along with the tanning process, and if you are the type who tans very, very quickly—if you are any of these three types—stay out of the sun when it is broiling hot. And wear sun-protection creams, big hats, goggles, and other protective coverings when you must be in the sun. Pink and white skins are again fashionable. The "new" make-ups tend toward shades of red which have a lot of mauve and blue casts in them, and these very chic and alluring shades in rouge and lipstick look like the old Ned with very tan skins.

Another point—a strong tanning is bad for most skins. It *has* been for most skins all these years that copper-colored pelts have been fashionable. It makes the skin leathery in texture and, come winter, it is impossible to get rid of the spotty, dirty look which an extreme coat of tan leaves behind. Out in Hollywood, the stars are taking sun baths very, very cautiously. Why? Because Technicolor will have no truck with a dark coat of tan. Bottles of sunproof oil, cream and lotion adorn the dressing tables of cinemaland, and the cinema belles go down to the sea in big hats and terry-cloth cover-uppers.

There's a minor summer phobia of the younger fry I want to bring up. I've had letters about it in the past, and I remember when I was very young (gawsh, what a memory!) how I used to lie awake nights wondering what I could do to prevent the boy friend from finding out that I had freckles on my arms. Of course, you thin-skinned lassies who freckle should endeavor not to add to the permanent freckles with temporary freckles. There are those two kinds, you know. The permanent ones, acquired in childhood, likely, stay on your skin in varying shades of intensity all your life. With each summer's sun, you can get a crop of temporary



About face!





That battle-ax expression is more often caused by nervous tension than by temper! There are unnecessary tension-makers in every busy day that can steal your youth and charm! Learn to recognize them —discover how to correct them. You can out-wit those beauty robbers . . . if you'll be on your guard!

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Beauty secret worth trying! You can look younger and prettier (and keep your looks longer) if you'll get rid of unnecessary tension, discomfort, and worry! Modess can help you do this on days when nerves are particularly tense . . . and endurance lower. Get Modess today and experience the comfort and peace of mind this *different* kind of napkin brings. Modess costs no more than other nationally known napkins.

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IF YOU PREFER A SMALLER, SLIGHTLY NARROWER PAD, SAY "JUNIOR MODESS"

freckles, and if you are very susceptible to this freckling business you should stock up with a good freckle cream and further hoodwink Old Sol with a good protection cream. A few freckles, in my opinion, are never unattractive. Men do not consider them unattractive, either. Not that one wants to be absolutely peppered with 'em. And try to protect the back of your neck, if you can. That's one place where the large, splotchy freckles are apt to come.

AND now I must say a few words about eating and exercising and dieting and not dieting, dreary as those topics may seem at this time of the year. Summer is the season to be moderate. I'm sure I don't need to tell you not to eat too much. I may need to tell some of you not to eat too little. You all need breakfast, lunch and dinner, according to your diet routine and your figure problems. Beware that oft repeated saying, "It's too hot to eat." Don't go thru the dog days on sandwiches, stingy salads and glasses of iced tea. You may cut almost all sweets, starches and fats out of your diet if you like, and if you are overweight. But proteins you need, for in proteins there is strength.

Proteins, dears, are contained in meat, fish and eggs. In the summer time, there is a tendency to cut down too far on meat. Cut down on it some—yes—for it's a chore to cook it and too much isn't necessary. But you should have a liberal serving of lean meat daily—or fish or chicken—and even the fat girls should go in for an egg a couple of times a week. I know I've said before in these articles that, in extreme cases of overweight, sometimes it's a good idea to cut out meat from the diet entirely. I'm not contradicting myself. Remember, I said "extreme cases of overweight," and even then, meat should be eliminated from the diet only for a short while. Generally speaking, fat or thin, we all need a daily serving of some sort of meat.

For other diet advice, you know as well as I do that leafy green vegetables, fresh green salads, tomatoes, fresh fruit, tomato juice, fruit juice and milk are the foods to choose from for the bulk of your eating. Beware of the snack habit—eat at mealtimes, and you fat girls try to acquire that ability to get up from the table just a little bit hungry. Thin girls, drink plenty of milk, go in luxuriously for ice cream if you like it, and have a malted milk in mid-morning or mid-afternoon if you can—especially if you're a summer office slave. Delicious ice box desserts are blurbed over the radio constantly and adorn the women's pages of the newspapers, and no doubt our own Modern Hostess can tell you a thing or two about 'em, also. Fine for thin girls, when not too rich and gooey. Fat girls, stick to gelatine desserts, water ices, and fresh fruits—plenty of the latter—and watch your complexions bloom while your figures slim.

It's *not* too hot to exercise! You'll feel ever so much better if you stick to an exercise routine, even if you do per-sweat a little while exercising. Don't kid yourself, however, that, if you perspire a great deal, you're losing tons in the process. You do lose in the sweating—yeah—but you put that weight right back on again with your next drink of water. Just go on exercising moderately, systematically and faithfully—but never strenuously. Summer sports—swimming and tennis and all—will keep a figure trim, but not necessarily reduce it. Swimming will develop a thin girl—legs and chest particularly—but won't reduce a fat girl a particle.

Next on the list of summer beauty aids is the special sample offer I have for you this month. Just fill out the coupon with your name and address and begin watching for this grand gift in the mail. It is a combination sample offer that includes a special formula cream and a new "light-proof" face powder. The cream has a "reversible action" that cleans the pores, softens the skin and furnishes a powder base every time you use it. When you smooth the cream over your skin, it seems to disappear. Then, as you massage gently, the action is reversed—the cream reappears loaded with impurities and dirt from the pore openings. The cream is wax-free. The face powder that you will also receive in this free offer claims two new discoveries to eliminate the problem of shiny skin. It is light-proof and moisture-proof.

Next month I'll be back at the same old stand with a little article about extra beauty for fall and winter. When you return to school or the office, or when you go back to the home town, or everybody else comes back to the home town, I want you all to be groomed and ready for heaps of dates and scores of boy friends so watch for it. I'll be seeing yuh!

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RUGGED INDIVIDUALIST

(*Continued from page 35*)

"The Toy Wife"—to see her husband, to see spring in Manhattan, to see two or three plays. She not only had the impulse. She also carried it out.

She flew, despite a weather report of bumpy air, despite studio objections, despite an expectation that she would find a wire waiting for her in New York, telling her, "Return immediately."

She flew despite the fact that her husband has a horror of airplanes, and won't fly, himself. If this isn't individuality, then crabapples grow on gooseberry bushes.

Two days after her short, sudden visit to New York—she was there only three days when the studio recalled her—I saw Luise. Knowing Clifford Odets' aversion to air travel, I wondered (out loud) how he had faced the idea of Mrs. Clifford Odets' flying, when even the studio found objections.

The answer was simple, so far as Luise was concerned. She wouldn't object to his smoking a pipe on the grounds that, if she smoked a pipe, she would become violently ill.

"We are civilized people," she said simply, as if that explained everything. And perhaps it did.

I had just puffed to the topmost tier of a modernistic apartment building stacked against a hillside in Westwood, to find her in slacks in a living room whose walls were mostly windows, with a large view of sky, white houses on distant knobby hills ("like Egypt," Luise said), and, far away, the Sierra Madre Mountains. Even when she is on the ground, Luise likes altitude. And, in this small apartment, she has altitude.

SHE lazily considered some billowy white clouds scudding across the blue sky. Perhaps they inspired sharp memories of her own recent flight. Abruptly, impulsively, she said, "Oh, I had such a goot time in New York! You cannot think what it is like, spring in New York. Every day, Cliff and I went walking in the Park. The young ducklings bobbing in the water, the young blossoms on the trees, the bright green grass. Everything, everything said, 'Winter is past. Life begins again!' Sometimes, I feel I get more out of these so-brief trips than if I stayed for long times. I get the whipped cream of everything. I crowd so much into so little time."

I asked her if she often indulged these mad impulses, like flying to New York for three days, or (as once happened) fourteen hours.

"'Mad impulses?'" she repeated, puzzled. "I don't think they're mad. Do you know how many times I have flown across America? Thirty times! If I can go, I should go. That is terribly natural.

"I don't like staying in Hollywood if I am not working. I have to get away. Life is so full of great, wonderful things, of more things than moving pictures. I fill myself up with this new freedom and other things, with new thoughts, new experiences, new sights, new people. Before I was married, I went away, went exploring. I must admit even if I hadn't Cliff in New York, still I would go there many times."

She smiled persuasively, as if I must understand. She explained, "For every role I would like to be a new person. And so I try to renew myself between every role. My way is to travel.

"Always, it has been like this. I don't believe that this is restlessness. It is much more a yearning to take in new things, to learn. In Europe, even when I didn't have much money, still I went on trips. I would rather save my money to travel than to eat. I wanted to go to far away places, where I knew no one, and no one knew me, to be a



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stranger among strangers, study new people. I would rather see, watch and meet people than read books. I can learn more from them, watching their faces, their gestures, hearing them talk. People fascinate me. All kinds of people, the big and little ones, the grown up ones, and the ones who never grow up.

"Here in Hollywood I seldom go out. If I do, people often look at me as if they expect something, I don't know what. It does harm to me inside. I must admit I hate people staring at me. It gives me a very lonely feeling."

YET she cultivates aloneness. Consider this modernistic eyrie of an apartment. When her husband is not in Hollywood, she lives here alone except for a part-time servant. She must like to be alone.

"I do," Luise admitted, candidly. "I would lie if I do not say so. When I am working, I need to be alone. A character is not created in front of a camera. A character is created, first, in the mind. I must be alone, to think things clearly, to see what I must do to make a character live and breathe. I like to be alone with her, until I am part of her, and she is part of me."

Moodily, she watched the scudding clouds a moment.

"When I am sad, I like to be alone, also. Do you know what it is like to be sick to your soul, so sick that you become sick physically?" she asked. "I found out last year. When I first came to Hollywood, I had one great wish: to become a very good actress. Still I have that wish. But now I feel that I will never get it here.

"I did not feel so at first, in 'Escapade,' or in 'The Great Ziegfeld,' or even in 'The Good Earth.' No one could ask more opportunity than those. I was grateful. I tried to show it. I worked, worked so hard. I begged for more opportunity like those. And what happened? They wanted me to do pictures with stories that were weak, and roles I could not believe in. One was a gangster picture. If I had done that, I probably would have no audience left by now.

"The studio was asking, 'Will this role harm her?' not, 'Will this role do her very goot?' I was sick. The only cure for my sickness was to change everything. I had so tremendous a feeling of being crushed, chained, helpless, with no chance to show what I could do. I was to be made to fit a pattern. I had to be free. I am passionate about freedom. When I saw I couldn't go on in my work, I wrote five letters, asking for my release from pictures. I wanted to go back to the stage. But they didn't let me go. Then I fought to change my contract. Finally, at least I got permission to spend every year a few months on the stage. I will be here six months. The other six months I will be free for the stage.

"I was so happy after they change my contract—so happy, so interested in my work, so glad when I win the second Academy Award. 'Now I will mean more to the studio,' I said. That was what the Award meant most to me. But a few weeks later, everything was the same again. I feel that the improvement of my work means nothing to the studio.

"Maybe I should feel, 'If I make money, what should I care?' But I can't. Sometimes I wish I could. But I don't have an urge for money. I do have an urge to do creative work. I have never fought with them over money. Only work. But isn't it terrible that one has to fight to do good work!

"Why, *why?* I'm young, I'm not ugly, I'm eager to do good work, so able to do good work, if only I have the chance. Why must I beg them to have trust in me, as they demand that I have trust in them?

"I have nothing against Hollywood, nothing against pictures. On the contrary, I think they are the biggest medium any actress can have. The whole world is her audience. I would be a fool not to recognize that. And I want to work in pictures so badly, give pictures the best that is in me. But I don't feel that I can function right in pictures, and it is sad if a person can't fulfill herself in what she wants to do, and has to seek other outlets.

"All the time now I think of fall, of going back to the stage. This should not be. One should not live in the future. One should live in the present. But if I live in the present, and take serious the work I am here to do, I'd feel so unhappy, I would beat my head against the walls. I have to live in the future.

AM I always true to myself? Yes! It is my greatest fault, and my greatest asset. It makes my biggest enemies, and my biggest friends."

For a moment, Luise was silent. Then suddenly, spontaneously, she said, "Have I sound as if I think of nothing but my work? It is the very outlet of my being. Yes. But I am not blind. It is not the most important thing in life. I would hang my career on a nail, the second my husband asked me."

Her smile was back now. "If that is the right thing to say, I don't know, but it is true. Rumors that Cliff and I are parting because we work so far apart? They do not bother me. Cliff and I know better!"

I had gone to Luise Rainer, expecting a temperamental close-up of Hollywood's finest actress. But, somehow, I came away with an impression, instead, of a human being, a very civilized human being, very much in love, but also very much an individualist, because she is an idealist.



GET IT WHILE YOU CAN, GIRLS

(*Continued from page 47*)

In case you don't know, and you certainly should, Miss Farrell is a gal with a brain. She may play, and convincingly, those dizzy dames on the screen, but once the grease paint is off, she's out of character and is herself again. While in New York, she spent her few short days, not only shopping and seeing all the good plays, but looking to her radio future.

For, as she said, "You know, I want to do radio and be so good that they will want me even if I don't continue in pictures. I know I can last in radio—at least until television.

"Another little matter which caused a slight altercation was the studio's wanting me to play the mother of a nineteen-year-old girl. I don't mind being a mother, but I feel that if, as they said, I'm to be a young Gertrude Lawrence, then I want to be a young woman for at least a couple more years, and not become old immediately. I'm a mother, you know, but my son's not nineteen. I expect to grow old, but not before my time."

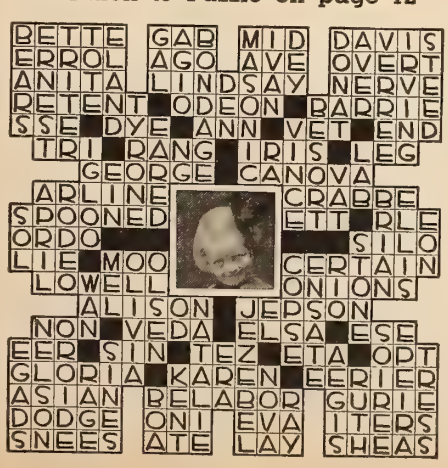
On her return, Miss Farrell goes into the Torchy Blane series, in which she became so successful recently. However, she has quite a trip mapped out for herself en route.

"I'm going directly to Oklahoma for a little hunting. I love to shoot, but imagine me bagging a buffalo! That's just what I'm to do! It's all arranged. Besides owning half the state of Oklahoma, my friends have a game preserve. It seems Elliot Roosevelt shot the first buffalo of the season and when I get there I'm to shoot the second. It's nice publicity anyway, and they're mounting the head and skin for my lodge in Arrowhead. They'll fly it out to me along with the meat.

"You know, everyone has an idea that buffalo is becoming extinct, or do you care? As a matter of fact, they have to kill off a certain number each year so they won't overrun the place. I guess that's why I'm to be honored by bagging the second of the season. Anyway, it'll make a good barbecue, although I'm not so keen about either buffalo or venison. I'll take a hamburger any time.

"To get back to where we started—all I have to say in parting is, 'Get all you can while you can, because if you don't some acquisitive amateur will!' I think I've learned a lesson in love! And, those boys out west had better look to their laurels—and bankrolls—they're meeting a new Farrell, and a smartie this time!"

Solution to Puzzle on page 12





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SHE WANTS TO BE MARRIED

(*Continued from page 31*)

unfaithful? At first Merle answered, "Oh, I should be so terribly, terribly hurt! I really do think I should feel that everything was over." And then she thought a moment, and said, "I don't know—it would depend on how much I really loved him. If I really and truly loved him, I believe I should try to shut my eyes and pretend that nothing had happened. If I was sure that he really and truly loved me, and that this thing which had happened was a madness of the moment, I should try to make every effort to hold us together. I hope I'd do that. It would be the right thing to do, wouldn't it? But when one is hurt—even if only the vanity is hurt—it doesn't make a great deal of difference when you're suffering, does it? There is another angle to that, too—the man's angle. I saw a play while I was abroad which made a wonderful impression on me . . ."

SHE went on to tell briefly about this play, which she had seen in Paris. "Un Homme Comme Les Autres"—"A Man Like Any Other." The husband, an incorrigible philanderer. The wife, idealistically in love with him, very innocent, very true. A gay party, attended by a baker's dozen of beautiful and glamorous women, each one a cooperative leading lady in the husband's *affaires du coeur*—rough translation, "bedroom farce." In a fine burst of emotion, the husband tells the wife all about his extra-marital episodes. He insists he truly loves his wife, but confesses that he is incapable of fidelity. The wife is heartbroken—tears stream down her face. What shall she do, what *shall* she do? The rest of the play tells what she does do, and it all ends very unhappily, but that is beside our point.

"The fool, the stupid, blundering, selfish male fool!" cried Merle, her big dark eyes flashing. "I suppose it made such an impression on me because it was so finely acted. But I also felt that it had so much in it of real life. Why couldn't he have kept silent? Why couldn't he have fought his weakness himself? Why did he have to tell his wife this sob story, this true confession? What is it in men which makes them want to spill over like that, putting the burden of forgiveness on women?"

"Then you wouldn't want your husband to be so all-fired truthful that it would make life uncomfortable?"

"That's right. Somewhere or other, I read about a man who persisted in regarding the world as a sort of 'moral gymnasium.' He would do his average, human number of sinful and hurtful actions and then, not caring so much about repairing the damage he had done, but rather seeking to exonerate himself, he would figuratively beat his chest and tear his hair—delighting in a maudlin recital of his misdeeds. I think that's weak and wrong and wicked. Where love is concerned, especially. Men are different animals from women, we might as well admit it. A man will be fleetingly intrigued by a lovely face or an alluring figure. It isn't always flattering, but there you are. If—I say *if*—these attractions are a thing of the moment, the least he can do is keep quiet about them. And when I become a wife, I hope I will bring enough good sense and sophistication to my marriage to pretend not to 'notice anything'—enough strength to kill petty jealousy.

"Mind you—if anything important and real should come between my love and me, I should want him to tell me about it. Quickly and honestly. And I hope I should be intelligent and decent about it and say, 'Well, my dear, there it is, and thank you for telling me.' Then I should go into my room and cry into my pillow, but I pray to heaven the pillow would be the only witness to any scenes I might make. Oh, dear—I sound too, too utterly brave and wonderful, don't I? I'd probably throw chairs and lamps, and behave like a perfect vixen. But I *hope* I wouldn't, and I'd honestly try to be decent."

"What kept you from marrying the very first object of your affections?" we inquired nosily.

"I was lucky," she answered and giggled—the famous Oberon giggle, admired on two continents.

"And since then?"

"My luck has held."

"What has usually been the reason for the break-up of your romances?"

"My jealousy," she answered honestly. "I'm jealous. Everybody who is capable of loving is capable of jealousy. But we women should try to stifle petty jealousy, as I said, and your humble servant thinks she has learned a thing or two."

"Well, what are you waiting for now? What kind of a man do you want?"

"Can't tell. But I'll know him when I see him." Her eyes were dreamy. Then they stopped being dreamy, and twinkled. "I say, I hope I don't wait too long. I'd be frightfully disconcerted if I remained Merle Oberon, spinster, all my life."

I HAD a quick, incongruous picture of the slim and lovely person sitting opposite me in the heavenly white satin housecoat—very tailored, and fitting perfectly, and probably quite expensive—an utterly incongruous picture of spectacles and knitting and cat and parrot. It was my turn to giggle.

"What's the joke?"

"I can see you looking under the bed for burglars already," I said.

"I hope he's a good-looking burglar."

"Oh, he's the spit and image of Robert Taylor. And he's never too truthful. When he winks at blondes, he always pretends he's got something in his eye."

"Now you're pulling my leg," she said.

She feels rather "half way between," generally speaking. Half way between England's and Hollywood's studios. Half way between the successful "Divorce of Lady X" and the almost-sure-to-be-successful "Graustark," with Gary Cooper. Half way between Technicolor and black and white, which reminds us of the Oberon hair. It's half way between, too. She was sick about it, and with quite un-starlike candor, confessed that she had had to dye for her art, to pull a very old gag. In Technicolor, it seems, her dark hair with the lovely red lights in it had been too dark—had cast shadows on her pretty face. They tried wigs. Wigs looked all wrong, somehow. I asked about this new gold powder that some stars use when they want to highlight their locks.

"I'm always the one that some perfectly wonderful discovery won't work on," she declared bitterly. "It seems that that new gold powder is only practical for (a) light brownettes and (b) every other type except me. Me, I'm too brunette. So—" with a philosophical sigh—"I dyed the hair, and now I'm letting it grow out."

And Merle is "half way between" in another sense, too. She is half way between the gay, exciting romances which inevitably

come a-paying tribute to her dark beauty, her very appealing femininity—half way between all that, which she enjoys no end, and the more real happiness which she feels sure she'll find soon. An enduring love, a love that will be more than a quick flame that bursts up and dies down, but which will have the element of fire in it, nevertheless—that's what she wants.

"You want quite a lot," I said. "You want to continue with your career. You want just such and such a man, and no substitute. And a real marriage, not just a legalized romance."

"And children," she added. "You forgot children."

"You hadn't said anything about children."

"I know—because it always sounds so silly and cheap and everything when an actress says how she adores the dear little babies. But I can't help how it sounds. I want two—two at least."

"That's quite a lot for any woman to manage. Career, children, home, husband."

"Quite. But I have told you I expect a lot from marriage, and from the man I marry. I didn't tell you that I also expect to *give* a lot to marriage and the man I marry."

BUT wait . . . this having children . . . it's a hazardous undertaking for a screen star."

"It has been done, hasn't it?"

"Yes, but the instances where a star has had babies, kept her home and husband, and managed a successful career, too—they're very rare, Miss Oberon, very rare."

"I don't care," stoutly. "If it has been done—and it has—then I can do it, too. And I shall. Why should it be so hazardous?"

"Well, for one obvious reason, there's your figure. A slim figure—part of your stock in trade."

"Look at my friend Norma Shearer. Then there's Marlene, Joan Bennett, and Virginia Bruce. And Gloria Swanson, whose star is in an eclipse today, though why it should be, I don't know, for she looks as lovely as ever, and why one of those idiotic producers don't do something about her I don't know. And she never did better work than she did right before and after the first two children arrived."

"Well, there's the time all that takes. And for an actress to be off the screen for any length of time is supposed to be dangerous."

"I told you I shall only want to make two pictures a year when I'm an old married lady. And I'm working hard toward that desirable two-good-pictures-a-year goal."

She is, too. She attends strictly to business. That's one reason she's had no time for romance lately. She made two pictures in England. Came hurriedly to New York. Went on to Hollywood to do "Graustark" and another as yet untitled film there. In New York, she attended necessary parties, luncheons, and did interviews. She was never too busy to see any reporter. No fuss. No temperament. As a matter of fact, there is never any temperament as it is generally understood. She has never thrown a shoe at a maid, prop man, hairdresser, nor even sassed a director. When she has a scrap in her system, she marches right into the producer's office and has her scrap with 'im as can take it. When she's nervous and tired, she takes it out in giggling.

"This giggle has seen me through many a trying situation," she said. "Let's hope I don't up and marry a man who can't abide a giggler."

Don't give it another thought, Merle. He'll adore you, giggle and all. And he's a lucky chap, whoever he may be.

SWING TO Youth



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"MY SON HAS MONEY"

(*Continued from page 57*)

And Jackie came to me. I'll never forget the look in those child-eyes, with the tears perilously near, as he said,

"Nobody wants to play with me, Miss Ruth. Will you?"

"Of course I will, Jackie," I said.

He ran and got a pillow for me, and placed it in the dusty courtyard so that I might sit down without ruining my coronation gown. And there we sat, shooting agates and "commies" until the director called Jackie. Then Jackie's father called and asked me to chat with him and his wife on the porch of their bungalow on the lot.

"I've been watching you two, Ruth," Coogan said. "You're just like a couple of kids. You don't act any more like a grown-up than Jackie does."

His Irish eyes misted a bit I thought.

"Sometimes," he went on, "I feel badly when I think that Jackie is missing the regular boyhood he should have. But I'm going to see to it that it's made up to him in other ways."

IT was then that he told me of his plan to make Jackie's future as secure as it could possibly be made.

"Already," Jack Coogan said, "my son is rich. He'll never have to worry. When he's grown up, and ready to marry, he'll have a million dollars as a bulwark. As long as I live, he'll have nothing to worry about."

"As long as I live!"

Afterward, I thought there must have been a somber prophecy in those words.

"It is my dream," Jackie's father told me, "that Jackie and I will be partners, always. I feel that we are partners, now, Jackie and his mother and me, all for one and one for all.

"I want to do what's best for him, and, with God's help, I will. You know, Ruth, Chaplin is very anxious to make another picture with Jackie, just now. Charlie has offered me a lot of money. But I've turned it down. It's Jackie's own future I'm thinking of, and I believe I can do better by that future this way."

"What are you going to do?" I asked him. "Create a trust fund for Jackie?"

"Yes," he said, meditatively, "Lillian and I are going to put his money in trust for him so that while he is young, his earnings will continue to draw interest for the future."

"Yes," I volunteered, "old man Interest works day and night." And even while he sleeps, I thought, as I watched the little fellow rehearsing his scene like a veteran, even though his boots were too tight.

"We will always look after Jackie's interests," beamed Lillian Coogan as she gazed upon the huge diamond that Jack had just given her.

"And there is one thing more I am going to do. I want to keep Jackie Coogan Productions alive. Then, you see, if Jackie, after he's been to college, and married, and is ready to settle down, wants to go into the production end of the business on his own, he can do so."

We talked often along similar lines while "Long Live the King" was being filmed. During the three months we were on that picture, I formed an affection for Jackie Coogan which made him as close to me as though he were my younger brother. And, of course, I didn't feel any the less kindly toward Jackie when, very gravely, he presented me with a miniature chair he had made for me in his own workshop, and said, "Miss Ruth, I want you to have this chair because you're my favorite leading lady."

Even at that time, Arthur Bernstein, the man who later was to become Jackie Coogan's stepfather, was an important member of the Coogan menage. He had drifted into the organization casually enough, and very quickly had won the confidence of both Mr. and Mrs. Coogan. They decided to make Mr. Bernstein general manager of the Coogan Productions. I do not recall that Jackie ever showed much affection for Bernstein, but that, of course, was natural, since he was so close to his own father.

I have often thought what a poignant situation existed between father and son, loving each other so deeply, yet, somehow, kept apart by the strangeness of circumstances.

Jack Coogan, Sr. was working so hard to build a fortune through his son *for* his son, that he had no time for those informal father-and-son relationships that dads and boys in ordinary walks of life may have. And Jackie, of course, was, as an international idol, denied all the joys of boyhood.

I believe that in the close companionship that was theirs in later years, both of them were trying to make up for the denials of the past. Jack and Jackie, in the few years preceding Jack's death, were more like chums than anything else. And the instant that Jackie, as a pre-adolescent lad, retired from the screen, his father began devoting himself whole-heartedly to seeing to it that Jackie got all the things he had missed during his interlude of fame and hard work before the cameras.

A FEW years ago, I formed a corporation and organized a repertory theater in Los Angeles. I was very anxious to produce the English success, "Young Woodley," on the Los Angeles stage, and Jackie, then a tall, handsome lad in his teens, seemed ideal for the title role. But Jack, senior vetoed the idea.

"No, Ruth," he said. "Not now. Jackie's doing what I want him to do. He's a student at Santa Clara College, and he's having the time of his life. I don't care if you could pay him $10,000. a week. He has all the money he'll ever need.

"I wouldn't want him to miss even one week of his life at college. When he's twenty-one, he'll be a free agent, with money to do with as he pleases. I, personally, am going to turn over that million to him."

I saw Jackie, not long after that, with a merrymaking throng of college kids, dining and dancing in San Francisco's St. Francis Hotel, celebrating a football victory. He was, indeed, having the time of his life.

Then came the day when I read of Jack Coogan's death in an auto crash. I knew what the tragedy must have meant to Jackie. I knew it even more vividly, when, a week after his father's funeral, I saw Jackie at the studio.

Man-tall, broad-shouldered, he had the same wistful look in his eyes that he had when he made millions laugh and cry in "The Kid" and his other successes. I groped for words with which to tell him how deeply I sympathized with him. He looked at me strangely, and said:

"Nobody knows how I feel unless they know how it feels to lose your best friend."

Yes, Jackie Coogan lost his best friend when Jack Coogan catapulted from a speeding automobile as it overturned in a terrible twist of Fate.

If Jack Coogan were alive today, there would have been no sensational headlines. But the channels of life are devious, indeed, as Jackie Coogan has discovered.

IT'S FASHIONABLE TO BE FEMININE

(*Continued from page 49*)

roll of the same material as the gown.

A black picture gown has a "poured-in" basque, and its skirt sweeps the floor in regal folds. Her favored birds, this time in the form of flat clips, alight on either side of the deep scalloped neck line.

Binnie Barnes, in the same picture, plays a lady bent on acquiring all available men. To assist in this enterprise, she wears two slinky black cocktail gowns, almost identical in cut. Both are siren effects, exposing a considerable portion of Miss Barnes' northerly regions. Bodices are extremely low, and cut straight across, with narrow shoulder straps. On one, the straps are single, and a short necklace gives the glitter touch. The other has double straps, joining at the shoulder, and separated at the bottom with huge rhinestone clips. A flowing cape, fashioned entirely of black sequins accompanies this gown.

As Loretta Young goes on a Continental tour in "Four Men and a Prayer," her wardrobe is adjusted to all climates from furs in London, to tropical selections for South America.

Miss Young is one of the most veil-conscious of Hollywood stars, having been in the vanguard with the sweeping waist-length showers of veiling. In this picture, Royer gives the veil a novel treatment. It serves as flattery without getting underfoot. On a small roll brim sailor, white veiling is caught in a huge chou in front, and falls down the back to the waist. This is worn with a trim black suit and a bit of lamé vest showing. Hats of the haywire school, you will notice, are always accompanied by the simplest of frocks—otherwise there's a rummage sale effect.

A casual wool frock has a tiny beret with an enormous silk flower perched directly in front.

A most attractive summer outfit is an all white tailored suit worn with a draped Roman striped turban, the Roman stripes repeated in gloves and slippers. This is an indication that the turban will take its place in summer life, and good news for out-doorsey girls who can't keep their hair perfectly groomed while vacationing.

ANOTHER of Loretta's simple sports frocks is topped by a becoming small hat shaped exactly like half of a cantaloup, made of white crepe.

Three evening gowns are outstanding. Two are black, and one white. One has long sheer sleeves and an enormously full skirt patterned in sequin flowers. The other black combines coy exposure with modesty. It has a long slim skirt, swirling at the ankles. The top is backless and practically frontless, draped with a long sheer scarf of matching chiffon.

Most dramatic of the evening things is a white gown with a Grecian flavor. Its skirt falls in graceful folds. The bodice consists of two wide bands, fastened at the waist, and intricately draped and twisted across the back to end in a rolled belt.

For chillier climes, Loretta wears a princess coat with a huge face-framing fur collar which continues in wide revers to the hem. Her tiny hat consists of three fur pom poms. Sounds like a lot of stuff, but Miss Young has the "slimth" and grace to handle it.

Irene Dunne has a series of brilliant costume changes in "Joy of Living." As Miss Dunne is supposed to be a most successful actress, designers Halloch and Edward Stephenson were allowed to go to town on her wardrobe. The "stage" costume for her first song is a period eye-filler. There is a minimum of bodice, with a huge silver lamé hoop skirt bordered in white fur, and a white fur scarf draped across the top.

She leaves the theatre in a gown fashioned of silver sequins and topped by a full length white fur wrap. Since she is only going home, there is no particular reason for the sartorial hoop-la, except to look showy while being besieged for autographs, in the picture.

Miss Dunne's street clothes leave no doubt that the bolero is a very definite part of feminine America's wardrobe. It's a touch too universally becoming to be soon discarded.

One deceptively simple black frock has a flattering bolero, made entirely of narrow white fringe. Another trim bolero suit is brightened by a sequin vest. A black coachman coat has leopard fur revers and leopard gauntlets on black gloves. A fan-shaped fur collar rising high in the back makes a show piece of another plain tailored coat.

To follow fashion dictates according to current films (and you can't have a better guide, followed with discretion) ruffle and swing for daytime, glitter, slink or be bouffant for evening, and wear boleros for everything from beach to ballroom.



Lovely Patricia Ellis protects the freshness that first won her a successful screen test. She's 5 feet 5; weighs 115; loves to swim and ride horseback. (*See her in Republic's "Romance On The Run."*

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MEMO ON MILLAND

(*Continued from page 46*)

faults. I decided to test Ray, take him up on his statement that success enables him to be more frank.

"All right, name one of your pet peeves," I challenged.

He didn't squirm out of it.

"For one thing," said Ray, "I don't like to go to parties where everything's planned. You can't relax if you have to pitch into every game, and can't choose what you want to do. When I entertain, my company can fold up in easy chairs with newspapers, if they want to. I don't herd people. Anyway, my home isn't a Hollywood mansion. We've just built it, but we've remembered the future. It's modest enough so that when my day in pictures is done we can still afford to live in it. It's compact enough so that my wife and I can eventually take care of it by ourselves."

RAY as conservative as that? Then, indeed, he has been changed by success! He has always lived to the hilt. He has been extravagant, and impractical, and a daredevil if ever there was one. Opportunities and invitations had always rained upon him, and so why shouldn't he be gay?

"Yes," he confessed, "I have been affected by my recent success. I've settled down, to an extent. I used to contend I couldn't save. I realize now that I owe it to my wife to provide security for her. I have been so broke that I've had to eat at drug stores, on credit, for months. I didn't mind so much. But I don't want that ever to happen to her. So I am starting to save for the future.

"But," he added quickly, "I haven't changed at heart. I still enjoy being extravagant. I buy cheap cars instead of the best now, but I don't like them as well! I attempt to keep to a budget, but it's no fun! On the surface, during this past year, I have altered considerably. I'm more business-like. I conform to Hollywood traditions as much as I can. I try to play ball as it's supposed to be done here. And I've had to pay for my advancing.

"It isn't the work I begrudge. I didn't begin to be any good on the screen until I stopped kidding myself, of course. Originally I got into pictures by just being on the spot when someone was wanted. I imagined all I had to do was to shave and be photographed. Then I suddenly heard my voice. It was horrible! I'd been inflicting that chatter! I couldn't afford any dramatic coaching, so I dove into reading Shakespeare—whom I'd blithly passed by theretofore. I had been rattling on at break-neck speed. I read aloud to myself for hours, for months, until I could express myself better. I still have to deliberately think of my voice when I enter each scene.

"This past year I've worked so steadily I haven't been able to do many of the things I like. There's your answer. You trade success for satisfaction of your whims. I have to live on a schedule now. I have to—or should—think of every move I make, before I make it, weigh every remark. This caution is an essential, they tell me. I have never been tied down before. It's foreign to me. I don't like it. I'm not free any more." He winked at the waitress, returned from distant shores to minister to us. Surprised at his more cheerful mood, she straightway forgave him for having been impatient. Women forgive Ray anything.

Debonaire and clever, he loves the brilliance of the world's smartest cities. He has known Paris and Rome and London, can guide you to the only hotel worthwhile in Budapest, and the perfect resort on the Riviera. He has laughed and loved and adventured until these exciting tendencies are his dominating traits.

But in Hollywood there is, despite the illusion of a fast tempo, no such life as Ray has led. For awhile he believed he could go on the same way. He wouldn't suppress his innate instincts. He learned that he'd have to concentrate, deny himself. He learned that pictures are, primarily, a business. So he had to become fairly practical. For his crack at success, as the world describes it, he has made a determined campaign to comply with what, to his nature, are strange rules.

"It's not for the money, though I like money so I can live spontaneously well. I'm squelching a lot of my habits so that I can deserve acting success. I want to earn some honor in my profession. When I walk down the street I want people to say, "There's Ray Milland." I don't want them to add, 'He's in the movies,' as though I were merely a freak. I want them to say, 'He's a good actor!' I realize that acting is the only job I can make good at. I'm in no way equipped for anything else. So far I think I've done a lot of filling-in, as it were. Now I'm tackling these real roles with a vow to make the Academy Award come within reach!

"If I should fail as an actor I'd have no self-respect left. So success, even on such stern terms, is what means most to me now. Even," he laughed, "if once in a while I still get the old urge to go after adventure, as I've had it today. I think I can become a good actor. I'm very adaptable. Furthermore, I'm quite sophisticated. I don't mean that I favor carousing or blockheaded behavior. I mean that I have been lots of places, have done most everything, and, consequently, am very tolerant. I have a mellow outlook towards the troubles of others. I can understand the reasons behind their moves. There aren't many real sophisticates. Paul Bern was the most sophisticated person I ever met in Hollywood. He had such an understanding of everything which goes to make up life. Don't," he warned, "confuse sophistication with being blasé. I hate blasé people!

"I AM still romantic. I have pipe dreams about saving the country. I'm extravagant, but in a new way. Now it's with my time. Often when I come home at night I'll watch the sunset for forty-five minutes, when there are a million Hollywood duties I ought to be attending to. So-called inconsequential things like that have always intrigued me!

"I still read a great deal, and my taste is quite varied. I like astronomy, love to ponder on the composition and possibilities of the planets. My favorite book now is one on plant life as it's supposed to be on the moon. It's keen. Besides that, right now I'm wading through twenty-four volumes of the Encyclopedia Brittanica!

"I am not gullible, but I can be sold because I hate to hurt anyone's feelings. I hate to demand, to take advantage of another's situation. I'm only blunt when I know it won't harm others."

Ray Milland enjoys all artistic triumphs. Until Hollywood he was exceptionally athletic, crazy about all sports, and pretty good at them. He still has the urge, but no time to relax leisurely. He misses that too.

He says that he is not easy to get along with, that he has "a flair for moodiness," and also a bad temper—which he knows how to use. All right, a man as magnetic as Ray Milland has a right to explode once in a while! Most people find him a very exciting fellow.

SPLINTERED ROMANCE

(*Continued from page 41*)

I had made, to show him exactly what I wanted. The sketches were of an Irish kid I knew in school, a newsboy. I wanted Charlie to be the same kind of kid—always cocky, always baiting somebody, and always covering his tracks by being whimsical. He was always fighting with himself. In spite of the mean things he'd do, his goodness was forever cropping out. And that's how Charlie turned out to be. He hasn't changed a bit since the first day I knew him. Even his voice is the same.

NOT that he's completely the same Charlie he was then. He's worn out hands and bodies and clothes. But his head's still the same. I've had six woodcarvers and a modeler try to make me a duplicate—just in case anything ever happened to Charlie. Anything like termites or a fire, say. They've got the shape and the form and the color of his head. But they can't get that spark of life, that soul.

"Whatever that Certain Something is—maybe it's sex appeal—it made him a social success right from the beginning. People reacted to Charlie. They kept their eyes on *him*. I was just 'the guy with Charlie McCarthy.' That was the smart thing to do—fade into the background. The better I could create the illusion that Charlie was alive, and doing his own talking, the better the act would be."

But when that started happening, Edgar's life stopped being the same.

"I had never been 'one of the gang.' Other kids had never exactly accepted me as one of them. I was eccentric—unpredictable. For one thing, I was always drawing. And now it was even worse. I had a dummy I could make 'talk.'

"In school I had my mind on other things, things like the 'Wizards' Manual,' ideas for gags. I got such low marks that I had to build up a defense mechanism. I used to say to myself, 'Look at Thomas Edison. He wasn't bright in school, either.' I just got by until I ran into history. I was flunking that—flunking right out of school—when my teacher saw Charlie.

"There was an entertainment at school. They asked me to appear. I put on a little act about Charlie skipping school. The principal's name was Ralph Brown. I warned Charlie that, if he didn't watch his step, he'd end up in Mr. Brown's office, on the carpet. 'Brown's office?' Charlie asked. 'Ralph Brown's office,' I said, severely. 'Oh, you mean Ralphie,' Charlie chortled. 'You call him Ralphie?' I demanded. 'Ralphie—Brownie—what difference does it make? We're like *that*.' He raved on, to my embarrassment, about how 'palsie-walsie' he and 'Ralphie' were. Finally, I thought he ought to know that Mr. Brown was sitting right in the front row. 'Aw, who you trying to scare?' he chirped. But he looked at the front row. 'Oh, my God!' he said and fell over backward.

"Even Brown laughed. And my history teacher—who had always thought of *me* as a dummy—marvelled at Charlie. After seeing Charlie, she never called on me again, and she saw to it that I passed history without trying the final examination. That was Charlie's first triumph. His kidding that principal, and getting away with it, was the first tip-off that he could do daring things that I couldn't do, myself.

"I had my quota of suppressed desires. And, between you and me, that's one reason for Charlie's success. He's spent most of his life helping me get rid of suppressed desires. Like talking back to big, tough guys. And heckling my betters. And flirting with pretty girls.

"Charlie always was a ladies' man. I wanted to be, but couldn't, because I didn't have the nerve. But Charlie wasn't troubled with bashfulness. At first sight, he could flatter a pretty girl brazenly. If I'd tried the same thing, I'd have been hauled off to court as a masher—and got thirty extra days if I'd said it was 'all in fun.'

THE funny thing was, girls never seemed to get the idea that these sudden crushes of Charlie's might really be sudden crushes of mine. They always acted as if he was talking for himself. If I ever did get acquainted with a girl without any help from Charlie, she wasn't happy until she had met him. And once Charlie had told her what he thought of her—well, anything I myself could find nerve to say was pretty tame. That happened all through high school and college. It still happens."

Edgar went to Northwestern University, famous for its beautiful co-eds. If he had had half of Charlie's flair for blarney, he would have been the Don Juan of the campus. As it was, practically the only



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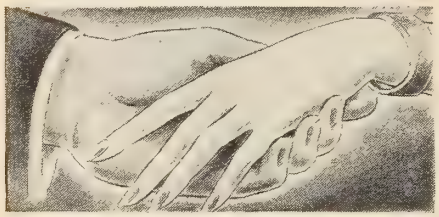
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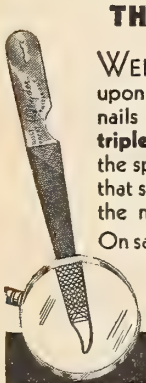
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dainty hand he could hold, and call his, was Charlie's. He didn't hold Charlie's hand from choice. Ah, no. There was a bit of necessity attached to it. He was working his way through college by appearing at entertainments with Charlie on his lap.

"Charlie didn't give me many chances to have dates. When I wasn't studying, I was working. And when I wasn't doing either, I had to be rehearsing. There are three things that make you a ventriloquist. First, an unusual formation of the roof of your mouth. Then a little manipulation of your tongue against the back of your upper teeth. And practise. You can never stop practising.

AFTER college, Charlie made it even more impossible for romance to come into my life. He took me over a lyceum circuit up in the Dakotas and Minnesota and Northern Michigan, in a series of one-night stands—in an act that consisted of ventriloquism, magic, quick sketching and, once in a while, hypnotism.

"My first appearance was in the town of Velma, South Dakota. My audience was mostly Indians in blankets. They never moved a muscle all during my act. It was like playing to a rock-pile. I played town after town with two hundred population. When I hit a town with five hundred population, I felt as if I was in the Big Time. A fine chance for romance I had!

"If I wanted companionship evenings, I had Charlie or the owner of the local hotel. I spent an evening once with a hotel owner who told me the world was flat. He knew. He'd traveled. Another time I pulled into a hamlet where I was going to put on my act in a church. The preacher told me beforehand he didn't know whether anybody would turn out. People might be afraid the church would fall in, with me performing magic there, toying with the supernatural, as it were. About thirty people finally showed up—all in the back of the church. They were afraid to come up front.

"After that I played the hill country of Tennessee and Kentucky, where hill-billies would come to the shows carrying rifles, and the rifles had nicks in them. I wasn't able to fall in love with anybody on that trip, either.

"It was on that trip I nearly lost Charlie. The Chautauqua tent caught fire, but I got there just in time. I lost everything else, but I saved Charlie. And Charlie's been saving me ever since. We do a scene like that in this new picture, 'Letter of Introduction.' Only this time it's a theatrical boarding house that catches on fire.

"I often wonder what would have happened to me, if I hadn't managed to save Charlie that day. No other dummy would have been the same. I'd probably never have gone on with ventriloquism. I might even have quit show business. I might even have married.

"I went into vaudeville after that. I started in a tough section of Chicago, in a theatre where the audience heckled every performer who stepped on the stage. Some loud-mouthed so-and-so kept giving me the works. Finally, Charlie piped up, 'Hold on now—one dummy at a time.' That squelched the so-and-so. It was the first time Charlie ever squelched anybody except me. That gave him ideas. He'll tackle anybody now.

"Vaudeville was tough. I was in it for three years and I know. Romance was impossible. I never met any girls but showgirls. And what showgirl could get excited about a dummy's assistant, in a ventriloquist act, that 'went on' right after the animal act or the acrobats? What future did *I* have?

"I didn't really have a chance to fall in love till I was in the Big Time, and could afford to expand the act, and have a girl in it. I worked up a skit about a tonsil operation—with Charlie the patient, me the doctor, and a girl the nurse. I played it for years. During that time, I had three different girls in the act. Two of them worked in it for three years each. And I fell in love with all of them, in turn. And each of them married somebody else (before long).

"One of them married a stock broker, another a lawyer, and the third one married a doctor. Oh, yes, they had good taste. But so did I. They were beautiful girls, all three of them. I lost the last one when vaudeville started dying, and there was a stock market crash on top of that. I not only didn't have a future, I didn't have a dime. My presents couldn't compete with the presents the doctor sent around. But the worst part was—I couldn't say anything. The doctor was a swell fellow. I still think so. I don't dare go through the city where they live, without stopping off to see them."

Losing the girl, he lost all interest in trying to keep the act going. He stopped kidding himself that movies and radio weren't killing vaudeville. He went into night-club work. He and Charlie put on top hats, white ties and tails, and went sophisticated. ("The depression was the best thing that ever happened to us," he says.)

Night-clubs led to radio, and radio led to movies. Now he's so busy that he has no time for romance. At the moment, he is working eight hours a day in pictures, two evenings a week at the Cocoanut Grove, and doing a weekly radio program, for which he has to write all his material. The rest of the time he has to look over contracts for new Charlie McCarthy products, dictate letters to his secretary, give interviews, talk to publicity men, eat and sleep. He says, whimsically, of his lack of free time, "The nicest thing about being famous is that now somebody will listen to me."

SOMEWHERE, now, there must be some girl who will eagerly listen to him—when he has time to talk. But Edgar isn't so sure. He still thinks there are very few girls who would be interested in him.

"Charlie seems to rate with all kinds of girls. As for myself, if I rate at all, it's with girls of an intellectual type. It has to be that way—some girl who's smart enough to know I don't want to sit and listen to her rave about Charlie. Some girl who's smart enough to talk about ancient Aztec civilization, or the rate of rainfall in Tibet—anything, anything except Charlie.

"I like intelligent women. When a girl reaches thirty-five she has to have something besides a face that once was pretty, and a figure that once was trim. If she hasn't anything but a make-up box, a diet and a patter to rely on, she'll be fighting a losing battle from thirty-five on. If she has brains, she's in the running as much as ever.

"I don't know about Charlie—but that's the kind of girl *I* like. Not too beautiful, but easy to look at. A girl with the courage to be herself, who takes time to think, and can express herself. A girl like Andrea Leeds. She's the perfect example of the type I mean."

Now, there have been romance rumors about Andrea Leeds, and none of them has mentioned Edgar Bergen. I asked Charlie McCarthy if there might be an unsuspected romance here. Frankly, Charlie was surprised and disconcerted. "Well, mow me down!" he gasped, and I was left to wonder.

Could Bergen have a secret from that splinter of a McCarthy?

BUBBLING BILLIE

(*Continued from page 39*)

for a woman to act as if she owns a man, as if she can order him about, tell him what to do and what not to do. You can never hold a man by trying to possess him, by dogging his every movement, by questioning him about where he has gone and whom he has seen. If a man has done something you don't like, if you suspect him of being infatuated with another woman, don't make a scene about it."

"That must take a terrific amount of self-control," I said.

"I know," Billie Burke sighed.

"Men, you know, are like little boys," Billie said. "When they've done something that will hurt you, they brace themselves and fight back if you begin to hammer at them, but, if you say nothing, they become ashamed of themselves, if you give them time."

When Flo Ziegfeld died a few years ago, leaving Billie penniless, there were few who didn't pity Billie and ask, "What will she do now?"

Flo Ziegfeld's wife. A helpless woman who depended completely upon Flo's kindness and his strength. That was the picture she had allowed the world to see, knowing that her seeming weakness was the source of Flo's greatest strength, that it was the thought of the helplessness of his tiny, auburn-haired wife that gave him the courage to go on when things looked blackest.

TODAY Billy Burke has proven how idiotic was that picture of herself as a clinging vine, for she is more successful than ever, and goes into one picture after another, playing all kinds of roles, from the twittery, nit-wit, chattering, hopelessly dumb mother in "Merrily We Live," to the bossy, possessive woman who tries to dictate every moment of her husband's life in "Topper" and its sequel, "Topper Takes a Trip." But no matter what type of women she plays, there is never any maliciousness in the portraits, but always a sort of tender, gay humor.

I asked what she thought of the type of woman she plays—whether such women get more or less out of life than the smart ones. Her hand fluttered to her throat and briefly touched the miniature of Patricia as a baby.

"Oh, they get more, much more out of life. Often they're not as dumb as we think, for they don't take on the worries that other people do. They don't want to be bothered with bothersome things. Men look upon them as children, baby them a lot and usually encourage them. In some ways they make more desirable wives than obviously clever women, for they don't try to run their husbands.

"When I began to play scatter-brained women, I hated it, for I was afraid that I would have to play women who were cruel and selfish, women who sacrificed their families to their own whims. But I loved playing the type of scatter-brain I had to portray in 'Everybody Sing' and 'Merrily We Live,' for those women were essentially kind-hearted. Both pictures were made at the same time, and it was fun trying to show two different kinds of women with the same type of mind. I've known women of this type and liked them a lot."

"Don't such women," I asked, "bring a great deal of woe to their families?"

"Oh, no," said Miss Burke, "they usually bring happiness. In fact, the smarter women are, the dumber they'll play, if they're really clever. It takes a doubly clever woman to hide her cleverness. Look at Eleanor Roosevelt, for example. She is a brilliant woman who manages to conceal the fact that she is so clever."

"Eleanor Roosevelt!" I exclaimed. "I can't think of her that way. It seems to me she's such a super-woman."

"That's your reaction to her," Billie explained, "but it's not her reaction to herself. When you hear her talk you realize that she doesn't think of herself as outstandingly clever, that she doesn't feel she knows it all, but that she is just going around trying to help people with their problems. And she never interferes in President Roosevelt's business. She sees to it that he is the head of the house."

I asked Billie Burke what she considers her own greatest faults.

"I'm a little vague," she said, "I'm not apt to act on my first instinct, which is usually the right one, and I worry Patricia too much and try to force my ideas on her before she is ready for them."

At one time Billie hoped that her daughter, who is now twenty-one, would be interested in the stage, and even wrote an article in which she answered those people who asked her if she would let her daughter go

(*Continued on page 96*)



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MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 7*)

★★ Crime School

This is a compact, rapidly-paced picture which pulls few punches, and which should interest and entertain any audience. Main reason is that the "Dead End" kids moved to the Warner lot in a body for this production, and the tough, glib-tongued characters they've already established remain as true to life and almost as forceful as they were in "Dead End."

The picture hits at the reform school system in no uncertain terms, blaming their mismanagement on the brutality and cruelty of the men in charge of them. When the gang of kids is sent up to the school this type of warden is in charge. His methods are compared to the more human treatment administered by Humphrey Bogart, who succeeds him and sincerely tries to teach his charges how to become good citizens.

There's plenty of excitement in "Crime School," and a brace of good performances by the kids—Billy Halop, Bobby Jordan, Huntz Hall, Leo Gorcey, Bernard Punsley and Gabriel Dell—as well as outstanding work by Humphrey Bogart and a newcomer, Gale Page, in the romantic leads. Directed by Lew Seiler.—*Warner Brothers.*

★★ Cocoanut Grove

You'll probably gather from the title that this is a story of the well-known dine-and-dance room in Los Angeles' Ambassador Hotel. It's a "Band makes good" tale, with Fred MacMurray as the band leader whose goal is the Grove, where he hopes to start himself and his orchestra on the road to fame.

"Cocoanut Grove" is spotty—entertaining in some sequences and dull in others—and adds up to average entertainment. It has good music and some pleasant performances, but it has nothing to rank it with the year's top musicals.

Romance is built around MacMurray and Harriet Hilliard, tutor for his adopted boy (Billy Lee). The three of them, with the rest of the troupe, trek across country in a trailer, and eventually land at the Grove. Among the performers are the Yacht Club Boys, who contribute several of their typical song numbers, Ben Blue and Eve Arden, who furnish a very funny Russian dance, Rufe Davis, the rural comic, and Harry Owens, the band leader and song writer. MacMurray's performance is up to his standard, and Miss Hilliard does well with a pair of songs. Directed by Al Santell.—*Paramount.*

★★ Kentucky Moonshine

The raucous Ritzes are at it again—and this time, happily, with more to do. In a picture full of insane situations, the brothers top their own record for lunacy.

The story, while well constructed and original, is incidental. It concerns the efforts of the Ritzes, championed by Marjorie Weaver, to get a break in radio. It also concerns the efforts of a painfully sincere Tony Martin to win back his popularity with a bored radio audience. Miss Weaver hears that he is looking for a set of talented hillbillies from Kentucky. She herds the friends into a cabin in Kentucky, and from behind assorted sets of false whiskers the friends intrigue our Tony, and are escorted to New York with much ado about a lot of things.

The picture stars the Ritz Brothers—and they justify Mr. Zanuck's faith. There are two particularly clever Ritz sequences: a take-off on The March of Time and a satirization of "Snow White and The Seven Dwarfs." There is an aimless romance between Marjorie Weaver and Tony Martin. Miss Weaver is attractive—but extremely awkward in a silly part, and Tony Martin has done better things. Directed by David Butler.—*20th Century-Fox.*

DUAL PERSONALITY

(*Continued from page 9*)

in. It's a cozy little place, my suite! Doesn't that sound elegant?"

As a matter of fact it didn't sound nearly as ostentatious as it looked to an outsider—what with a living room, sun room and terrace high up in one of the swankier hotels. You see, the Park Avenue Penners are living on Fifth! It was plain to see the Penners were in the chips. We leveled a stern gaze on Mrs. P.'s son Joseph and inquired just why he had been so disloyal as to abandon his celebrated duck once it had skyrocketed him to fame and fortune.

"It's like this. You see, I'd used 'wanna buy a duck,' 'You nasty man,' and 'Don't *ever* do that' so long that people were beginning to hate me for it. For instance, when I played Newark in the dead of winter, they were lined up for a block. Imagine taking your four kids to Jersey on a snowy day to see Joe Penner when you could be nice and comfortable at home. I broke records, but not because the old man wanted to be there! Oh no, it was because Junior had to see Penner.

"One fellow did have four kids in line, but no sooner did he get them all in one spot than Junior would run back and forth looking for Penner. When his Dad called him, all he got was, 'Oh, you nasty man!' At one and the same moment Junior got a swat in the pants and Penner lost a fan. Can you blame that man for wanting to murder me?

"And so, I was playing to kids and losing my adult audience. Don't get me wrong, I like having kid fans, but I like entertaining grownups too. So, I saw the handwriting on the wall and knew the duck business would act like a boomerang. The thing that made me famous was just the thing that would kill me if I wasn't careful. Believe me," Joe continued sadly, "there's enough things to kill you in this business without lettin' a quackin' fool do it."

The Beverly Hills Penner was certainly in a reminiscent mood. Indeed, he seemed bluer than an Ethel Merman torch song!

"I realize the difference between earning a salary and getting one!" he continued. "Somehow, even when you get a thing it's not always what you think it will be. I know, because years ago when I was playing tab shows and carnivals, my greatest ambition was to meet Adolph Zukor. You know, he's Hungarian and I'm Hungarian, so I *knew* if I could only meet him—well, something was bound to happen! I had my speech all figured out, 'Mr. Zukor, did you know I was born in Hungary?' From then on my future would be a cinch.

"I was tickled when I got an offer to do a picture for his company. Even the fact that they'd only use me for one in order to cash in on that 'Wanna buy a duck' business didn't matter much. Of course they went through the motions of having options for two more at enormous salaries. I knew I was getting a big amount for the first, and couldn't be worth the increased price for the next two.

"After the first was released it grossed an enormous profit. The next thing I knew my wife and I were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Zukor, in their home. I was on, even then, for I knew it was option time and they wanted me for the second. I liked Mr. Zukor, not only because he has good judgment and an eighteen hole golf course, but well, because he's so fair and talks no double talk. I told him about the way I used to dream of meeting him, but never did I dream of being his guest. Well, there was a frog in my throat, and a big black cigar in his mouth, and he was grand about never mentioning business all during our stay.

"I went into his office the following Monday with everything all figured out. I asked him not to say a thing and spoil everything until I was finished. I knew they wanted to shave my salary and told him I'd like to knock off some if they'd put the money into production. Why, he was that grateful! So, we made the second picture, and everybody was happy. If he was still supervising, I'd probably be there now, and not here worrying my head off."

WITH the figurative cares of Atlas on his shoulders, and not a wrinkle on his boyish face—woe was certainly Joe!

"We talked things over at my present studio and decided to replace the duck with a black sheep—anything to counteract the disfavor my old lines were incurring. The black sheep never quite got started, but I did get away from my old stuff.

"My new contract for movies called for three a year, so with my usual luck I began by taking a twelve week layoff. They didn't have a story ready for me! Finally, I was going crazy doing nothing. I began begging for something to do—anything! They gave it to me. Spotted me in a picture with a lot of comedians! I was lost, but at least I was busy. I began my new radio series, and before long they gave me a script.

"I took it home and my wife and I looked it over and I decided to do it. It was a Class B, but the director was good and, although the producer didn't spend as much money as the big shots, he turned out good entertainment. We worked for three weeks, and the picture was in the bag. I took an awful chance on doing it, because it's something entirely new. I figured I might just as well take a long chance as sit around and worry. Then, too, there's always the Park Avenue Penners, so what've I got to lose. We went to a preview of 'Go Chase Yourself,' on the coast, and I think it's pretty good. The papers all went to town on the reviews, so I feel encouraged.

"When I came east, I talked to the office about getting behind the picture with a little publicity to make it really big box office.

"Finally I offered to buy an ad myself, quoting some of the reviews on my picture. Anything to give it a plug and a chance. I even offered to do two days personal appearances gratis, if they'd only open it in a good house on Broadway. They couldn't hear me for talking about how great number three was going to be, not this one or the next—but that stupendous colossal third!"

So here you see Joseph, of the Park Avenue Penners, with a cold in his head, a Martini in his fist, and his picture playing in a second run house. With his ticket bought to go back to the Coast, he can continue to be miserable amid the flowers and sunshine of California.



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WHAT'S BECOME OF THE GOOD SCOUT?

(*Continued from page 26*)

some people call it, scandal. Under the circumstances then, as Carole herself has suggested, what would you do?

There is only one answer, if you're a wise girl: put on the soft pedal. No more gadding around night clubs, no more even sitting at the tennis matches with the best beau beside you, and the flashlights popping all around. No more being conspicuous, no more calling attention to the fact that where you go he goes, too—and no more, *especially* no more giving of little white Fords with little red hearts painted all over them, red hearts which mean little enough themselves, but which might be interpreted as flagging semaphores, with an "I love you" message. No more of what was gay and glorious and giddy, at least not where the Cyclopean eye of the public can see.

THAT you would have come to the same decision that Carole did is most certain. It was the only reasonable and right decision she could come to. Also there is more than a modicum of good taste to be perceived in it, too. Regardless of what unpleasant reverberations her publicized association with Gable might cause, there is another little point which only those who know Carole intimately know that she has carefully considered. Carole, unlike many another star in the same situation, is in no way anxious to flaunt her catch in the face of other female fishers. And that Gable is a prize catch, still Mr. Box Office Number One, and personally one of the finest fellows who ever flashed across the Hollywood scene, is something that no one, anywhere, at any time, will ever doubt.

For a lot of us it would be kinda hard to keep it quiet, but Carole has never done any flaunting or rubbing-in. Her big heart is too sensitive to other people's feelings for that, and that includes Mrs. Gable's. Carole is, in some ways, the greatest Embarrasser of all—though that not-so-dummy Charlie McCarthy is running her a close second these days—but that's only when it comes to gags and pranks, and then the redder the other person's face is, the more shrill and delighted her laughter. When hearts or sentimental feelings are concerned, that is another matter. Carole treads on toes, and cripples funny-bones, but hearts never.

But this sudden hauling in, this sudden desertion of Hollywood's fun lanes, when Carole used to so obviously enjoy interviews, antics and fashion parading, and every hilarious hullabaloo connected with her fame—hasn't that cramped her style, put a dent in her life? That's the next question that anyone asks, and the answer for that one, too, is Mr. Gable, the other forty per cent of the influence that he has brought to bear on her personality, the direct influence that his particular likes and dislikes have had on her. For example, Miss Carole Lombard, recently of the Salon, has become one of Hollywood's most ardent and most expert devotees of that hitherto masculine art, skeet shooting.

When the "True Confession" troupe went to Lake Arrowhead on location not so many months ago, Carole said "Goody!" or something to that effect, "we'll set up a shooting range, I'll take along my trusty little shotgun, and we'll pop off a few clay pigeons, eh what?" The boys she said it to happened to be Claude Binyon, script writer, and Fred MacMurray, struggling hero of said script, and, as it happened, she was saying it to two of the best skeet shooters in town, as they not modestly informed her themselves.

From then on the only ones who did any talking about the coming recreational event were Binyon and MacMurray, and when they mentioned Carole as a participator, it was always, "Oh yes, Carole's going to try, too." They were, and they were later to rue it, just too, too patronizing. It was their surmisal that Carole went in for the sport just for the excitement of hearing the gun go off. That she would do anything but wave her gun at the blue sky, and wonder afterwards why she hadn't hit anything—that never, for a moment, occurred to them. Movie actress goes in for skeet shooting, ha, ha! Well, they can be excused for their attitude, because it's safe to say that most anyone, even you and I, would have felt the same.

But came the dawn, and we mean really the dawn. They had tried several times to get to the shooting range, after picture shooting, but the day and the light was always too far gone by then, so Carole, with her usual exuberance said, "All right, boys, tomorrow morning. I'll have my maid phone you at five, and we'll try it then. And you be here, too!" noting the already sleepy look in their eyes.

So there she was, fresher and brighter than anyone has a right to look at that hour of the morning, and there they were, straggling out, trying to look happy. There too were a couple of policemen from Arrowhead, who, hearing reports, had come over to see what all the shooting was about.

They soon saw. There was Binyon and MacMurray, hemming and hawing, and trying to make excuses, and Carole, copping all honors, one right after another. "Deadeye Dick herself," one of the policemen marveled, openly and loudly. This same policeman, whose astounding name is Mickey Finn, finding a new shrine at which to worship, afterwards spent an hour every morning shooting with Carole (Binyon and MacMurray had given up after the first day). "Say," said Mickey once, unable to contain his admiration any longer, "you sure have had a good teacher!"

"I'll tell him that," Carole answered. "He'll get a kick out of it, coming from you." And no doubt Gable did.

THERE are other things, too, which have taken the place of night clubs, soirées, and gala Hollywood events. Clark always did prefer horses to hors d'oeuvres, and farming to flattery, and these are two things to which he has won Carole whole heartedly. There's that ranch of his out Valley way, where they ride and hunt, and where the conversation has nothing to do with parts, parties, or personalities, but which is singularly full of such words as crops, fertilizer, alfalfa and gophers.

It's a place where "swing" is something that applies only to the way you hurl an axe at wood, not something that sends you cavorting over a dance floor. It's a place where clothes are worn with an eye to their resistance against saddle leather, and not for what they might do toward creating new fashions. It's a place where other Valley farmers come and go, not to get a look at that "moom pitcher fella," but to find out how in the divil he's going to turn that clover patch into something profitable, because he's got good ideas, that one, and the ideas he's got maybe they can use sometime, too. Sundays Clark and Carole usually return the calls. Up and down, back and forth, the length

and breadth of the valley, they make the rounds. "Boy, has Mrs. Ellsworth got some chickens! Clark, did you see those cute little Japanese bantams? Why can't you get some of those?"

Now, Carole's going into ecstasies over chickens is something that some people don't like, and in a way we don't blame them. Carole was much too much of an ecstasy incarnate in the old days for us to get used to her new farm-and-fowl fancies of today. Right now I'm looking at a picture of Carole at her most Caroluscious best, wearing a satin dinner frock, a white fox clinging to her shoulders, and in her eyes, and in the lines of her whole body, that one indefinable something which we, for lack of a better word, call glamor.

She had it once, but where is it now? When Carole used to make her twice-a-month appearance at the studio portrait gallery, the photographers always knocked off pictures of her like that, one after another. But they don't even get her in there anymore. (True, the studio did get her in for some very romantic ones with Gravet while she was making "Fools for Scandal," but that was a special gesture on her part, and one not likely to be repeated soon.)

NO, she's a catch-as-catch-can subject for the publicity cameras these days, and that, of course, means that only the candid cameras catch her—with entirely different results. Carole making faces, Carole with her mouth wide open, screeching at the top of her lungs. Carole shaking her finger at a director, Carole biting her tongue. Carole sprawled on the floor, shapely legs twisted under, playing mumblety-peg with a prop boy. Carole in overalls, rumpled riding trousers, and cotton house frocks. They snap these pictures of her, and then take them to her for an okay. Instead of being alarmed, instead of shouting that she'll sue if those get into print, she does just the opposite.

A new candid cameraman recently took her such a batch to okay, and, in fear and trembling, backed twenty paces away while she looked them over. Then he heard her shout, saw her throw her arms about. That settled it. He beat it back to the safe ground of the publicity department. A few minutes later the phone rang. It was Miss Lombard.

"Yes?" said the new young man, trembling.

"Marvelous! Marvelous! Got any more?"

How could he have known that she was just shouting for joy, that the waving arms were meant only to call everyone around so they could enjoy a laugh, too? "Look, gang, don't I look *aw*-ful! Isn't it *won*-derful!"

Nowadays, it's the publicity department which has to say, "But don't you think, Miss Lombard, don't you think that this is a little too—well, candid, shall we say?"

Candid! Why it's the very stuff she's made of. Painfully frank all her life, conscientiously brutal, especially where she herself is concerned, it's only natural that unflattering candid shots receive no taboo from her, though they may be the vainbane existence to others.

But there is still another reason for this sudden letdown where beauty, posing and fashions are concerned, and that brings us to the other twenty per cent of the cause of it all. It is Carole's own personal reason, which, though last, is not least, and deserves some consideration. She has been in this business about a decade now, deep in it, and all this time she has been just about all that anyone could ask of her.

When it was important for her career, Carole let herself be a clotheshorse. She introduced countless screwy fashions, and got away with them. When it was important, she let them line up the interviewers, and she gave story after story, and no writer ever went away unsatisfied. When it was all part of the game, she went to parties and gave parties—skating parties, hospital parties, jungle parties, and so on—the kind that got talked about, not only from mouth to mouth, but paper to paper, magazine to magazine. Her parties were like a trademark. She was known for them, as Elsa Maxwell is known for hers.

THEN came the gag-gift era, Carole sending people white elephants, whole hot houses, museum relics, and what not. All this took time and money and energy, because these weren't things that other people thought up for her, and mapped out like a blue print. They were Carole's own ideas, carried along on the strong wave of her own spontaneity. She put everything she had into it, and got a lot of fun out of it, too. But after so many years of putting in like that there is the inevitable result—you're bound to grow tired. You're bound to find that it has demanded high taxes, and that's what Carole has discovered. She just finally got fed up with it, and having reached a point in her career where she doesn't have to play those parlor games any more, she has just plainly side-stepped them for other more vital and interesting things.

Her career today stands on its own. There is no longer any life cord between it and her personal doings, so at last Carole can afford to let down on the latter. What it amounts to is almost a relaxation from relaxation, because Carole once worked harder at entertainment than anyone can realize. Now she deserves a change, and it's only a meanie who would begrudge it to her.

Let's not be meanies then about the turn the Carole tide has taken. The good scout is still there, only there are no microphones to broadcast it. She still sees her friends, says hello to the press boys, even has her small parties, but it's all behind scenes. Not so long ago a cameraman at the studio happened to say that he was getting hold of the uncensored newsreel of one of the Shanghai bombings, and was going to look at it in the projection room. "What?" shouted Carole. "Wait for me. I want to see it, too! Only I have to make some phone calls first."

Twenty minutes later Clark Gable drove in through the gate in that station wagon of his which proudly wears a plate marked "Press." With him were several of his cronies, Fieldsie, and others of Carole's friends. Carole, with the Good Humor man at her side, met them at the door of the projection room. "Come on, gang, hurry up! In here!" and she handed each of them a chocolate covered ice cream stick as they filed by. That's Carole's idea of a party now, 1938 style. Nothing planned in advance, no invitations sent out, only a hurry-up "bring along whomever you can get, and get here quick."

What? No fancy dress costumes, no ice skating rink to be rented at an exorbitant expense? What's there about it, then, for the wire release, to be dot-dashed across the country to a hundred different newspapers? Nothing. Simply nothing, and that's as Carole wants it to be.

So let's let her have it her way. She's given us fun and excitement enough so that we have no right to be greedy and ask for still more. Besides, it isn't as though she had retired completely, as she once threatened to do. The screen may be up as far as her private doings are concerned, but there is still, and thank goodness, another screen across which she prances in full view—the hearty, hilarious, happy-go-lucky Lombard of Celluloid!



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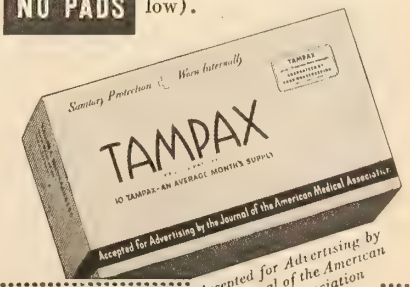


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BECAUSE SHE LOVED HIM SO MUCH

(*Continued from page 33*)

needed inspiration and encouragement.

The miracle to Spencer is that at one time it was she who was the star and he the beginner. "Yes," as he will tell you today, gruffly, because he is always gruff when he is trying to hide a too-sentimental emotion, "she was the one who had the head start on me when it came to acting. Yet she gave it all up, for me. I met her in a stock company in White Plains. I was the bit player, making twenty dollars a week, and she was the leading lady. She had been in one play in New York, and thought she had a chance at another one, coming up in the Fall. But from the minute we were married that was never again mentioned. She said ours wasn't going to be just another stage marriage, just a marriage of convenience like a lot of actors and actresses go in for. We would go on working in stock together until we had enough money so she could quit, and from then on we were to be a family, with me at the head of it, and whatever my fortune was, that was to be hers too.

"Gee, what a poor fortune it sometimes was," mused Spencer, "but she never was sorry, never seemed to care, always stuck to her ideal. We worked together only about a year after our marriage, first in Pittsburgh, later in Winnipeg, and then Louise found out that Johnny was on the way. She left the stage then, and has never been back. Poor darling, Louise had thought she would stay on until we had money. Only Johnny didn't wait for the money, but that didn't seem to make any difference to her."

It was in Winnipeg that Louise made that first courageous decision of their lives. They were practically stranded. They had been working on a percentage basis, but they hadn't been paid off at the end, and they had only a few dollars, with no prospects for the future, except Johnny. "Now you know, and everyone does," Spencer said, "how a woman likes to have her husband with her when her first baby is born, but Louise's courage surmounted even that. The only thing to do, she said, was for me to go back to New York to hunt for work, and she'd go to Milwaukee to my family, and have the baby there. And that's the way it was." Spencer paused for a moment, his rugged mug-face showing its great, simple Irish appeal. "Now you can see, can't you, why I can't take full credit for anything I've done? It was her courage and decision that helped me to win."

IT WAS like that, Spencer went on, all down the line. Eventually they were together again in New York, living in a little rented walk-up, scarcely more than "light housekeeping rooms," and Spencer got jobs now and then, off and on, but pay days were so few and far between that they could pay grocery bills and that was about all.

"I'd see her trying to avoid looking in the shop windows when we'd take walks sometimes. She'd never stop and say, 'Oh, if I could only have a dress or furs like that! I just don't have a thing to wear!' like a lot of women would have. She never seemed to see all those beautiful things that you just ached to buy. It was hard, too, living in the city, with no car, and no chance to get away for some fresh air.

"And there were, oh, so many little things to contend with, like, for instance, no icebox in the apartment. We had to rig up a little one of our own, and it was an awful nuisance, keeping it lined with dry newspapers all the time. It would have been so much easier if we'd had even the handy, simple things that we needed. But we never seemed to have anything, nothing except Louise's optimism, and came a time when I couldn't see that even that helped any more.

"That was the time when I decided to drive a bus for the Fifth Avenue Coach Company. For four weeks I had been rehearsing in a play that didn't even open, and I didn't even get my Equity pay, and when I had this bus job offered me through a friend, I grabbed it at once. But needless to say I never turned a wheel. I guess maybe we argued about that for three days and nights. I brought up all the arguments I could think of, even brought out my press clippings, one in which a critic writing about the Ethel Barrymore play, 'Royal Fandango,' had said, 'This chap Tracy looks like something the prop man picked up.'

I KEPT telling her that there was no future for me with my peculiar type of beauty. They wanted dandies on the stage, not mugs. But she said my looks didn't make any difference! She begged me. She'd rather go without furs and fancies, and even ice boxes, just to have me what she thought I ought to be. And of course in the end she had her way. I did go on, and I did get breaks. Three years in a row in Cohan shows, and then finally Killer Mears in 'The Last Mile.'

"Louise had switched all the ambition and energy she once had for her own career, over to my side, and when my own ambition gave out, there was always hers, in reserve, to push me on. She even pushed me into things that I was sure were going to be flops, but they eventually turned into successes, just as she said they would. I'm always kicking and balking, still do today. That's why she calls me 'The Donkey' sometimes. But it's funny how she has a nose for what's right—why Louise can just sense a success a mile away!"

It's true. It would be impossible to overestimate the value of Louise's own sense of values in this important connection. There are a lot of women in this town who think they know all there is to know about their husband's business, and who try to run it, often with dire results. But Louise, due to the diligence and the heart she has put into it for fourteen years, and because of her own early experience, is really a very wise judge of acting material. When a certain part is suggested to Spencer, and the script is handed to him, he sticks it in his pocket, takes it home unopened, so that Louise can be the first to lay eyes on it. She takes it into her room, and settles down to it, while he perhaps settles down to his horses out back.

Out on that ranch where they live there is an amusing and interesting "dividing line." Louise loves her garden and her flowers, Spence dotes on horses and dogs, so there must be some provision made to keep the latter from ever-running the former. That's where the dividing line comes in. It's an imaginary one, but it's there just the same, and Spence has trained his animals (including twelve Irish setters), not to take one step over the boundary between front and back. So, also, Louise has trained her trailing arbutus that it doesn't over-trail its bounds, either! In the house, in their own compartment, there is also a dividing line. On one side there are closets and space for all of Spence's hunting and fishing clothes, and his other he-man paraphernalia. And on Louise's side, there's a special space for lavender-scented femininity. So it's to her side, in peace and quiet, that she retires to read

over Spencer's prospective script.

At the dinner table Spence, with searching eyes, reads on her face the verdict. Quite often when she says, "I think it's fine, it will make a good picture," he lets it go at that, and there is no further discussion. But, as he has already intimated, there are also occasional balkings. Two of the parts he fought against during the last few years were the two which were eventually to bring him his greatest picture fame. First there was the role of Father Tim in "San Francisco." Being Catholic himself he had a certain complex about enacting the character of a priest. He felt himself unworthy of it. It has been said that Van Dyke, the director, talked him into it, but the talking that he did came after days of persuasion on Louise's part. The battle was half won when Van Dyke got to him.

AGAIN, in connection with "Captains Courageous," Spencer felt that he was not equipped to do Portuguese dialect. We remember talking to him at the time, and he said lightly, in an effort to laugh at his discouragement, "Why, they'll have to have a foreward to the darn thing, saying that this particular Portuguese fisherman was born in the north of Ireland!" That was his complex on that, which Mrs. Tracy had to help him overcome.

If you are at all familiar with movie complexes, then perhaps you already realize how exceptional these are. Most dinner table conversations between actor and actor's wife have quite a different flavor to them. The actor is invariably complaining that "the part just isn't up to me!" And probably, in Spencer's early movie days, he felt the same himself. That was when he was in mediocre pictures, and mediocre parts were the usual thing with him.

But even way back then, Louise knew that this kind of an attitude would eventually have a deadly effect. An actor who goes through life thinking that way is doomed. So she used to say, "Never mind whether the part is good enough for you. Are you good enough for the part?" That, more than anything, as Spencer admits today, made an actor of him. It gave him an incentive to try, and try hard, at any part that came along. Today perhaps he has gone to the other extreme in always feeling that the task is bigger than he is, but of the two extremes this is by far the better. It allows him to approach everything with a bit of fear and trembling, a sense of awe.



Pat O'Brien and Bill Powell at the Inglewood races check up on the tips they got from Clem McCarthy, famous sports announcer. It's good to see Bill around again after his recent serious illness.

This is the feeling that inspires a *performance.*

In the other, more personal ways that Louise has helped him there is a story that no one can really write, because it is so much their own personal story. But perhaps just to mention it will suffice to show how the love of one woman brought a man to happiness, as well as an actor to his goal. A number of years ago, for some unfortunate reason, Spence attracted to himself the title of "Hollywood's Bad Boy." At that time, the marriage did go awry. The Tracy's separated. Divorce rumors spread.

But far worse, and more fearful than that, Spence seemed to suddenly grow indifferent about his career. He played polo recklessly, paid little attention to his health, or to picture shooting schedules either, and Hollywood began to think of him as irresponsible. No one knows the courage and the calm, and the understanding with which Mrs. Tracy again set herself down alone at her table, with that empty chair at the head of it. The patience with which she waited. And then finally, after many months, the return of love with which she was rewarded.

That last part, at least, is obvious. The bad boy became a new man after that, and as everyone had talked about the first change, the return to the old Spencer was just as widely heralded. Mrs. Tracy could have turned into a shrew during that time, into a bitter disillusioned woman. Or worse, she could have emerged as a martyr. But she stayed herself, the same loving, adoring helpmate that she had always been, still confident in him, still proud of him. It was that which opened his eyes in the end, and made him suddenly reach for the very thing he had come so close to throwing away.

PERHAPS the whole thing may be more easily understood when you know the awful sorrow that touched the Tracys' lives almost thirteen years ago. It was when the Johnny of whom Spencer speaks so adoringly, so glowingly, was born deaf. Although his condition has greatly improved, and today he is learning to talk, it's a tragedy that plays constantly on Spencer's mind. When you understand that, it's easy to understand how a man can go berserk now and then, break loose, try to forget. Only Spencer found that to escape was the misery, and that coming back was a greater release and a greater happiness than he had ever thought.

It has been a new kind of life and a new kind of success, ever since that return to the hearthside a few years ago. It was then that they moved to the ranch, then that Mrs. Tracy took up polo so she might share one of his many interests (and is today considered one of the country's finest woman polo players, as a result). It was then that she urged him to buy a boat, his first, and in that way to find some outlet for his restlessness and his depressions.

Her job is not an easy one, as jobs go. A lot of people think what a cinch it must be to be the wife of a movie star, but the story of Louise Tracy seems to prove otherwise. Yet in a way it is easy for her, because her love is so great. Hers, too, is that wonderful rare quality of minimizing herself and making her desires his, of adjusting herself to his needs. Without these qualities, these gifts, she might never have been able to do what she has done.

Yet her rewards are worth it. There is his love, above all. Here is one case in which reflected glory is not an idle, empty, false glow, but a glory which has, in its reflection, an equal amount of sharing. Not only did all Hollywood know that it was fitting that Louise Tracy should accept the Academy Trophy for her husband, but the honor to her was that Spencer knew it too, and told her so!

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TO BE OR NOT TO BE

(*Continued from page 37*)

amusing outcome, and such an incident happened not so long ago when he was on location. John was staying at a hotel near the company's camp, and one morning he went into the hotel's barber shop to get a shave. John told the barber to put it on his bill, and the barber asked what name.

"Barrymore," John said, already a little annoyed that he hadn't been recognized.

The barber never batted an eyelash. "And the initials, sir?" he asked.

At this Barrymore exploded. He strode to the door, turned around and shouted a name. It was not an uncouth one, just the name of his sister. "Ethel!" he bellowed. To make it worse, the barber answered, "Thank you, sir," and wrote on the check, "Mr. Ethel Barrymore."

The point lies not so much in the story, but in the fact that John told it around afterwards, and thought it a great joke on himself, that here was some delightfully naïve somebody who had never heard of him—or of any of the Barrymores. "Great, isn't it?" he kept saying, and we had to admit that it was, only not in the way he meant. It was great to know that the new John has still kept his old sense of humor.

ONE thing always leads to another about John, and speaking of that particular shave reminds us that in the respect of his grooming, or, shall we say lack of it, he is still quite the same John. He just doesn't give an ejaculation about it! Elaine manages to get him into a clean shirt, now and then, for a preview or some function like that, but, when left to himself, he goes on and on in the same clothes every day, and, except for a director's pleadings, it is safe to assume that he would never shave.

It's also a well-known story around town that John always goes home with his grease paint on, and some keen-eyed experts have avowed that it's the same make-up which he wears in again the next morning. John himself gives credence to the fact by announcing that he has discovered a certain electric razor which will shave without removing his make-up!

"I owe that discovery to my good friend Reginald Denny," he admitted. "Reggie came on the set one day and demonstrated how it could be done. I don't think he was selling the razors. It couldn't have been that—he just knew that I'd be interested. Why, I have never before been so impressed by the marvels of electricity! I was flabbergasted. In a word, I was convinced. And what the razor cost I can now save on grease paint!"

When you see him as he is today, with his once famous profile now changed somewhat because of the increasing chin of middle age, you can't help wondering if he is at all sensitive about the loss of his once so-handsome looks. But even as you broach the question you feel absurd, for the expression on his face is entirely a scoffing one. It tells you, and plainly, that he never was vain, not even in the Don Juan days, and, suddenly remembering stories, you know that it is so. "Didn't you ever hear," he asked quietly, "of that time a man was ejected from a theatre in New York for booing John Barrymore?" And briefly, this was the story.

It was at the opening of one of the early Barrymore pictures. John himself had made a personal appearance on the stage first, just to send the thing off to a good start. Later, when the picture began to unroll on the screen, every time Barrymore appeared in a scene a man from the back row of the theatre emitted unmistakable jeers, the kind of jeers which since have become known as raspberries. This went on, even after the usher and numerous "sh's" from the audience had urged him to stop, and eventually the jeerer was ejected bodily from the theatre. Some crank, they thought, envious of the screen's great idol. "But it was I," John revealed in winding up the story. "And it wasn't envy. I meant every juicy syllable of those blah's. I hated me, especially when I was all dollied up."

PERHAPS that accounts for his recent contentment with the new kind of old-scapegrace roles that he has been playing. There was the wrinkled white suit in which he strutted through "True Confession," all but stealing the picture out from under the nose of Miss Lombard, so that even her tongue in her cheek didn't quite outbalance the Barrymore prowess. And there is his current role of a sloppy newspaperman in "Spawn of the North," which he is making with George Raft and Dorothy Lamour. In this he wears a coat too short for him, and the seat of his trousers all but skirts his knees, yet John in such an outfit, and playing such a part, looks completely happy and at home.

He likes these parts because they are homey down to earth parts, and because, being at heart lazy, he can literally amble through them. He does nothing, makes no move, which isn't vitally necessary. We saw them making one scene where John and George Raft were at a bar. Before them were glasses, filled with dark sweetened water. George sipped his during the dialogue. John let his stand. Director Henry Hathaway filmed the scene several times, each time letting it run long, hoping that John would relent and take a drink from the glass. But John was on to him. After the last take John said mildly, and triumphantly, "You thought you'd make me drink the slop, didn't you?" Maybe John has developed an antipathy for liquid of any sort. Or, maybe, he's just lazy.

But lazy or not, it's true that he does have a keener, more steadied interest in his work than ever before, and for this he gives Elaine Barrymore credit. "She's the only woman I've ever known," he said calmly, "who knows the combination to keep me interested, to keep me going, and that's all there is to it." And after you know Elaine you understand why.

It's rather an amazing thing about Elaine, the change in the attitude about her that has taken place around the studio. No woman ever came to Hollywood with a greater prejudice to batter down. People, before meeting her, had their minds made up that she was a scheming idol-chaser, and they were prepared to give her the cold shoulder.

But nowadays—and every one is slightly abashed about it—the shoulder is no longer even cool, and she has numerous staunch admirers, especially at the studio. Even the unbelievers have finally come to see that she has managed John Barrymore, and won his complete love, as none of his other three wives had even succeeded in doing. The only way it can be explained is that the girl has character, and she also has graciousness.

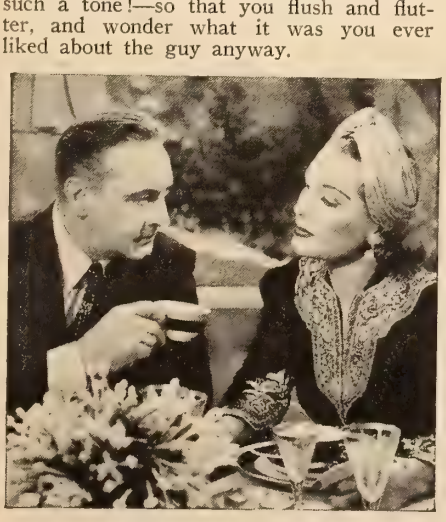
Elaine has the character that demands steadiness of John, and she has the graciousness to persuade him to achieve it. Her manner is never bossy, never ostenta-

tious. There is no discord when they are together, as there sometimes is with Barrymore alone, when he is often impatient with delays, easily irritated by too many suggestions. You know, innately, that she is managing him, but on the surface you are never conscious of it. You can find no definite examples of "how."

It has been discovered that Mrs. Barrymore is always more easily reached than John, so now it's to her that most everyone goes with business matters which involve him. Not only because it saves time and trouble, but because it's a pleasure. As one male member of the publicity department put it, "It's just a small thing, but she has one of the most charming voices on the phone that I've ever heard. And, because I like her voice, I like her." It's true, sometimes you can tell as much about a person on the telephone as you can after several meetings. And Mrs. Barrymore has won numerous friends that way.

Speaking of telephone calls, it's apparent that Mr. Barrymore phones Elaine many times during the day. Nobody else may know where he is, but she always does. After trying to locate John on his set and in the dressing room one day, the script department called his home. Mrs. Barrymore said he wasn't there, but that he was in projection room B, and that at a quarter of twelve he would be back in his dressing room. At a quarter of twelve the script department, being curious, called the dressing room. John was breathless. The phone had been ringing just as he put his key in the door and he had hurried to answer it. The past Mrs. Barrymores lost track of John sometimes for days at a time. The present Mrs. Barrymore seems to know where he is at intervals of every thirty minutes.

BUT Elaine is the only one who can be sure of him. As far as others are concerned he still has his erratic moments, and most of these may be accredited (discredited is perhaps the better word) to that peculiar freakish memory of his. He can remember what happened exactly sixteen years ago, come Fourth of July, when he turned handsprings down the main hallway in Buckingham Palace, or something equally fantastic, but walk up to him and ask him about that little matter you spoke to him about yesterday, and he is quite likely to be completely baffled. Very likely he'll go into his dignity act, too. "Come, come, be specific," he may say—and in such a tone!—so that you flush and flutter, and wonder what it was you ever liked about the guy anyway.



John Barrymore has been getting grand reviews on all of his recent pictures. Here he is with the dark-eyed song-bird Gladys Swarthout.

But happily these are only moments, and they pass quickly, and the next time you see him he has failed to remember them too, and so in the end you get along quite famously. He is telling you about that new boat he is shopping around for to replace the most recent, very expensive one which he has sold. "It's going to be a much smaller one, this time," he says. "Just a little thing to roam about in," and he is so anxious to let you know that he's no longer going in for showy things, that bye and bye he has you believing that what he really wants is a plain ordinary scow. And you do believe him because, judging from the rattling old Ford in which he always arrives at the studio, his tastes have indeed changed. The Barrymores also have a Packard phaeton, but that is reserved for "public appearances."

IN spite of his talk about contracted expenditures, in his speech you find the same Barrymore profanity as of old. The kind of profanity which is strictly Barrymore, and highly excusable inasmuch as it is amusing, the kind of profanity which only a delightful rogue such as he is, could ever get away with. It makes him a joy to the crew workers on the set, who never swear at him, but would love to swear with him, if they thought they could compete. Incidentally he is always good for at least one round of beer and cokes every day, and that also adds to his popularity. Then, too, they have to admire his strength, which, in spite of the punishment he has given himself in past years, is still something to be marveled at.

Recently he had ptomaine poisoning, and had to be sent to the hospital. They scheduled him for the usual time that it takes serious cases to recover, but John was out 'way ahead of time, said he could recuperate much better while working, and that's just what he did. He's quick on recovery, like he is on answers. To the boys around the place he's some kind of a bold, bad, beloved god. They wouldn't like him if he were reformed too much, and neither would you. Reform, like everything else, in moderation, please, and John has achieved it that way.

A happy medium has been exactly what it took to put John back on the Hollywood map. It's been quite a road, and he went down it for a long way. When he left the studio a year or so ago he was out, everyone said, out of all pictures, for all time. Then he started free-lancing. Free lancing at $6000. a week doesn't sound like much of a comedown, but it was a comedown when you think of the parts he had to play.

One studio used him for admittedly B pictures. Then Carole Lombard suggested him for "True Confession," and he came out of his decline (or his B-cline, to be more exact) and ever since the A pictures on his schedule have been piling up terrifically. He was signed on a long-term contract, then his old studio hired him for "Marie Antoinette"—for which they paid a pretty pile of pennies—and John went back with every right to feel like the cock of the walk, but never once crowing about it. Next he'll do the "Gracie Allen Murder Mystery," then a co-starring one with W. C. Fields, and later, "Four Leaf Clover."

John found his four leaf clover all right, and her name is spelled in six letters, but contrary to all reports, he didn't let it throw him. It changed him for the best in many ways, but he still has, and thank goodness, the manners of Hamlet, the madness of Mercutio, and he's still somewhat of a baddie. From Hollywood's bad boy to good boy—to be or not to be—that, in John's quixotic mind, is still a much-mooted question.



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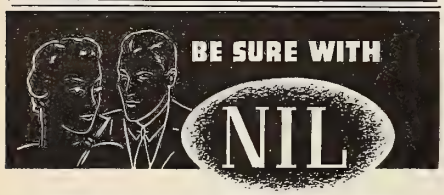
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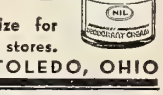
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I WANT MY MONEY

(*Continued from page 53*)

of his own during this period.

It is difficult to reprint the exact figures on my earnings. I can safely say, however, that after "The Kid" my value to the movies was universally conceded to be $4000. a week. For personal appearances I received more—$5000. from the London Palladium, for instance. I was getting five dollars every seven days for myself then! A writer in the London *Daily Mirror* commented at the time, "What becomes of the other $4995. I don't know." He was voicing my own thoughts—ten years ahead.

Then George Bernard Shaw, whom I met while over there, told me, "In your short career you've made more money than I have in my seventy-two years of creditable service to the stage." But Mr. Shaw was never a child playwright!

I tell all this to show you how the money rolled in. Too much for a punk kid my age? Maybe. But I earned it. It was mine. After all, I had paid a heavy price for it, the price of a normal childhood. Other youngsters are making big money today, right here in the same Hollywood. It is because I feel that my story may just possibly be of some help to them—because there is a crying need for change in the "child labor" laws of California—that I tell it now.

Naturally, in the beginning, I dreaded going to court, dreaded making my personal problems public. But now I have a wife and home of my own. I must protect my interests—and theirs.

I never had any real fun while I was a kid, in the sense that other boys do. For me there were no hours of play after school—almost no school, in the ordinary meaning—no letting-down-my-hair as we know it today, until I went to college. Athletics were taboo. I might mar my pretty face or, worse yet, "hold up production." My idea of a big time was to visit my aunt and uncle. They let me put on overalls and go out and play with some of the neighborhood kids. Boy, was that a treat!

THE first time I ever roller-skated was with Betty Grable, soon after I started going with her. The closest I ever came to rolling a hoop was when the studio made some publicity stills of Betty "at play," and I sneaked one for a little private experimenting. I had sailed on many yachts and big ships, but the first time I was ever allowed to roam a deck unmolested was at the harbor recently, when a bunch of us went down to Preston Foster's boat.

It wasn't anybody's fault, really. Even if my parents—and my employers—had been willing to let me "relax" after the day's grind, the endless demands made on a "celebrity" would have queered that. Interviews—music, dancing and riding lessons—personal appearances—portrait sittings—all the hundred-and-one requirements of publicity and exploitation kept me busy long after the cameras had stopped rolling. It was all part of "being famous," the continuous manufacture of "glamor."

What of 1938's juvenile stars? They are taking the same kind of "punishment." They can't escape it. If their futures were left solely to the laws of the State, they might easily wind up behind the eight-ball, as I did. But I understand most of the fathers and mothers of today are exhibiting more generosity—or at least greater foresight—in providing for their children's tomorrows.

I say this not from a newly-found optimism or because I feel it is the tactful thing to do, but as a result of numerous inquiries directed toward the present status of the child stars of Hollywood.

Shirley Temple probably draws higher wages than any other youngster. That's only fair. Shirley is, after all, the number one box-office attraction. But kids don't derive all their income from the screen alone. Radio and commercial tie-ups mean a lot more to their bank accounts than they did when I was a star. It would be impossible for me to estimate Shirley's total earnings, but I'm told they're around $500,000. per year.

Shirley's money is said to be invested three ways: in paid-up annuities, government bonds, and guaranteed trust funds in several banks. It is all in her name, and Mr. and Mrs. George Temple have absolutely no access to it. The investments will not all mature at the same time—that is, when Shirley reaches twenty-one—but will be paid to her at ten-year intervals. That's what I call good sense.

JANE WITHERS, who is now twelve and has been working five years, also should have a considerable amount stored away. Every week, I hear, her parents deposit $1000. to her credit in a trust fund. The rest goes into Jane's regular account. She has to sign every check that is written, for her parents believe firmly in impressing her with the value of dollars and cents.

Bobby Breen's income stems from five sources: motion pictures, radio, commercial tie-ups, personal appearances, and recordings. His money is placed in a trust fund controlled by the family. Bobby gets sixty cents a week for spending—which made me, I suppose, a bloated plutocrat by comparison, and my weekly six twenty-five a tidy fortune!

Like Bobby, Deanna Durbin has a five-way income. It is supposed to add up to $100,000. a year. Deanna is fifteen, and has been performing two and a half years. A trust fund has been established for her, payable when she attains her majority.

From all this, it would seem that today's youthful favorites have comparatively smooth sailing ahead. No thanks, however, to existing laws! The parents of those kids are simply doing the decent thing.

My attorneys tell me that the particular California law to which I have reference was handed down in England more than one hundred years ago. It stipulates that all the earnings of a minor child belong to his parents, and in just so many words. This is the code which impelled my mother and stepfather to act as they did. Yet in the period for which it was written, a child's earnings were probably mere pittances, a few pennies for chasing errands, herding sheep to pasture, snaring rabbits, catching and peddling fish, and the like. Naturally the real burden of feeding, housing and clothing such a child had to be borne by the parents!

It was borne by my parents, too. Besides my $6.25 allowance, they provided food, clothing, transportation, a place to live, a college education, and an eight hundred dollar automobile when I was old enough to drive one. Otherwise, during all these years, I received $1500. in gifts, fifty dollars at a time, on birthdays and at Christmases, and $1000. on the day before I became twenty-one.

But what had I done for them? My father and mother were on the vaudeville stage. After I rose to fame in "The Kid," my mother quit work and my father became a production manager. They were en-

abled to bask in luxurious surroundings, employ numerous servants, drive expensive cars, in short, to live off the fat of the land.

Dad always intended that I should share in all this. If he had lived I'd have had no fears for the future. I know, in my own mind, that he at least was sincere when both he and Mother went before the court in July, 1922, and requested that guardianship papers be issued to her, "to allay malicious gossip and rumors as to what was becoming of Jackie's money."

In January, 1923, they asked that these guardianship papers be dissolved, stating it was anticipated that a trust fund arrangement would be completed. Four days later I received the bonus check from Mr. Schenck — $500,000. — the largest single amount ever written up to then in the motion picture industry.

WHAT became of it? This is one of the many unanswered questions which has led me, at last, to seek justice in a court of law. And why was that trust fund arrangement never completed? Had it been, the whole story of my life would have been altered.

Three years ago I lost Dad. After the acccident, while I was lying in bed with a broken rib, serious bruises and nervous shock, they told me I would not be allowed to get up to attend the funeral service.

As if they could stop me! "I'm going to Dad's funeral," I said. "I'll walk out of here just as I am if you don't give me my clothes. He was always my best pal."

My mother was a wonderful woman. I adored her, and she was devoted to me, so long as my father lived. But today she has found new interests. I am no longer the chief attraction in her life. And she has said that it is Betty, my wife, who is urging and advising me in the action I am taking!

Betty has nothing to do with it. I've been in love with her as long as I can remember. We've always been in love with one another. Neither of us could ever see any other person. I've had more fun since I've known Betty and gone around with her than I ever had in my childhood.

But I can't let my wife support me. True, both of us could live on what she receives from the studio. But no man likes to be supported by his wife. And I don't see why I should be dependent on her after having earned $3,000,000., the sum computed by my attorneys.

Three million dollars before I was twenty-one, and $13,000. since! For my two weeks in "College Swing," I was paid $1000. It wasn't much, but I hoped and prayed it would pave the way for a comeback. After all, acting, the screen, is my work. It is the only work I know, the only "business" for which "The Kid" was trained.

The law says it's right for parents to take all of a child's earnings, but already there are signs that that law is about to be changed, to some extent, at least. Only recently, Judge Emmett H. Wilson announced from the bench that hereafter he will approve only those contracts which provide for placing at least one half a minor's earnings in a trust fund payable to that minor at or after majority. Since all contracts involving minors must be approved by the Superior Court, it may be that improvements will be made, and that the children now employed in pictures will not be sold into slavery as I was.

For their sakes, I'm pulling for that day to arrive.

JACKIE SHOULD HAVE HIS MONEY

(*Continued from page 55*)

dinner, and washes up afterwards. He gets up at five o'clock every morning to drive me to the studio. He almost always comes to the studio to have lunch with me in the commissary. He calls for me and drives me home every night. It is because he is the kind of person who does so much for others that it hurts to think that the people who should have loved him the most have tried to keep from him what he himself has earned.

Right now I want to correct one very false impression. Jackie has never lived on my money. That idea is absolutely untrue. Jack had an orchestra before we were married. Mr. Bernstein travelled with them, of course, and most of the quite considerable money the orchestra made went, so Jackie was told, into the Jackie Coogan Corporation, there to be "saved" for him. Jack was given fifty dollars a week out of the earnings. He sent most of that back here to me to bank for him, so he had some of that left when we were married. Then we made our personal appearance tour together, before we were married, and that paid quite well. He has done a couple of broadcasts, and he was in the picture, "College Swing" with me.

We have been married only six months so it is easy to see that so far he has earned enough money to pay our expenses out of his own pocket. On one or two occasions he has had to borrow from me, but he has always paid it back. Jackie wouldn't keep a cent that didn't belong to him, or that he didn't earn. He isn't the kind to live on a woman's money. He has supported a family all his life. It isn't likely that he would go into reverse now, and allow his wife to support him. If there is anything to this theory of "conditioning" children to certain reactions, then Jackie was certainly conditioned to being a breadwinner!

Jack and I first met on the boat to Catalina. My mother and I were on our way to the Island for a few days vacation. Jack was on the boat with a boy I knew, so that boy introduced us. It wasn't love at first sight. I liked Jack, because he was quiet and unassuming and yet such good fun. He has the grandest sense of humor in the world. It's a good thing he has. He's needed it. He is the life of every party we go to. People who see him at parties often think he is drinking, because he is the gayest one there. But they are wrong. Jack hasn't taken a single drink for five years. Five years ago he signed the pledge, and he has kept that pledge to the letter. He is rather old-fashioned in certain respects. In the ways that make a man respect a woman, salute the American flag, and believe that motherhood is sacred. My poor Jack.

Well, anyway, it wasn't one of those spontaneous combustion romances. I came to love Jack slowly, as I came to know his character, and realize his qualities. We danced together the night we met, at our hotel in Catalina. We had a lot of fun. But I didn't see or hear from him again for two months. Then one night he called me for a date. Ordinarily I would have turned down an eleventh hour date like that. For all I knew he had tried seven other girls before he got around to thinking of me. But I had been "stood up" that night myself, and I was good and mad, so I went. Well, it was a last-minute date, all right, and I guess it's going to last till

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the last minute of our lives, for after that evening neither of us ever made a date with anyone else.

It has been hinted, and none too subtly, that I married Jack for his money. That's a laugh! I knew right from the start that Jackie had no money. His mother saw to that. For as soon as Jack and I began to go together his mother 'phoned and told me that if I thought I was marrying a wealthy boy I was sadly mistaken, that Jackie was a pauper, didn't have a penny to his name. Just to make it doubly sure and doubly unpleasant she called my mother and told her the same thing. And she wasn't any too sweet about it, either.

I FELL in love with Jack for his gentleness and kindliness, for his lack of egotism. I've never once heard Jack talk about his fame as a child star. He has never volunteered any information about the pictures he made, the experiences he had. I always have had to say, "Tell me about this picture, Jack," or, "what happened when you made that picture?" If you met Jack today, and didn't recognize him, you'd never know from him that he was one of the most famous children in the world. I liked his modesty in a town where modesty is not exactly given away as a premium.

I liked him because of his adoration of Charlie Chaplin. He still adores Charlie. A couple of months ago we met Mr. Chaplin at the Trocadero, and he and Jackie had a long talk about the good old days when Jackie was the beloved "Kid." I never saw Jack's eyes shine as they did that night.

While we were going together before our marriage I would occasionally have dinner with Jack and his family. I'd go to please Jack, not myself, for it was the very reverse of pleasure for me. Mrs. Coogan was never nice to me. Quite the opposite. She always made me feel that I wasn't wanted. Her whole attitude and manner spoke louder than words. As for Mr. Bernstein, he just didn't speak to me. Mrs. Coogan resented me, and resented our marriage.

It was always embarrassing for me to go there, painfully embarrassing, in many ways. Jack and I would sometimes want to go out after dinner, dancing or to a movie. And his mother would always say, right in front of me, "All right, but what are you going to do for money?" That kid didn't even have pocket money. He'd made millions, and half the time he didn't have enough loose change to take a girl to the movies. But he'd just say, "All right then, we'll just ride around in the car." And we would.

Every time he made a little money he would buy me a present. I'd try to stop him. I'd say, "Save your money, Jack. We're going to be married, and we'll want it then." But Jack has the giving complex, and you couldn't stop him. But every time he bought me anything his mother would raise cain.

It seemed to me that Jackie's home life was all but unendurable. Only because he was used to it, only because he has the sweetest, most passive disposition in the world could he have stood it. There he was in that mansion, with all the de luxe trimmings, the palatial estate he, when a tiny child, had bought and paid for, and I'm telling you that he was not only treated as a stranger within those gates, but as a very unwelcome stranger at that. There were, and are at this writing, two Rolls Royces standing in the garage. But when Jackie and I went driving we didn't use a Rolls! Jackie didn't even have the right clothes when I first met him. I've had to make him go out and get things for himself. I guess he got out of the habit of believing he was entitled to anything.

I remember being at the house one night, looking over some old albums and press books Jackie's father had kept. I'd exclaim over some picture of Jackie as a small child and Mrs. Coogan would brush the book aside and say, "Let me show you some baby pictures of Robert!" She made absolutely no bones about the fact that Robert is, and always has been, her favorite. I give her this much credit, I think she really does love Robert.

The very fact that she came out in court as she did, and called Jackie, her own son, a "bad boy"—well, that's enough, isn't it? It makes you think of those mothers whose sons have been murderers and thieves, ingrates and wastrels, all kinds of beastly things, and of how those mothers have stood by their sons to the very last. It makes you think of that story of the mother whose son cut out her heart, and as he was running to give his mother's heart to his wicked sweetheart, who had demanded it, the heart cried out, "Be careful, don't stumble and hurt yourself, my son."

Jackie "bad!" It's so preposterous it would be funny, if it weren't so sad. I suppose she was referring to the fact that Jack flunked college, that he got a little tight once or twice when he was in his teens, just trying out his oats. Well, what of it? Jack's father only laughed when he flunked. *He* realized that Jack's childhood schooling had not trained him for academic life. He knew that boys will be boys, for at least a little while, and no harm done. Those few poor, feeble little "oats" are the only ones he ever sowed.

OF COURSE Jack didn't have any money to buy me an engagement ring. But the Jackie Coogan Corporation had taken a ring for a bad debt at one time, and Jack managed to get that. It was a beautiful square cut diamond, really gorgeous. It *was*, I say, because, as you may remember reading, it was stolen from me in Chicago when Jackie and I were making our personal appearance tour.

When we were married (we had a big church wedding and a reception at my home afterwards) Mrs. Coogan came to the wedding, but Mr. Bernstein didn't even come into the church to see us get married. He waited on the steps outside. Mrs. Coogan wanted us to live in a sort of run-down little house on the trolley tracks. She said that Jack was a poor boy and that was where he should live. I insisted on our cute little house in Westwood. When I think of all the money Jackie has made, all the comforts and advantages and luxuries he has given to his family—well, these things are just hard to believe.

I think that Jack had a fairly happy childhood, even without a mother's love. He loved working in pictures, because everyone was so wonderful to him, loved him so much. Jackie then, as now, thrived on warmth and affection. Perhaps he didn't realize that his mother was indifferent, was only affectionate when they appeared together in public. And he did have his father's love. His father adored him, and it was mutual. If his father were living now none of this could have happened. Of course I never met Mr. Coogan Senior. But I know how he loved Jack, what he had planned for him. I know that he often spoke about the trust fund, about how all of Jack's money would be his when he was twenty-one. But he never lived to see that pathetic twenty-first birthday.

I am sure, too, that Jack's father was very unhappy before he died. Things were happening in the family which must have given him premonitions of what might become of Jack if anything happened to him.

It was Mr. Coogan who bought the ranch property for Jack in San Diego

County. He told Jack it was to be a place where he could spend his week-ends, where he could relax and have fun. After Mr. Coogan's death Mrs. Coogan and Mr. Bernstein sold the ranch, right over Jack's head.

Well, by the time this is printed the court proceedings may be all over. If Jack wins he will win everything—everything that is left, or that comes to light. I don't know what it will amount to. I do know that Mr. Bernstein laughs about how he lost a million dollars on the stock exchange. It's easy to joke, I guess, about losing a million dollars someone else, a kid, has made.

No matter how it all comes out we will go on with our own plans. Jack wants to do radio work. He has a beautiful speaking voice, and he should be on the air. He'd like to do pictures, too, although I don't think he is as interested in pictures as he might have been had he not spent a young life-time making them. He'd like to do character juveniles if he does pictures at all. He knows he doesn't look like a Robert Taylor or a Tyrone Power. But he would like to do the kind of things Tom Brown sometimes does.

I want to keep on working, too. I started out as a member of a studio dancing chorus. Then I played the lead in a Wheeler and Woolsey comedy, "Hold 'Em Jail." I also made a lot of shorts, and played in the Fred Astaire picture, "Gay Divorcee," later in "This Way, Please," with Buddy Rogers, then in "College Swing," and now in "Give Me A Sailor." I'd like to develop into doing the kind of comedy-drama things Ginger Rogers does so well, like "Vivacious Lady," and "Stage Door." I do want to keep on in pictures, and whatever I want to do is okay with Jack.

I haven't tried here to go into any of the legal aspects of Jack's case. I've just tried to tell why, apart from the plain ordinary fairness of it, Jackie should have his money, because he is the kind of a boy you don't treat as he has been treated. Jack is getting thousands and thousands of letters. They've been pouring in ever since the case began. Some of them are from mothers who feel that all motherhood is sort of hurt because of this. I'd like them to know that Jack was hurt, too, and why. I'd like the whole world to know that "The Kid" they used to love is today the same sweet kid he always was.

WHAT MAKES A MAN FALL IN LOVE?

(*Continued from page 45*)

honest, you'll see that he agrees with me.

"Naturalness is one of the important things a girl should strive for. Many girls seem to think we fellows expect them to 'put on an act.' So they dramatize themselves. I have seen girls dramatize opening a door, stepping out of a car, ordering a dinner, anything for a chance to appear other than what they are. I believe they are under the impression that men want them to be story-book or screen heroines.

"Dream girls are fine in fiction, and lovely as dreams, but personally, I'd prefer something more substantial in real life. Companionship, for instance. And that's not a small order, either," he added.

WAYNE MORRIS, another one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, has squired some of the most glamorous girls in the world, at one time or another. Here are his interesting observations on this absorbing subject.

"Whenever I meet a girl," he said, "I involuntarily ask myself, 'Is she the sort of person I could live happily with on a desert island?' If she isn't, that puts a time limit on my interest in her. But if she is, then I know she's the kind you can sit and talk with, exchange ideas with, and have for a companion.

"No man wants to have a choice between taking a girl to a night club or a theatre every night, or being bored.

"There are two prime requisites that every girl must have, if a man is to enjoy being with her for any length of time. They must always be first in importance, all others taking secondary place. I refer to intelligence and a sense of humor."

Narrowing your chances with Wayne Morris down still further, he likes a girl who gets a kick out of life, who is a good dancer, who is musically inclined, and who likes to read.

"And," he suggested, "a girl should stop fretting if she isn't a raving beauty. Beautiful girls aren't always the most interesting. Charm is so much better. But she should learn to wear clothes well, so that the man who takes her out may have that proud feeling of 'showing her off.'"

Here are three particular rules Wayne gave for the girl who wants to have masculine admirers: "Give a man his own way in little things. Learn to be broad-minded without throwing away any of your good principles. Get yourself a thorough understanding of masculine psychology."

It is Gene Raymond's opinion that if a girl is standing on the sidelines while romance passes by, then it's time she looked into her own personality.

"Perhaps she's too aggressive," pointed out Gene. "I've never once seen an aggressive, domineering girl and a popular girl rolled into one. No matter how much anyone tries, he can't run away from the fact that men have always been the leaders, at least outwardly, and they still like to feel that they are.

"Although it's true that every eligible man a girl meets may be a potential husband, she should never let him know she looks at him in such a light. When the time comes to get serious, let the man do it.

"Sometimes it looks as if certain girls do get away with active pursuing, but I don't think you'll see such tactics working in most cases. However, there is something to be said along the same line, and it's this: some girls, in their zeal not to pursue, lean over too far the other way.

"For generations mothers and other female relatives have dinned into girls the belief that the more reticent the girl, the more interested the man. I differ with this. If a girl wants to gain a man's interest, she's got to show that she's interested in him, not necessarily as a man, but as a person. Very few women can successfully pursue the policy of extreme aloofness.

"One of the first things a girl should figure out, upon meeting a man she likes, is whether he appeals to her as a future husband, or just as an amusing playmate. If the latter is the case, she can use all the wit and pep at her command, and if she keeps him in gales of laughter, all well and good. She can impress him with her tireless energy for play, and he'll love it. But, more often than not, he'll lead her more quiet, more sensible sister down the middle aisle.

"If a man's in a marrying mood, he will generally look for qualities of sweetness, a sensible nature, and a quiet restful personality. A man will look at such a girl and say, 'That's the type of girl I'd like to marry'—and he usually does."



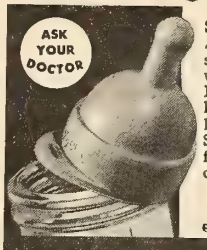
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BUBBLING BILLIE

(*Continued from page 83*)

on the stage. "Let her?" she wrote. "I would urge her."

"She doesn't want to go on the stage," Billie told me. "She has seen too much of the struggle for success, the rocky road to the theatre, the terror of first nights; and the stage has no glamor for her. Had her father lived, I think he would have gotten her interested in the production end. Now she doesn't know exactly what she wants to do. She is trying out different things, among them a column which she writes once a week for the 'Beverly Hills Citizen.'"

ASKED what ideas she had tried to pass on to her daughter, Miss Burke said, "You can't pass much on to this modern generation. Their view is clear and clean-cut, and they are not hampered by a lot of sentimental—" she left the sentence half finished, while her hand made an incomplete gesture. "I don't know the exact word for it. They are brave little people, all wanting to do something with their lives. You rarely hear of women today who are content just to stay home and do nothing. I think parents make a mistake in trying to force their ideas on younger people."

Billie admires Dale Carnegie, and thinks he gives excellent advice in "How To Win Friends and Influence People."

"He tells you that you can't force people to do what you want them to. You must try to make them want to do things. That's a wonderful idea, if one were clever enough to know how to apply it, but I'm not. My daughter is her own mistress," she said. "She can do anything she wants to do, live and work as she pleases. I am happy that she chooses to stay with me."

There is something very sweet and deprecating about Billie Burke. She very obviously applies her own advice, and has learned the cleverness which conceals cleverness.

Never have I heard Billie Burke say an unkind word about anyone. Of Katharine Hepburn, with whom she appeared in "Bill of Divorcement," she said, "She is so definite and clean-cut, like a blade of green grass. She has the terrific courage of not caring what other people think about her. She has the most beautiful hair in Hollywood. On the set she cuts up continually, and her antics are terribly funny, but they have the virtue of never hurting anyone." (This strange way of mixing physical characteristics with praise of Katharine Hepburn's character is another Billieburkish trait. For to her, bodily beauty and beauty of the soul are inextricably mixed up.

Few people watching Billie Burke on the screen today, remembering how far she has come, and over what obstacles she has triumphed, recall the fact that she was born in humble obscurity, the daughter of a clown. Yet if it had not been for her father, William Ethelbert Burke, I doubt if Billie would ever have gone on the stage. For little red-headed Ethelbert (named after her father) worshipped him and his fanatical devotion to his work. And clowns in those days were much greater artists than they are expected to be today. In addition to all the fantastic things they did to amuse people, they also sang, and William Burke had a voice that was strong and true and fine.

Billie's mother came from a fine southern family, and her maternal grandmother, Cecilia Flood, a southern writer, had been deeply shocked when Billie's mother married a circus clown. Hoping that she might at least save little Billie from ever following a career in the circus, and that she might be able to turn the small child into a writer of respectable literature like herself, she sent Billie books, and encouraged her to write long letters.

But it didn't work. Billie's father went abroad and established himself in English vaudeville, and more than ever Billie was fascinated by the life her father led. Because he sang, she wanted to sing, and while she was still very young, she started taking singing lessons from Louise Douste in London. Billie made her first important professional appearance at eighteen in an English musical comedy, in which she sang the hit song of the year, "My Little Canoe." Impressed by her work in England, Charles Frohman brought her to the United States, where she became John Drew's leading lady. From that time on she played romantic roles. She has made the transition from a romantic heroine to a comedienne gracefully. But then Billie Burke always does everything gracefully.

THE INFORMATION DESK

(*Continued from page 15*)

Charles Smith, Terral, Okla. Lily Pons had a French father and an Italian mother. She studied in Europe, made her Metropolitan Opera debut in 1931, and her motion picture debut in 1935. She is just five feet tall, weighs one hundred and four pounds, has dark hair and eyes. At this writing she is planning to marry Andre Kostelanetz, music director, in June. Her last picture was "That Girl from Paris."

Wm. Schupp, Louisville, Ky. Bobby Breen has brown hair and eyes. He was born in Toronto, Canada, November 4, 1927. He sang in night clubs, on the stage, and for the radio before going into pictures.

Miss G. Resnick, Brooklyn, N. Y. If you will write Mr. Kenneth Clark, Information Department, Motion Picture Producers and Distributers of America, 28 W. 44th Street, New York City, you can get all the information you need regarding censorship, codes, etc.

Kay Nelson, Edmonton, Can. C. Aubrey Smith was born in London, England, July 21, 1863. He attended Cambridge University, then toured South Africa and Australia with championship cricket teams. He went on the stage in 1892. He is six feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred eighty-four pounds, has gray hair and blue eyes. He played in "Hurricane," and "Four Men and a Prayer."

H. L. Luke, Honolulu, Hawaii. Simone Simon is French. She was born in Marseilles, France, April 23, 1914. Her hair is brown, her eyes are blue. She is five feet three inches tall, weighs one hundred fourteen pounds. She played in many European films before coming to America.

L. Allan Smith, Lawrence, Mass. We have discontinued our fan club directory service.

Harold Babcock, Butte, Mont. We can't attempt to advise you, but if you are serious about it you must work hard. Get all the general education you can. Besides that study people and plays, and learn how to act. Join a local theatre group, either amateur or professional, and study hard. Acting requires much work as well as unusual talent.

CALAMITY JANE

(*Continued from page 50*)

tively how to get you interested and how to hold your attention. She'll never be a wallflower, either, for the boys at the studio buzz around like bees. She's full of pep and fun, and keeps 'em entertained, and that is what young gentlemen seem to dote on. Mickey Rooney and Jackie Searle are Miss Withers' favorite gen'men. They're no sissies, you can bet, and when they're playing a good game of catch-and-pitch, Janey's right in the middle of it.

Yes, this starlet is right there when it comes to games. She always wins at them, too. "I just can't seem to help it," she says candidly. "I guess maybe I'm just lucky. I have a magic set and can do most of the tricks right off. Then of course, I have dolls—lots of 'em. There can never be enough dolls, can there?"

We allowed as how maybe there couldn't where any normal little girl is concerned. "I have all kinds," Janey boasted just a little. "French, Chinese, Indian, well, you know, just about everything. I have a Jane Withers doll, too, but she's not my favorite. Maybe that's because she's too much like me," and Jane gave a big wink.

Here is a young lady who will never be off the screen because of the "awkward age." She'll bridge the gap between little girl and ingenue because of her ability and personality. Not that Jane will ever be an ingenue in the saccharine sense of the word. She has too much intelligence and humor for that. She nicely combines southern charm with Yankee pep. If you saw "Rascals," you'll know just how much brains and wit she combines. Little Withers is very much in the picture even when she isn't even on the screen at all.

The Withers have a new ranch house smack in the middle of a two-acre tract, one acre of which is to be devoted entirely to Jane's menagerie.

"It's so nice for Jane," Mrs. Withers explained. "We have the entire top of the hill and our view isn't obstructed at all. The place is so healthy for Janey, as she spends a lot of time outdoors."

"You see I have my chickens to take care of," Jane broke in, "and they certainly are lucky, too. I had a house built for them especially with upper and lower beds. I guess they are about the luckiest chickens I know of, with their home and the view and all. There's twenty-seven of them, and do they lay! Why, we're 'most stuffed with eggs, 'cause they give about twelve a day now!

"They have a bath house, too, but they don't take a real bath." Janey laughed. "They come out and stick one toe in and jerk it right back. Then they put in a little more until finally they have it all in. Next they do the same thing all over with the other foot and then they just hop out. That's all there is to it."

After we heard about the poultry situation out Withers Way, our young hostess let us in on a secret. She has a real car. It'll go like a whiz up to 35 miles an hour and she's to drive it all by herself. Her father is having a track made on her acre, and then she may have a race a day all her own. This Janey tells us is just what the doctor ordered for her.

You're right, there's never a dull moment with a Withers!

BETWEEN YOU'N'ME

(*Continued from page 17*)

beauty and ability, but has always displayed a rare judgment in the selection of her roles.

Her vivid personality is so real on the screen. You have heard the expression "The eyes are the windows of the soul," and that expression always comes to my mind when I watch Bette's eyes flash and register the emotion she feels. The eye of the camera registers every little mood, and even the thought behind the mood. Consequently, false thinking is false acting. Bette Davis is so imbued with her part, lives it so completely, that her sincerity is beyond doubt.

The only thing I can say against this clever little actress is—we cannot get enough of her.

—Mabel McCown, Englewood, Col.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Those Musicals Again

"You can't see the wood for the trees." I heard that phrase as I left a cinema after the showing of one of those tremendous, spectacular musicals that seem so dear to the hearts of film producers today. In this particular picture, "The Goldwyn Follies," we were given ballet dancers, accordion players, opera singers, dramatic actresses, ventriloquists and crazy comedians.

I have no doubt that all are talented in their own way, but their disjointed series of vaudeville acts successfully destroyed any prospect of a coherent picture. Even this might not be any great loss in some cases, but we know that Goldwyn can produce strong, sane film masterpieces, and it is difficult not to feel disappointed when we are given crooning hot-dog salesmen from the man who made "Dead End."

—Peter Gordon, London, Eng.

$1.00 Prize Letter
It's Not Fair

I have just returned home from seeing "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," if it can be called that, for a more mutilated version of this wonderful book I have never seen. We had eagerly awaited the picture, thinking it would follow the original story as did "Heidi." Were we disappointed!

There is nothing of Kate Douglas Wiggin's homey, old-fashioned action, for all this has been changed into a too-modern plot that is disgusting in that it is made to suit the star and not to please the audience.

Mind you, I'm not complaining about Shirley. She is still the perfect actress and did her part amazingly well. But, how on earth the title was chosen, I cannot understand. Why did they not call it something like "Rebecca of Singing Brook Farm" or "Rebecca of Radio Land," either of which would suggest "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and yet not be disappointing in its new plot.

Please don't fool us any more, producers—be honest with your titles!

—Mrs. F. E. Willis, Hagerstown, Md.

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"WHY SHOULD I MARRY?"

(*Continued from page 29*)

hear when a movie man and a movie maid go dancing with fair regularity. In Hollywood a boy can't date a girl more than three times without other folks collecting their old shoes, saving up their old rice and keeping their eyes glued on all outgoing planes to Yuma.

Tyrone talked to me matter-of-factly, frankly. That is Ty's way. There is nothing evasive, or coy, or reluctant about Tyrone. He cooperates with everyone in the business from his producer, in whose superior judgment he trusts, to the prop boy, who knows more about props than Ty does. He makes himself attractive to everyone from the least to the greatest because he is, naturally, a friendly, likable and very intelligent chap.

He went on, "I have no intention of marrying for at least five years. If something, someone, changes my intention—that will be that. But to remain single for five years is my present intention. In five years I will be twenty-eight, and that will be time enough for marriage. I hope then that I'll find the girl who will want to share my life with me, all of the rest of my life. And I hope, by that time, to have some time and some life to give the girl I marry. But now, and for the next five years, all I want to do is work. All I want to think about is work. All I dream about is my work. It's my 'grand passion,' an exacting and also a beloved mistress who takes everything I have to give, and who is welcome to it. I want to work furiously. I want to give my work every bit of concentration of which I'm capable. I actually have no time for anything else, except my hobbies. And you can hardly call marriage a 'hobby.'

NOW, honestly, what kind of a husband would I make? When I get through the day's work I'm so tired I want to go right home and go to bed. When I do go out—and I do go out some, of course—I find myself thinking of what I've done today, how I might have done it better; thinking of what I'm to do tomorrow, of changes in the script, of my lines, and whether I know them. I am more apt to get ideas about bits of business for the character I'm playing to do than ideas about what night club to hit next, or how well I'm dancing.

"My days on the set are days of steady work, work that absorbs every ounce of thought, emotion, and energy I've got to give. Beside the actual work itself there are conferences about the next picture, there is my wardrobe to be attended to, there are interviews and photographic sittings, and visits to the dentist. There are rehearsals for my radio program, and then the broadcast itself. I'm young and healthy," laughed Tyrone, "but, after all, I'm only human, and there are only twenty-four hours in any man's day.

I haven't time to know how I feel. I haven't time to analyze my own emotions. I have time only to know how the character I'm playing feels; whether he, my shadow self, is in love, or not in love; what his reactions would be, or should be. No girl would want to marry a succession of shadows which are more real than the man who projects them.

"You see, everything has happened to me so suddenly, with such sensational, indigestible speed. I must have time to absorb it all, to learn how to take it in my stride. I can't take on another career until I have reached a point in this career where I am not eating and breathing it."

Yes, "sudden"—and "enormous"—are the words. For when you consider what this boy of twenty-three has done in Hollywood, in a scant two years, you feel a little breathless yourself. When you realize that in the one year of 1938 he will have "done" over nine million dollars worth of productions, you will agree that that's preposterously more than any one pair of young shoulders is usually called upon to carry. You can see that he could not, either wisely or well, add matrimony to the burdens he now carries, however pleasant it might be.

Tyrone is amazingly wise. You wonder how so much maturity of viewpoint, so much clarity of thought, so much poise of mind as well as of manner could be concentrated in one boy of twenty-three. When you talk with him you forget how young he is. It is significant, too, that for all his handsomeness (which really quite takes the breath out of you) he never has been accused of being "beautiful," his surpassing good looks have never been stressed. That's because you just don't think of his looks when you are with Tyrone for any length of time. There is too much back of the looks, character, determination, steel, fire, books read, philosophies worked out, interests which extend beyond himself.

Anyway, by the end of 1938 Tyrone will have finished "Alexander's Ragtime Band," a little job that cost two million and seventy-five thousand dollars to make, "Suez," which will make two million dollars wish it had never been born, and "Jesse James," which is to follow "Suez," and will also cost high over the two million mark. This latter will be Tyrone's first Technicolor production. In between whiles he played Count Fersen to Norma Shearer's Marie Antoinette in the picture of the same name, and what that cost is something I don't like to even think about. So, a little addition, a little playing about with these six-digit figures will give you some idea of the expensive schedule with which Ty is involved for 1938.

"Too many problems, too," Ty commented over the dessert. "Marriage would present too many problems, I mean. Not the customary, understandable problems of Joe Doakes marrying Mary, and the two of them struggling and saving and skimping to make ends meet, having kids, working and growing together. I can understand their problems. But the problems I would have to face, if I married now, I don't understand at all. I don't even know what they'd be. Obviously, they wouldn't be matters of working and struggling together. Secretaries and studio departments can do for me, for all of us in the picture business, what a wife would do for the average business man. I think it's pretty sad if a man and wife can't feel necessary to each other.

BUT why even think about all that now? I'm not contemplating matrimony. I want my career more than I want anything else in the world, and I know it. I'm in love with it. It's all the romance I need. It's adventure. It's experience, all kinds of experience. It's excitement. It's keen *fun*. Like a much-advertised brand of cigarettes, 'it satisfies.'"

"What's such fun about it?"

"It's fun because I get to do and be all the things I've always dreamed of doing and being, all those things that most fellows dream of doing and being. Say, show me the boy who hasn't dreamed of standing up there and conducting an orchestra. Well, I get to do just that in Alexander's Ragtime Band. The studio engaged a noted conductor to coach me, and then I had the kick of standing up there with the old baton, and conducting—and Irving Berlin's music, at that. Tell me that isn't fun! We did some rain scenes the other day on the sound stage. Of course, we all bleated about getting soaked to the skin and catching our 'deaths of pneumonia,' but actually I loved it, sloshing around in water-logged boots, feeling the water splashing on my face, drenching me to the skin. What kid doesn't get a kick out of an experience like that, but doesn't get a chance at it because his folks are afraid he will catch cold!

"I got a big wam out of the fire stuff in 'In Old Chicago.' What fellow wouldn't want to have seen the famous Chicago fire, to have been in it! I saw it. I was in it. What fellow hasn't read about Suez, and wished he could have witnessed the thrilling linking together of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea? That's adventure! And when we make Jesse James (what boy on earth wouldn't want to play Jesse James?), we're going to do the big train robbery right in Kansas, where it actually happened. And 'Lloyd's of London,' and 'Marie Antoinette!' I'm still fan enough to have gotten a big kick out of working with Norma Shearer. A short while ago that would have seemed incredible."

Right here this young man who hasn't time to think about marriage, let alone time to get married, was summoned to the set. He said goodbye, then called back, "If I change my mind I'll let you know!"

So, he isn't going to get married, girls! Now, for at least five more years anyway, you can watch young Ty on the screen, and dream that heavenly dream, that somehow, some way, "it might be me!"



Norma Shearer likes Tyrone Power, too. She insisted on him for "Marie Antoinette."

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ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND



Reckless rhythm throbbed crazily. Maddening melody stabbed the night, surged giddily through the blood of all who listened. But for two young people it was a sacred song of love . . . and the harbinger of tears.

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Modern Screen

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JUL 30 1938

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LEO CARRILLO · Screen Play by John Lee Mahin and Laurence Stallings
Directed by Jack Conway · Produced by Lawrence Weingarten · A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



GOINGS-ON IN GOTHAM

The movie stars take in New York — the place they go to see and be seen

BY MACK HUGHES



PUBLIC RENDEZVOUS No. 1 for Hollywood's scintillating personalities is good ole Gotham—New York City to us. They trek from far and near for a glimpse of the nation's glamor town, where prince and pauper rub shoulders on a social equality basis.

Did you ever see a dream walking? Well, I did!—and in New York, too. Loretta Young was the dream, but, oh, that hat! A slight matter of a nightmare! They say designers have it in for tha gals this season. I was never more certain than when Loretta came into the cocktail lounge with a bib tied round her head, and, monkey fur cascading from her shoulders, to top things off.

It brought to mind a little confab she had with Lilly Daché before she embarked for Hollywood. Spake Miss Young, "Darling, if you find any things, hats or dresses, that no one else can possibly wear, send them to me. I always look my best in clothes everyone else finds it impossible to put on."



The Stuart Erwins dine at "21," rendezvous of the smart set—hangout of top flight celebs to us.



Hope Hampton temporarily leaves her house on Park Avenue for a bigger one in Beverly Hills.

When in New York, Claire Trevor dwells on the twenty-ninth floor of the Sherry-Netherlands.

Now you must admit that after hearing this, it was no real surprise when Miss Young hove into view at that swanky spot known as "21," making the patrons feel as if perhaps the hangover came with the drink.

In fact, it was at this same place where Stu Erwin and his beautiful wife, June Collyer, entertained at cocktails. Stu, it seems, is just a bit fed up on ga-ga interviews.

"I'm darn sick of being the dumb country boy," Stu began. "It's about time the worm turned and some of my fans found out I really know the answers. I'm the father of two fine kids and I don't want them to think their Pa's a blithering idiot. Once these publicity folks type you, it's hard to break away."

Olivia De Havilland, here for a few days on her return from a vacation in England, was tendered a cocktail party atop the Radio City Music Hall, where her film "Robin Hood" was breaking records.

Seems the publicity gents didn't want Olivia to take anything stronger than tea, and that, just to keep in the spirit of things! Annahoo, as one of the waiters passed her by with a tray of TNT, Olivia managed to snag one, to the chagrin of her body-guards. It appears their idea was to present (*Continued on page* 16)

IT ROCKED BROADWAY FOR 82 WEEKS!
NOW IT'S THE LOUDEST LAUGH ON THE SCREEN!

Boy meets girl! . . . Cagney meets O'Brien! . . . And the great stage triumph that panicked New York and swept the whole nation from coast to coast, becomes the love-and-laughter picture of a decade!



Bella & Samuel Spewack's

BOY MEETS GIRL

FROM THE STAGE PLAY PRODUCED BY GEORGE ABBOTT

Starring

JAMES CAGNEY
PAT O'BRIEN

MARIE WILSON · RALPH BELLAMY

FRANK McHUGH · DICK FORAN

Directed by LLOYD BACON

SCREEN PLAY BY BELLA AND SAMUEL SPEWACK

Presented by WARNER BROS.





Gloria Dickson and George Brent are together in "Secrets of an Actress."

Next stop, stardom and Gloria has won it for very good reasons.

SHE'S NOT AFRAID

BY FRANC DILLON

"SHE'S JUST a little girl from the cow country," said one producer after he'd met Gloria Dixon for the first time. Well, she may hail from Pocatello, Idaho, but there are no alfalfa seeds in that smooth head of shining blonde hair. And if there are any other gals back home as smart and talented as Gloria—well, Hollywood wouldn't mind knowing about them too.

She was born Thais Dickerson in Pocatello, Idaho, where she lived, rode horseback, spent vacations in the mountains with her father, attended grammar school and acted every time she got a chance. She is her father's daughter in every respect. They were always very close and when he died after Gloria's twelfth birthday she lost a chum, a confidant and a pal.

Although a successful banker, Mr. Dickerson was a dreamer and a deep student. He taught Gloria to read good books, he took her on long fishing trips to the mountains. There they waded up trout streams in the day time, and in the long evenings sat before the big open fireplace where her father read aloud to her—biographies of famous people, histories, the classics and good plays.

From the time she was a very small girl he instilled in her mind the fact that she was going to "be someone." There was never any doubt about it. It was simply a question of when. He told her over and over, "If you retain your ideals of good theatre, and keep your feet on the ground, you will go far." For of course she was to be an actress. The thought of her future career inspired her very name, Thais Alalia.

"But don't write down Alalia," she begged. "No one can pronounce that. No one could ever pronounce Thais either. In school I answered to any name that began with a T."

Of course a name like Thais wouldn't do for pictures, and Dickerson is too long, so it was shortened to Dickson and Gloria was substituted for Thais. And now everyone who has seen her act knows that her father's prediction of stardom for her was right, for already she has been assigned a leading role opposite the popular George Brent in "Racket Busters."

It was after her father's death and there was nothing to keep them in Idaho, that Mrs. Dickerson brought Gloria and her sister, Doris, to Long Beach, California. There Gloria attended high school and graduated in June, 1932. Although she was a good student, her mind was on acting more than anything else. She studied everything that pertained to it. She took an active part in all school theatricals. As a small child she had already organized the neighbor children and produced shows in the Dickerson home basement.

After her graduation Gloria joined the Wayside Colony Players in Long Beach, and there learned the rudiments of professional acting. With this group she played everything from Shakespeare to modern plays. She did everything she could think of to enlarge her experience. She gave dramatic readings. She did readings before groups of club women. She went on the radio and read poetry to the accompaniment of an organ.

She joined a tent show, the Hart Players, where she made from seventy-five cents to three dollars a week, depending on the current business. And although money was none too plentiful in the Dickerson exchequer, the salary didn't matter to Gloria (*Continued on page 17*)

How one girl scaled the Hollywood heights and hung up a new record

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Tip from Ed Sullivan, famous Hollywood correspondent... "Most gorgeous item to come to the films in the past year is Hedy Lamarr... Wait until you get a load of this lovely number in Wanger's 'Algiers'... She'll create more talk than any performer in seasons... TERRIFIC!"


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ALEXAN
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An American
TYRONE POWER · ALIC

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DOUGLAS FOWLEY • EDDIE COLLINS
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Featuring a pageant of Irving Berlin songs including 26 favorites of yesteryear and 2 hits of tomorrow

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

STARRING SALADS

BY MARJORIE DEEN

Lure your family's jaded appetite with these prize recipes from a famous restaurant chef



Norwegian Salad with Deviled Eggs Runic, is really a glorified potato salad.

Cary Grant says men like substantial, filling salads with plenty of tangy flavor.



OUTSIDE one of Hollywood's most popular restaurants, the Vendome, a huge crowd gathers daily to glimpse their film favorites. Nor are they ever disappointed, for the place is overrun with stars. There are no "star-days" or special inducements. No, the Vendome simply goes in for awfully good food in a distinctly masculine atmosphere of heavy dark woodwork, quantities of edibles on display, a bar on one side, booths and tables on the other, and everything together in one large room where all can see and be seen.

So, everyone who is anyone in the cinema citadel stops in frequently. And all, on hot days, order salads! The men too? But definitely, yes! For when you serve salads as hearty and delicious as theirs, even the menfolk will go for them.

Of course we'd all love our own home-made salads to succeed like those at the Vendome. And why shouldn't they! For here are recipes from the Vendome's very own chef, together with some pretty obvious, but frequently neglected salad tips.

To begin with, according to none other than Cary Grant, men by and large abhor, despise and even resent sweet, bland salads of what they call "sample" size. When the charming Mr. Grant orders a luncheon salad, for instance, you can bet your bottom dollar it will be filling, and have a snappy flavor too. Such a salad is cole slaw with vegetables which he's enjoying here in the studio commissary. Or the Vendome's "Salad Bowl" of greens with a cheese dressing, or their specialties made with meat or fish. These are the kind that appeal to men, says Cary. So save your "pretty pretty" salads, your airy, creamy, decorative trifles for the bridge club girls, and give the menfolk something tangy and substantial. And here are a few pointers to remember:

A contrast of texture adds to salad enjoyment. So add such things as crisp celery to a smooth mixture, avocado to a crunchy one, and so on.

Appearances go a long way in assuring salad success. The salad plate should frame as pretty a picture as culinary art can produce.

Experiment with your own combinations. Each chef prides himself on his "Chef's Special Salad." Why not evolve one yourself?

A good salad can be ruined by a poor dressing. And the dressing of course is *never* added to salad greens until just before serving, or better still, right at the table, as the French do.

Occasionally a salad is "marinated" in advance, however. One such recipe is included here. To "marinate" simply means allowing the ingredients to stand in the dressing a specified length of time to bring out the flavor of some foods.

Suit the dressing, the garnishes and the service to the salad. Remember that, as with clothes, you must not "overdress" if you seek masculine approval.

In restaurants like the Vendome lettuce is allowed to stand fifteen minutes in a sink partially filled with cold water and ice, after the coarse outer leaves, core and any discolored spots have been removed. The heads are then thoroughly drained in baskets or colanders before being placed in the refrigerator. Whether or not you follow this excellent procedure be sure your salad greens are crisp, cold and absolutely devoid of moisture before the dressing is added.

With these suggestions and recipes to guide you, why not

plan to "star" salads this summer? Then watch your friends and family come to the table with the same keen anticipation with which the glamor boys and girls flock to the Vendome for dishes like these.

"STAR" MAYONNAISE MIX

To each cupful of mayonnaise add 2 tablespoons each of chopped chives, chopped stuffed olives and chopped dill pickles. Just before serving fold in ¼ cup chopped hard-cooked eggs and ¼ cup very crisp chopped celery.

The Vendome's fish salads are made this way:

SEA FOOD SALAD, DE LUXE

Such fish as lobster, crab, salmon, tuna and shrimp, singly or in combination, may be used. Marinate the fish in a little French dressing for fifteen minutes. Drain thoroughly. Excellent to add to the fish at this point are such things as chopped celery, chopped watercress, endive, lettuce or chicory. Also diced cucumber. Moisten salad well with "Star" Mayonnaise. Place individual servings in lettuce cups. Garnish attractively with quartered hard-cooked eggs, minced sweet pickle and sliced stuffed olives.

NORWEGIAN SALAD WITH DEVILLED EGGS RUNIC

6 hard-cooked eggs
2 cans (3¾ ounces each) smoked Norwegian sardines
2 teaspoons prepared mustard
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
salt and pepper, to taste

Cut hard-cooked eggs in halves, crosswise. Remove and mash yolks. Drain oil from 1 can sardines. Add drained sardines, mustard and mayonnaise to mashed yolks. Mash thoroughly. Add salt and pepper. Stuff egg whites with this mixture and cut into thick slices, crosswise. Place slices, in "twos", on top of potato salad. Drain oil from second can of sardines. Arrange three of these sardines on egg slice "pairs" in fanwise fashion (see illustration). Garnish with sliced stuffed olives.

ROQUEFORT DRESSING, VENDOME

½ teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon onion salt
½ teaspoon celery salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
⅛ teaspoon cayenne
3 tablespoons mild vinegar
⅔ cup salad oil
6 tablespoons crumbled Roquefort cheese
2 teaspoons anchovy paste
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce
3 tablespoons lemon juice
(1 small garlic clove, finely chopped, if desired.)

Mix together the first six (dry) ingredients. Then add vinegar and oil alternately. Place in a jar or bottle which has a tight-fitting cover. Crumble cheese with a fork. Beat in anchovy paste. Add Worcestershire and lemon juice. Add to ingredients in jar or bottle. Shake well. Taste and add more salt and pepper, if needed. Finely chopped garlic may be added if desired. Always shake dressing before using.

This dressing is particularly good with any Salad Bowl of mixed greens such as endive, watercress, crisp lettuce and romaine. Using these greens as a basis one can exercise originality through various additions such as minced chives, sliced radishes, "Julienne" strips of raw carrots, cooked peas, sliced green onions, pearl onions, chopped celery, hard-cooked eggs, pimiento and others too numerous to mention. Particularly recommended by the Vendome chef is the addition of whole anchovies to the salad bowl.

Gossip at the beach!

JUDY: "He nagged and acted so terribly mean, it sure looked like a bust-up for a while. I really felt sorry for Jane."

ALICE: "Aw, be fair! Tom raised cain—but so would you if you always had to go around in tattle-tale gray. Jane was to blame for using lazy soap. It left dirt behind! Tom's shirts and her whole wash showed it."



SALLY: "Well, I'm glad the fuss has all blown over! If we'd only told Jane sooner how Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and *lots of naptha* hustle out every last speck of dirt—the whole mess wouldn't have happened."

MARY: "Better late than never! Since she listened to us and switched to Fels-Naptha Soap, everything's peaches again and they're off for a second honeymoon!"

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BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

NEW! Great for washing machines! Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!

DANDRUFF?



4 Minute Treatment Stops Dandruff Itch

And Kills Nasty Scalp Odor

Dandruff is the sign of a diseased, unclean scalp. Through neglect, the tiny sebaceous glands (oil glands) fail to work as they should and become clogged with scales and dirt. The scalp becomes infected by germs and fungi, and the condition spreads.

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment for dandruff must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing the germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of scalp to prevent dryness.

The Zonite Antiseptic Scalp Treatment Does These 4 Things

WHAT TO DO: Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution — 2 tablespoons Zonite to 1 quart of water. Use this same solution for shampoo with any good soap. Rinse very thoroughly. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (For complete details of treatment, read folder in Zonite package.)

It is vitally important to use this treatment regularly (twice every week at first) to keep dandruff under control and keep germs from spreading. Because reinfection constantly takes place from hats, bed-pillows, combs and brushes.

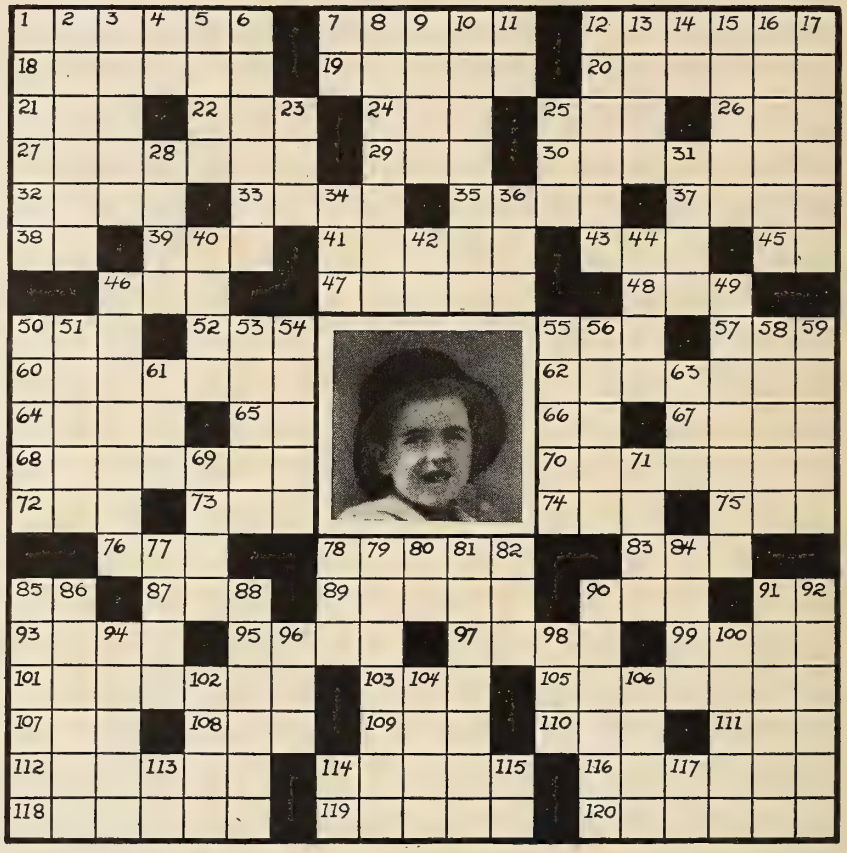
If you're faithful, you'll be delighted with the way this treatment leaves your scalp clean and healthy—free from itch and nasty scalp odor.

At all U. S. and Canadian drug stores.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 910 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.



OUR PUZZLE



• ACROSS

Answer to Puzzle on Page 82

1. First name of star pictured
7. Jellybean in "Yellow Jack"
12. Last name of 1 Across and star of "The Crowd Roars"
18. Heroine in "Four's A Crowd"
19. Loretta Young's sister
20. Mrs. John Barrymore
21. Ignited
22. Gene Au - - -
24. Fish eggs
25. "Women - - - Like That"
26. Studio stage
27. Usual
29. - - - trice Lillie
30. - - - - - - - Parker
32. "Meet - - - - Wolfe"
33. Anglo-Saxon slave
35. Require
37. Fish roe: dial. Eng.
38. "The Crime of - -. Hallet"
39. Remained seated
41. Star of "The Adventures of Robin Hood"
43. Exclamation
45. Mervyn - - Roy
46. Spider's insect trap
47. Former Russian rulers
48. Printer's measures
50. Kind of tree
52. "- - - Tide"
55. "- - - No. 99"
57. Greek letter
60. Movie "palace"
62. Jean in "Four's a Crowd"
64. National theatre chain
65. - - a Merkel
66. Edward - - nold
67. The captain in "Kidnapped"
68. John - - - - - - -
70. Our star's favorite actress
72. Witness a film
73. Exclamations
74. "Souls at - - -"
75. Beverly Robe - - -
76. Tattered cloth
78. Our star played with her in "Camille"
83. However
85. Italian river
87. Our: Fr.
89. Worship
90. It is: contr.
91. Glenda - - rrell
93. Death notice
95. Bustle
97. Wing-like parts
99. Anne - - - - ley
101. Opposite of mermaid: Var.
103. Young boy
105. Heroine in "Blockade"
107. Native metal
108. "That Certain - - -" is Deanna's next
109. Nova - - - beam
110. Aunt: Sp.
111. "- - - Baba Goes to Town"
112. Minority
114. Our star was in "- - - - - Comrades"
116. Treats with nitric acid
118. Anoints
119. Ethal
120. Mme. du Barry in "Marie Antoinette"

PAGE

• DOWN

1. - - - - - - Young
2. Sarah in "Little Miss Broadway"
3. One who bites
4. - - elyn Venable
5. - - - - Hayworth
6. Mark to shoot at
7. - - ther Muir
8. Those who cut hair
9. American black plum
10. Our star played with her in "Broadway Melody of 1938"
11. Jack Ben - -
12. Shipworm
13. Joseph in "Vivacious Lady"
14. Jane Br - - n
15. Hard, twisted cotton thread
16. Henry - ' - - - - -
17. Film scene made again
23. "She Had To Say - - -"
25. High card
28. "- - - - of the Rio Grande"
31. Icon: var.
34. Snare
36. Bebe Dani - - -
40. Encourage
42. - - y Milland
44. Possessive pronoun
46. Woolsey's team-mate
49. Hero of "Shopworn Angel"
50. Volume of maps
51. Coastline
53. Our star's real name
54. Wild hogs of New Guinea
55. Shell fish
56. Subtle emanations
58. Vigilant
59. Bones of the forearms
61. Reverence
63. Weep convulsively
69. Person of Italian descent: slang
71. Most important harvest of India
77. Poker stake
78. Mining chisel
79. John Mannering in "Letter of Introduction"
80. Cesar - - mero
81. Grace - - - - - - -
82. N - - - Madison
84. Russia: abbr.
85. Our star's alma mater
86. Star of "Over the Moon"
88. Places on which movie sets are built
90. Partaking of tea: coll.
91. Nebraska town of our star's birth
92. George - - - - - -
94. Star of "The Joy of Living"
96. "- - - Woman's Answer"
98. Perform
100. Hidden supply
102. Magician: poet.
104. Scotch direction
106. Steel track
113. Ruby Keeler's husband
114. Tony in "The Show Goes On": init.
115. Ole in "Little Miss Broadway"
117. Kent - - ylor

MUM'S THE WORD FOR CHARM IT'S QUICK, SAFE, SURE!



More Screen Stars, Housewives, Nurses, Business Girls, School Girls use Mum than any other deodorant

GIRLS in love, girls who are married, girls whose goal is business success—they all use Mum to protect their charm! They're smart about this matter of perfect daintiness—they have to be. For they know that just a hint of odor can make you lose out with friends.

Even a fastidious girl risks offending if she trusts a *bath alone* to keep her sweet. A bath takes care only of *past* perspiration, it can't prevent odor *to come.* Mum *can!* Underarms always need Mum's sure care, to give you the *all-day* freshness that makes a girl click in business or in love.

Mum is so easy, so pleasant to use! In Hollywood, where charm is all-important, Mum plays the lead with stars and featured players. On duty or off, Mum is the favorite with nurses. They like Mum's effectiveness, its gentleness, its speed. *You'll* like Mum, too! Buy Mum at your drug store today—this pleasant cream deodorant has all the things you're looking for to help you keep your charm.

ONLY 30 SECONDS TO USE. Two quick touches of Mum and you're through.

HARMLESS TO FABRICS. Mum's possession of the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering means Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric. You can put Mum on even *after* you're dressed!

ACTUALLY SOOTHES THE SKIN. Apply Mum immediately after underarm shaving and you'll notice its soothing touch.

MUM IS SURE. Mum simply stops every trace of odor—it does not stop perspiration. Smart girls use Mum after every bath and before every date. Then they never risk offending friends!



For Sanitary Napkins, too!
Thousands of women always use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know Mum is gentle, SURE. Don't risk embarrassment. Always use Mum!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Women everywhere are telling other women about Tampax, the new form of sanitary protection for monthly use. Tampax is *worn internally*. You can do your household work or office work or take part in outdoor sports without even remembering you are wearing it. You can wear the sheerest gown or a modern swim suit—no bulk, so nothing can show. Use Tampax this summer; a month's supply can be carried in your purse.

Tampax was perfected by a physician for *all* normal women. It is neatly and efficiently absorbent, doing away with pins, pads and belts. It will not come apart and so fail in its protection. *No odor*. Disposed of easily. Made of absorbent surgical cotton, greatly compressed, hygienically sealed in patented applicator. Endorsed by gynecologists. Sold at drug stores and notion counters—month's supply, 35c. Introductory package, 20c. If *your* dealer has not stocked, please use coupon.



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Please send me introductory size package of Tampax with full directions. Enclosed is 20¢ (stamps or coins).

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*City*_____ *State*_____

GOINGS-ON IN GOTHAM

(*Continued from page 6*)

Miss De Havilland as sweet and saccharine as some of the roles she had appeared in.

"*What* I have put up with!" Olivia began. "Why, do you know, with a good old Shakespearean name like Olivia, everyone on the lot calls me 'Liver'! And when I stepped off the boat in England, what am I confronted with? 'De Havilland to wed title!' Do I look like a girl who wants to spend her days in a drafty castle, with a cold in the doze, to say nothing of no good ole American plumbing? Nope, I'm strictly 'Buy American'. I do love the English country though, but strictly as a vacation land—not for a permanent home."

Hope Hampton has left New York and ensconced herself in a little shack of forty rooms, out in Beverly Hills. Hope, as you know, is working on "A Trip to Reno." She leaves the house each morning by six and returns by ten at night—sometimes by nine-thirty, if she hurries! Before she leaves California, on completion of her picture, Hope hopes to get a day off so that she can go through that house of hers and see just what it looks like.

STOPPING away up on Fifth Avenue —'way up on floor twenty-nine—we found Claire Trevor. Claire seems in a mood to finally appreciate F. D.'s urge for a New Deal. As a matter of fact, she's by way of getting a new deal for herself! What with a new contract with Warners, a new radio spot and a brand new hubby to boot! Now you must admit that this is quite a lot for a little gal to land in one fell swoop, but not when it's so well-earned as by the deserving Miss Trevor. Claire, as you probably know, received honorable mention by the Academy of Motion Picture Awards for her grand job in "Dead End." So now, with a new lease on movie life, you can look forward to seeing her become the pride of all those Warner Brothers out yonder!

Sheila Barrett, the inimitable mimic, has finally been corralled by the flickers. Yes, Sheila's to make a series of short subjects on her return from London. Miss Barrett is to be somewhat of a female Bob Benchley. Now that in itself warrants three rousing cheers, but when you hear what Sheila has decided to do, you'll realize just what a treat's in store for you.

"I've always liked pictures, but they were not for me until I found the right sort of role," Sheila admitted. "I'm no Harlett O'Scara and certainly I don't intend to be a threat to Martha Raye! That's why I haven't taken advantage of offers before.

"Now that we've hit on this new idea for a series, I'm pretty pleased, and right anxious to get started.

"You know, Adela Rogers St. John and I are working together on the scripts and we've tried out the first already. They're all character studies of women you meet. You know, the gal who says she wants to reduce, but gets cold feet the minute she sets eyes on the steam room. Then, there's the one who shows up for a week-end believing her hostess really expected her to come just because she was invited. After spending the week-end, she discovers she's in the wrong house and doesn't know the people after all. And, of course, there's the girl who goes to buy a new hat and, after trying on everything in the shop, picks up her own and decides that is the one she will buy!"

To be amusing these characters have to be accurately drawn and Sheila's certainly the one to do it. Why, she's been doing it for years, in the town's swankiest night spots!

She knows all kinds of people and her insight and observations are keen.



It's to Franciska Gaal, this petite Hungarian star, that Bing Crosby will croon in "Paris Honeymoon," their next picture.

SHE'S NOT AFRAID

(*Continued from page 8*)

as long as she was gaining dramatic experience.

Then Gloria learned that she didn't have to be on relief to work on the Federal Theatre Project. Immediately she applied for a job with the Los Angeles group, was given a try-out and cast as Diane in "Seventh Heaven." This play ran four weeks at the Mason Theater in Los Angeles. Next she played Moonyean in "Smilin' Through" which ran more than a month. One thing led to another and then came the role of Paul Robinson in "The Devil Passes." Her performance in that play did the trick.

Casting directors and talent scouts haunt amateur as well as professional theatres around Los Angeles in search of new faces, and a casting director from one of the big studios saw Gloria in this play. He was so attracted by her charm and ability that before the third act he was backstage making an appointment for her to have a screen test.

She arrived at the studio late, "because everything had happened to delay me that morning," she explained. "And maybe it's because I'm from Idaho, but I never hurry." She presented herself at the casting director's office and before she could say a word, he sang out, "Hello, Gloria!"

She was somewhat taken aback by the sudden familiarity, but if that was the studio way then that should be her way too, so, with an assumed bravado, she called back, as pert as you please, "Hello, Max. How are you?"

That pleased him. Accustomed to interviewing dozens of girls every week, and able to read beneath the surface, he recognized her sincerity and appreciated the attempt to meet him on his own terms. He arranged for her screen test, and two days later Gloria Dixon signed a long-term contract with that studio.

HER first role in "They Won't Forget" was a difficult characterization calling for a Southern accent and an actress thirty years of age, but Gloria came through with flying colors. It was a great break for a young, inexperienced girl. Also it was a task that would have intimidated many a more experienced actress, but Gloria is never daunted by difficulties. They seem to spur her on.

During the months she had appeared in the Los Angeles Federal Theatre Project plays she had continued to live in Long Beach, an hour's ride from the city. Rehearsals were called at eight-thirty in the morning, so Gloria used to rise at six and was on her way by seven in order to arrive on time. After rehearsing all day she appeared in the evening performance, and never got home before midnight. So Gloria knew the meaning of hard work before she ever started in pictures.

She has a tremendous respect for accomplishment and a terrific urge to do things herself. She has mastered the violin, writes poetry on occasion, enjoys wood carving and models with clay. She believes that everyone should have a hobby and thinks an actress, whose work is largely mental, should try to create artistic things with her hands, as a stimulating outlet. She works incessantly and isn't afraid to tackle anything.

Gloria isn't nervous when making pictures, even though she has stiff competition. She admits she might be, sometimes, if she weren't so lucky in having such understanding directors.

"I've never been afraid of any part," she confides. "I feel that if the people who give me these roles didn't believe I could do them, I wouldn't have gotten them in the first place."

"I'm not afraid of anything, really, except of being afraid. And when I feel fear coming on you can bet I take steps to do something about it."

Gloria has just married Perc Westmore, famous Hollywood makeup man, whom she met her first day on the lot. They are terribly in love, and very happy, because they have so many tastes and ideals in common.

Both Perc and Gloria love to go deep-sea fishing. They will spend excited hours playing huge Marlin, Bonita sharks and other sporting fish. What's more, they catch them—great big ones. When these two work they work hard. They play the same way.

Gloria is only twenty-one but she's already heading for big roles. And with her looks, talent and capacity for hard work we won't be surprised to see this ambitious girl go far.

HAIR THAT THRILLS!

Here's the Hollywood* Way to Beautiful Hair



WHAT a thrilling surprise awaits you the first time you use Drene—Procter & Gamble's amazing shampoo discovery. For you will find, as millions of women already have, that Drene leaves hair manageable, radiant, beautiful beyond your fondest dreams. Drene performs this beauty miracle because it magically removes dulling film left on hair by previous shampoos. Drene is not a soap—not an oil. Contains no harmful chemicals. It cannot leave a beauty-clouding film on hair to dull natural lustre; nor a greasy oil film to catch dust. Drene actually makes 5 times more lather than soap in hardest water. Lather so gentle, yet so active, that dirt, grease, perspiration—even loose dandruff flakes—are washed away with a single sudsing and thorough rinsing. Hair is left sparkling clean this mild, safe way. Gloriously brilliant without the need of lemon, vinegar, or special after-rinses. Today, you can give your hair a shampoo specifically designed to bring out its full individual beauty. For there are now two kinds of Drene; Special Drene for Dry Hair—Regular Drene for normal and oily hair. Get Drene from drug, department or 10c stores. Better beauty shops everywhere feature this shampoo marvel. A single shampoo will both amaze and thrill you.

To Remove Dulling Film That Clouds Hair Beauty—

drene

Shampoo

SPECIAL for Dry Hair
REGULAR for Normal or Oily Hair

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Five whole years of your life...

HERE's an astonishing fact... the days in an average woman's life when she needs sanitary protection, add up to five whole years or more!

That's a lot of days. Every woman ought to learn to make them easier, more comfortable days. So—if you are still buying the same brand of sanitary napkins you started buying years ago—here's news you ought to hear...

There's something better now! Modess—a napkin so much *softer* and *safer* that it is bringing new comfort and peace of mind to millions of women!

Cut a Modess pad in two and examine the filler. It's fluffy, soft as down—entirely different from the close-packed layers found in so many other napkins. That's why Modess doesn't become stiff and rasping in use—doesn't chafe.

Now remove the moisture-resistant backing inside a Modess pad and test it. Pour water on it—and you'll see how completely you can rely on Modess!

Yet for all its greater comfort and safety, Modess costs no more than any other nationally known napkin. So—when you buy napkins—insist upon Modess.



Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

IF YOU PREFER A SMALLER, SLIGHTLY NARROWER PAD, SAY "JUNIOR MODESS"


Anita Louise


Franchot Tone


Loretta Young


Lloyd Nolan



Mary Carlisle

THE CANDID CAMERA PREVIEWS

SPAWN of the NORTH

Paramount's Roaring Drama of America's Last Frontier . . . .





George and Dorothy caught in a clinch.

IT'S a busy day on the big Paramount lot in Hollywood. Director Henry Hathaway, famous for his ability to bring the drama of primitive emotional conflict, of thundering action, to the screen, is guiding Paramount's "Spawn of the North" through the final stages of production. On the set are such famous players as George Raft, Henry Fonda, Dorothy Lamour, Akim Tamiroff, John Barrymore, Louise Platt and Lynne Overman. Beautiful Dorothy Lamour has forsaken her famous tropic sarong for the rough dress, the laced boots of a daughter of the northern wilds. Raft and Fonda are wearing oilskins. For "Spawn of the North" is set in Alaska of 1908, when feud law ruled as brother fought brother, friend fought friend for the priceless rights to the silver horde . . . King Salmon.

We ask permission to take a few candid camera shots to show you picture fans. Permission is granted and we snap away. The results speak for themselves. You can see Henry Hathaway has a

(Continued on next page)



George Raft mans the harpoon gun, on the prow of his seal boat, transformed into a fighting ship for the battle of the salmon grounds.



As the opposing craft comes into range, its decks lined with gun-toting battlers, George lets drive with his deadly missile, foundering the enemy ship.



The candid camera catches George and Dorothy doing the 1908 Alaskan version of the Big Apple.



It's a waltz now with these two hardboiled youngsters refusing to admit that love really calls the tune.



Alaskan Indians playing the ancient festival music, tribute to King Salmon who gives them life.



Just a glimpse of the thrilling battle of the salmon traps. Notice John Barrymore, standing at the right of the sailor with the searchlight. Henry Fonda at left.

picture to rank with his "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," his "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer." But Paramount Producer Albert Lewin insists we visit a projection room to see the "rushes" as they come from the big cameras on the set. And we agree with him that no still shots can half do justice to "Spawn of the North." For candid camera shots can't give the thundering action. They can't give the breadth and the sweep of this story of America's last frontier of romance. They can't give the emotional impact of this drama of two men whose devotion to each other is greater than the fear of death itself. Nor can they reveal the poignant beauty of the romance which we believe makes "Spawn of the North" one of the great women's pictures of the year.



The luckiest shot of all. George Raft, Dorothy Lamour, and Henry Fonda pose for us between scenes.



The candid camera snaps a shot of George and his pal, Skipper, the smartest seal in all the Pribilofs.

ADOLPH ZUKOR presents

SPAWN of the NORTH

STARRING George RAFT

Henry FONDA • Dorothy LAMOUR

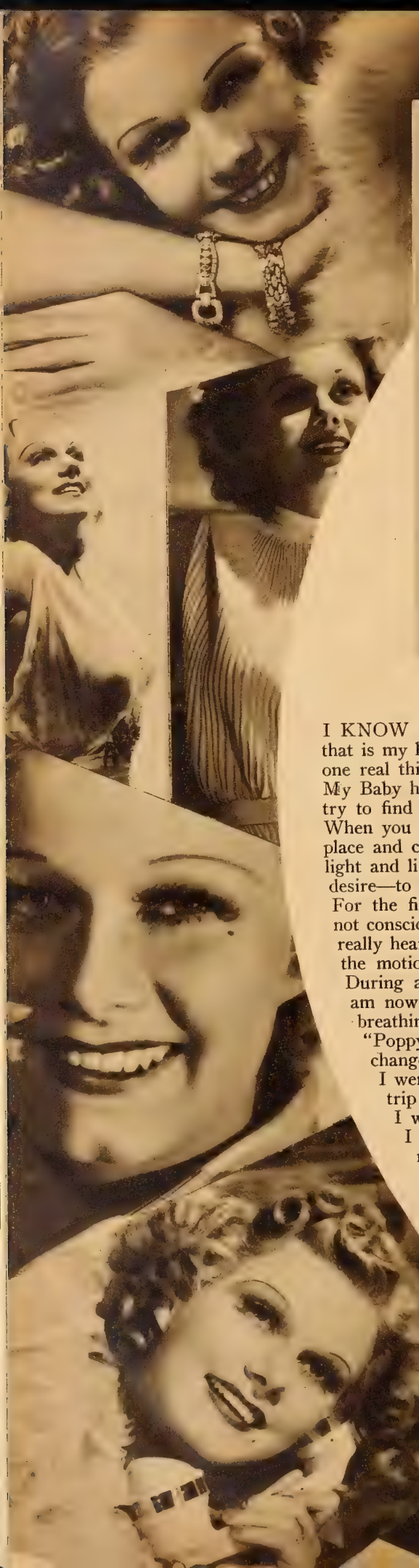
AND FEATURING Akim Tamiroff • John Barrymore

Louise Platt • Lynne Overman

DIRECTED BY HENRY HATHAWAY • PRODUCED BY ALBERT LEWIN

Screen Play by Jules Furthman • Based on a Story by Barrett Willoughby

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



A Year Without My Jean

by Jean Harlow's Mother

I KNOW that there is no death. There is only one other thing I know as well, and that is my love for my Baby. The only death is in the cutting yourself off from the one real thing, which is life—and light. There is no death. This year has proven that. My Baby has shown me that. She came back to prove it to me. A little later I shall try to find words to tell you how she proved it to me.

When you have been so hurt all the way through, it is very easy to go into a dark place and close the windows and doors and just efface yourself, turning your back on light and life and people—the things the Baby loves. That is, at first, the one great desire—to hide.

For the first eleven months after the Baby went away, I was not really here either, not consciously. I sensed what people said to me and answered them. But I didn't really hear what they said. I didn't really realize what I said. I went through all of the motions of living like an automaton. I was in a state of trance.

During all these past months I have stayed here in my little house, the house I am now leaving, the Baby's pictures all around me, the flowers she loved the best breathing their love of her. I saw almost no one except Bill Powell, the Baby's "Poppy," whom she loves so very dearly. I went nowhere. Bill, hoping that a change might help me, persuaded me to take a sea trip, to go on to New York. I went to please him, in appreciation of his thoughtfulness and his gift. For my trip was his Christmas gift to me. But I took my grief with me and found that I was more desolate away than I was at home.

I know that my Baby was with me. She had always told me that she would never leave me, that we had been together many lives before this one and could never be separated. I felt it. I *know* it now. But I am still flesh and blood, still on this plane of consciousness, where the loss of the little human things, the sight of her, the touch of her, the sound of her voice, the ability to do the little every day things for her mean so deeply, terribly much to me.

When my Baby was here, every day was a new, a thrilling experience to me. Every day, when the Baby was here, I would think, "Well, hurray, here's another day I can do something for my Baby." You see, there wasn't a moment of her life that I didn't know that she was my sunshine, my life, my world; not an hour that I wasn't actually throbbing with joy that I had that Baby. No human being ever got more joy out of doing just the every day things than I got out of doing them for the Bunny. I loved taking care of her personal things, keeping every littlest thing of hers exquisite and fresh and dainty. Marketing was

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Bob doesn't know the meaning of temperament or self-pity. And he has no illusions about fame, either.



Maureen O'Sullivan furnishes plenty of love interest in Bob's fight picture, "The Crowd Roars."

right at rough-and-tumble stuff, but they'd be sunk up against a boxer. Why, they wouldn't last three rounds with Taylor. He's the best amateur boxer this town has ever turned out."

I repeat, if I hadn't heard it myself, I wouldn't have believed it. These weren't press-agents. They weren't critics, neither were they connoisseurs of acting. They were prize-fighters, experts in boxing. And Taylor not only rated with them, he rated tops.

They fell to talking about what actors might give him some competition in the ring. The last I heard, just before Bob arrived and got a big greeting from the boys, they had agreed that the only three capable of giving him a boxing bout were (surprise!) Chester Morris, George O'Brien and Pat O'Brien.

Except for the fact that he was a bit browner, Bob didn't look any different from what he had the last time we met, during "Three Comrades."

"Why? Should I look different?" he inquired, in the next breath asking the waitress, "What's good to-day?"

She answered, "Well, there's corned beef hash on the menu, Mr. Taylor." I said, "I hear you're not only playing a boxer but that you actually are one."

He grinned sardonically, as much as to say, "The press-agents have got to you, too, poor guy." What he actually said was, "I'll take corned beef hash, with a side dish of mashed potatoes and gravy. How about you?"

The waitress departed and I continued, "Did you ever do any boxing before; in college, or anywhere?"

"Nope," he said, reaching for a hard roll. "They didn't have any boxing coach at Pomona when I was there."

"Then how did you pick it up so fast?"

He swallowed a chunk of roll and said, "I had to. This picture's an exposé of the fight game, behind-the-scenes stuff. I couldn't just go through the motions, just do the old left-right. I had to know something about the tricks of boxing. And I had to pick 'em up fast.

"Johnny Indrisano coached me. Johnny used to be a very good fighter. He was never a champ, but he's beaten champs in non-title matches. He knows his stuff, and how to put it across. He gave me plenty, working from nine to six, fourteen days in a row."

"After those fourteen days, did you feel more like making a picture or taking a rest cure?"

Bob grinned. "After the training for 'A Yank at Oxford,' this wasn't so bad. This was concentrated on just one thing. And I was in condition to start with, thank Heaven, from gym work and horseback riding.

At that moment, I noticed his right thumb, twice the size of the other and as rigid (*Continued on page 81*)



"My eyes bulge like a bull frog's!" storms Bette. "And my mouth is—ugh—like a small rose-bud!"

by Gladys Hall

THE PROJECTION room was plushy dark. A handful of us were watching the rushes of "Jezebel." Bette Davis and Director Willy Wyler sat in the front row. And Bette, as Jezebel, insinuated herself across the screen, as subtle as sin. Suddenly Bette let out a yelp that splintered the silence. She shrieked, "The *homeliest* face—I have the homeliest face I've ever seen!" Director Wyler whispered fiercely, "I'll never let you see the rushes again, young woman, never!"

The rushes over, Bette walked across the lot to the Green Room in sullen silence. She looked as though she had just witnessed a major catastrophe and might never recover from the effects.

At luncheon I said, "You didn't really mean it?"

"I did too," snapped Bette. "I can't bear my face. I can't *stand* it!"

"Oh, come," I said, considering the blue of the Davis eyes, the fine-textured skin, the mobile mouth, the pale gold hair, "oh, come off it. Your eyes are . . ."

"They are vile," stormed Bette. "They bulge like a bull-frogs. I detest them. My neck is long, like an ostrich's. I am the living image of the original drawings of Alice

"Am I Homely!"

—Bette Davis

Do you like "confession" stories? Well—here's one for the book!



A "glamorized" Bette with Henry Fonda in "Jezebel."



Bette with her adored husband, Harmon Nelson—"Ham" to her.

in 'Alice in Wonderland.' If you want to know what I look like to myself, think of the drawings of Alice with the telescope neck and the bulging eyes and the long, limp light hair, and you'll see Davis as she sees herself. When they were preparing to make 'Alice in Wonderland' a few years ago, I wrote letters pleading with them to let me play Alice. I went into details about my bulgy eyes, my long neck. I told them they couldn't *miss* on me. They thought I was being funny.

"If I could only look in the mirror one fine day and find something else reflected there! I know that's impossible, and so," said Bette, "I ignore the whole thing. I never look in the mirror except when I am on the set and one of the things is stuck under my nose every half hour and I think, ohmigod, do I have to look at that again! Otherwise, I never look at myself, but never. I've never owned a compact. I do my hair without looking in the mirror. I put on lipstick without looking in a mirror. Funny thing, it's a family trait. My grandmother did her long hair for fifty years without ever using a mirror. My mother does the same thing. So do I, but with me it's more than a family trait. It's also the instinct of self-preservation. I am entirely serious when I say that I have one of the homeliest faces I have ever seen. I can't bear it."

"Your mouth," I suggested, "your figure?"

"I loathe my mouth," wailed Bette. "My mouth," she continued scornfully, twisting it into such contortions as made it look as though she would twist it right off her face, "my mouth is horrible. It resembles, of all despicable things, a small rosebud. It is ineffectual, meaningless, skimpy. You should *see* it without lipstick! You couldn't see it. I simply daub it with lipstick to make it look larger. I never look at it until after I've put the lipstick on. I hate my mouth. My figure? Well, I'll never understand how I'm on the screen at all. I have about as much sex appeal as a pelican!"

"You must hand yourself *something*," I said. "You can't be so completely biased or no one will believe what you say. You must like something about yourself."

"I can't help whether anyone believes me or not," said Bette, a little less violently, "though why people shouldn't believe me, I don't know. I always tell the truth and shame *every* devil. And I am entirely honest when I tell you that I have one of the homeliest (*Continued on page 92*)

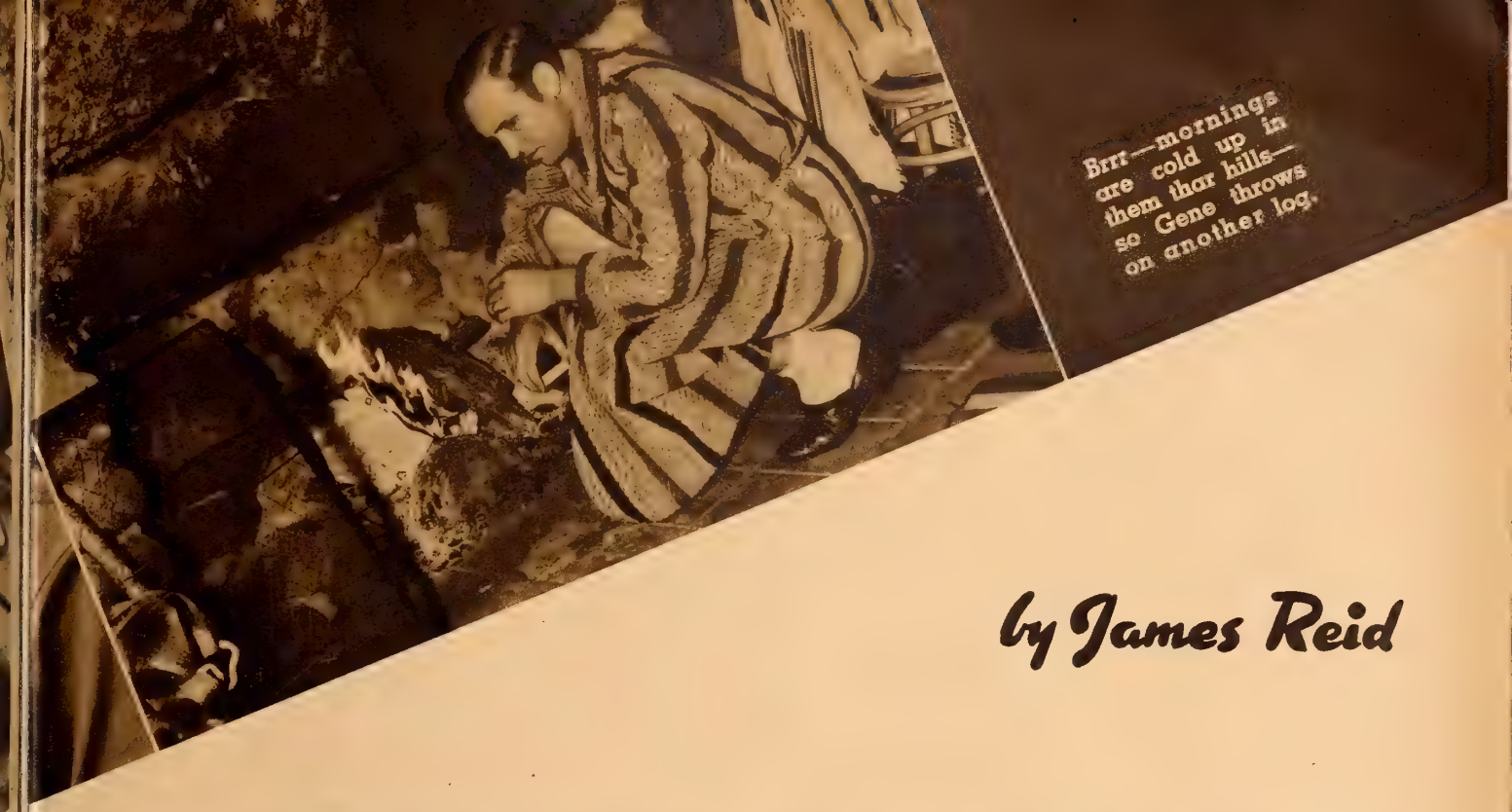


The People's Choice!

Yes, it's Caballero Gene Autry by a landslide—and here's why



Ina, Champ and Gene, above. Below, Gene takes over Smiley Burnette, left, and Ken Cooper at checkers.



by James Reid

'WAY BACK in his Oklahoma days, Gene Autry wrote a song called "Cowboy's Heaven" with a pal, Frankie Marvin. Maybe you've heard it. It's a cowboy classic. The first four lines go:

"Tonight I'm a tired, weary cowboy—
I've been in the saddle all day—
Searching the hills and the valleys
For cattle that strayed away . . . "

Gene still sings it that way. But if he weren't so gosh-darned modest, he could sing it something like this:

"Tonight I'm a tired, weary cowboy—
I've been in the saddle all day—
Riding some scenic locations
For movies that pay and pay . . . "

He wouldn't be human if he weren't "tired" and "weary" at the end of one of his working days. I know. I've just been on location with him.

He's human, all right. Samuel Goldwyn recently said, "judging by the popularity of Snow White and Charlie McCarthy, people are tired of looking at people." But Sam overlooked Gene Autry. Gene receives forty thousand fan letters a month—an all-time Hollywood record for any player. And his pictures pay and pay—everybody except Gene.

He was making only $5,000 per picture, on a contract that called for eight a year, when last winter he asked for a new arrangement. $40,000 a year doesn't go very far when you spend $2,000 a month just answering fan mail, and sending out photographs that have been asked for. Besides all that, Gene has a stable to keep up, you know.

Another studio offered Gene $100,000 to make a dude-ranch picture with Shirley Temple, but his own studio wouldn't let him do it. Neither would they give him a raise, so Gene calmly boarded a train and set out on a personal appearance tour.

Everywhere he went he was mobbed. He broke theatre records. He was earning better than $3,000 a week. At that rate, his studio had visions of never getting him back They got an injunction, halting his tour.

That, however, didn't bring Gene to his knees. He still said, "No raise, no work." Desperately, his studio tried to replace him. They pushed a former bit player into a picture which Gene had been scheduled to make. (Meanwhile, amazed congressmen were receiving letters, urging them to pass a law to keep Gene in pictures! They forwarded the letters to him.) En masse exhibitors demanded Autry pictures. He and the studio *had* to call a truce. He agreed to do two more pictures at the old salary, after which, the studio agreed, his contract would be rewritten.

So here I found him, back at work after five months, making a picture called "Gold Mine in the Sky."

To celebrate his return, his studio was spending two weeks on the picture—with ten days on location. (Once upon a time, Gene made whole pictures in less than ten days.) The setting for this one was a wooded, lush-green valley, 7800 feet up Tahquitz Mountain in the San Jacinto range, a hundred and fifty miles from Hollywood. There's scenic mountain country nearer Hollywood, but, as Gene says, "it's wore out from too much use."

The company operated out of Tahquitz Lodge, a big log lodge, surrounded by smaller cabins, all in a grove of tall pines, looking out over a vast mountain meadow where deer graze and wild creatures prowl at night.

GENE'S TWO-ROOM, two-bed cabin was atop some big stones up which steps had been chiseled. Theoretically, he had stellar isolation. Actually, he hadn't. With the camp crowded, the star was sharing not only his cabin, but also his bed, with some of the hired hands. The pal who shared his bed complained, "Gene's like a pinto that ain't been broke yet. He like to kicked me to death last night."

Even when he's asleep, apparently, Gene is a man of action. Awake, there's no doubt about it. On location he's up at four-thirty a. m., is eating breakfast at five, on his way to the day's film site by six, and making his first scene by six-thirty. He works till the light begins to fade, around five-thirty p. m., with only an hour out for noonday mess. He's in practically every scene, and "take" follows "take" in rapid-fire order.

At seven a. m., he may be stunting on his dark-chestnut horse, Champion. (And, as a stunt rider, he's practically four horsemen in one.) At eight a. m., he may be strumming a guitar, singing a love song to the heroine (the closest he comes, usually, to a love scene). At nine he may be bantering with Smiley Burnette, his comical two-hundred and fifty pound side-kick. Whatever the scene, at any hour of the day Gene is ready for it. That's why he's a hero even to the men who work with him.

He eats a man-size dinner, then (*Continued on page 74*)

Love Comes Once

by Gladys Hall

WHEN, IN "Marie Antoinette," Norma Shearer returned to the screen, she came from a far place.

I didn't know how far a place until I talked with her the other day in her dressing-room, a dressing-room all gold and cream, with one framed photograph of Irving Thalberg, on the desk, facing Norma as she talked. For then, for the first time since her husband's death, Norma talked of the long journey she has been on. For the first time she talked of Irving Thalberg, of the children, of her home and her work.

And, as she talked, I thought how beautifully true Norma runs to her type, how, honest in everything, she is honest also in grief. For Norma has the courage to look pain in the face and call it by name.

She said, "There were a couple of stories written about me while I was away from the screen, stories that spoke of my return to the screen as a problem I must be facing. I didn't give the stories, of course. I talked to no one for publication until I was well along with "Marie Antoinette." I had no photographs made in that year and a half. There was no problem, because everything seemed so very unimportant. I had first to know whether I was going to live, whether I would or could live.

"Grief does very strange things to you—not the things, I've found, that we are led to expect. I had heard of people who almost died from shock immediately following the death of a loved one. I didn't seem to feel that shock for two weeks afterwards. On the contrary, I felt terribly wide-awake. So wide-awake that I couldn't close my eyes. I seemed to be possessed of an incredible energy and activity. I didn't want to sit down, to be still. I talked all the while. Then, at the end of two weeks, I collapsed. When they told me I had pneumonia I was delighted.

"That sounds morbid. I don't mean it to sound that way. It was simply that I didn't want to live. But how do you stop living when you want to? You don't know what to do, or how. There are no ways out. That was why I was delighted when I knew that I was very ill. I thought that Someone merciful was opening the door for me.

"After I recovered from that illness, I went to Arizona for a while. Then I went to New York. I was told that it would help to travel. It did the opposite. There is something lonely about traveling, even under happy circumstances. When you are really traveling alone it is intolerable. Perhaps it did help me to rid myself of habits. It is dangerous to form habits when one is ill. I had a nurse sleeping in the room with me. I knew that wouldn't do. So I made the first move by having her sleep in the adjoining room, the door opened. Then I had her close the door. Then I had her sleep in another room. And finally I sent her away. Now I am used to being alone and it is less difficult.

"People have asked me what I did all that first year at home, away from the screen, without all the activities I knew when Irving was here.

"That is another curious thing about grief. I'd been told that time drags when one is in sorrow. It wasn't so with me. I think it was because I was so dazed. There was no time, as we know it, no time marked out into weeks, days, hours. In a state of trance there is no time. That's how I found it. Something just passes over you and the first thing you know it is six months, then it is a year, and there you are, having done nothing that you can remember. I am honest when I say that I don't know what I did that year and a half at home. Somehow, it slipped away. When Irving was here I was so conscious of time, because then every minute together was precious.

PEOPLE SAY, too, that children are the one great consolation in grief. I did not find that to be true. I went on living for the children's sakes, of course, but they did not help me in sorrow. They hurt me. They were like scourges to sorrow because I felt their loss as well as mine. The baby, of course, was too young to have a consciousness of what she had lost. But little Irving knew. I had to tell him. He stayed with my sister for ten days afterwards. It has taken him over a year to come back to his usual self again. Now he is going to a military school here in Hollywood, and I think that is helping him. There is something about the wearing of his uniform, or perhaps it is the routine and discipline, which acts as a challenge to him.

"There is no consolation," Norma went on. And, as she spoke, she looked up at the blue sky shining down on her through the wide dressing-room window. "I don't look for solace, knowing how futile it would be to seek for what isn't there. I can not salve the wound by repeating the old formulas, 'there was some reason for it,' or 'such things have to be.' It was not all for the best. No reason is good enough. Such things should not have to be. I don't believe that anything so cruel as separating two people who loved each other as Irving and I did is anything but wrong and unnecessary and wasteful. I haven't tried to turn to people for advice and solace. I know what it is I am facing, and I (*Continued on page 72*)

She has known "the real thing," that's why Norma will never re-marry



Norma Shearer as Marie Antoinette, in her first picture for over two years.



Watch Out, Wayne!

by Katharine Hartley

NOTHING SUCCEEDS like success, and nothing flops like it, either. And that's the thing that Wayne (Kid Galahad) Morris is afraid of. Wayne has been called one of the overnight successes of the last few years, but he has too often heard of what happens to overnight successes on that dreary morning after, to think that it is all just one glorious fun-spree. At hale and hearty twenty-three his inclinations are naturally to the fun side. "But darn it all," as he himself has said, gazing six feet and two inches away at the second largest pair of feet in Hollywood, propped up on a chair in front of him, "a fellow's got to say 'whoa' sometime, and I guess it's about time I said it! Being an actor is a responsibility, and I'm just now beginning to realize it."

The realization came not so many weeks ago when Wayne was assigned to do the young lead in the Technicolor "Valley of the Giants." In the beginning Wayne had the vague idea that he had probably been chosen for the "Giant" picture because of his aforementioned six-feet-two. But then he learned that the "Giants" were the giant red-woods of California's northern forests, and that the story was no hastily cooked up dish, either. He also discovered that this story had been filmed twice before, once in 1919 with the great Wally Reid, and again in 1927 with Milton Sills. Now here was he, a "punk," as he calls himself, about to embark in the same role, and expected—yea, ordered—to follow in such glorious footsteps.

"That buffaloed me, and on top of it I learned that the studio was prepared to spend over a million dollars on the production. Now when nobody expects you to amount to anything, and by some strange twist it turns out that the fans like you, then that's one thing. But when they expect you to do something, and then you don't! Well, you can see why I haven't been sleeping quite as peacefully as I used to."

But before insomnia takes too much of a toll, we have something to say to you, Mr. Wayne Morris—a warning. The question is, should you change, and go from a light-hearted boy to a serious actor? An actor has to keep on studying, that's true. There are some actors, like Paul Muni, whose forte lies in studied acting, but there are others, like you, whose greatest charm lies in their own very natural personalities. If you do begin to take this business seriously, and suddenly find yourself with great ambitions, at least we hope you'll keep a charming balance between your serious side and the effervescent twenty-three-year-old youth who is such a great part of your appeal. We



Does Morris realize that a career easily gained may be just as easily lost?

have seen some of that youth in action, and we know how it clicks with the public.

There were several very vital and refreshing scenes which occurred while Wayne was on location with the "Valley of the Giants" company in the timber country near Eureka, California, recently. A day after he arrived there, Wayne, the collegiate part of him, was standing in the middle of a junk yard, looking around for a car. He spied a 1923 sedan that still had all wheels intact, and he thought that would do. The junk dealer wanted twenty dollars, so Wayne bought it at once. At that point the junk dealer didn't know who Wayne was, nor that he also had a powerful big roadster at home in Hollywood. He thought Wayne was just one of the local poor boys. He still thought so days later when he saw Wayne, with about fifteen others in the sedan, tearing around the town. Brakes screaming, dust flying, they skidded to a stop at first one drug store, then another, piling out each time to refresh themselves at the soda fountain. They honked the horn incessantly and then drowned its aged sound with their own very boyish and hilarious laughter.

IT WASN'T until the second week that someone tipped off the junk dealer as to who Wayne really was. It was a delightful surprise. The junk dealer told his young son, who told his buddies, and from then on Wayne was hounded by kids screaming for autographs. He gave them too—by the hundreds. The kids followed him everywhere, even to work. At noontime, the wisest of them stood close behind in the studio lunch wagon and the man in charge of the counter never could understand where so many of his sandwiches disappeared to. Heck, Wayne could conceal three sandwiches in those oversized paws of his, and in this way they were passed along to the lunchtime kid-kibitzers.

All this wasn't exactly what you would call dignified star-behavior, but its very spontaneity was exactly what made it so delightful. In everything that Wayne does there is this quality, accompanied by that impetuous boyish grin. It's because he has put this into his screen roles that he has been such an instant success. Yet while his success has seemed instant to us, it wasn't quite that simple for him. Nor was "Kid Galahad" Wayne's first picture, as many people suppose. Wayne tells it this way:

"While I was studying at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, a Hollywood casting director spotted me and gave me a fifty-dollar-a-week contract with a three months' option. My first role was a bit in 'China Clipper.' I had a close-up, and I was supposed to have one speaking line, which I worked on for days, but they cut that out! 'Polo Joe' was the next. In it I had another line, and fortunately that one stayed. And that was my talking debut on the screen. Later I heard that the studio had bought 'Kid Galahad.'

"I had read the story and was crazy to do it. So right then and there I did a little press-agenting for myself. The first person I went to see was the writer who was working on the script. I gave him a sales talk, but he looked as though he thought I was crazy. So then I went to the producer. I told him, too, that I was the fellow who could do it. He didn't know me either, wouldn't even believe I was a contract player until he called the front office to check up. They all thought I was nuts, but I kept after it. Then, more to shut me up than anything, they gave me a test. Well, I looked all right as a prize-fighter, it seems, but they still didn't want to take a chance on me in such a big picture, so they put me in another one, 'The Kid Comes Back.' Only the kid was just starting then. I was awfully green, but they liked it anyway, so they decided to let me do 'Kid Galahad,' and hold the first picture until later. In between those two I also made a couple of other pictures, and in both of those I was supposed to be the comedian. So you see it wasn't quite such a Cinderella success as some people think. I had had a little

(Cont'd on page 76)



His mother is mighty proud of Wayne's fast rise to the top of the ladder.

Left, Wayne makes love to Priscilla Lane in "Men Are Such Fools."



Janet, her mother and "a friend" doing the beach at Waikiki. Everybody happy? Well, yes!

Janet's success hasn't been accidental. It's been carefully planned.



THE ONLY thing in this world you're sure of is what's inside yourself. That's what you have to live with. So why not make the best of it?"

It was Janet Gaynor talking. Not preaching. Not leaning from a height to proffer gobbets of wisdom. The words had been drawn from her by persistent questioning. Hearing them, I felt that they held the heart of her mystery.

For her mystery is a legend. "Talk about glamor girls," says Hollywood. "They're transparent compared with little Gaynor. What does she like? How does she spend her time? Whom does she see? Tyrone Power and Margaret Lindsay. Yes, we know they're her friends. But that's all we do know."

I learned a little more when I went to see her—not much. I'd heard a story, for example, of the night she went to the preview of "A Star is Born." Her mother had elected to stay at home and listen to the broadcast. Janet came down in a black chiffon dress and a white corded silk jacket. She touched the orchid in her hair. Like a girl going to her first dance, she pirouetted for the approval of the company, then came to a graceful halt.

"Look, kids. See anything different about me? Don't you see *any*thing?" Sorry, not a thing. She fluttered her lashes at them. "Well, of course, for the first time in my life I wear false eyelashes, and I don't get a tumble. Never mind. I'll make an impression yet. I'll blink them at the first producer I meet in the lobby—and they'll fall right off."

Then there was her trip east to attend the President's Birthday Ball. Her studio's publicity director presented various schemes by which they might grab space in the newspapers.

The Mystery of Miss Gaynor

by Ida Zeitlin

"Glamor girls," says Hollywood, "are transparent compared with Janet!" And Hollywood isn't easily fooled that way

He hoped she might agree to one of his milder ideas. "For instance, you could auction off your dances. That would be dignified, wouldn't it—with the money going to the President's Birthday Fund?"

"Yes," chuckled Janet. "And I could also turn somersaults. But you know perfectly well I won't do either."

She'd agreed to go to the ball as a guest, not a publicity-seeker. As a guest she went. That the President of the United States should have smiled as she danced by, should have murmured, "She's cute as a button," was just her publicity agent's good luck. The story hit every front page in the country. But that didn't in any way alter Janet's position in the situation.

She lives in a rented house, which alone provides food for speculation. Moreover, the house lies not in the hills of Beverly or Bel-air, but in the heart of town. Unless you were looking for it, you wouldn't see it, hidden behind a mass of tangled greenery.

You follow a drive to a rambling structure of gray shingles and dormer windows, nestled under sweeping pepper branches. So dense is the foliage that your first impression is one of undisciplined profusion. There's no landscaped formality to trees or shrubs, yet a second glance reveals how cunningly they've been trained to keep all their own beauty without shutting out the beauty of sunlight and shadows.

You enter a room that presents no striking effects. It's the kind of room you might have grown up in, if your background was one of middle class comfort. Nothing obtrudes itself. You're aware only that the chairs invite you to sit in them, that the pictures were hung, not by decree of an interior decorator, but because of dear associations, that the fire on the hearth strikes dancing lights and shadows from a burnished brass wood scuttle. It's a welcoming room. It seems to bid you relax.

SO DOES its mistress. She comes in, a slight, redheaded figure in slacks. Her brown eyes, clear as a brook, are both frank and kindly. Her manner is unaffectedly simple. Her smallness, her heart-shaped face, her dimpled chin, a gentleness about her, suggest the childish and the clinging. As she talks, that impression vanishes. Little by little, it's borne in upon you that Janet stands securely on her own feet, that she's achieved a maturity of outlook which has nothing to do with years.

She's apart from Hollywood only in that she doesn't follow the pattern. She doesn't feel superior to it. She lives her life in greater material comfort, but otherwise as she would have lived it if she'd never seen Hollywood. She spends her time seeing people she likes, doing things she enjoys. It's as simple as that.

She laughed at the notion of herself as a woman of mystery. "I know. Everyone thinks I'm remote. And it's funny, because I love Hollywood so. I'd rather live here than any place else in the world. If I'm not seen about much with movie people, (*Continued on page 97*)

by
Faith Service

Joan now rules the Bennett roost alone—and loves it! Yes, she's the modern matriarch



The youngest Bennett is a dictator in crêpe de chine —and admits it. Right, with her daughter, Diana.

After Divorce—What?

IN MY HOUSE," said Joan, "we are women without men. We are, literally, eight women without men—and it's wonderful! There is myself, the two children, the children's nurse, my house guest, the three maids. Eight women and—a super-efficient burglar alarm! I haven't even a butler in the house. I do have a chauffeur but he is 'outside help.' I found that when I had a butler, there was always trouble in the house. Either one or more of the maids would fall in love with him and there would be trouble. Or they wouldn't fall in love with him, and then there would be another kind of trouble.

"And so now, except for dates and guests, we are women without men, and it works like a charm. Life is as peaceful as a perpetual Armistice Day. I feel relaxed for the first time in my life. I am completely content.

"I have two supreme ambitions. The first is my hope that I may bring the children up to be nice young women, charming mentally, physically, socially. If I fail in this, I will indeed have failed. If I succeed, I shall have achieved the success I care about the most. My other ambition centers in my work. And I think that if I give all of myself to these ambitions which are, in a way, one, I will be giving just about all that I have to give."

I said then, more bluntly than tactfully, I fear, "Well, but you'll be getting married again one of these days, surely?"

"I will not," said Joan firmly. "Not for a great many years." She added, "Why should I?"

Joan was saying, "I have my children. I have my home. I have my work. I have my friends. I can see no earthly reason why I should marry again. Love? Possibly. But I am out of my teens. I have been married twice. Both times for 'love.' And so love is not likely to come to me like a storm again, sweeping me off my feet. I have been married twice and unsuccessfully. You can't go on interminably playing with trial and error, cause and effect. That's stupid.

"I like working out my own life. I believe that marriage is wrong for women who are economically independent. At best, it is difficult. For, when a woman has a career of her own, earns her own money, the balance of power is upset. The very fact that she is such a woman makes her think like a man, gives her the dictator complex.

"I have the dictator complex," smiled Joan. "I've often been told that I'm a dictator in crêpe de chine, but I never would admit it before. I didn't like the taste of it. Now I do admit it. Now I am free. Now I can be a dictator, comfortably, without stepping on anyone's toes, offending anyone's pride. Now I am the head of my own household, the arbiter of my own destiny, my own woman. And I love it. Now I am a matriarch."

I LAUGHED. A figure less like the popular conception of a matriarch could not possibly be imagined. This youngest of the Bennetts is so gentle, everything about her so fastidious, so almost excessively feminine that she deceives you. You have to look closely to perceive that there is a small steel hand beneath the lace mitt, a masterful meticulous brain beneath that cap of shining gold hair. You have to remember that the Joan who adores perfumes and jewels and furs is also competent to balance household budgets and business ledgers (and does), loves to fly, goes to the races, disciplines her children as a Spartan mother must have done.

"You know," Joan was saying, "the definition of a matriach reads: 'A woman holding a position analogous to that of a patriarch in a family or tribe.' The definition of a matriarchy reads: 'The (*Continued on page 88*)





Joan is with Randolph Scott in "The Texans" and, right, with her "ex," Gene Markey.

He'd Rather Be Himself

by Charles Darnton

Is that Bob Taylor? Or is it Ty Power? No, it's Richard Greene himself, thank you!

HE'D RATHER be himself than a couple of other fellows, even if those two were that madly adored and highly pictorial pair, Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power.

Not that Hollywood's brand-new Britisher, Richard Greene, feels a bit above 'imself, as they sniff at 'ome. Lawks, no! Nor is he that affectedly casual English actor who might airily remark, "I'd heard about Hollywood, so I thought I'd just pop over and see what it was all about, y'know."

This ever-Greene boy (woodman, spare that pun!) who went right to work here making love to Loretta Young in "Four Men and a Prayer" —if you can call that work—is refreshingly simple and modest, especially for a young stranger heralded as Taylor and Power rolled into one.

"It is a great compliment," he graciously acknowledged, "but I'd rather be myself, thank you."

He is. For this handsome six-footer from over the sea is definitely an individual. As regards his double façade he is far more like Taylor than Power, and huskier than the two of them together. Indeed, he is the one English importation since Ronald Colman to bring virility to the American screen, so much so that he promises one day to step into the seven-league boots of that admirable and enduring veteran.

Surely the British picture producers must have been dozing over their afternoon tea when they let this strapping lad get away from them. Aside from his own no mean charm, this lusty newcomer has the charm of novelty. He is more than welcome, if only by way of contrast to the English actors, narrow of shoulder, flat of chest, and spindly of shank, we've been getting these many long-suffering years. It is not too much to say, perhaps, that American audiences want something more than cup-and-saucer balancers.

Then there's the appalling situation in which our more or less healthy actresses find themselves with these ethereal drawing-room performers. Milady of Hollywood no sooner risks physical comparison with one of them in a scene than she remembers lines which have nothing whatever to do with the script, whereupon she despairingly rushes home and hits the old diet a new wallop.

BUT IN Mr. Greene, a sound piece of British young manhood put soundly together, there is hope for the starving. The hope might upon occasion even assume the proportions of a square meal. Playing opposite him should be gratefully reassuring to the Hollywood actress who has not completely lost her taste for food. For once she could be herself, just as he prefers to be himself.

"So far as I can see," he protested, "my only resemblance to Taylor is that I've got a 'widow's peak.' Taylor has darker eyes than my greeny-gray ones. Of course, we both have dimples, but I can't do anything about my face. Until I came over here, I wasn't even conscious that I had the damn things." (*Cont'd on page 90*)



Richard likes American girls, movies and motor cars, and hopes he can spend the rest of his life with all of them.

'Tisn't So!

by Robert McIlwaine



'It's for amateurs to be bashful, not for me!" states Olympe, who's been acting since she was a year and a half old.

Olympe Bradna's never been kissed?

Well, don't you believe it!

OF COURSE it isn't so," Olympe Bradna stated emphatically. "I have been many times kissed! Why, it's part of my job of acting. I think it's all so silly. As if anyone cares whether I've been kissed, or ever will be! Someone in the publicity started it and they should have told me first, then I would have said, 'I have many times kissed.' You know, they asked me to cooperate, but how can I when every time I get off the train newsmen ask that same silly question. 'Is it true, Miss Bradna, that your first and only kiss was in "Stolen Heaven?"' I am sick of it I tell you!

"And, do you know what some writer said? That I was so temperamental I wouldn't do the kissing scene till everyone left the set. How ridiculous! Would a prize fighter refuse to knock out his opponent until nobody looked? Of course not! It's his job. Mine is to act, so I do whatever the part calls for.

"As for temperamental people, I hate them. Another thing, it's for amateurs to be bashful, not for me. I've been acting since I was a year and a half old. My family were professional people long before my time, even back to when the Louis' ruled France, so there's nothing strange about it to me. I am very much at home on the stage."

All this in one burst of good ole Americanese, too. In case you're under the impression that Olympe Bradna, charming Frenchie, has trouble with her languages, calm your fears. She's as adept as you or I when it comes to English—never at a loss for words. In fact, she's quite an opinionated young lady!

It took only one routine question to get her going! When we inquired if *she* sang in 'Stolen Heaven,' or had a voice dubbed in for her, she was off to a flying start—though definitely evasive.

"Well, I *can* sing, but I don't like it. What I want to do is dance. Ballet and lots of it! I love dancing," Olympe exclaimed, brown eyes sparkling. "You know, I've studied dancing since I was *so* big. I studied singing, too, for three years. Of all my teachers I think I like my latest best of all. He's John McCormick. He is so sweet and we get along fine, but even so, I like ballet better. Some day I'll do all ballet and be very happy, just you wait and see," she added mischievously.

We'll wait *to* see, but certainly not as a member of the Doubting Thomas Club! For if (*Continued on page 89*)

Put Your Best Face Forward



A candid shot of Loretta Young, voted the most beautiful actress. Looks like a "snap" of you, perhaps?

Ginger Rogers caught in an off moment. Most of her features are really undistinguished.

Natural shots of herself are Carole Lombard's delight. In fact, the wilder they are the better she likes them!

Even Greta Garbo relaxes once in awhile, and shows us her bad points. Now will you believe there's hope for everyone?

I WOULD BE willing to wager a small sum that the most frequently-asked question about the movie belles is this: are they as beautiful off the screen as they are on? The answer can't be one simple unadorned yes or no. Most of them are not as gudgeous when you meet them on the street as they are when you see them on the screen. With very few exceptions, that is true. However, that's all beside our pernt. Our pernt is that these movie stars —most of them just average, good-looking gals, with personality and allure eking out their modicum of beauty—have learned to utilize their best points so that you are never conscious of their bad ones. Never, that is, until the candid camera fiend catches them in an off moment.

As you can see for yourself by ye candids on this page, movie stars can look silly, unglamorous or tacky as the case may be, even as you and I, when they're caught in these unposed off moments. Of course, we all know that these candid camera enthusiasts spend their lives hiding in trees and things solely for the purpose of catching the famous when the famous ain't looking their best. We're not meaning to be nasty in contrasting the funny pictures of your favorites with the pretty ones. We jus' wanna show yuh, that's all.

"Well, how am I going to make the most of my good points?" you ask. "How am I going to minimize my bad points? Maybe I haven't a good point!" To the last, I say phooey. Everyone has at least one good point. Even if you haven't one single good feature to your name, you can manufacture a "good point" out of personality, out of freshness, neatness, sweetness and chic. And then, of course, there's make-up, that blessing of disguise for modern womanhood.



Loretta with glamor—hair perfectly groomed and every feature showing to greatest advantage.

Ginger's eyes are her good feature. Simple but effective make-up accentuates them.

Carole knows she can look this way when she wants to just by using a few tried and true beauty tricks.

The extraordinarily clever eye make-up used by Garbo emphasizes the beautiful structure of her expressive face.

Take lessons from the stars, who know how to make the most of their own good points

by Mary Marshall

Sit down and consider your eyes and mouth. The eyes or the mouth—or both—are the best places to start when you wish to glamorize a face. Ginger Rogers' eyes are her one good—really good—feature. For the rest, Ginger is pert and cute and she has a darling figure, but her other features are undistinguished, even as yours and yours and yours. Garbo's extraordinarily clever eye make-up is what really sets her face apart.

Look yourself right in the eye and consider what you can do to make those eyes more lovely. First, the brows—how are they? If they're heavy, that's fine, provided there are no stray hairs giving the brow line an untidy look. Are your eyes a little too close together? There are all kinds of fancy measurements for determining whether eyes are too close together or not; but you know perfectly well you can tell by simply looking in the mirror. Well, if they are, go ahead and pluck a few hairs, very carefully, from the inner side of the eyebrows. Take some shadow—brown if your skin is dark, blue or gray if your skin is fair—and blend it into the outer side of the eyelid. Take a soft eyebrow pencil and lengthen your brows at the outer side less than an eighth of an inch—no more, for more will look artificial. These tricks will make your eyes look bigger and brighter.

Do your brows grow too close to your eyes? Wash your face with warm water and soap and rinse with plenty of water, and while the brows are damp, brush them up vigorously with a small brush. Line them up, top-side, with the little brush so that they don't look shaggy. Then brush a little oil or cream onto them while they're raised so, and take some mascara—not a pencil—and make them up a little if (*Continued on page 103*)

He Wants to Disappear

by Martha Kerr



"I want to put away enough money," says Slim, "so that I can loaf and be unknown."



Here is Slim and his new bride, "Brownie." She was once his nurse, and now—

IN AN EXTRAORDINARILY tall, thin house by the sea lives an extraordinarily tall, thin man by the name of George Somerville. You know him as "Slim" Summerville. Only you don't know him at all. You just think you do.

He lives, George Somerville, not Slim Summerville, all the year 'round in this house by the sea, wedged in between other seashore houses, at Hermosa Beach. Most of the time his five-year-old adopted son, Elliott, is with him. Also, his dog, "Troubles." He never goes anywhere. Except for his original trek around the country when he was in his teens, he never has been anywhere. He has lived in Hollywood for twenty-four years, and has never been to the Troc' in his life, never to the Brown Derby, never attended a premiere, nor even a party. He has never been to New York in his life. Nor to Europe. Doesn't want to go. Doesn't want to do anything, not even think, more than is literally necessary.

He seldom goes to the movies, George Somerville. He hasn't seen even his own latest pictures. He's never heard Garbo talk. The last time he saw her was when she made a picture with John Gilbert. The only recent pictures he has seen are those starring Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy. He likes Gable and Tracy, thinks he must "make an effort" to see "Test Pilot" pretty soon because of Clark and Spence. There is a neighborhood theatre less than three blocks away from Slim's tall, thin house with the pea-green painted door. His pictures are shown there, but, "I'm too lazy to go," says Slim. His dad goes, and tells Slim how he did.

He reads murder mysteries. They require the minimum of mental effort. He's never opened a volume of Shakespeare or Dickens, a tome of philosophy or psychology in his life, and never will. He listens to the radio, because it doesn't require any exertion. His dad turns the dials for him. And Slim can doze without being rude to the invisible entertainers. He fishes. His huge living room is stacked with fishing rods of all sorts. There are, also, large trays of cigarettes and huge dishes of salt water taffy strewn about, but no books. There is a framed photograph of the boy, Elliott.

Slim fishes for days on end. He doesn't swim. "Too lazy to swim," he says, "but I wade around quite fancy." He has no pals among the picture people. He plays golf occasionally with Bing Crosby, Andy Devine and Dick Arlen. They are silent men, like himself. When a picture is finished he has his own unique method of relaxation. He charters (*Continued on page 99*)

Slim advocates the "making oneself scarce" theory



"I'd like to be gay and witty in pictures, but they always hand me an old hyena role, and I keep right on barking," says Miss Oliver.



"I've been stage-struck ever since I was your size," confides Miss Oliver to Miss Temple. "I bet you could act, too," Shirley admires.

She's a Softie

by Charles George

IT TAKES nerve to call on her. First of all, she lives miles away in the country. Then, reaching the little white house on the hill, with its green lawn climbing up from a white picket fence, you face barred gates, and are confronted with a sign reading, "Beware Police Dog!"

That stops you. What to do? You, an utter stranger, don't like to stand in the middle of the road and yell, "Edna! Edna May! Oh, Edna May Oliver!"

Perish the thought! So you survey the hazardous situation. What might have been taken for rural peace now strikes you as ominous silence. The detective in you, without stirring a foot, discovers that beside the closed garage stands a car. And under its rumble seat undoubtedly there crouches a bloodthirsty beast, ready to leap out and tear you coat from pants.

Come, come, man! That yard must be crossed, even as the Rubicon. But your tortured imagination conjures up still another vision, that of a Betsey Trotwood in sports clothes, flying out at you and beating you off as she would those luckless donkey-boys in "David Copperfield." Drat the thing! Manfully you unbar the gates and stride through with all the outward assurance of an irrepressible Armenian rug-pedler.

Quaint. On the door, and polished right up to its handle, is a brass knocker vaguely reminiscent of dear old New England. You lift it—not without the lurking dread of a swift and savage rear attack. Knock, knock. The door is opened by a smiling housekeeper. Hers is the most beautiful face you could ever wish to gaze upon, serene and aglow with welcome. "Miss Oliver," her voice as lovely as herself, "is expecting you. Come in."

Yet, left cringing on the edge of your chair in the living-room, you again give way to that helpless feeling of not knowing what may come on four feet before your hostess arrives. From where you sit you glimpse the music-room and cast a furtive glance at the grand piano lest it be a dog-house in disguise.

Presently your twitching ear catches a nameless rustle in the hall. Thank heaven! It is Edna May Oliver in the flesh—what there is of it. Tall, gracious, distinguished in black and white kimono and silver and black slippers, Hollywood's finest character actress stands before you. But she is not in character. Unlike her brusque screen image, she is all kindliness, (*Continued on page 101*)

Edna May Oliver reluctantly admits that her bark is worse than her bite



Green satin leaves are appliqued on the skirt and shoulder straps of this delectable dance frock worn by Simone Simon in "Josette." Its skirt is of white silk net, the bodice of soft green satin. Always right for the ingenue type.



Lightweight wool tweed fashions Ginger Rogers' practical two-piece suit of burgandy flecked with the same blue that is inset in the broad shouldered jacket. Its sleeves and back are cut on the bias. The smart hat is a black sailor.

TO SPARKLE in sleek sophistication, or to ingenue in wide-eyed ruffles! That is the sartorial question, answered, at least cinematically, in the current crop of pictures. Apparently each type is devastating to the susceptible male, so decide on your own particular aura, and choose your wardrobe weapons accordingly.

Both sides of the debate are effectively presented in Warner's "Gold Diggers in Paris." Rosemary Lane confines her wardrobe to girlish simplicity to win Rudy Vallee, and Gloria Dickson does all right with various other gentlemen, in exaggerated slinky gowns.

Nearly all of Miss Lane's evening things bow to young modesty with some sort of shoulder swathing. One has a swirling skirt and fitted sparkling bodice cut rather low, but draped with a cowled sheer cape. A diagonally striped chiffon has shoulder strap clips for its only decoration. A white satin with built up skirt and inverted "v" bodice has a chiffon scarf caught with a clip at the throat. A floor length matching satin cape, square shouldered, tops this gown.

For the street, Miss Lane wears a trim bell boy top coat buttoned tightly to the waist, and falling free to reveal a slim skirt in redingote effect. A military looking visor hat completes the picture. Miss Lane chooses a peasant print dirndl with high waisted skirt and full sleeved guimpe for a backstage scene. The dirndl, that boon to the young and slim (but very trying to ladies whose only lines are in their faces) has made a permanent place for itself in the fashion firmament.

Miss Dickson wears a spectacular cross two-skin scarf on two occasions. Once, the scarf tops a long sleeved black gown shirred from the high neck to well below the waist, where the skirt is released in front fulness. Accessories for this outfit are a wide belt with huge metal buckle and a tiny pill box hat.

Another shirred bodice gown for Miss Dickson has a wide lamé belt and high cone turban crushed in at the top. A huge rhinestone clip and flower corsage at the high neck are effective accents on a black sequin gown.

Royer has cunningly combined the little girl with the "going places" effect in Simone Simon's "Josette" wardrobe. Boxy jacketed pajamas with a round necked black Basque sweater, very young, serve as a boating outfit. Still in the girlish division are a box jacket suit with white vest and wide white revers, and a white swing skirt frock with black vest and a slim coat worn with plaid ascot and the merest dot of a beret.

At which point Miss Simon becomes a night club entertainer and she and her wardrobe both go to town. However, this young star combines a childish quality with a serene poise, making her adaptable to either type of gown.

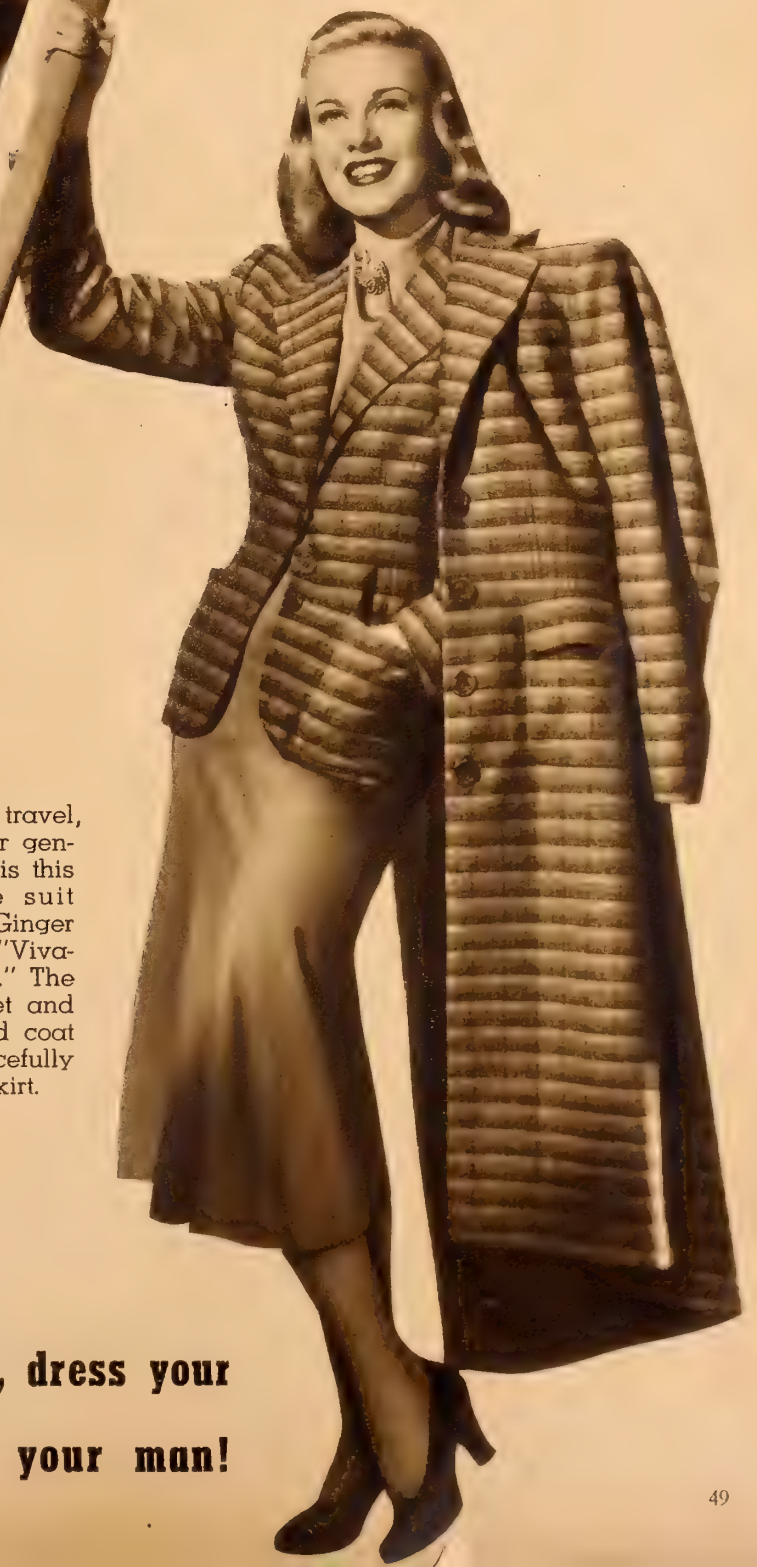
Tiny leaves form the drop (*Continued on page 85*)

Wardrobe Weapons

by Marian Squire



Richness of material combines with demure youthful flattery in Margaret Sullavan's silver gown with its uneven cape. She wore this one in "Three Comrades."



Perfect for travel, business or general wear is this three-piece suit worn by Ginger Rogers in "Vivacious Lady." The fitted jacket and Chesterfield coat top a gracefully flared skirt.

Know your type, dress your lines, and get your man!





Jean Hersholt and Marjorie Weaver in "I'll Give a Million."

Highlighting Hersholt

by George Benjamin

ASK ANY Hollywood star what the average life of a player in the movies is and he'll answer, "About five years; ten, with luck!"

Jean Hersholt is proof perfect that they're all fibbing! That is, fibbing in a way! For, Jean Hersholt has been under contract for twenty-five years out thar, with only a three-week lay off in all that time. Now you must admit that that is somewhat of a record.

Another little item in the way of records is his collection of Hans Christian Andersen works. Recently Hersholt unearthed eleven unpublished manuscripts which make his collection the finest in the world. Prior to this discovery, the National Danish Museum had the edge on everybody, but with this new find, Hersholt's tops them all.

Among Jean Hersholt's several claims to fame is that he is probably the only male star to play with five leading ladies at one and the same time, none of whom fight over billing! Yes, and what's more, he has rated two return engagements with a possible third before school's called. We refer to those five famous Frenchies—the Dionne Quintuplets.

"This time I go to Callander with real excitement," Hersholt began. "You see, the last time I worked with the Quints, they were not yet what you might call average children. That is, with babies born as they were, it takes time to catch up with the ordinary child of their own age. I saw them a couple of weeks ago and you'd hardly believe they were the same little tots of two years ago. Why, they're as smart as whips and every one of them is just as bright as a dollar.

"They know how alike they are, and try to fool you. I asked them which was Marie and with a mischievous twinkle in their eyes, each one said, 'Me!' When they get a new nurse, they try to fool her by mixing their things up a bit. All their clothes are initialed, so when the nurse comes in, Marie or Emilie or Annette (*Continued on page 102*)

Did you say an actor can't last? Jean's celebrating his silver jubilee!



Off Their Guard

Meet the cham-peen tennis player among women movie stars—Miss Ginger Rogers! Here you see her going after a fast one.

Photos by George Strock



Ginger Rogers and Gilbert Roland sit this match out to watch that cute little Sonja Henie perform.





Wham goes the first ball. With Sonja showing such speed and form how can anyone watch that pellet?

With all the grace and confidence you'd expect of a champ, Sonja trips airily onto the court ready for action.

Tennis Time

Alice Marble and all others had better look to their laurels now that Sonja's entered the field—for this gal has a way with her.





Remember Valentino?

After twelve years, The Sheik comes back, as beloved as always. Here are the highlights in his career. 1. Rudy with Nita Naldi in "Blood and Sand." 2. With Ian McLaren in "Monsieur Beaucaire." 3. With Vilma Banky in "Son of the Sheik." 4. With Gloria Swanson in "Beyond the Rocks." 5. Modern Screen pays tribute to a great artist.



Lily Pons says "yes" to Andre Kostelanetz, orchestra leader, in a surprise summer wedding at her Connecticut estate.



Not Juliet but Lily looking over the small group of guests for a special "catch" to receive her coveted bridal muff.

Wedding Bells



Gladys Swarthout, left, and Grace Moore get in a few hasty good wishes before the famous bride and groom take off.



Away they go with all the tell-tale trimmings! Notice Andre's license plates with his initials and Lily's lucky "12."



The Robert Youngs arrive at the famed Trocadero.



Here they are seated with Irene Hervey and Allan Jones who are married—or did you know?

Helen Hayes Night



Norma Shearer, who gave the party, talks it over with guest of honor, Helen Hayes, Jimmy Stewart and Charlie MacArthur.







This time that popular gal, Merle Oberon, arrived with George Brent.



Believe it or not the brunette with Buddy Adler is Anita Louise.



What goes on here? Margaret Sullavan hugs John Swope, her hubby's pal.



Claudette Colbert must have told a very funny one to Spencer Tracy.



Hollywood honors Helen Hayes for her stage portrayal of "Victoria Regina"

Tch, tch! His Operation



"Bergen, I'm in misery—but I'm not sick enough for this!" Charlie McCarthy protests as Edgar takes him to the hospital.



"We'll soon see what's eating you," the surgeon assures McCarthy as he probes under Charlie's bark to see what pains him.



During the operation, Edgar Bergen, Charlie's best friend and severest critic, paces the floor, anxiously awaiting news.



Baffled by the strange ailment, the surgeon says, "Your pulse is 104!" "That's good," says McCarthy. "When it hits 105, sell!"



Now, with squeaks and termites removed, and a few gadgets grafted on his limbs, Charlie receives floral greetings.



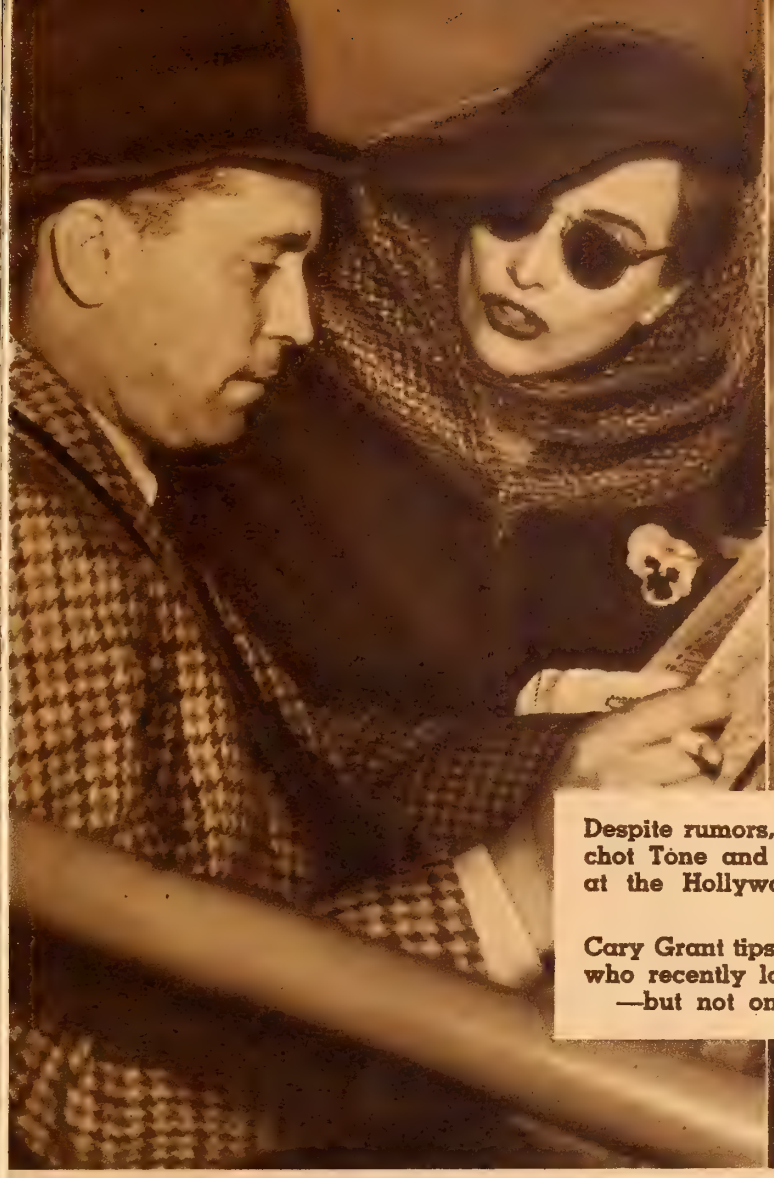
Bob Taylor, Babs Stanwyck and her adopted son, Dion, at the Horseshow. Ranchers Bob and Babs both exhibited horses.

Watching the Horses

Is the stars' favorite pastime—especially when their own perform



A couple of bookies? No, my pets, it's Harold Lloyd and Pat O'Brien picking the winners—they hope!





Despite rumors, here are Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford at the Hollywood Turf Club.

Cary Grant tips off Jack Oakie who recently lost fifty pounds —but not on the horses!



Gentleman farmer Clark Gable initiates Carole Lombard into some of the joys and problems of being a horse breeder.

Good News

by Leo Townsend



Step out with the stars—and our inquisitive reporter—and see what goes on in Movie Town

The Hollywood Turf Club, the town's newest racing plant, opened recently with everyone present but Bing Crosby and the sun. Bing had to work, and the sun was evidently spending the day in Florida. The track, bigger than Santa Anita but not as beautiful, took in $500,000 from 40,000 customers on opening day, and this is considered good, even in Hollywood. Main feature is an indoor paddock and thirty-six bars, where winners can celebrate, and the other 39,000 can work out their alibis.

●

The indoor paddock is an innovation with a real Hollywood touch. Located in the grand stand, it is surrounded by several tiers of standing room, where the celebrities can watch the horses before they go to the track, and vice versa. On opening day the following conversation, not verified, was reported. Seabiscuit: "Isn't that Carole Lombard up there in the third row?" War Admiral: "Yes, and I just saw Claudette Colbert and Barbara Stanwyck. You may not believe it, but I'm as nervous as a colt!"

●

Gene Autry is the most up-to-date cowboy in all Hollywood. Reason is that he now possesses a "saddle radio." The thing was designed by Gene's cousin, Raymond Priddy. The set fits in one saddle bag, and the batteries in another. And they say Gene's horse, Champion, is quite fond of the new contraption, and enjoys every program—with the possible exception of "The Lone Ranger."



The J. W. Rubenses (she's Virginia Bruce) and the John Barrymores, right, see "Alexander."

Newest romance in town is the George Brent-Merle Oberon twosome. They made their first public appearance at the "Victoria Regina" opening, in company with Jimmy Stewart and Norma Shearer. The Shearer-Stewart combination has no romantic leanings. They've been good friends for some time.

●

On the set of "Josette" Director Allan Dwan halted proceedings,

turned to Joan Davis and said, "You know, it would help considerably if you read your script." "I know," said Davis, "but if I read the script it spoils everything for me when I go to see the picture."

●

With a convention in town and Helen Hayes opening in "Victoria Regina," mobs of people showed up outside the Biltmore Theatre to watch the stars. Many of the minor players in "Victoria Regina" stood out front until the last minute just to get a glimpse of the stars who were coming to watch them. When Janet Gaynor arrived with Tyrone Power the crowd closed in on them, and Mr. P. and an unidentified stranger had to hold them off until Gaynor rushed inside the theatre.

●

Our More-Darn-Fun editor, just back from a scurry through the society columns of a Hollywood paper, reports the high times and gay goings-on at a party given by the Gene Raymonds. The evening ended, according to the paper, with everyone "trying to whistle a tune after eating soda crackers." That's a dandy way to end almost any party.

●

Can anyone tie Don Ameche's record? He spent his college career in four colleges, and wound up a junior! The four schools are Columbus College in Iowa, Marquette in Milwaukee, George Washington in Washington, D. C., and the University of Wisconsin at Madison. And Don insists he left each one of them of his own accord—no special requests.

●

Kay Francis and Humphrey Bogart have struck up a close friendship on the set of their picture. "Just a nice family feeling," Humphrey explained, for one of Kay's exes, Kenneth McKenna, and Humphrey's ex, Mary Phillips, have just been married. A romance between Kay and Humphrey would make things even cosier, but Kay's still got the baron on her mind and Humphrey's marrying Mayo Methot in August, just as soon as her divorce becomes final.

●

Out on "The Sisters" set, Anita Louise was having a terrific time. It was in a scene with Bette Davis, and Anita kept blowing up on her lines. At first it was thought that a crowd of visiting Shriners was the cause, but later Anita said she didn't even notice the fezes. Being in a scene with Bette, whom she ardently admires, was causing all the jitters.

●

Johnny Weissmuller reached the semi-finals in the golf tournament out at Lakeside. Ruby Keeler's at it again out there, too, after a year's vacation from golf. And Clark Gable's taking lessons every day—this being a sport he hasn't tackled with much interest heretofore. The reason seems to be that Carole Lombard can't see it for dust. Many of the stars are expert at more than one outdoor sport. Tennis, golf, riding and swimming top the list of favorites, with polo a close runner-up. They're a clever lot—these players.



The lady in the Hungarian wrap is Ilona Massey; the gent in the tux, Michael Whalen.



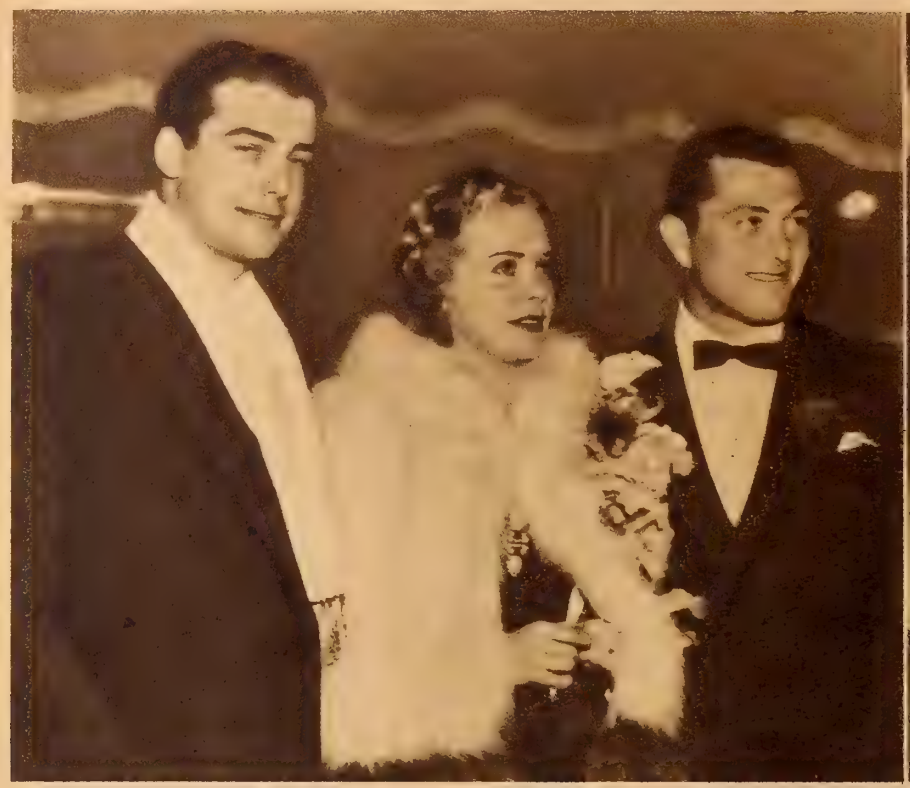
Here is Joe Penner with wife, but without duck, at the premiere.

Franchot Tone doesn't forget the little woman when away on a fishing jaunt. While on that trip with his father and brother back in the White Mountains he took time out to express a mess of trout, on dry ice, to his hard-working Hollywood wife. Each fish was named after a character she's played in pictures.

●

Out on the "Head Over Heels" set, Olivia de Havilland was

Alice Faye, "Alexander's" heroine, rates both Richard Greene and hubby, Tony Martin.



Constance Bennett featuring a bird of paradise feather and Gilbert Roland.



having the time of her life. All mussed up, with stockings down, smudges on her clothes and face, hair snarled up, she told us she was never happier than looking like this, and hoped the script would call for a few more fights with Dick Powell. Dick is still wondering just how she meant that statement.

●

Two years ago when an ice carnival played Hollywood its co-stars were Jack Dunn and Sonja Henie. Dunn, the hit of the show, was immediately signed by one studio. Miss Henie was placed under contract by another one, and you know what happened to her. Dunn stayed for a year, drew a salary, and never got before a camera. Then he left that studio, went to a new one, and the same story repeated itself. At the moment, however, he's actually working. The picture, "The Duke of West Point," will be released soon, and if it's successful they'll follow it by starring young Mr. Dunn in "The Life of Rudolph Valentino," a story based on the career of the Great Lover of the silent screen.

●

Hollywood's a strange town! Bob Taylor, who only a year ago was billed as "beautiful" by his studio, is now a prize-fighter in "The Crowd Roars." Sigrid Gurie, the alleged Fjlash from the Fjords of Norway, admits that Brooklyn is dearer to her heart than Oslo. Luise Rainer, who has played a wife in every picture she has made, thinks the role is out of character in real life. And Mike Romanoff, the phoney prince, was jerked out of the cast of "Ellis Island," where he was portraying himself, because Darryl Zanuck didn't think he looked phoney enough.

●

Max Baer is back at Metro, but this time he's making a short. The other day a friend asked him whom he was going to battle in the picture. Said Max, "A couple of guys Bob Taylor softened up for me in 'The Crowd Roars.'"

●

Good Deed Dept.: When Joan Crawford appeared on a recent radio show she received a $5,000 check for her work. Instead of banking it, she turned the money over to the Motion Picture Relief Fund, where it will be used to help needy extras.

Una Merkel was pleasantly surprised the other night at the Ice Follies when a group of kids surrounded her and demanded her autograph. She was all set to sign when one of the youngsters said, "Gee, I wish we could see you skate sometime, Miss Henie." Una, who has never been closer to ice than a good cold lemonade, signed anyway.

●

Jane Withers is wearing makeup for the first time. In her recent picture it fell to the lot of Carmencita Johnson, Jane's long and true friend, to haul off and sock her. All for art, figured Carmencita, and she did a good job of it. The shiner was so glossy that the next day make-up men had to do a little retouching on it.

●

Bazooka Boy Makes Good: Bob Burns, reporting his income in court recently, revealed that in 1937 he made $400,000. He also revealed that in 1934, only three years before, his total take was $1500. Quite a difference, you must admit.

●

Maybe Charlie Middleton isn't too familiar to you as a name, but every kid in the neighborhood knows him. He plays that meanie dog-catcher in all the "Penrod and Sam" films. Other day he got out of his car on Hollywood Boulevard and was surrounded by jeering youngsters. Charlie thought he'd prove his heart of gold and his good intentions by taking them into a corner drugstore for sodas. They stopped hissing long enough to gulp the sodas, then took off. When Charlie came out he found all the air gone from his tires.

●

Jean Hersholt is considering the possibility of suing Shirley Temple for alienation of affections. Arriving in Callander this time for "Five of a Kind," he found conditions changed from his last visit.



Simone Simon combines business with social life—Gregory Bautzer, best beau and legal adviser.

A new romance? Well, Owen Davis, Jr., and Virginia Field, anyway.

Before, he was the movie star whose pictures always hung on the nursery walls, and the quints gave him their undivided attention besides. Now he says Shirley's pictures adorn the walls and the quints can be found gazing at her likeness right in the middle of a conversation with him.

●

On the set of "Suez" we joined a group talking to Tyrone Power between "takes." Tyrone was showing everyone a picture he had just received from a fan. It showed Tyrone Power, Sr., at the height of his stage career, with Mrs. Power and Tyrone, Jr. Power, Sr., had written across it, "This is my finest production."

●

Evidently the studio plans to make a dude out of Wayne Morris—or perhaps it's a direct reverse of the technique once used with Bob Taylor. At any rate, Morris, who usually plays he-mannish roles on the screen, has been ordered by his studio to spruce up a bit when he's not working. Studio executive eyebrows have been raised several times when Wayne showed up at previews sporting a sweat shirt.

Freddie Bartholomew is taller than Aunt Cissie these nights—a good excuse to step out.

●

They are searching for a young man to play the lead in "Golden Boy," and have just issued the requirements. The eventual Golden Boy, according to the studio, must have a head like Tyrone Power or Errol Flynn, eyes like Tyrone Power or Charles Boyer, a nose like Cary Grant or Wayne Morris, a chin and mouth like Robert Taylor or Franchot Tone, the courage of a prize-fighter and the soul of a violinist. Note to the studio: You're looking for Maxie Rosenbloom.

●

The lady and gentlemen farmers of San Fernando Valley all turned out for the recent Valley Fiesta and Horseshow. Among the proud owners and exhibitors were Clark Gable, Carole Lombard, Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck. Taylor's and Gable's horses each won several events, but the item of the day was that Barbara Stanwyck's adopted son, Dion, appeared in public for the first time with his mother and Bob Taylor.

●

Questions-Without-Answers Department: What prominent male star is a regular patron at a Hollywood beauty shop? He goes there because the locks women movie patrons swoon over need a twice-monthly marcel.

Our youngest diva, Deanna Durbin, attends with the Jimmy Wallingtons, of radio fame.

●

If you don't think picture dialogue has improved in the last few years take a look at the revival of "The Sheik," one of Rudolph Valentino's most successful films. In one scene, after Valentino has kidnapped Agnes Ayres and brought her to his boudoir, she asks, "Why did you bring me here?" Valentino replies, "Are you not woman enough to know?" And when Walter Long, the villain, has captured Miss Ayres, he orders one of his men to bring her to him, and to see that his current mistress is kept out of the way. Says Long: "Fetch me the white gazelle—and guard closely the jealous one."

●

That house Jimmy Stewart and John Swope just finished building cost them $5,000 apiece. It's strictly bachelor's quarters, but they have an agreement. First one to get married has an option on the other's half of the house. If the little woman likes the place, the unwed co-owner takes his $5,000 and moves out.

●

There was much hemming and hawing on opening day of the Hollywood Turf Club when people noticed Bruce Cabot with Barbara Stanwyck. One local columnist even announced a rift in the Taylor-Stanwyck romance. What happened was that Taylor had to work and couldn't go to the track that day, so Barbara and Zeppo Marx, who share a box at the Club, asked Cabot to join them.

Claudette Colbert, back from Europe and lovelier than ever, with hubby, Dr. Joel Pressman.



Now—Apply Vitamin A the "Skin-Vitamin" Right on Your Skin

FOR YEARS we have been learning about the importance of the various vitamins to our health. A-B-C-D-E-G—who hasn't heard of them?

Now comes the exciting news that one of these is related in particular to the skin! Lack of this "skin-vitamin" in the skin produces roughness, dryness, scaliness. Restore it to the diet, or now apply it right on the skin, and our experiments indicate that the skin becomes smooth and healthy again!

That's all any woman wants to know. Immediately you ask, "Where can I get some of that 'skin-vitamin' to put on *my* skin?"

Pond's Cold Cream now contains this Vitamin

Pond's Cold Cream now contains this "skin-vitamin." Its formula has not been changed in any way apart from the addition of this vitamin. It's the same grand cleanser. It softens and smooths for powder as divinely as ever.

But now, in addition, it brings to the skin a daily supply of the active "skin-vitamin."

Use Pond's Cold Cream in your usual way. If there is no lack of "skin-vitamin" in the skin, our experiments described in the next column show that the skin is capable of storing some of it against a possible future need. If there is a lack of this vitamin in the skin, these experiments indicate that the use of Pond's Cold Cream puts the needed "skin-vitamin" back into it.

Begin today. Get a jar of Pond's, and see what it will do for your skin.

Same Jars, same Labels, same Price

Pond's Cold Cream comes in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Now every jar of Pond's contains the active "skin-vitamin"—Vitamin A.



MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES, young New York society woman, grandniece of **MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT:** "With Pond's Cold Cream, my skin looks soft—not rough or dry."



MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART, beautiful as when she came out: "The use of Pond's Cold Cream has helped me to keep my skin fresh and bright and smooth."

Most People don't know these Facts about Vitamin A and the Skin...

First Published Reports

In 1931 and 1933, deficiency of Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") was first recognized as the cause of specific skin disorders. In the cases reported, a liberal Vitamin A diet made the dry, roughened skin smooth and healthy again. Later reports confirmed and extended the evidence of this.

In hospitals, other scientists found that Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") applied to the skin healed wounds and burns *quicker.*

Tests with Pond's Creams

Experiments were made concerning possible causes of deficiency of "skin-vitamin" in the skin.

I. Dietary—The skin may lose "skin-vitamin" from deficiency of it in the diet. In our tests, skin faults were produced by a diet deficient in "skin-vitamin." Without any change in the diet, these faults were then treated by applying "skin-vitamin" to the skin. They were corrected promptly.

II. Local—Our experiments also indicated that even when the diet contains enough "skin-vitamin," the stores of this vitamin in the skin may be reduced by exposure to sun, and also by exposure to warm, dry air together with frequent washing. In further tests, marked irritation resulted from repeated use of harsh soap and water. This irritation was then treated by applying the "skin-vitamin." The skin became smooth and healthy again. It improved more rapidly than in cases treated with the plain cold cream or with no cream at all. The experiments furnished evidence that the local treatment with "skin-vitamin" actually put the "skin-vitamin" back into the skin!

All of these tests were carried out on the skin of animals, following the accepted laboratory method of reaching findings which can be properly applied to human skin.

Even today it is not commonly known that the skin does absorb and make use of certain substances applied to it. Our experiments indicated not only that the skin absorbs "skin-vitamin" when applied to it, but that when "skin-vitamin" is applied to skin which already has enough of it, the skin can store some of it against a possible future need.

The Role of the "Skin-Vitamin"

The "skin-vitamin" functions like an architect in regulating the structure of the skin. It is necessary for the maintenance of skin health. When the skin is seriously deficient in the supply of this vitamin, the skin suffers.

Signs which may indicate "Skin-Vitamin" deficiency

Dryness, Roughness, Scaliness resulting in a Dull Appearance.

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MOVIE REVIEWS



★★★ The Rage of Paris

Universal and everyone else has been waiting for some time to get a look at Danielle Darrieux's first American picture. Well, it's here, and the little French miss seems to have everything. She has looks and personality, is adept at either comedy or drama, and, to top it all, she positively does not sing. And when Washington sees her they'll probably cancel the French war debt.

The story contains nothing startling, but the dialogue sparkles, and Miss Darrieux, assisted by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Broderick, Louis Hayward, Mischa Auer and others, keeps things moving at a merry pace.

An impoverished model looking for work, Miss D. goes by mistake to the offices of Mr. Fairbanks, and starts to remove her clothes. Mr. Fairbanks, being a movie gentleman, is horrified, thinking she's trying to compromise him and grab some of his money. Situations get more complicated from there on, and the result is a sleek and streamlined modern comedy which will win Miss Darrieux a large American audience.

Most of the footage goes to La Darrieux, who scores tremendously in every scene. Fairbanks, Jr., is splendid as the bewildered young executive. Directed by Henry Koster.—*Universal.*



★★★ Blockade

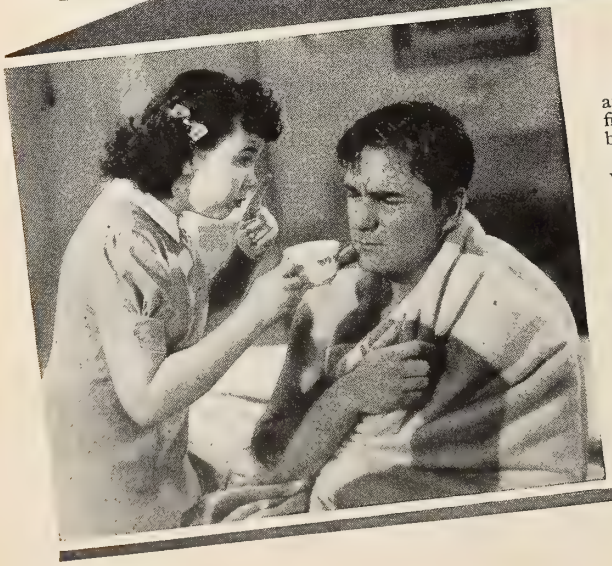
A good picture which should have been a great one, "Blockade" offers first-class melodrama, even though it fails to be an outspoken and fearless denunciation of the Spanish Insurgents. In many ways, however, it is a brave and courageous film, and one which will be talked about.

Its story, for the most part, is formula stuff about the beautiful spy (Madeleine Carroll) and the honest soldier (Henry Fonda), and only in its closing moments does it attain the stature it should have had throughout.

Both Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda are competent, although Miss Carroll's screen personality still lacks warmth. Fonda's closing scene, in which he denounces war as murder, is the picture's most effective moment.

War scenes are typically present-day. No soldier-to-soldier fighting is shown. Instead, the Japanese and Italian method of killing non-combatants is depicted. Best scene shows the people's faces as they watch a relief ship, loaded with precious food and supplies, being sunk by the enemy.

The supporting cast also is outstanding. Director William Dieterle does a masterful job with the material at hand, and Werner Janssen's musical score is a decided asset.—*United Artists.*



★★★ Keep Smiling

Jane Withers is at it again—and with redoubled energy. Spinach and red meat must be this little star's beauty secret. Here she fights her way in Hollywood and comes out on top. It's all believable and highly entertaining too.

The story this time is an improvement upon the last few Withers' vehicles, with a soft-pedal on the leading lady's boisterous spirits, and the excellent supporting cast, principally Gloria Stuart, Henry Wilcoxon and Helen Westley, given a chance. Henry Wilcoxon is the uncle who plants Jane in an exclusive eastern boarding-school so he can go about his business unmolested—his business being the very lucrative one of a Hollywood movie director. Jane gets considerably miffed at her schoolmates when they tease her about being an orphan, so she hocks her wardrobe and hies herself to California. The sight of Mr. Wilcoxon in the midst of bankruptcy and d.t.'s would have discouraged any ordinary niece, but Jane plunges right in to restore fame, fortune and Gloria Stuart to her adored uncle. The two gals get their heads together, and from then on Demon Rum hasn't a chance with Uncle Henry. Directed by Herbert Leeds.—*20th Century-Fox.*

More Reviews on page 70

BY LEO TOWNSEND

Schiaparelli Alix Lanvin Lelong



• LANVIN'S breath-taking evening frock—pleated flattery in brown net. "For added drama," Lanvin says, "wear Cutex HEATHER nails."



• Afternoon suavity in dark-green jersey with silvered ornament—by LELONG. For finger-tip finesse he recommends delicate Cutex LAUREL.



• SCHIAPARELLI'S sleek sophistication in prune crepe. For a final dramatic touch she sponsors winy Cutex HEATHER nails.



• ALIX'S artfully simple pink and gray tweed coat. Box-pleated and bound in black suede. For finger-tip charm Alix suggests Cutex LAUREL.



sponsor Cutex Laurel and Cutex Heather



YOU'RE headed straight for a glamorous Fall with either of the two new Cutex nail tones sponsored by Schiaparelli, Alix, Lanvin, Lelong!

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The new Cutex LAUREL is a romantic, cyclamen pink—for rose, beige, green, brown, gray, blue and all the new raisin shades.

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Add a giddy Parisian touch to your finger tips this Fall—with Cutex LAUREL and Cutex HEATHER. See the other chic, new Cutex colors, too: Clover, Thistle, Tulip and Robin Red!

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 68*)

★★ Josette

This is one of those light and frothy numbers, the enjoyment of which depends entirely on your mood. On the credit side it has two first-rate performances by Bob Young and Don Ameche, and it presents Simone Simon in a role more suitable to her own particular talent—the ability to look and act extremely unsophisticated.

Ameche and Young, partners in a fish cannery, are trying to save their frivolous father from the clutches of a singer, whom they know only as Josette. The old reliable mistaken identity theme is introduced, and they are given to believe Simone is the villainness of the piece. The mademoiselle, not knowing this, falls in love with Ameche, and he, of course, thinks she's after him for his money. In the course of all this, there are several bright moments and enough good gags to make the picture fairly entertaining and amusing.

Gordon and Revel have written two songs, both of which are probably much better than the treatment Simone gives them. Her voice is small but adequate, but her accent is still so unruly that it's impossible to understand the lyrics. Evidently they were about love. Joan Davis, Bert Lahr, Paul Hurst and William Collier, Sr., turn in able performances in the supporting cast. Allan Dwan directed.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ Cowboy From Brooklyn

Full of "Yippees" and a "Howdy, stranger" or two, this film capitalizes on the current vogue for Westerns by offering a broad burlesque of all that's generally held sacred in the average horse opera. The hero, for instance, is Dick Powell, a maverick if the West ever saw one. To make matters worse, he's a crooner from Brooklyn, in the cow country only because he's stranded there on his way to Hollywood. Landing a job at a dude ranch, he is "discovered" by a New York theatrical agent who changes his name to Wyoming Steve Gibson and whisks him back to dear old Broadway.

Some audiences will find "Cowboy From Brooklyn" overboard on farce, while those who expect nothing subtle will enjoy it immensely. Funniest sequence is the one in which Wyoming Steve, who is allergic to animals, is hypnotized into winning a bulldogging contest in a Madison Square Garden rodeo.

Dick Powell's role is a stretch on the imagination, but the rest of the cast fares better. Priscilla Lane is excellent as the dude rancher's daughter, Pat O'Brien furnishes top-notch comedy as the theatrical agent, and Dick Foran gets laughs as the Western heavy. The supporting cast is also very good. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.—*Warner Brothers.*

★★ You and Me

A "Crime Doesn't Pay" story told by unusual methods, "You and Me" is an interesting picture, but its sombre theme will keep it from winning much audience favor. There are no long stretches of dialogue, for the camera tells as much of the story as possible, and the film moves along with speed and punch.

Background of the picture is a department store, where George Raft and Sylvia Sidney are clerks. Both are paroled convicts. They fall in love and marry. Raft's old gang wants him to return to crime, but he refuses. Later he learns about his wife's past, and in a blind rage gives up all his good intentions and rejoins the gang. They're caught in an attempted robbery and given a graphic lesson on why crime pays no dividends.

Director Lang employs off-stage voices and other unusual devices to hammer over his point, but there are spots in the picture where audiences will doubt the effectiveness of his methods, especially in the scene where Raft's gang speaks in chorus. Performances by Raft and Miss Sidney are expert, and there are fine supporting roles by Harry Carey, Barton MacLane and Vera Gordon. "You and Me" was directed by Fritz Lang.—*Paramount.*

★★ Three Blind Mice

When three sisters, one in search of a millionaire and the other two simply looking for good husbands, leave their Kansas chicken farm to try their luck you can be reasonably certain that the fortune hunter marries a poor but handsome collar ad, and her two sisters wind up with millionaires. It's all supposed to prove that life is a pretty funny proposition, and that what Loretta Young really wanted was not money but love.

The sisters (Loretta Young, Pauline Moore and Marjorie Weaver) pool $5,000 and go to Santa Barbara, where Loretta poses as a wealthy society girl, with Miss Moore and Miss Weaver as her secretary and her maid. When it turns out that Joel McCrea, with whom she has fallen in love, has no money she promptly gets herself engaged to David Niven, who has. True love conquers her lust for gold in the last reel and she marries McCrea, turning Niven over to Pauline Moore. Marjorie Weaver, in the meantime, has married a bartender (Stuart Erwin) who turns out—surprise!—to be a millionaire.

"Three Blind Mice" is acceptable entertainment, but suffers because its characters are all so phoney. Only exception is Binnie Barnes, who plays Niven's sister. She is an amiable toper who wanders through the picture contributing many of its brightest and funniest moments. William Seiter directed.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ Lord Jeff

There's nothing new or startling in this one. It's hokum, and it's all been done before, but it has lots of audience appeal. The story follows the pattern laid down by "Captains Courageous." This time Freddie Bartholomew is once more a snob, and a pain in the neck to most of his young colleagues at a British nautical school. To make matters worse, young Mr. Bartholomew is also a member of a gang of jewel thieves. But a year at school and association with such guys as Mickey Rooney bring out the good in the villainous young man, and everything ends up happily.

Performances are splendid throughout. Freddie Bartholomew, considerably taller than when you last saw him, proves he is still one of the best juvenile actors in the business, and Mickey Rooney turns in another of his finished and very professional performances. A new youngster named Terry Kilburn, however, walks off with most of the acting honors, and starts off on what will surely be an auspicious screen career. Charles Coburn, Herbert Mundin and Gale Sondergaard head a competent cast of supporting players. Sam Wood directed.—*M-G-M.*

★★ Having Wonderful Time

On the stage, "Having Wonderful Time" was a smash hit, a tragi-comedy about the Bronx, and a tired little stenographer who spent her two-week vacation at Kamp Karefree in the Catskills, hoping to get away from the drab pattern of every-day life. In the picture version they've taken the Bronx out of it, and judging from the result, the Bronx must have been the heart and soul of the play.

As Teddy Shaw, the stenographer, Ginger Rogers is as plausible as the script allows her to be. She handles expertly both her dramatic and comedy moments. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as a waiter at Kamp Karefree, also struggles valiantly against bad casting, but his clipped English accent belies the picture's supposition that he is a young lawyer from the Bronx.

Lucille Ball is excellent. So is Lee Bowman, and in fact all of the supporting cast. Alfred Santell directed.—*RKO-Radio.*



David Niven, Loretta Young and Joel McCrea supply plenty of triangle situations in "Three Blind Mice."



Extra! Mickey Rooney saves Freddie Bartholomew from being a snob—in their new movie, "Lord Jeff."



"Don't tear up the snapshots of that boy you're mad at"—



says DOROTHY DIX, famous adviser on life and marriage



"YOUTH AND LOVE are both impulsive. How many times I have heard the story of a sudden lovers' quarrel, marriage to someone else—and then regret.

"It needn't happen. Suppose you do have a quarrel. Instead of rushing home and destroying the mementos of your association together, save these reminders. Be sure to save the snapshots you have made of your young man. This is most important, for nothing else will so rekindle your lost feeling.

"You may start going with someone else. But before you decide to marry, take out the snapshots of the one from whom you parted in anger, and look at them earnestly. They may save you from a decision that would bring sorrow all through life."

* * *

Whether you're expert or inexperienced—for day-in and day-out picture making—use Kodak Verichrome Film for surer results. Double-coated by a special process—it takes care of reasonable exposure errors—increases your ability to get clear, satisfying pictures. Nothing else is "just as good." And certainly there is nothing better. Play safe. Use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

LOVE COMES ONCE

(*Continued from page 34*)

know that I have got to face it alone.

"Perhaps I am not spiritual enough to be willing to wait for a reunion in the other world. I want Irving here, with me, as he was. I know that we will meet again in the other world. I do have that belief. But it does not console me for the years we have lost together here on earth.

"It is because I think the world is such a beautiful place," Norma said gently, "that I want him here to share it with me. When the one you love is with you the world is beautiful and kind. When that one is gone the world should stop being beautiful, because its very beauties make your heart ache.

"People say that it is the ones who are left we should be sorry for, not the ones who are gone. That isn't true for me, either. It is not for myself that I grieve, but for him. Perhaps I feel this so keenly because he loved life so. Knowing how he loved it, how can I help but suffer for him who has so early been taken away from everything that he loved?"

THIS very honesty, I thought, may be Norma's healing in the end.

"I don't want to sound morbid," Norma repeated, "nor dramatic. And yet how can anyone be anything but dramatic about the three great arteries of life, birth, love and death? How else can I tell the truth of what I feel? And I think it is right for me to tell it now. For months, I couldn't tell people. Stories were written. I didn't bother to contradict them.

"Irving taught me," Norma said, "to let the little things slide. He taught me to care only for the big things. Sorrow is one of the big things."

I said, then, "But you are young. Life flows into emptied channels, don't you think so? Love again, perhaps, another kind of love will surely come to you."

"No," said Norma.

"Do you, then," I asked, "believe that there is only one love in a lifetime?"

"I do," said Norma, gravely. "I do believe that there is only one really great love. I know you are thinking about the people who marry three and four times in one lifetime. But that, I think, must be because they have never found the one real love. But you see I did find it."

"Then surely you have had the best life has to offer?"

"Yes, I have," Norma said simply, "and if I can find any trace of comfort in anything, it is that I knew it. There are people who only realize how deeply they loved someone after he is gone. I have been spared that, thank God. There wasn't an instant of our time together that I didn't know it, and so there wasn't a minute wasted.

"It isn't the length of time that matters, it's the loveliness. That's true, I know. It is youth that matters most, I'm sure of that, too. It is when you are young and with the one you love that you are really living the most keenly. We had that, Irving and I. And I am grateful for it. But it is also true that when you are with the one you love, every age is sweet. It would have been sweet to us to have gone down the years together. There was so much for us still to do.

"I know," said Norma, her eyes holding now the trace of a smile, "that there was a story written about the probability of my marrying again, as well as speculation about whether I would return to the screen. Well, that was only natural. I can only say that there have been no such problems because everything else was so very unimportant. I do not believe that I shall ever marry again. I like the idea of having one love in my life. I am afraid I am a terrific and incurable sentimentalist. For, if ever I should marry again, which seems unthinkable now," Norma was saying, "I imagine it could only be a compromise, and I dislike compromises. Many women, after all, lead very full lives alone.

"As to my working again, that came about gradually. There was no one moment of illumination in which I made a decision to return to the screen. Sidney Franklin came to talk to me about doing 'Marie Antoinette.' I will never forget how kind he was. He talked to me about the script, about all the work Irving had done on it, Irving's ambition for it, his hopes of it. I felt that I couldn't bear to do it, but that I couldn't bear to have anyone else do it either, then that I couldn't bear not to have it done at all. It was the last picture Irving worked on, the last picture plan he worked out for me. We couldn't let that go for nothing.

"I don't like to say that I did it for Irving. That sounds too trite, somehow. I don't like to say that I am 'carrying on' for Irving. But I think that is what it amounts to. You know, Irving was so proud of my being an actress," Norma's laugh was tender. "He was so proud of my being on the screen. However trite it may sound, I do know that, in returning to the screen, I am doing what he would want me to do.

"Not," said Norma, "that he would have allowed his pride in me to cloud his judgment. That was still another of all the uncounted reasons why his faith was so valuable to me. I know how honest it was. When I was working I never bothered Irving with details. But sometimes, if I didn't feel a big scene was going the way it should, I would slip to a phone on the set and ask him if he would just stroll down, sort of casually, and tell me what he thought.

"The first time I came back to the studio was the hardest thing I had to do. It was when they had the Convention and Exhibitors' luncheon. I had always attended those luncheons with Irving. And Mr. Mayer felt that I should attend this one. I felt that I should, too. I made up my mind to be so very adequate," Norma laughed a little, at herself. "I dressed so carefully. You should have seen how carefully I made up! I even determined to make a little speech. Thank goodness, I did take the precaution of wearing a large hat which shaded my eyes. Because that was the only time when I have disgraced myself publicly. I think it was because, when I faced all those men, I knew that their thoughts were with me. I wasn't able to carry it off as I had wished to. But they were so very understanding.

"It is the kindness of people," Norma told me, "which has given me the realest warmth I have known. When Irving was here I don't think I knew many people very well. I often feel that they didn't know me. That was because all the emotion in me went to Irving. I have always thought of myself as quite a devoted mother. Certainly I love the children dearly. But I did not give them what I am giving them now. And I realize it."

"I wonder why you *really* came back to work. Fame means nothing to you."

"Oh, but it does!" said Norma sitting erect. "It means a great deal to me. I love it. I am just as ambitious as I ever was, and for the same reason—for Irving, for those who believe in me. There is a certain pride and excitement, too, in keeping something you have worked hard for and achieved.



Can this poised young lady be that little harum-scarum Bonita Granville! Believe it or not, she's all but grown up!

AND habit is very strong. I found that to be true when I came back, when I realized how effortlessly I slipped into working again. I don't believe in people's throwing over jobs they have begun. I have a feeling, too, that the screen is my destiny and that while I live, I must follow it. And there is another thing—it helps time pass quickly. I just don't want there to be too much time, that's all.

"It is when the day's work is over that it is hard, the going home."

"You don't mean," I said, "that you go home alone, have dinner alone?"

"'Yes,' to both questions," smiled Norma, "I want it that way. When I am working I go home, play with the children for awhile, then have my dinner in bed on a tray. That makes it easier for me than sitting alone in the dining room. Then I do a little studying, and go to sleep. I find that I am sleeping better, too, now that I am working again.

"I shall continue to live in our house by the sea. I have been advised to leave it because of the associations. But that is exactly why I shall continue to stay there, because of the memories. Why should I run away from the memories which are the most beautiful things in my life? I want to be in the home Irving and I shared so happily together. It is the nearest I can come to having things the way they were."

Norma walked to the door with me when I left, after we had talked about the children and how she thinks it quite probable that little Irving may follow in his father's footsteps.

I tried to thank her for the time she had given me, the confidence given us all, and she said, "I think those who have been interested in me have a right to know how things were with me, how they are with me now, and I am happy to tell them."

OUT IN HOLLYWOOD . . .

where a Complexion Care has to work—



—and in your own home town—



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

(*Continued from page 33*)

relaxes by harmonizing with the boys, swapping jokes, or playing a little poker. The boys, Gene included, don't head for bed till after midnight. And then they're up again at four-thirty. It's a he-man life, I'm telling you. City slickers just couldn't take it.

I asked him about his health. He grinned and said, in that soft Oklahoma drawl of his, "I can't remember ever bein' sick." Having knocked on the nearest piece of wood, he added, "I've been banged up a bit, takin' falls off horses, and things like that, but that's all."

"How come you don't get a little more sleep?" I wanted to know.

Gene grinned again. "I'm a restless hombre, I reckon. Sleep seems a waste of time if there's anything else to do."

Yet he has none of the vices associated with late hours. Song may keep him up, but not wine or women. He doesn't drink. His kind of work demands steady nerves. For the same reason, he doesn't smoke. As for women, "I'm happily married," he says simply. He's too thrifty to have any interest in night-clubbing or gambling. He doesn't play poker except on location, and then the stakes are too small to matter. Bridge is his favorite card game.

GENE used to be a telegrapher on the Frisco Railroad, and, as he says, he "took to singing" to keep himself awake. First, he had a saxophone. "But I couldn't sing and play the saxophone, too, so I started whangin' a guitar." Again Gene grinned. "It gives me the shudders to think what might have happened if I hadn't got rid of that saxophone. I probably wouldn't have had a friend for fifty miles around. But that guitar made me all kinds of friends. I wouldn't have got anywhere in this singing business without it.

"Jimmy Long and I—he worked for the Frisco, too—we used to get together and sing till all hours, all the old cowboy tunes. Finally, we got tired of the same old repertory all the time, and started makin' up new songs of our own. That's how we happened to write 'That Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine,' which was a hit almost right away. I guess people sort of liked the change from Mammy songs.

"That started everything. Jimmy said I ought to go to New York on my vacation and sing it for the recording companies. I went—just a green kid from the sticks—but I couldn't get to anyone important. After hangin' around one office for three days, I decided I'd give up. But, before I went back home, I was goin' to sing just once, if it was only to a reception girl. So I took out my guitar there in that waitin' room, and sang real soft. Nathaniel Shilkret, the conductor, happened to go through while I was singin'. He told some executive inside about me, and I got an audition. But they advised me to go back to Oklahoma, get on some local radio station, practice up a bit and come back in a year or so.

"I got on a station in Tulsa, as 'Oklahoma's Yodelin' Cowboy.' That was how I met George Goodale. He was a newspaper reporter. He wrote a little story boostin' me, and I was mighty grateful. After I came out here to Hollywood, I saw this fellow in a restaurant one night. He was workin' on a Los Angeles paper. I asked how he'd like to be my press agent and he's been with me ever since. Now he's my manager. I can tend to my work and let George do my business worryin'. He's the most expert worrier you ever saw.

That Tulsa program led to making recordings. The recordings led to a radio program in Chicago, which led to personal appearances, which led to my findin' Smiley Burnette, which led to a better radio program, which led to Hollywood. In Chicago, I met Nat Levine, who was producin' Westerns. He was lookin' for 'something different.' He thought maybe a singin' cowboy was the answer. He had the courage to try it out. And—well, here I am."

How does it happen that he always plays a character named Gene Autry? "Don't look at me—I didn't start it. In my first picture, they billed me under my own name because I had been in radio. And, somehow, they've just kept on."

Ask him to explain his phenomenal success, and he answers, "You've got me stumped there, pardner. I'm no Adonis, and I'm no actor, and I don't aim to pretend to be. I guess I've just been plumb lucky. Lucky to be able to sing a little, and to have Smiley with me. I wouldn't make a picture without him."

Where did he find Smiley?

"Well, I was doin' a show in Rockford, Illinois, and I needed an accordion player in the act. The theatre manager said there was one on a little radio station down in Tuscola, Illinois, named Smiley Burnette. I called Smiley on the phone, and asked how much he was gettin' a week. 'Seventeen dollars,' he said. 'I'll give you thirty-five to join my act. Think it over and let me know.' He said, quick as a flash, 'I've done my thinkin', brother. When do I start?'

"My first glimpse of Smiley was gettin' out of a little Austin, piece by piece. Just lookin' at him set me to laughin'. I figured audiences would react the same way. And I wasn't wrong. Smiley's a born clown. And a whiz on any one of fifty-two different musical instruments without ever havin' had a lesson. We're a good team. I've never had a singin' lesson."

Gene has nerves of iron, which helps to explain his easy-going naturalness. But there have been a couple of times when he hasn't been so easy-going. Once was in a dance pavilion in St. Paul. One of the local boys, a big bruiser, kept passing close to Gene, making audible cracks about "that drugstore cowboy and his masquerade clothes." Gene stood it for a while. He didn't want to start any trouble. But, finally, his patience wore through. He told his heckler, "All right, you asked for it"—and let him have it. The fellow woke up sometime the next week.

But he has never been annoyed by youngsters pestering him for autographs or words. "If they've got time for me, I've got time for them," he says simply. And that one remark tells a whole story about Gene Autry.

He reckons that the worst experience of his Hollywood career happened last year, when two twelve-year-old Oklahoma boys, one a cripple, hopped a freight train for California "to work on Gene Autry's ranch." The police picked them up, of course, and sent them home. But Gene felt pretty badly that "a couple of kids got a wild idea on account of me." Letters that tickle him are those from mothers who testify that Johnny washes his neck now, since being assured that Gene Autry positively lathers his.

(*Continued on page 76*)



Diane Rochelle, Hal Roach's talented chee-ild, made her screen debut in "Swiss Miss." Pasha, of the exotic name, is the four-footed gent with her.

Margaret Sullavan

STAR OF METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S "SHOPWORN ANGEL," REMARKS...

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Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color) Light ☐	
Olive ☐	Dark ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	*If Hair is Gray check type above and here* ☐



Lynn Roberts *Featured in* Republic Pictures

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First—form graceful eyebrows with Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Next—touch a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow to your upper lids, blending it lightly outward toward your temples, concentrating it near the lash line. Third—and most enchanting of all—darken your lashes with your Maybelline Mascara, beginning lightly at the inner corners of your eyes, and deepening the mascara at the outer corners. Maybelline is harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting.

Now glance into your mirror! You'll be delighted with the pleasing charm and added beauty which Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids give you.

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Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in gold metal vanity, 75c. Refills 35c. Maybelline Cream-form Mascara in dainty zipper case, 75c. Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. All in Black, Brown, Blue. Maybelline Eye Shadow, in Blue, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet. Maybelline Special Eye Cream. Purse sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at all 10c stores.

When Gene went to the Academy dinner this year, he wore a tux—which he had to borrow from a pal. He didn't own one. He owns only one business suit, and hasn't worn it in years. He wears cowboy clothes off-screen as well as on. "I don't feel comfortable in anything else. And," he adds frankly, "I figure it's good showmanship."

In "Gold Mine in the Sky," you'll see him wearing what he wears in private life, a white sombrero, a dark open-neck gabardine shirt with a small scarf knotted around his throat, grayish-tan jodhpurs, a figured jacket, and figured cowboy boots. For the picture he used just a touch of grease-paint. Not for glamor's sake ("Heaven forbid!"), but for protection. Gene is so fair complexioned that he sunburns violently. "Wouldn't I look good in close-ups, blistered and peelin'?" he demands, sardonically.

OFF screen, as on, he has a cowboy vocabulary. And he has a cowboy sense of humor, not a Hollywood sense of humor. His idea of something funny is an ingenious prank, not a well-turned wisecrack. And, working with cowboys, he's in prankish company. "They've got to be doing something for laughs," Gene says, "to forget how hard they work."

On this trip, the boys brought along a man-size dummy, pilfered from the prop department, dressed it up in men's clothes, and sneaked it into the script girl's bed while she was at dinner. Her bedtime scream scared mountain lions five miles away, and gave the boys a laugh for a week. But the gag that all of the boys, Gene included, chuckled about most in reminiscence is the one pulled on one of his leading ladies. Never mind her name; maybe she's reformed now. But she didn't like the idea of playing heroine in a Western and went around with her nose up in the air. So the boys gave her a real reason for elevating her nostrils. They spread limburger cheese on the back of her bed.

Mrs. Autry visited the location one day during this trip. Like Gene, she is blue-eyed and fair, with a friendly smile. She is younger than Gene, who is twenty-nine. She was going to Drury College in Springfield, Missouri, when he met her. Unlike Gene, Ina doesn't go in for Western garb. She likes horses—she is the only one besides Gene who can persuade Champion to do his finest tricks—but confesses she doesn't ride a great deal. She makes no attempt to share Gene's limelight. Sharing his private life is enough for her. And they're devoted to each other. When Ina is around, Gene has no time for anyone else.

Gene's hobbies are horse-raising, books on the old West, and song-writing. "If you can call what I do writin'. I can make 'em up, but somebody who knows music has to set 'em down."

Either by himself, or in collaboration with Smiley Burnette and other harmonizing cronies, Gene turns out between twenty-five and thirty songs a year, most of which find their way into Gene Autry song books.

His favorite cowboy song is "The Last Round-Up." He admits that its sentimental melancholy "gets him every time." It makes him homesick.

That homesick note creeps into his own compositions constantly. For all the attractions of Hollywood success, he still can see the attractions of riding herd on the plains, under a wide dome of sky. But, as a composer, Gene is versatile. Nostalgia isn't his only theme. Sometimes he indulges in picture-painting with words and music, other times, in homely philosophy, still other times, in humor.

But his song that best sums up Gene, himself, is probably "Money Ain't No Use, Anyway." The chorus goes:

"When hard luck o'ertakes me,
And everything goes wrong,
I bear my burden with a smile
And I sing my little song.
I laugh at all my troubles,
And never wear a frown—
And that's the way
I'm always gay
And make the world go 'round."

WATCH OUT, WAYNE!

(*Continued from page 37*)

experience, and a lot of work, and at least I knew what it was about. But even then I didn't feel that acting was anything to get too serious about. Not as I do now.

"Perhaps I was kind of fresh and giddy about it all, because acting had just never been one of my ambitions. I didn't go to the Pasadena Community Theatre school to study acting. I was interested in directing and I still want to be a director some day. Acting was only a sideline. I never played leading parts or anything like that. Over a period of three years I appeared in forty-two plays and in forty-one of them I played old men with beards and aches in their backs. Naturally roles like that don't give anyone movie-hero complexes. I never cared two hoots about being in the movies. I had never even been inside a studio. When I finally did come out from behind my beard in one play, a casting director happened to be in the audience—so here I am, and now that I'm here I guess maybe I'd better do some worrying about it. Naturally any man, after he gets into a thing, wants to go to the top—for his pride's sake. Only that's not so easy to accomplish. There aren't as many tricks, as there are in college, for example.

"In college the trick I used was the best old trick in the world. In high school I had learned that if you held some student body office, the teachers just naturally supposed you must be a leader in your studies, too, and they always gave you the benefit of the doubt. That's how I got by, anyway. I tried to work the same thing at the Los Angeles Junior College.

WHEN the freshman president was to be elected I had about fifty fellows planted in the audience to nominate me, and I prepared a whopping speech, memorized every word of it. But unfortunately the chairman called on everyone else first, and my friends didn't have a chance until the very end. Out of seven I was the last to be nominated, so I was the last to speak, too. Well, the other speeches were so long-winded that after about an hour and a half, I caught myself going to sleep. I figured the audience must be about asleep, too, so when it came my turn I decided not to make my speech at all. Roosevelt had just been elected, so I just got up and said, 'Well, kids, I hope we have beer by fall'—and sat down. They loved it. They elected me. After that, studies were a cinch!" Incidentally, when you ask Wayne what reforms he accomplished during his presidency, he answers quickly, "Oh, up to then they had had only one class dance a year—I had three!"

You see, this six-foot-two youngster is more than just brawn and muscle. There is a good sized brain clicking away under that shock of blond hair. When Wayne first began making seventy-five dollars a week, he took out an annuity which required him to sock away fifty out of every

seventy-five. That's not only good saving, but quick thinking. He let the insurance salesman get him before any of the town's glamor salesmen did.

And Wayne Morris has never yet fallen for any of the town's usual pastimes. He has been in a night club only three times in six months. And he still sticks to dollar-ninety-five cent sport shirts. He still lives with his family, and does not have a swimming pool. And he has no personal publicity agent. In fact, the only extravagance he has allowed himself is his big car.

When you remember Wayne's youth and all the temptations that beset a Hollywood star in his position, the wonder is that he has kept his head at all. When you mention that, Wayne gives his mother credit for whatever sagacity he has shown.

What we hope is that Wayne Morris will not become so serious that he'll sacrifice any of these refreshing qualities. We can, however, see his problem. All about him, and especially on his own lot, he sees stars like Paul Muni and Bette Davis who attempt to live their roles, who spend weeks and months on research before ever starting a characterization, and he knows that if he is ever to be an actor of this calibre, he must hurry to catch up on his preparatory work.

HE has tried to spend some time with the studio dramatic coach, and the coach says that he's a hard worker when he gets down to it, but often other lures break in. Perhaps Clark Gable calls him for a round of golf at Lakeside. His long legs ache to start out on a golf march, and he has difficulty concentrating on how Mr. Ibsen meant a particular line to be delivered. Or perhaps a dozen other things, and Wayne can scarcely be blamed for putting off till tomorrow what he might better be doing today.

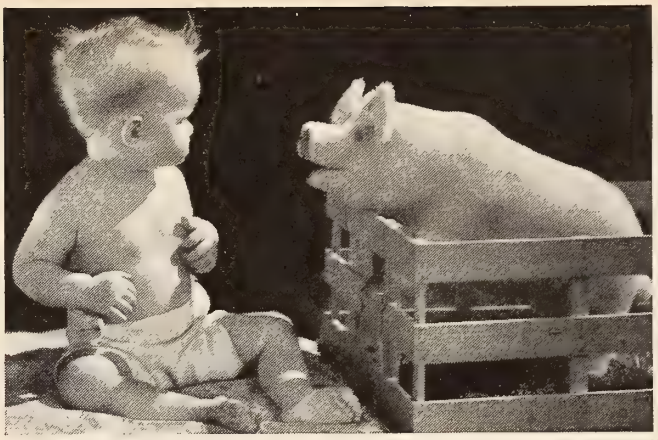
There is one thing on which he is very definite, however, and this is very significant in his character. Ask him who he admires above everyone else in Hollywood and he will tell you, "Harry Carey. Not only because he's been such a fine actor all these years—he's been a star since 1908 and he's still making $2,500 a week—but because he's stayed such a grand fellow. And I especially admire him for the way he lives. He has a ranch, and lots of friends, and he and his wife live so simply. That's the kind of life I'd like.

"There was a time when I used to think that adventure was the only thing, but I found that this adventure stuff is a lot of baloney. I thought it would be romantic to be a forest ranger for a year, so I became one, but the only fires I ever put out were the ones I started myself in the kitchen stove.

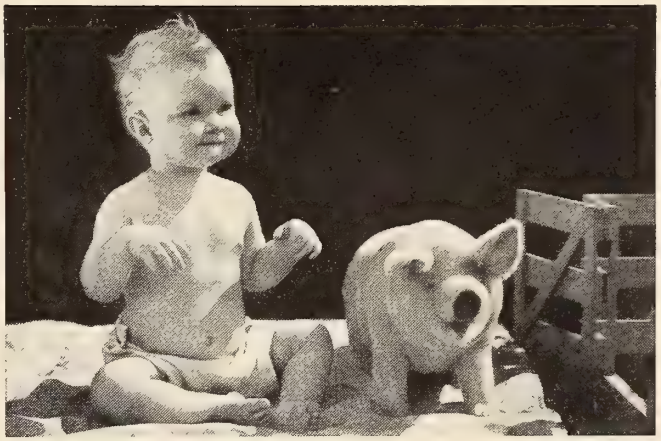
"Once I shipped as a waiter, too, on a two months' cruise to Australia and the South Seas. That was a crazy kind of a trip. There were fifty college fellows working on that boat, and I'll bet we had more fun than the passengers. They used to ask us to sit at their tables, so what kind of a trip was it? An adventure? No. It was the same kind of a pink tea party you could have anywhere.

"No, what I like and what I aim at is a steady kind of contentment, having fun as I go along and always working in a little progress. But I'll never have a ranch like Mr. Carey's unless I get busy right quick and put my shoulder to the wheel first, will I?"

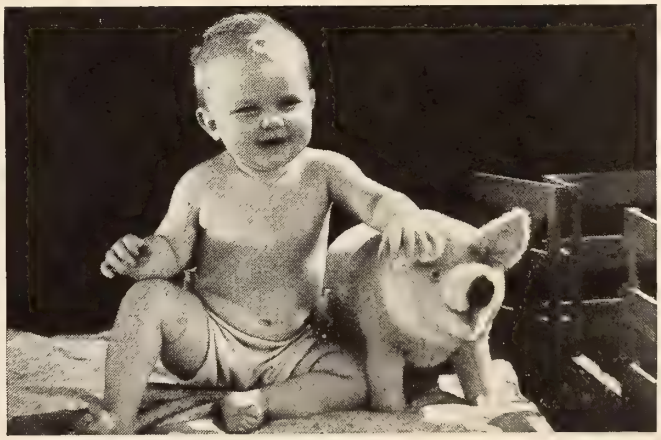
Well, it's a hefty shoulder, anyway, and with the pep and vigor that this young Adonis has to put behind it, the wheel ought to start spinning any day now. Only be careful, Wayne Morris. In reaching for something new, don't lose what you already have. An odd hundred thousand of your most devoted admirers might be awfully disappointed!



• *"Why, Mr. Pig, I think that's downright shocking! Really? You don't believe in bathing?... Merciful goodness, I didn't suppose there was anybody left with such old-fashioned, moss-grown ideas!*



• *"Something's got to be done about this!...Let's see...what's been wrong with the baths you've had? Soap in the eye? Or...Wait—I see it all now! You've never had Johnson's Baby Powder afterward!*



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Reach for the Bright Red Package!

You'll like CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM

A YEAR WITHOUT MY JEAN

(*Continued from page 27*)

answer all of the letters, give my thanks for all of the gifts and thoughts, personally. So far it's been the one thing that has been impossible to me, to really answer those letters. The time will come when I will be able to answer every one of them, will be able to tell the dear writers what they have meant to me. I have kept them, every single one. But the appreciation I have felt for all the letters, telegrams, cables, the thoughts of me because of my Baby, have been so close to me that I have not been able to answer them individually.

On last Mothers' Day I had some 250 wires and cables from all over the world. And not less than 3000 letters. On the Baby's birthday I had, I suspect, at least 100 telegrams and cables and well over 500 letters. Even on my birthday, there were wires and letters. How they knew it was my birthday, I cannot imagine. And the great majority of the letters said this one thing, "I know that your Baby would have wished me to remember you today." Thank you, thank you, every one.

People who have had illnesses or trouble have written me that they really and sincerely believe that the Baby helps them. They feel, I know, how she really loves humanity, how she wishes them well. She loves people so truly, that Bunny. I don't know why, but a line the Baby used often and often to repeat to me comes to my mind now. It was, "A heart set on love can do no wrong." A line from Confucius. The Baby's heart was "set on love." And now the love of her comes to me, in full measure.

HOW I wish that I could tell you how much the great loving kindness of the people who love my Baby has meant to me during this first long year. It is the love of her friends all over the world that has helped me more than anything else, excepting the Baby herself. That and the gifts they have sent. One dear soul who loved the Baby, someone neither she nor I have ever met, made the most exquisite miniature of the baby. It is done on paraffin, done in delicate pastels, a different likeness of the Baby on each side. And it is hung like a pendent watch, framed in the most delicate gold filigree.

Not long ago Bill had a letter from the Captain of one of our big steamships. He wanted to get in touch with me and didn't know how. He thought that if he addressed Bill at the studio, Bill would tell him. It was a fine letter, with such beautiful tributes to the Baby. He came to Hollywood, called the studio, was transferred to Bill, who gave him my number. His boat was leaving that same day. He told me that all he wanted was to go over to the Baby. She had been, he said, the greatest inspiration in his life. She had sailed through the Panama Canal with him on one of his ships before she went into pictures. And he has never forgotten her.

He told me he has lost not only a friend, but the livest, most pulsing thing in his life. She was so vibrant, so alive, and at the same time so kind. When she became Jean Harlow, he realized that Jean Harlow and the lovely child who had sailed with him were one and the same. I told him to go to the Baby, of course. His ship sailed for San Francisco that night, to be in port for two days. He flew down from San Francisco, stayed near the Baby for four hours, so they told me, and then flew back again to his ship. Such loyalty and devotion continually touch and warm my heart.

Time and again people come to my door, people I have never met, nor heard their names, many of them. They tell me some loving little thing the Baby did for them, some service she rendered. Or they tell me how much happier they are for having watched her as she passed by, never forgetting the smile, the wave of the hand, the friendly greeting.

I haven't been able to let these dear people know of my gratitude as I should have liked to do. I am trying to do so now, however feebly, because the Baby was so grateful for every favor, for every act of service done for her. Never did Brown, our houseman and our loyal friend, bring her anything, a tray in bed, a parasol, a handkerchief that she didn't have a brilliant smile for him, that she didn't make him feel as if he was doing her a very great favor. She was like that. I must try to be like that, too.

So, through this long year, I have been working for a greater realization, a greater consciousness. And my Baby has helped me. She was always wiser than I. She is so much wiser than I now.

And I have held fast to the certainty that my Baby is safe. It may seem curious that when the Baby went away, loving her as we did, it never occurred to Bill or to me to worry that she would be taken care of. When she traveled here, on the few occasions when she went away from me, I was so concerned about her. I worried about whether she would reach her destination safely, whether she had warm enough clothes with her, whether she would eat properly. Yet when she went away this last time I didn't worry about whether she would be cared for. I knew.

And always I remember the words she said to me, just two short weeks before she went away, "The greatest experience I have ever had is just around the corner, darling, and oh, I wish that I could tell you how happy I am!"

Then she came back to tell me about it.

Some days are harder to bear than others, of course. There come days when the human part of you aches and is desolate with an unbearable poignancy and pain.

One such day came to me five weeks ago last Sunday. I do not know how to translate this experience into words. There are no words to use, really. But I feel



Bill Powell is still far from well, as you can see. Here he is with George Raft at a recent prize-fight.

that for those others who are bowed down beneath their pain, who cannot get on top of it, I should speak of it. Mind you, I want to speak of it. It was so joyous, so bright, so beautiful. It has given me such an uplift of life and light that I would do anything in my power to share it. It is only that words are so capable of misinterpretation, are so faulty to express facts when facts are not common human experience. I can only try.

This day was a Sunday—a beautiful, sunny day. The house was quiet and I was alone. Alone and so bowed down beneath my sorrow that I felt I simply could not raise my head above it. I could not get on top of it. Everything that had sustained me seemed to have fallen away from me. I could not *bear* it.

I SAT alone in my living-room here and leaned my head against the back of the chair and just said aloud, "Oh, Baby, Baby, *Baby!*" *And she came to me.* I do not mean as a vision made manifest out of my bitter need. There is a difference. I mean that she walked into the room, her footsteps light and soft because she was wearing the little white rubber-soled sneakers she always wore around the house. She was wearing her white slacks, one of the white fuzzy sweaters she loved to wear, and in her hand she carried one of her large white silk handkerchiefs, polka-dotted in red.

She was there with me, warm and breathing and real. I saw her with my eyes. I felt her. She came to me and took me in her arms and just held me there. I can't say for how long. I just know that I felt such a sense of joyousness and brightness and light as had not been mine since she went away. All at once I was healed and at peace. I was on top again.

Then my Baby turned and walked out of the room, into my bedroom. I could hear her moving around in there, humming to herself. I knew what she meant. She meant what she always meant when everything was all right, when everything was beautiful and serene, when she would say, "Isn't this swell? Isn't everything great?" That's what she said then.

I told you I could not find words. Nor can I. I only know that she was here with me. I only know that she left me, if not with a song in my heart, at least with a consciousness of song again.

And I know that if the Baby made that effort to get to me with joyousness and light, I would be selfish, morbid, I would dishonor her memory if I turned my back on the gift of joy she brought me. For those who love her, I tell this.

She used to say, laughingly, "My Old Lady can do anything!"

And I said to her, that morning, whether with words or only with my heart, I don't know, but I said, "All right, Baby, your Mommie will come through."

After she left me I began to think. All right, I want to do everything the Baby wants. That has always been my endeavor. Now I can keep on doing what she wants.

Ever since that bright morning I have had such a sense of uplift as I cannot possibly describe. And I know that she is saying to me, as she used to say when I had done something she considered worth the doing, a deed she thought unselfish or strong, she would say, "Well, General, I'm proud of you!"

Now I honestly feel that I am doing something for the Baby again, something that will make her stand at salute the way she used to do and say, "Well, General, I'm proud of you!"

Now again I can feel, "Here is another day in which I am able to do something for the Baby." Every time now that I



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TO KEEP *Fragrantly Dainty*—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

can smile, every time I can be kind, every time I can go out and be myself again, I hear the Baby saying, "Oh, darling, I am so very proud of you."

So every day I'm trying to do the things that will make her still prouder of me. And when you are trying to please someone you love, there is solace in that.

I couldn't fail my Baby. I just couldn't. If I did, if I hid away in the dark, let myself be submerged for lack of the touch and sight and sound of her, after she made the ultimate effort to give me proof of what, in my human weakness, I asked proof of . . . if I failed now to wear the joyousness and brightness she brought me, then I would so definitely prove that I am not what she thought I was.

She wanted people happy. She used to say, "If Mother's happy, there's nothing the matter with the world." So what can Mother do but be happy? She shed happiness. Why shouldn't I shed it for her now? And that's what I'm going to do.

Since that day I have never gone under again. I am all right now. I have not lost, and will not lose, that sense of uplift she brought me with her own hands, when she held me in her arms. I am on top of it. And every day of my life now I work, I hunger, I dig and delve to have the understanding that the Baby has.

I do not feel separated from her, so the word "reunion" has no meaning for me. But I believe that we must make a conscious effort to reach the higher states of consciousness. That is why I am working, so that when it is my time to go I can go at once to the plane of consciousness where she is. I don't want to have any more delays. I must waste as little time as possible away from my Baby. That's why I'm striving so very hard now.

Until the Baby helped me as she did, it didn't come easily. It meant work. It still means work. You don't begin to read Shakespeare in kindergarten. But when you are ready for the greater understanding, when, through a natural inclination or through something that bows you so low there is nothing here to turn to, then if you seek diligently and humbly, you will find what you seek.

I FIND my help in the Bible as, for countless centuries, others who have been weary and heavy laden have found help. I have no creed, no denominational religion. But I read the Bible. And there, I believe, we learn what Life is—what all of life is, not merely this classroom we are attending now. I take one verse at a time and, if it takes me ten days, I study it until I get to the bottom of it, learn what it really means.

There is the tenth verse of the thirty-third Chapter of Isaiah, "*Now* will I rise, saith the Lord; *now* will I be exalted, *now* will I lift up Myself." That is such a definite promise. It just *is*. I have found the Bible to be a definite, material prop, one on which I can lean, one which strengthens and colors and inspires everything I think and feel and do.

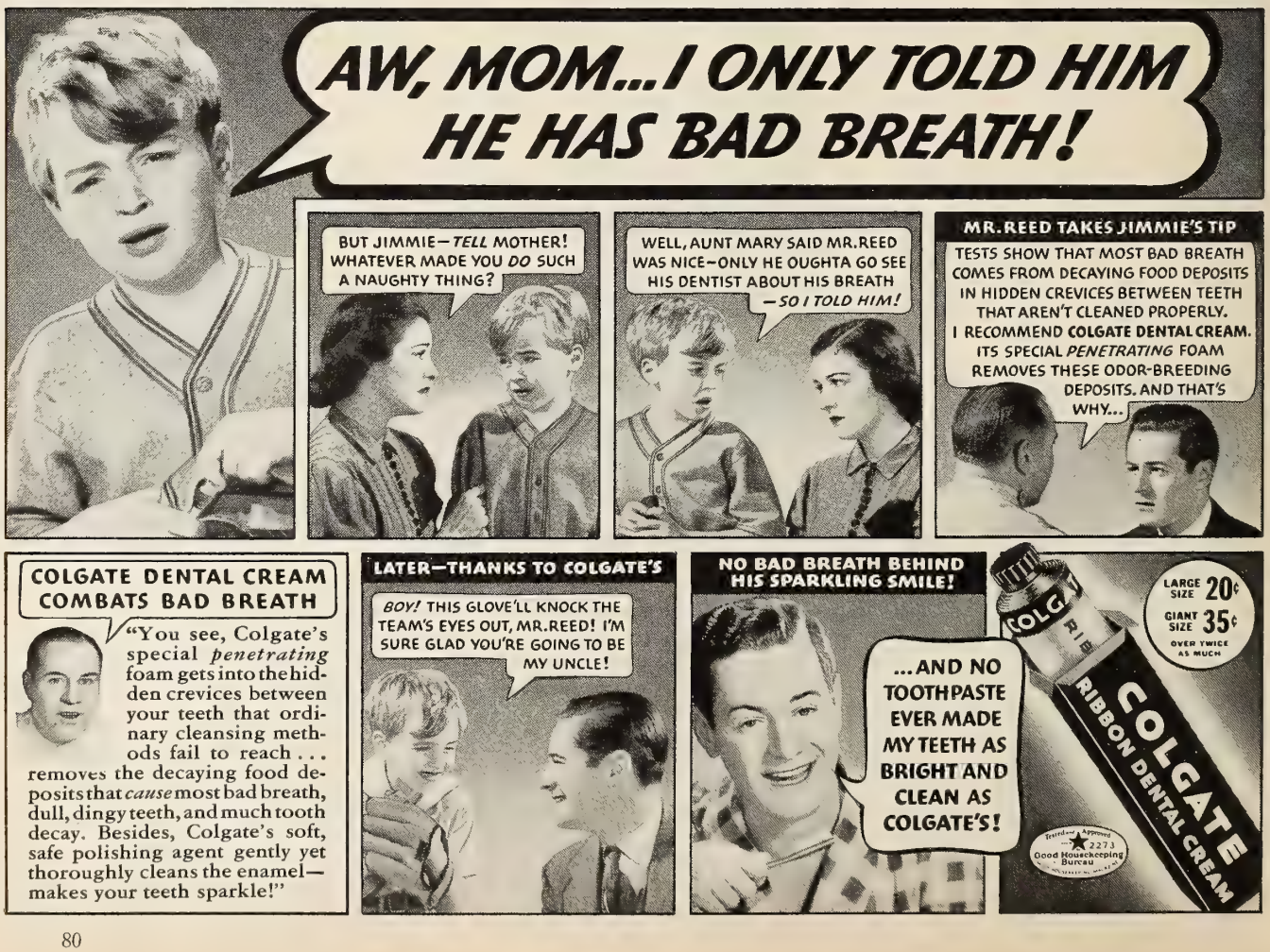
As the end of the first year came to a close, I realized that I should leave the little house where I lived after the Baby went away. I took a small apartment. I had to let Brown go, loath as I was to part with him. I felt that I must live even less expensively. I cannot let Bill do for me the things he would do so gladly. I'm simply not made so that I can accept favors, however eagerly offered.

For the first time in my life I am going to do my own cooking! I'm ashamed to say that I don't know how. It's just been one of the things I've never been called upon to do. Now that I am called upon to do it, I know that I can.

The only real loss I feel in leaving the house is that I cannot take my Baby's portrait with me. I searched everywhere hoping to find a room large enough to hold it. I couldn't. And so Bill is taking her. He wants her in his house so much. Bill has most of her clothes in his home, too. He can care for them better, more safely, than I can. I have a little bed-jacket she loved, the lovely robe she wore when she went to the hospital, all of her toilet articles and accessories, all of her pictures, from the first darling baby ones to the last darling baby ones. For the rest, things do not matter very much to me any more. I shall live nicely. Dainty things will always be important to me, of course. The Baby would expect that of me. But material possessions are unimportant to me now that the Baby is not here every day to enjoy them with me.

I shall go out more now than I did. I have my few dear friends around me. I spent a week with my Mommie and Daddy a few months ago. Bill and I are together a great deal. There is never a day when he doesn't phone me, talk to me for an hour or more. We spent the anniversary of the day the Baby went away together, there where she is resting.

I am all right now. I am my old self again. And I don't want people to dread to see me, fearful of my grief. I don't want to dampen their glowing thoughts of the Baby who was so vibrantly alive. The love they gave that Baby with a joyous gratitude, I want to repay with a gratitude that is also joyous. Now, thanks to her, I have found the way to do that.



KEEPING TABS ON TAYLOR

(*Continued from page 29*)

as concrete. "How did that happen?" I asked curiously.

"That was funny," to hear Bob tell it. "According to the script, I was supposed to break my right hand in a bout with Bill Gargan. But this happened before I got to Gargan—in a fight with Mickey McAvoy. His head got in the way of my thumb, or vice versa, I don't know which. I thought it was only sprained, and kept on fighting. But that night the doc insisted on taking x-rays, and the x-rays said it was broken. He had me bandaged up in splints till today."

AND there you have an interesting little foot-note on the life of an actor. A prize-fighter with a broken thumb would refuse to fight. An actor playing a prize-fighter won't let a broken thumb keep him from working. The show goes on. It goes on, that is, if the actor is a Robert Taylor. Bob hasn't yet picked up those two Hollywood weaknesses, temperament and self-pity. And, I venture to say, he never will. He isn't the type.

I asked him if the new and sudden change from romantic roles to athletic roles was his idea, something he had demanded.

"I don't have anything at all to say about what I will or won't do. The studio decides that. And that's all right with me. They know more about this business than I do. Whatever they want me to play, I play, and that's that."

All right, he hadn't had anything to do with his kissing scenes becoming fewer and fewer. (The script of "The Crowd Roars" had nary a one for him.) But how did he feel about it? Was he glad to escape from young-lover roles into young he-man roles?

It was a blunt question. Bob answered it bluntly. "There isn't any 'escape' about it. I'm enjoying this prize-fighter role, sure. But I enjoyed the role I had in 'Camille,' too, and that was all love story. When you get right down to it, that's the only real love story I've done. All that matters to me is whether a role is good or not. That's more important than what type of role it is."

How did he feel about the new emphasis on the fact that he has a physique, as well as a face? That got a laugh out of him. "I don't read my publicity," he quipped.

Bob puts it thus, "The good things they might say about you would make you feel better. But the bad things would make you feel worse. Either way, if you believed your publicity, you'd work up complexes. And, boy, I want to stay normal."

There is a story going the Hollywood rounds that, after Bob's late lamented verbal mauling by the New York press, Clark Gable told him, "Don't let it get you down. As long as they put your name in headlines, and spell it right, and you keep on turning out good pictures, you don't have to worry." I told Bob the story, asked him if it were true.

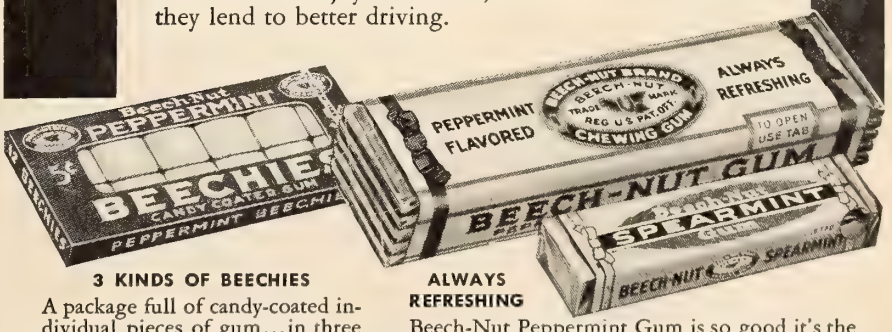
"It's a new one to me," Bob grinned, looking up from the tasty business of dunking a bit of hash in a pool of ketchup. "When Gable and I get together, we talk about anything but pictures or careers. And I mean anything but."

We both concentrated on food for a few moments. Then I asked him if he is happier today than when he was a struggling newcomer, or if happiness is still just a bit elusive.

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"A bit elusive," he said, chipperly. Then, more seriously, he explained, "No, I don't think I'm quite as happy as when I started out. I don't have the anticipations I had then. Everything was new to me then. Life was less cluttered up. I had just one worry—whether or not anyone would ever notice me.

"When you start out you think, 'If I could just get started, if I could only make a thousand dollars a week, if somebody would just send me a fan letter, or ask me for an autograph!' You think that then you'd never have another worry. Then you suddenly realize that your worries are only beginning.

"When you start out, your one ambition is to make good. You try hard. You fight for recognition. But suppose you get more than you bargained for? It's a thrill, yes. But it's a little disillusioning, too. The recognition isn't based on as concrete a foundation as you'd like. Luck has entered into it—plenty.

"You're on a spot when that happens. You have to work five times harder than you ever worked before, pray five times harder to get good pictures and give good performances. You've got to pour an awful lot of concrete to prop up that recognition. Luck doesn't last forever."

THAT was a long speech for Bob—and one of the frankest, most self-revealing that he has ever made. It explained, for the first time, why he has gone from one picture right into another for three solid years without once complaining, "Hold on here! I'm being overworked!"

I asked him how many pictures a year his contract now called for.

"As many as there's time for," was his answer. An amazing answer, from a top flight star. Most of the top flighters make as few as possible, to whet public curiosity about those few. Bob feels that the more he makes, the more experience he'll get, and the more he'll have to offer as a star.

If the script is ready in time, he will do another picture before starting "Northwest Passage" in August, a picture with Wallace Beery tentatively entitled "Stand Up and Fight." (It isn't a fight picture. It is an outdoor story with a Western setting.)

Bob doesn't have the common star-attitude that a star is an artist who has to be in the mood, inspired, to do his best work. "If doctors had to be in the mood to do successful operations, the morgues would be full. When doctors can't be temperamental, where do actors get that stuff? Acting is a job, the same as doctoring, only less important."

He had said that he found happiness "a bit elusive." But wasn't his life becoming a bit easier?

He pursed his lips. "No, I wouldn't say that. I'd say, the older you get, the more complicated your life becomes, no matter who or where you are. The older you get, the more you think, and the more confused you get about how to stay away from behind the eight-ball. Yet, it's fun."

When Bob was first becoming famous, his mother told me that the biggest change she had noticed in him was that he was moodier, worried more. Did that still hold true?

Reluctantly, he nodded. "Probably more so. Only," he grinned, "I don't show it. I can't afford to. People would think I was mad about something. It's silly to worry about things when one can't do anything about them. But," he grinned again, "if I feel like worrying, I just sit down and worry awhile."

Was he "all set" for the future, financially, no matter what happened?

"No, I haven't got enough yet to feel 'set.' I've got a little real estate, some government bonds, some annuities. I haven't thrown my money away or been reckless with it. But I haven't been 'in the money' very long. Not," he quipped, "long enough."

DID he think his recent radio stint as master-of-ceremonies had done anything for his popularity, given fans a new idea of his personality?

"I don't know whether it has or not. I didn't try to be different, or to become a radio personality, a Jack Benny or a Don Ameche. Going on the air has never seemed part of my work. It's been something incidental, like a personal appearance. I've never had any urges for a radio career. I'm concentrating on my screen job."

What would he say have been the biggest changes in his life, the past year?

"Well, on the screen, the biggest change is they've stopped putting me opposite big feminine names. I'm more or less on my own now. And I've got out of dress clothes, which is a relief. No man ever feels normal or natural in a starched shirt.

"Off the screen I'm edging more and more toward the quiet life. I don't go dancing more than once or twice a month. I very, very seldom go to a preview. When I get out to the ranch at night, the temptation is to stay there and just whiff that alfalfa. In England, I didn't go anywhere. I've taken to relaxing. I've had to. I've found out that I can't bat around and work, too."

But, being Bob Taylor, doesn't he get a little restless in all that quiet?

"A little, sometimes," he admitted. "But I work it out of my system with long walks, or horseback-riding, or frog-hunting. I've got a frog problem out there. All the frogs in the San Fernando Valley get together on my place for nightly choral work. And I've got an alfalfa problem, too. I have thirty acres, ten of them for the house, lawn and paddocks, the rest in alfalfa. There's been one cutting already, with five more to go this year and I already have more alfalfa than I can use. Now I'm trying to figure out whether to spend a thousand bucks, put up a storage barn, and get twenty dollars a ton, selling it later, or take the twelve-fifty a ton I can get now."

Is he sold on the rustic life for keeps? "I've always had a farm urge, ever since I was a kid. And it's going to take me a long while to get enough of it. I'd like to be able to buy a ranch I came across up in the hills, eight hundred acres, with a year-round stream flowing through a beautiful valley they call Barley Flats, with oaks and sycamores all over the place. I showed it to Gable last Sunday. Now he'd like to buy it too. But there isn't a chance

Solution to Puzzle on page 14

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either of us will get it. The two of us together haven't got the kind of cash it would take.

"The place I've got now is a gentleman's ranch. What I'd like to have is a real cattle ranch. Maybe I don't know anything about cattle now. But I didn't know anything about acting, either, when I started.

"Maybe," he added quickly, with a grin, "I still don't. Anyway, you won't catch me going into any philosophic discourse about that."

Besides the urge for a bigger, better ranch, what other suppressed desires did he have?

"Well, I want to travel. I'd like to go back to Europe, really look it over. I still haven't seen that blue Mediterranean. But the next time I go, I'd like to take a year, so I guess I won't be going right away."

He has no urge to make the trip in a boat of his own. That would "involve too many headaches, cost too much." He has no urge for the stage either. He's the one and only star I've ever heard disclaim that urge. He has no urge to be the best-dressed man in Hollywood. He hasn't bought a new suit in a year. He has no urge to own the fanciest car in filmdom. He's still driving the same one he had two and half years ago.

I ASKED if he was any nearer some wedding plans.

"No nearer, and no farther away," he said. "Everything is in status quo."

What was there to the story that columnist printed, to the effect that the Taylor-Stanwyck romance must be over, because Bob had been seen with "other girls."

"Stories like that hand me a laugh," said Bob. "Do you know how that particular story started? I stopped in a drug store one night for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. The counter was crowded. I sat in a solid row of people. There was a girl on my right. In walked this columnist, added up two and two and got five for an answer."

No, Bob and Barbara still are in love. But neither is in a hurry for marriage. Their careers aren't standing in the way. Both just want to be mighty, mighty sure of permanent happiness ahead. Barbara's first marriage was bitterly unhappy. And in the back of Bob's mind, always, is the memory of his parents' love for each other. He wants a married life as completely happy as theirs has been.

If Bob and Barbara do have any wedding plans, they are being held in abeyance, pending the outcome of her court fight with her divorced husband over the custody of their young son, Dion. Barbara doesn't want in any way to involve Bob in that disagreeable fight.

Because Bob and Barbara are seldom seen about town nowadays, columnists, always eagerly sniffing for trouble, may leap to the hasty conclusion that the romance is waning. Nothing is waning but Bob's and Barbara's interest in town night-life. Both have simply become addicts of ranch life.

And don't think for a moment that this mutual addiction is tearing them apart. If anything it is bringing them closer and closer. It might interest you to know this fact, untold till now, that Bob took some of his boxing lessons in a ring set up on Barbara's ranch, two miles from his own. He hasn't a swimming pool on his place, and Barbara has one. And, after his workouts, he could use a little swimming.

Does that sound as if Bob and Barbara are on the outs? And hearing Bob's answers to the questions about what he is like today, does he sound any less likable than when you first knew him?

It was Seb* that spoiled the Deb!



New Germ-Free Face Powder Helps to end Shiny Nose

FATHER came through with a coming-out party that ran into thousands. Mother invited every eligible male. Everybody had "a wonderful time" . . . everybody, that is, but the nose-dabbing Deb.

Deb or no Deb, what girl can exercise feminine charm with powder puff in hand and shine on her nose? Yet Shiny Nose is a beauty fault that germ-free face powder, like Woodbury, can easily subdue!



Oily film on the nose, which causes shine, is aggravated by germs. Woodbury Facial Powder, being germ-free, can convey no harmful germ-life to your skin.

Try this exquisite powder, and notice how smoothly it goes on, how reliably it clings! See the lovely life-like shades of Woodbury Facial Powder today. All seven have fashion approval. Windsor Rose is divinely flattering to "summery" complexions. $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

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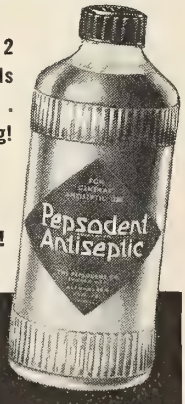


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WARDROBE WEAPONS

(*Continued from page 48*)

shoulder straps of one bouffant gown, and glittering vines of the same leaves stripe the enormously full tulle skirt. A long sleeved lamé has yards of skirt, and dark fur outlines the deep dropped shoulder bodice. Her last gown is slimly fitted to well below the hips. Bunchy ruching finishes the long basque and then the skirt springs out into yards and yards of stiffened net. A rhinestone clip holds a fly away sheer scarf at the base of the throat. That bunchy ruching below the hips is all right for Miss Simon but fatal to anyone who does her shopping any size above the Junior Miss Department.

Comedienne Joan Davis, usually a sartorial step-child, gets to dress up once, in her vain pursuit of gentlemen discarded by the popular heroine. The circular skirt is built up to a high waistline effect, and has a gathered bosom topped with a paillette embroidered bolero. The bolero, far from being on the way out, is just getting comfortably established in smart wardrobes. The "little jacket" is too useful and too universally becoming not to have a faithful following for some time to come.

GINGER ROGERS is a "Vivacious Lady" with lots of snappy clothes. As a night club singer she wears a white gown featuring the poured-in silhouette to just above the knee where it proceeds to flare out in pailletted rhumba ruffles. A wide net scarf, with no noticeable anchorage, floats gracefully across the top. Over this, she dons a finger length jacket, fitted through the waist and flaring at the bottom.

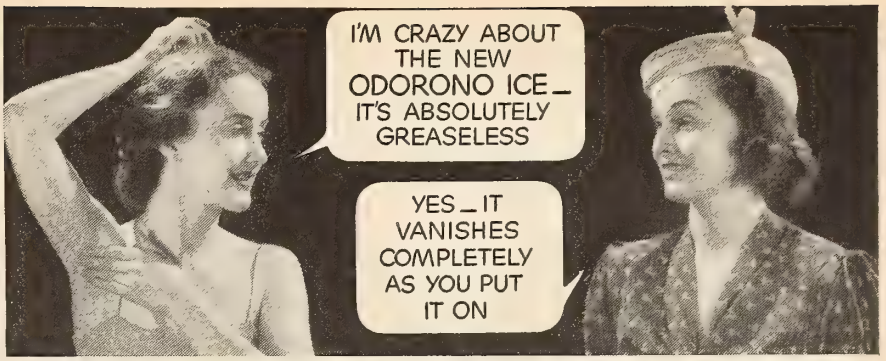
For daytime, Ginger Rogers wears two suits that would fit perfectly into any early fall wardrobe. The first, made of light weight burgandy tweed, is flecked with the same cool blue that is inset in the broad shouldered jacket. Its sleeves and back are cut on the bias. With this suit Ginger wears a black sailor with a coarse veil.

A three-piece suit worn by Ginger in the same picture has a fitted jacket and Chesterfield coat deftly striped in light gray, Oxford gray, and a dash of bright red. Its slightly flared skirt is Oxford gray, as is the draped blouse caught high at the throat with a bright clip.

One of Ginger Rogers' most effective gowns is worn for a hair-pulling, eye-gouging battle with brunette Frances Mercer. This is fashioned of black net, backless and very nearly frontless, a huge rhinestone buckle holding a narrow belt about the slim waist. That modern version of the mantilla—a shower of net caught at the top of her blonde curls—makes a graceful and becoming headdress.

The post war tale of "Three Comrades" is too concerned with serious matters to stress clothes, but Margaret Sullavan is allowed one glamour gown. It is carefully designed to fit the period without looking dated. Made of silver lamé, it has a shirred bodice, short puffed sleeves, and the skirt falls in heavy folds. A circular cut, floor length cape, also of lamé, accompanies the gown.

Hollywood is for the most part an excellent fashion guide, though there are occasional slight exceptions to this rule. For example, almost every hat you see in pictures is off the face. This doesn't mean that "no one" is wearing dipping brims. Camera men moan loudly about the difficulty of getting angle shots when they have a wide shadow-casting hat brim to contend with. That's why you rarely see that type of chapeau in pictures of your flicker favorites.





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is greaseless, actually cooling and checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

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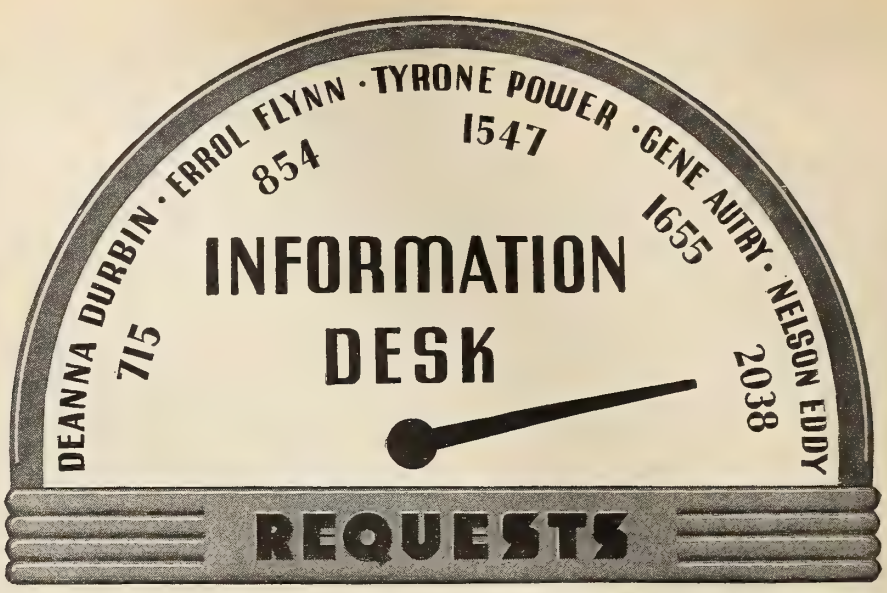
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Cast your vote and boost your favorite player



JACKIE COOPER: Sixteen years old, and now nearly six feet tall, this young veteran is still a favorite after eleven years in pictures. Born in Los Angeles, Cal., September 15, 1922, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Bigelow, and nephew of the famous director Norman Taurog, Jackie entered pictures at the ripe old age of five. At eight he became a star in "Skippy," and the biggest hit of his entire career was with Wallace Beery in "The Champ." Jackie is now a student at Beverly Hills High School, when he isn't working. He has grown up to be poised, quiet almost to the point of shyness, and a very likable young fellow. Jackie loves swimming, football, dancing and driving. He also enjoys boxing and tennis. He is a swing enthusiast, and the proud owner of an elaborate set of traps and drums on which he delights to accompany phonograph records of leading swing orchestras. He does not, however, like to sing. He is very fond of dogs. But more than anything else Jackie Cooper loves to act. He guesses it's just "in his blood," and he hopes he can act for many years to come. He modestly avers he wouldn't make such a fine matinée idol, but he'd like to be a good character actor. If he couldn't be that he'd want to be a director or a movie photographer. Jackie has curly blonde hair and blue eyes. His next picture will be "That Certain Age" with Deanna Durbin. After that he will Make "Gangster's Boy" and "Streets of New York." You can address him in care of Monogram Studios, Hollywood, Cal.



ERROL FLYNN: Here is one actor who is as handsome, dashing and daring off screen as he is on. A direct descendant of Fletcher Christian, who led the famous mutiny on the Bounty, Errol Flynn was born in the north of old Ireland on June 20, 1909. His father was a professor of biology at Queen's University in Belfast, later at Cambridge. Errol was educated in Paris and London, and was an Olympic boxing contestant in 1928. He has traveled on every continent, speaks many languages, including Chinese and several native South Sea dialects. He has fished for pearls in Tahiti and prospected for gold in New Guinea. He once owned and sailed a coast-wise schooner on an inter-island freight service, and he ended up in movies quite by accident. Errol was pearl-fishing off Tahiti when an English movie company came upon him and offered him a role in "Mutiny on the Bounty." He accepted and the experience so intrigued him that he decided to go on the stage and make a career of acting. It was while he was playing in London that an American motion picture executive saw him and signed him to a Hollywood contract. On the boat coming to America he met the fascinating Lili Damita whom he later married. Errol calls her Damita, and she calls him Flynn. His definite ambition now is to succeed in American movies, and by all indications he certainly is realizing his ambition. Errol Flynn's favorite outdoor diversion is sailing. He also swims, rides and plays tennis. He has ambitious literary tendencies too, has now written several books, plays, short stories and even verse. He is an avid editorial reader, and often writes "letters to the editor." Also an excellent cook, Errol sometimes treats his friends to delicious home-cooked meals. Errol Flynn doesn't like alarm clocks, spiders, or weddings (except his own), but he does like thunder storms, and the sound of wind and rain. He lives in a modest home. There is one room, his den, that no one else—not even his wife—is allowed to enter without permission. Errol is six feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred eighty pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes. His last two pictures were "Robin Hood" and "Four's a Crowd." His next will be "The Sisters." You can reach him in care of Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, Cal.

HUNDREDS OF ADDRESSES FOR A STAMPED ENVELOPE!

Want to know your favorite player's address? In fact, would you like to have a complete list of all the Hollywood stars' mailing addresses? It's yours for the asking. So many of you have written to this department wanting to know where to write this one or that one for an autographed picture, or perhaps you just want to write a fan letter, that we've compiled a complete list for you, naming the players alphabetically, according to their studio, and giving their complete mailing addresses. They are all there, even the featured players, printed in such a compact form that you'll be able to keep the list in your movie scrap book for reference whenever you want it.

To receive one of these lists, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a *large* self-addressed and stamped envelope. *Don't forget* that last item, as no request can be complied with unless we receive your stamped and addressed envelope. Send your requests to the Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.



BARBARA STANWYCK: This auburn haired lass of Scotch-Irish descent was born and raised in Brooklyn, N. Y. She was first heard from on July 16, 1907 and shortly thereafter was christened Ruby Stevens. Ruby was quite an athletic youngster, and a serious one too. She played on the school basketball team, and figured prominently in school dramatics. She once taught Sunday school, even wanted to be a missionary, but she had to go to work too soon to realize that ambition. At thirteen she was working with the telephone company. At fifteen she was a Vogue pattern cutter. However, when she was fired for lack of previous experience this ambitious girl remembered how much she liked to dance, and got herself a job in the Zeigfeld Follies chorus. Later she danced in George White's Scandals. Her first chance at a dramatic role came in the Broadway play "The Noose." It was while working in this that she took her new name—Barbara Stanwyck. Her next dramatic role, in the highly successful play, "Burlesque," established her as a leading Broadway actress. She took a screen test and promptly received a contract. She had a lot to learn, however, and did not succeed immediately. But she kept on working, and the picture "Ladies of Leisure" rewarded her talents and established her popularity. She loves to work and prefers pictures to plays because they allow her to have a home life. She hasn't permitted success to change her. She is easy to get along with, and is not temperamental. She likes good plain food, too—no fancy diets. Her tastes are consistently simple. She prefers tailored clothes, though she likes trailing negligées. Barbara is a good listener, but she can hold her own in telling someone off when she has too. Her greatest joy is her little adopted son, Dion. Babs is interested in writing. She plays tennis and swims a lot too. Together with Zeppo Marx she owns a stud ranch, "Marwyck," and has been highly successful with breeding thoroughbred horses. Barbara Stanwyck is five feet four inches tall, weighs one hundred twenty pounds. She has auburn hair and dark blue eyes. Her last two pictures were "Stella Dallas" and "Breakfast for Two." Her next two will be "Always Goodbye" and "The Mad Miss Manton." You can reach her in care of 20th Century-Fox Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

Charles Huffman, Esmont, Va. Merle Oberon, Herbert Marshall, Beatrice Lillie, Binnie Barnes, and Reginald Owen are English. Charles Boyer is French, and Luise Rainer is Austrian.

Audria Fluke, Altoona, Pa. John Beal's real name is Alexander Bliedung. He was born in Joplin, Missouri, August 13, 1909. He is five feet ten inches tall, weighs one hundred fifty pounds, has brown hair and eyes. He is a graduate of Wharton School, U. of Penna. He is married, and has been in the movies since 1913.

Mary Duval, Erie, Kansas. Kenny Baker is six feet tall, weighs one hundred sixty-one pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. He was born in Monrovia, Cal., September 30, 1912. Before entering the movies in 1936 he sang in cabarets and on the radio.

(*Continued on page* 96)

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ONE lesson life teaches a woman is the need for complete *intimate* daintiness.

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5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

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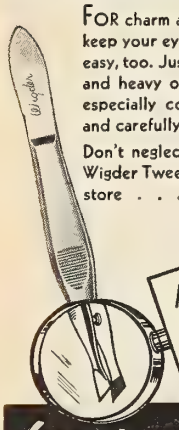
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Help keep your blood free of waste poisons that may irritate your skin

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Between 13 and 25, your body is growing rapidly. Important gland changes may upset your system. Intestinal poisons are often thrown into the blood stream and carried to the skin . . . where they may bubble out in pimples.

Let Fleischmann's Yeast help you as it has helped so many others. Millions of tiny, *live* plants in each cake of this fresh food help keep your blood free of intestinal poisons. When this is done, resulting pimples begin to go. Your skin becomes clearer, smoother, more attractive. Many get amazing results in 30 days or less! Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today. Eat 3 cakes daily—one cake ½ hour before meals.

AFTER DIVORCE—WHAT?

(*Continued from page 41*)

matriarchal system is a form of social organization as in certain primitive tribes in which the mother is head of the family, and in which descent is reckoned in the female line, the children belonging to the mother's clan.'

"That's us," laughed Joan delightedly. "I am now a matriarch. My household is a matriarchy. There is but one exception, in my case, to the definition given in the dictionary: that is, the business about the children reckoning their descent from the female line. Melinda is Melinda Markey, of course. Ditty is Dianna Bennett Markey. When Gene and I were married he gave Ditty his name. It seemed absurd to us for sisters to bear different names, so we made them alike.

Gene comes to see Melinda twice every day. He takes both of the children out with him frequently. Ditty is as crazy about him as Melinda is. We are all completely friendly. Gene and I have dates quite often. I think that the only way divorce can be ugly for children is when the parents make it so by being ugly about it themselves, by indulging in a mental tug of war, with the children between them. Nothing of the sort is the case with us. We have departed thus far from the primitive.

IT was, and is, simply that a woman with a career has a dictator complex and you can't conceive of a dictator who would 'share and share alike' even so much as the morning paper, now can you?"

"That's the way it is with me," said Joan. "Including the morning paper. I like to get it first. I don't like it when someone else gets it and musses it up and then passes it on to me. That's sort of symbolic of the whole. I like to have my meals when *I* like to have them. If I don't want luncheon at one and dinner at eight, I don't want to have to have them at those hours. When there is a man in the house there must also be a routine.

"I want to be able to come and go as I please. Last year I did 'Stage Door' on tour. I was gone about six months. I took the children with me. Ditty went to school in Connecticut, Melinda traveled with me and thrived on it. And it is certainly beneficial to adults. I was getting into a rut before I did that play. I never intend to be in a rut again. I want to do a play every year. Now, when you have a husband to consider, you can't just pick up and go off for months at a time, even when it is good for your career. And I feel that to do that play was necessary to my career. It happened to go very well and that gave me a self-confidence I very much needed.

"When I come home from the studio now and feel tired and want to go to bed and read, I don't have the uneasy feeling that my husband is dining alone, listening to the radio alone, probably wondering who ever thought up this idea of the emancipation of women anyway! It's an unnatural state of affairs, a career woman and marriage under the same roof.

"I like to do everything I do well," said Joan seriously, "or not at all. I much prefer trying to make a success of my life as a mother and as an actress, than trying to make a semi-success of marriage, too. I detest half loaves."

We were talking, Joan and I, in the living room of her new house in Holmby Hills. This house that Joan built is a house so femininely lovely, so comfortably, unmovie-starishly lovely.

And yet, as we talked, I began going over in my mind some of the things I know about Joan. Contradictory things, at first thought, but working together to make a composite picture of this Lady Alone.

Joan, the youngest of the Bennetts. Yes, but whenever the girl's mother has a problem to solve, it is to Joan she turns. Whenever Richard Bennett is ill or in doubt about something, it is to Joan he wires or cables.

Joan was once shy, self-conscious, timid. This came about because she is the youngest sister of Connie, strong-willed and definite, of Barbara who is vital and vigorous. She's the youngest in a family who were, all of them, famous and colorful, so that the young Joan found it all too easy to take the well known "back seat."

Then, Joan is near-sighted. Time was when this made her self-conscious, when she tried to conceal the fact by various pitiful little subterfuges. She has to wear glasses for reading. She can't recognize people when they are seated across a room from her.

Only a short time ago Joan would hastily whip off her glasses before she entered a public place. She would have run rather than be photographed wearing them. Joan has worked out of all this. And when, recently, a smart magazine asked her to sit for her portrait, wearing her glasses, she sat for it without a quaver, the picture turning out to be as *distingué* as the subject.

THERE is not a lazy bone in Joan's slender body. Even when she is not working, she is up every morning at nine. She then goes through a routine of posture exercises because she feels that she tends to be round-shouldered. Three times a week she goes to the public ice-skating rink and skates, because she feels that nothing gives you the poise and grace that skating does.

She makes out the menus at home. A splendid housekeeper, she is also a thrifty one. If she has a very expensive dinner one night, she will plan an inexpensive one the next night. Lamb stew. Meat loaf. She makes out the children's menus. When they were traveling East last year she spent her time on the train planning the children's menus for three weeks in advance. As there is a difference of five years in their ages, she had to make out two complete sets of menus, one for each little girl.

When she entertains at dinner—she never has large parties, usually dinner for six—she knows exactly what each guest had to eat when he or she dined with her six weeks or six months previously. And she sees to it that that guest does not have the same menu again.

Joan always has her evenings planned far in advance when she entertains. Because she herself plays neither Bridge nor any other parlor games, she usually has tickets for the theater, takes her guests to a night club or provides entertainers for them at home. Whatever is decided on, is *planned*, right down to the last detail.

And so, as my thoughts of her took shape, I began to see Joan as the matriarch she says she is, in spite of her delectable femininity; a new kind of matriarch, young and beautiful, not full of years and stern, as one formerly imagined a matriarch to be.

Now I wondered whether the answer to "After Divorce—What?" might not be Joan's answer—a matriarch, women without men, women alone? It seems that Joan is making a happy—nay, brilliant—success of it.

'TISN'T SO!

(*Continued from page 43*)

you consider Olympe's background there's not a doubt in a carload she will do just what her little heart desires.

Her advent into this world, just two years after the World War, created a crisis. Momsie and Pop Bradna were the featured act in a Paris theatre and the management feared the act couldn't go on for days. Papa fooled them. He went on solo and did things up brown. In fact, so loyal to the management was he that his offspring was named after the theatre—called Olympic. At the ripe old age of eighteen months, little Olympe made her debut, carrying a flag twice her size. She did her task so well that hope was held out for her future and the Bradnas began training their tiny daughter.

BEFORE I came to America, I worked many years throughout Europe," Olympe modestly reported. "I even did some pictures in France, Yes, three, but I never thought at the time I would become a picture player. I was used to working in the circus and touring shows. The only thing I didn't like about that was touring forever. In pictures, you have a home and live in it. But, when you tour you have a trunk and live in *it!*

"When I was eight, Mama and Papa decided that I could do an act alone. By then I could dance and sing some. So I went into a small theatre for a time and was lucky enough to get into the 'Folies Bergere.' I was quite successful in this and made Mama and Papa quit working. They had supported me long enough. It was my turn now! They criticized and taught me everything. After doing 'Hit the Deck' for some time it was decided to send a company to America and they chose me. We went to Chicago and played eight months. After that I came to the French Casino in New York and stayed six months. My act was mostly acrobatic dancing with a little ballet.

"While there Mr. Serlin gave me a test and signed me to do dancing specialties. They didn't know I could act and I didn't tell them. I got a part in 'Souls At Sea,' and a chance to act. I think I was good, but I've lots to learn or I wouldn't have to go to school. I finish this month though, so maybe I'm learning. What you think, no?

"It was very hard, at first, for me to learn these English, but now that I can speak it, I like it better than ever. I will be American soon, in 1940 Mama says! But, I want to go back to France! Oh, only to see my friends, not for good. It's over here I will stay, for in California we have a home. It's out from Hollywood and we love it. I don't know many people out there. When you have to get up at seven o'clock and go to work you're in bed by ten so there isn't much time left in which to meet people.

"You know, after I finish 'Souls At Sea' they think I can act, but they are not *too* sure. So, for three pictures they give me small parts till they make up their mind. Finally they have decide and I go to work in 'Stolen Heaven.'

"I've been making personal appearances since I left California. Finally, when I got here in New York they wanted me to go on with Gene Raymond the first day. I did and had such fun with him. In the dressing-room after the show I said, 'Gene, there's a girl who wants your picture autographed. Will you give it to her?' He said of course he would and



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It's summer costume time — it's the season when hair on arms and legs becomes most conspicuous. Smart women avoid this unsightliness quickly and easily with Marchand's — for Marchand's lightens the color of the hair making it blend with the very color of the skin. It is odorless, does not stain, and best of all leaves no hair stubble.

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GOLDEN HAIR WASH
AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES



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WON BY A HEAD (Of Attractive Hair)

IN BUSINESS or social affairs, winning success depends a great deal on appearance. That's why it's good business to keep a bottle of Lucky Tiger handy.

Lucky Tiger eliminates clinging dandruff. No more "snowy" coat collars. It checks excessive falling hair and relieves that miserable itching—and it adds beauty to any head of hair. You can keep your hair young-looking by using Lucky Tiger two or three times weekly.

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Your choice of Man's or Lady's Wrist Watch **FREE** of extra charge with every Ring ordered during this **SALE** and paid for on our easy monthly plan. Lady's or Man's Ring, with simulated diamond that you'd think cost many times the price. Nothing extra for the watch. It's included **FREE.** Ladies' 1939 dainty model. Men's "Shockproof" military wrist watch—gold plate front—with all the color and charm of natural yellow gold; Jeweled; **Guarantee by $1,000,000 FACTORY enclosed.** Send NO Money, make only two monthly $2 payments (total $4). **WE TRUST YOU**—your package comes AT ONCE by Return mail.



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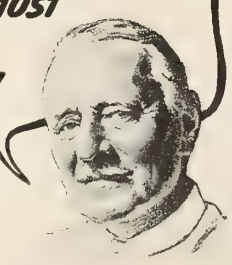
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sat down to write it, then stopped and said, 'Who shall I autograph it to?' I said, 'To Olympe Bradna' and we had a big laugh. But, I got the picture!

"He has a very nice wife, Jeanette MacDonald, and every week on the day they were married he gives her an anniversary present. She must be an awful expensive wife to get a present every week! Gene says that after this time, he's going to do it only once a year."

Olympe Bradna's career is in Hollywood. These appearances throughout the country have shown her boss just what a puller this young Miss is at the box office. And, Olympe's enjoying every minute of it, too, from the time she met Mrs. Roosevelt to that memorable occasion when a cocktail party was given in her very own honor at the famous Waldorf.

"You know the funniest thing happened," exclaimed Olympe. "They gave a party for me in the Blue Room. We sat and sat, but no one arrived. Finally, they said I could go for a walk till they arrived. Over here you're not supposed to be on time to your own party. We came back and still no one had come in, so out we went for another walk to Fifth Avenue this time. I was glad because I saw some more of New York. Anyway, when I got back the second time we discovered there were two Blue Rooms and everyone had been waiting in the one downstairs, finally leaving. Only a few—about four or five—had found out and come up. I didn't mind and we had lots of fun. Ernst Lubitch was there and I drank so much orange juice I nearly turned into a grove."

Just then the press agent from her studio arrived. "Olympe, we have to hurry! You know, they have a photographer waiting to take pictures of you," and so the French lass departed.

HE'D RATHER BE HIMSELF

(*Continued from page 42*)

His awareness came about, it seems, when a lady columnist unfeelingly dubbed him "Richard Dimples Greene." Made him sensitive, that's what it did. And let him in for no end of ragging at the studio. Poor Greene was "dimpled" all over the lot. But he took it like a good sport—and there's none better than the English brand.

"It hadn't occurred to me that I looked at all like Power," said the two-faced truth-teller. "Met him the other day, and had a drink with him. Fine chap. Saw Taylor at the Trocadero one night, though I wasn't introduced to him. Just as well. I daresay it might have embarrassed him. I know I'd have felt a bit silly."

It was only natural to think his must be an embarrassment of riches. But he went on quite irrelevantly, or not, as you please, "But I did meet Barbara Stanwyck in the wardrobe department the other day, and she is a delightful person."

HE and Taylor both are of one mind in this respect, at least. But Mr. Greene's own true love, let it be known, is the American automobile. He's quite mad about it. In his romantic bursts of speed anything less than eighty miles an hour means merely idling along the primrose path. Meanwhile the studio has picked one of its fairest flowers for him to wear upon his arm of nights in the sweet uses of advertisement. Yes, the old familiar publicity gag. Not that he isn't capable of picking his own, for no girl is apt to keep Richard Greene on the cold side of her door.

"The night spots here," he glowed, "are the most attractive I've ever seen. Gorgeous! I suppose it's the exotic tropical influence. There are so many foreign influences at work that their effect is seductive. Yet Hollywood as a whole is amazingly moral. I didn't realize that the movie citadel could possibly be so completely and uninterestingly respectable."

Shades of Victoria! There spoke the wisdom of age in the voice of youth. On the sunny side of twenty-four, Mr. Greene was, of all things, a philosopher of morals. Was it that, after New York, he had found Hollywood wanting?

"I had no means of judging New York morally," he was frank to say, "as I was there only two hours. I felt like a real hick. The studio gentleman who met me at the dock semed to think I'd never been in a big city before. He held me on a corner explaining the traffic lights, which I perfectly understood, then shepherded me across the street like a small child. It was good of him, but not necessary. From what little I saw of it New York was exactly as I'd imagined—crowds, noise, and skyscrapers. I got a crick in my neck looking up at them. Everything looked just as I'd seen it on the screen at home. But Hollywood wasn't at all as I'd expected. I had pictured it as the movie capital of the world, with actors in make-up rushing through the streets, and glamor hitting you in the eye at every turn. But to my surprise and disappointment it turned out to be a most orderly and well-behaved suburban city.

"But my ambition as an adventurer was realized when I saw my first palm tree. It made me feel really traveled. And the thing that impressed me most of all was the desert—lonely yet beautiful."

It crossed my vagrant mind that the impressionable stranger might have found Hollywood girls likewise beautiful, though not so lonely.

"I suppose," he reflected, "there are more pretty girls here than anywhere else in the world, and when lovely they are really lovelier. But I can't stand a dull girl, no matter how beautiful she may be. I like a girl I can talk to, and you can't talk to a face, can you? When it comes to that, you can't talk to an English girl at all unless you know her really well. It's far easier to get on with an American girl. Her naivete is very appealing. This is especially true in the daytime. That's because she looks best in tailored things—no one else can wear them so well. Then, too, the American girl seems to have such a good figure."

Seems! No matter. He was saying, "Knowing American slang has helped me enormously in getting on with the girls here. I'd heard so much of it in American films at home that it really wasn't new. The only thing that bothered me was my English accent. I was afraid it would be laughed at. But I've already got rid of most of it, wouldn't you say?" I would, and did, to his evident relief. "I don't mean the affected English accent. No good actor has that. My family never had, and it represents three generations of English actors.

"My first ambition was to be a veterinary, as I'm very fond of animals. But, somehow, I went the way of the rest of the family. What's really strange is that I'm now in Hollywood. I'd done practically nothing but crowd work in English pictures and only repertory work in the provinces until they put me on the London

stage in 'French Without Tears.' Then, to my great astonishment, I had three offers from Hollywood. When I finally worked up courage enough to take the plunge I first thought I'd buy a car in Hollywood and have other things I wanted. Then suddenly I got scared. If someone had come along and offered me five pounds a week I'd have stayed right there in England. What did I know about pictures?"

EVEN now, after staking his future on the turn of the camera, the engaging tyro knew nothing of the results of his work, had seen none of the "rushes." But studio enthusiasts who did look at them had gone to such lengths of language as to declare, "He'll knock 'em dead!" One fellow actor did nearly that for him. It happened in a fight scene, with various huskies mixing it up and a yacht-depth tank of water to make the brawl still more ambidextrous. A fist swung out and caught the innocent from abroad on the point of his chin.

Now that incident might have been part of the directorial purpose of John Ford, who has his full share of an Irishman's love of fight. Possibly, but be that as it may, young Greene went down with great success. But he picked himself up, weaved forward, and dived into the tank. Mr. Ford nodded his head in serene approval. The kid could take it.

"My grandfather, Wallace Davidson, was the one to buck me up," said Richard Greene. "'God bless you, my boy, and keep you on the front side of the screen.' My grandfather was the first to exhibit films in England at a time when they were shown on both sides of the screen. Spectators at the rear saw the picture in reverse for a smaller fee than was paid by those sitting in front. He added the advice, 'Keep your head and save your money.' Secretly, I swore I'd spend my first American money for a car. I have a small one, and with it I've found something I like best of all here—the drive-in restaurants. I've gone to every one in Hollywood and Beverly Hills. It's great fun sitting in a car and eating one's meals. We don't have 'em over there. If ever I make enough money to do it I'm going to open a drive-in place in London."



In "My Lucky Star" Sonja Henie and Richard Greene make a comely couple.

That sounded as though he were already planning to return to roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. I looked disappointed.

"As far as I'm concerned," was his instant reply, "they can keep me out here for the rest of my life. I've been so bitten by California that it seems like my second home. All I ask is that they let me be myself. I want to be judged by my work, not by any accidental resemblance to someone else. And I don't like gush. Acting is a profession, and has nothing to do with the personal side of anyone in it. I hate having that side brought out. Being called 'Dimples,' for example, drives me into a white lather of fury. I don't mind what work they give me to do just so long as they let the rest of me alone."

He turned to the fish he was having for lunch. And as our chin-wag happened to be on a Friday, it was my guess that this Englishman has a dash of Irish in him. Fish aside, I take him to be a good trencherman. Certainly the eupeptic look of him suggested good red meat. His face held none of the pallor exhibited by some of our stars. Here is one movie actor who carries his own color.

"After my Hollywood baptism, I'm now going to try frozen water," he laughed. "I'm doing a picture with Sonja Henie—she's delightful—and it's great fun. I can go fairly fast on skates, but the trouble is I can't stop. That proved most humiliating at a rink in England one night when the band played 'God Save the King' and everybody stopped—everyone but me. I went round and round till a shocked assistant grabbed me. I needed practice. I still need it, so I'm going over to the set. Come along?"

As we ambled down a studio street the alert Mr. Greene was calling all cars by their right names. Presently he stopped in dumb admiration before a long and glittering automotive masterpiece. The next moment he was flat on his back beneath it raptly gazing at its expensive underpinning.

I had a deal of a time extricating him. Oh, well, small car or big car, that boy's certainly going places!

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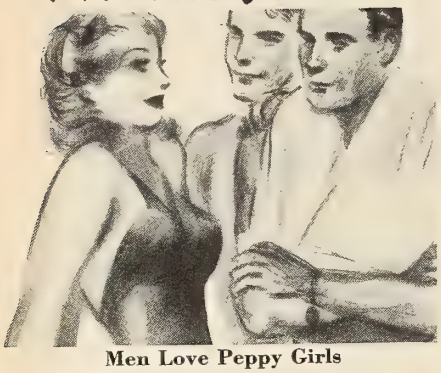
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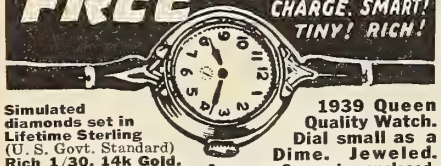
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"AM I HOMELY!"

(*Continued from page 31*)

faces I have ever seen. Oh, there are times, when I am dressed to go out in the evening, when I catch a slight glimpse of myself and think, 'Not so bad, Davis, not so bad.' The only other allowance I can make for myself, and it's rather a plaintive one, considering how I have just described my eyes, is that, bull-froggishness and all, my eyes are really my best feature.

"And I love beauty, too," said Bette fiercely. "I envy beautiful women. I love sumptuousness in every way. I'm not extravagant, but I would certainly adore to have one wild splurge in my life. I'd love to buy myself luxuries from the skin out. I'd love to have my room entirely cleaned out and then begin all over again, with every single thing new and simply *too* elegant. I'd like to have wonderful underwear, which I've never had in my life. I'd love to have dozens of pairs of mules, the kind that look like butterflies on the feet. I'd buy dozens of dresses, with millions of accessories. I'd buy ten skin sables, the kind that goop all over you. Not minks nor ermines. They don't mean a thing to me. I'd buy dozens of wonderful tailored blouses, the kind that Claudette Colbert wears so often. Just once in my life," cried Bette, "I'd like to sow my wild oats about luxuries."

And as Bette went on, indulging in her mental orgy, I thought that she was doing a better job of skinning the star and revealing the woman beneath than even she knew. For with this confessed love of luxury has gone a common sense, a balance, an economy of living which, like giant indicators, point to a character which deserves a hand off the screen, as well as on. For Bette has, in every way, lived her private life as her husband's wife, thus proving a rare sensitiveness to a situation which could have been intolerable to any man, and usually is.

I CAME to to hear Bette saying, "If I have anything to offer professionally, it's certainly not my beauty. It is, if anything, reality. It's the love of being other people. That's something I was born with. It's something of the same quality, if I may make so proud a boast, that Spencer Tracy gives—that sense of reality so real that you believe he *is* the character he is playing. I love to be other people and I believe that I give to the 'other people' I play a certain uncompromising honesty. Also, I'm conscientious about my work. I strive to please. I treat my work as a job to be done as competently as possible. I don't pull cute tricks on the set. I don't waste my time or the time of others by being late for work, by not knowing my lines. I realize that other people are there to work, too, not to play audience to Davis being the diva.

"I love fame. It's a bad business to go onto the stage or screen just for the sake or the hope of becoming famous. But once you're in the profession, fame is your tangible reward. I thank God for autograph seekers! Annoy me? I love them! But for the fact that people recognize us, we would have no visible indications that our work is being appreciated. I love admiration. I eat it up. I don't always believe it, but it's tonic just the same. I love people. I can't bear to be alone for four *minutes*.

"You said you wanted a personal story?" Bette went on, with that vehemence which is a Davis characteristic. "Well, you're getting one. I'm practically taking myself to pieces, turning myself inside out. I'll now trot out all of my little virtues and most beastly little vices and set them up in neat rows like the nine-pins children play with. This should be the Davis story to end all Davis stories, for it is the *whole* truth.

"Of my virtues, the greatest is, that I'm considerate of other people. I sort of seem to know how other people feel, not only how *I* feel, which is awfully white of me, wouldn't you say?" (I would say, and so have others . . . such as the prop man Bette rescued from going to jail when he was arrested, a frame-up, for drunk driving. Bette came to the rescue, then, with money for bail and money for a lawyer, time and money both . . . and saved the fellow from a miscarriage of justice and from imprisonment . . . and Margaret, Bette's hairdresser, who told me that Bette will hurry with her make-up, do her own hair if necessary, when she knows that Margaret has a date and would like to get off early . . .) "I appreciate things people do for me," Bette was saying.

"My worst fault, the one that sticks its ugly head out beyond its fellows, is my impatience with slow-thinking people, stupid people. I *cannot* suffer fools gladly. I simply *can't*. I'm intolerant of incompetency in servants. I'm intolerant of incompetency in any job. If my car is dirty I'm simply *furious*. If a servant polishes only one vase a day I want that vase polished *flawlessly* and if it isn't I am very disagreeable about it.

"I'm intolerant of false flattery, the brand saleswomen hand out when they tell you that you look too, too divine in a hat which you know makes you resemble a starving Armenian. I'm so intolerant of that kind of false flattery that I feel positively *ugly* about it.

"I'm fairly intolerant of people who don't fight for what they want from life; people who sit back and sigh with *puling* patience and say, 'It's the breaks.' They are always the people who, when things are riding high for them pat themselves on the back and say, 'What a bright boy am I!' I can't *bear* people who are always expecting other people to do for them what they should be doing for themselves. I *never* answer letters from girls who write and ask me to 'get them' in the movies. There's only one person who can get you in the movies, or anywhere else, and that's yourself. No one ever 'got me'



"Wasn't that killing?" William Gargan asks Frank Morgan. And merrily they laugh!

anything. There's a youngster in our picture right now. She came to the casting director of this studio every single day for six months. The first time she came he told her that she was overweight. She didn't go home and whine and say, 'I can't get into pictures, I'm too fat.' No, she went home and lost weight and came back and continued to come back every day for six months and didn't ask for help or so much as a hitch-hike from anybody. And here she is and she's got a nice talent and you'll see her in 'Jezebel.' Her name is Janet Shaw and she'll go places because she uses her own brains.

"I can't stand pale martyrs. I adore people who go out and get what they want. I even admire this gal I'm playing because she goes out and, come hell or high water, gets her man.

I CAN'T bear people, professionals, who discuss their 'marriage problems' in print. In the first and last place, when a marriage becomes more 'problem' than anything else, it's time for the parties thereof to divide the books and go their ways.

"I will not discuss my marriage," yelped Bette. "I'm all through with that. If my husband were an actor, it might not matter, publicity would then be his natural element. But Ham isn't in pictures and it's embarrassing for him to read about *his* private life in my publicity. Besides, I have no marriage problems. Hateful word, problems. I have no more problems than does the wife of a boiler-maker or the wife of a traveling salesman. For if a woman is in love with her husband there are no problems. It's only when she falls out of love that she begins to figure how much she is putting up with.

"I'm not affected by the rumors, the grapevine system of Hollywood, which, with its little slanderous shots and tattletale tendrils, coils around so many hearts here, so many marriages, crushing the life out of them, and the faith. If there's anything important going on in our lives, Ham's and mine, we won't have to read about it in the newspapers. We'll go to press first."

"Let's see, what else? I'm a doggone good housekeeper. My mother drilled that into me with an iron rod. I try to be a wife as well as a moom pitcher star, and so far there have been no complaints. I keep my house myself. I mean, I order the meals, with an eye to the things Ham likes to eat. I inspect my ice box and cupboards as a good New England housewife should. I count the linens, send Ham's clothes to the tailor, inspect bureau drawers and usually put them in order myself.

"I love to talk. It's my favorite pastime.

"I'm not the maternal type and I know it. I would make the most ghastly mother that ever lived. On the other hand, if ever I have a child, and I hope I do, I might turn out to be one of those doting mommers with complexes about sterilizing everything the child touches, even to boiling the woolly lamb.

"I'm horribly possessive. I love the feel of things being mine. I could never adopt a child because I would have to feel that the child belonged to me, was my own flesh and blood or not at all.

"I'm not happy. I'm absolutely frightened to be happy, afraid something might happen. I'm superstitious about it. I'm like the Chinese peasant who shields his sturdy little son from the vengeance of the jealous gods by hiding him with his body, crying out, 'He's a poor thing, Lords, he's ugly and pock-marked and shrivelled.' So I deny my happiness, crying out, 'I'm not happy, Lords, I'm a poor miserable wretch, do not envy me to my destruction.'

"And there is no reason why I should not be happy. I am happy in my home. I am happy in my marriage. I am happy in my work because I love it. I wouldn't give up my work for anything in the world, nor for anyone, not even to save my own heart from breaking.

WHEN I'm not working I like to go away for week-ends. Or I catch up on my reading. Now and then we have a few friends in for an informal supper party. Most of our friends are writers. We never go night-clubbing.

"My favorite foods are potatoes and chocolate bread pudding. I adore them.

"I loathe orchids and those big corsages that always wobble all over me and ruin my dress. I love lilies of the valley, little sprays of them, to pin at my throat, waistline, wherever I please. I'm tritely fond of gardenias. Among my favorite film stars are Garbo, and, of course, Spencer Tracy. I want to play Ibsen's 'Wild Duck' on the screen. I'm skeptical about people. I don't trust people until they've stripped themselves to the bone, so that I can see how their hearts beat and of what stuff their spirits are made. That's one thing this town called Hollywood has done for me, turned a trusting little New England girl into a cynic and a skeptic!

"And now," said Bette, quite savagely, smashing out her cigarette with enough vigor to damp down Vesuvius, "now bring on your candid cameramen, ace interrogators, cross-examiners, and see if they can dig up anything I haven't told on myself!"

Limply, I followed lively Bette to the set and, unamazed, watched her get her man.



Binnie Barnes has the fresh beauty so often found in her native Britain. After successes on the London stage, her movie roles under the direction of the famous Alexander Korda led to a Hollywood contract in 1934. (*See her in Goldwyn's "Marco Polo".*)

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Try a pack of Double-Mellow Old Golds, and discover how much *factory-freshness* adds to your smoking pleasure!

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

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SANI-FLUSH is *made* to do this job. It removes stains. It puts an end to toilet odors. It kills germs. It purifies the hidden trap. Porcelain glistens like new. SANI-FLUSH can't injure plumbing connections. It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, O.



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Here's that new way to do hot starching without mixing, boiling or straining as with old fashioned lump starch. Everything already included in powdered form. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. See how elasticity and that fresh new look are given back to curtains, aprons, play clothes, soft collars and shirts. Your iron fairly glides. A wonderful invention. *Send now.*



THANK YOU

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Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

.....

BETWEEN YOU



"Why should an actor once typed remain so until doomsday?" a Minnesota fan pleads.

$5.00 Prize Letter
I Confess

If you'd walk down a certain street in Seattle you'd see a legless man seated on a corner selling his pencils and needles. No matter how hot the sun, no matter how cold the wind, he's always there. If purchases aren't made, people stop to chat and leave a coin in the cup with the comment, "I don't see how you can keep so cheerful just sitting there hour after hour. It's a pleasure to talk with you. . . ."

And then I say, "Well, I get it from the movies!" Twice a week a neighbor takes me to the movies, otherwise I couldn't go. I go to the movies for something real, not just make-believe. And I get it. I'm admitted into a land of youth and romance, a land where the memory of happier days is jogged, days when I was young and whole and dashing like Fredric March, when I had a wife like Norma Shearer and a son like Freddie Bartholomew. There, in the darkness of the theatre I feel a human warmth and sympathy, the world is brimming over with kindness, sparkle and interest.

Perhaps I'm tired of just sitting on a corner; I want to move, to feel free. There in a Western I see myself making a mad scramble for my broad-rimmed hat and my favorite "painted hoss" and my craving for the far, green hills, wide plains and fast riding is satisfied.

The movies have not only given me consolation, intelligent information and romance, but they have taught me to be brave, to have faith and courage. "Seventh Heaven" brought me my favorite philosophy: "Never look down, always look up." The movies—God bless 'em!—M. Matthews, Seattle, Wash.

$2.00 Prize Letter
Please, Don't Type Them

Did you see Irene Dunne in "The Awful Truth" and try to imagine her as she was in Magnificent Obsession?" Did you see "Night Must Fall" and picture Robert Montgomery as the charming Piccadilly Jim? Did you see "Parnell" and remember Gable in "It Happened One Night?" If you did, you're a fop! and I can imagine how much you enjoyed each picture. Yet one of our ardent fans writes to tell us that once you are typed on the screen you must remain in your particular groove until doomsday as far as he is concerned. To be specific—if you have the misfortune to play a swashbuckling villain well in several plays, you are doomed to remain in that category for the rest of your screen career.

One honorable commentator goes even further—he cites an example. It seems that in the role of a priest in "Captains Courageous," Jack La Rue caused quite a sensation—due to his previous gangster pictures. Our "typester" says that when Jack came into the scene as a priest the audience howled. Now I saw this picture twice, and I don't remember the "howling" at any time during the entire feature. May I add that if anyone was fool enough to laugh at Mr. La Rue in that scene, regardless of the nature of his former roles, I hope with all my heart that he bit his tongue.

I'm not advocating actors taking parts they cannot handle, but I do say that it doesn't hurt to try different characters so that they won't become "typed." The word "act" means to be able to portray all kinds of people and all kinds of emotions—and anyone worthy of the name "actor" should be able to step from one role into another with comparative ease. Don't, oh, please don't type our villains—let them have more than one screen personality—give them a chance to show what they can do.—E. A. Nelson, St. Paul, Minn.

$2.00 Prize Letter
Is That Relaxation?

I have just returned from a section of the country where the double feature program has made little headway. What a pleasant change it was upon several occasions to leave the theatre after a two-hour varied program, feeling refreshed with a bit of comedy, broadened by the news, mentally stimulated by a brief educational feature, and inspired, perhaps, by the main feature. Mind you I said two hours!

But, woe is me, upon returning to the metropolitan area, I find that the double feature program is still packing them in at the neighborhood houses, and I'd like to know why!

Unless I foresightedly inquire the showing time of the feature presentation, I must sit through an inferior quickie, coming attractions, advertising, and maybe bingo or bank night before the title I've been waiting for is flashed on the screen. After three or three and one half hours of twisting and squirming to ease my—er—position, I leave the theatre, nigh onto midnight, with an aching back, a splitting head, and my bones fairly screaming protest. Now I ask you, is that relaxation?—Harriet Bossard, New York, N. Y.

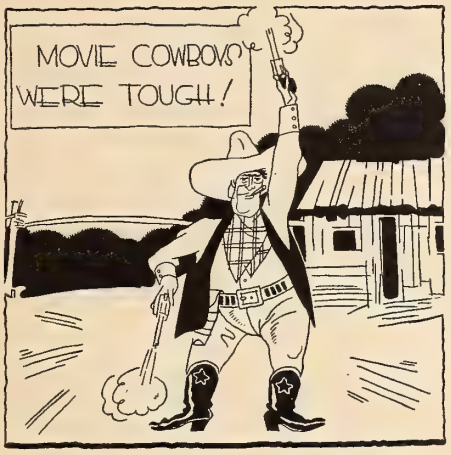
$1.00 Prize Letter
Is it Fair?

Is it fair? I ask myself that question every time I read about a "new discovery"—a star over night.

Many of our foreign stars have been ushered to success over night—some justly, some unjustly—but what about our little starlets who strive for their big chance and get the cold shoulder from their studios? What about those grand little beauties who play bit parts, sometimes stealing the show,

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but who continue to play these parts until the public recognizes their names? They receive practically no notice from the press until after three or four years and there at least they might get a break.

I cite the example of Marie Wilson. I have watched her every inch of the way. When I read of her getting the lead in "Boy Meets Girl," I gave a sigh of relief. "It's about time!" said I. Why that gal's grand—such comedy, such a personality, and real beauty, too! But how long has it taken Mr. and Mrs. Movie Fan and all the little Movie Fans to recognize her? Not because they didn't enjoy her work! Horrors, no! But because they saw her occasionally, enjoyed her, but not seeing her again for a long time, forgot her. If her studio had played her up big, like some of these overnight sensations, Marie would be right on top today—and rightfully, too.

Why is it some stars have to take the hard road—and others such an easy one? Is it fair? I'd like an answer!—Norma Sharp, Collingswood, N. J.

$1.00 Prize Letter
More Power to Westerns

Where are the good old Westerns? There are, of course, films like "Wells Fargo," "The Plainsman," and "Girl of the Golden West," but it isn't the superproductions in which I'm interested. It's the plain everyday horse-opera which you see at the corner show or sandwiched in on a double-featured bill.

Though they've been stream-lined and bedecked with the most modern touches, though the plaintive and beautiful cowboy melodies add a romantic dash, the old up-and-at-'em pattern with its stock situations is not the same.

Neither are the characters. The heroines

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aren't as fiery and independent—remember the spit-fires Ann Little, Neva Gerber and Ruth Roland? The villains have a strain of Sir Galahad in their Simon LeGree make-up, while nature's nobleman, the hero, is imbued with a streak of Don Quixote. Even the rattle of the gun-fire isn't as menacing as before. The old Westerns were strong pictures! Harry Carey's "Start Reachin'" was enough to make me hang onto the edge of the seat for weeks. Bill Hart thrilled me more than all the Taylors and Powers put together.

Then too, today the love interest is tucked in just as if it were a necessary evil. But the old silents made the love part essential, vivid, alive. And Western stories do it that way, you know.—Samela Parkhurst, Seattle, Wash.

$1.00 Prize Letter
A Change for Sylvia

It's about time someone took the shadows away from Sylvia Sidney and brought out the sunlight that surely must be somewhere within her. Every picture Miss Sidney appears in, she must be the morose, morbid heroine, in the toils of the law, speaking with trembling lips, eyes weary from crying, and railing against humanity's unkindness.

I'm sure she is capable of carrying brighter roles. Why not let her do a good sophisticated comedy for a change? Anything—anything to get her out of those whole-world-against-the-girl roles.—C. L. Mersich, San Francisco, Cal.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Unspoiled Shirley

It seems to me to be more than a happy thought for Shirley's parents to take their wonder child on a personal tour so that the public can see at close range what an honest to goodness real human being this beautiful child is.

It was my good fortune last August to be present on shipboard across the Pacific with Shirley and her parents and at the hotel in Honolulu where they stopped.

Naturally, I was intrigued and observed things closely. To my mind, Shirley is even more beautiful off than on the screen. She had the most charming, unaffected manners in the world—those of a natural, unspoiled child with a spontaneous little smile that won everyone's heart instantly.

Her parents seemed to me to be people of rare good sense who, while keeping a watchful eye over Shirley, were never fussy, conspicuous nor seeking the lime light, either for themselves or their famous little daughter.

Another thing that struck me was the really nice way the public behaved toward Shirley. Always considerate and deferential, they never crowded nor inconvenienced her in the slightest degree. She took the homage as a matter of course, and still remained, as I think she always will, the same darling unspoiled Shirley.—Mrs. J. L. O'Connell, Washington, D. C.

$1.00 Prize Letter
What Price Stardom?

If you'd enjoy living a private life like that of the proverbial goldfish; rising early and working long hours under bright lights; dieting to the point of starvation to thwart a few excess pounds; having your clothes torn to shreds by souvenir-hunting crowds whenever you go out; signing autograph books 'till you have writer's cramp; having people gossip about you, pry into your affairs, and invent all sorts of stories about your past and present; being besieged by reporters whenever you stick your nose out the front door; being told to dye your hair, have your teeth straightened, to be nice to so-and-so because of the effect on your fans; then, my dear, you want to be a movie star.—Margaret Forster, Welland, Ont.

$1.00 Prize Letter
The English Accent

Pardon my English accent, but there's a fellow here by the name of Laughton who has just made a film "Vessel of Wrath" that in point of subtle artistry is way ahead of his Hollywood performances. Of course, there are only six hula dancers instead of the three thousand chorines we have been led to expect in modern spectacles.

But there is a certain quiet satisfaction in viewing a picture that relies on convincing acting rather than vulgar display and I only hope that success will attend such a praiseworthy production.

I like a good tap-dance or blues singer as much as anyone, but the mass attack of noise, numbers and nuts that seem to be an essential feature of today's musical pictures is sending me whacky.—John Lane, London, England.

THE INFORMATION DESK

(*Continued from page 87*)

Marcella Griffith, Paget, Bermuda. The music for the picture "Robin Hood" was written by E. W. Korngold. Music and lyrics for "The Girl of the Golden West" were written by Romberg and Kahn. Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson wrote the music and lyrics for "Mad About Music."

A. Spinelli, New York City. To sell movie stories you should get yourself an experienced literary agent who knows the requirements of the various Studios and can contact the proper executives for you. These days few stories are sold by the author direct.

Katharine Boyer, Savery, Wyo. Cary Grant's real name is Archibald Leach. Paul Muni's name is Muni Weisenfreund. The Ritz brothers' name is Joachim. Fred Allen's name is Sullivan.

Dorothy Beattie, Jackson, Mo. In "The Girl of the Golden West" the part of Jeanette MacDonald (Mary) as a child was played by Jeanne Ellis. You can address her in care of M-G-M Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Jeanette MacDonald was born in Philadelphia, June 18, 1907.

Ruth Ness, Miami, Fla. Bing Crosby was born in Tacoma, Wash. on May 2, 1904. He has blue eyes, brown hair, is five feet nine inches tall and weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds. His children's names are Gary, Dennis, Philip and Lindsay.

Stanford Hale, Lake Sunapee, N. H. Full page pictures of Jean Harlow appeared in MODERN SCREEN in January 1937, and February 1937. If you will send ten cents a copy to our circulation department you may secure these back issues.

Yvonne Claret, Montreal, Canada. Ralph Bellamy was born in Chicago on June 17, 1904. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred seventy-eight pounds, has blue eyes and light brown hair.

Shirley Owens, Shaw Island, Wash. The names of the "Dead End" boys are Leo Gorcey, Billy Halop, Bobby Jordan, Huntz Hall and Gabriel Dell. You can address them in care of Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, Cal.

Josephine Newman, Brooklyn, N. Y. Merle Oberon's real name is Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson. She was born on the island of Tasmania, February 19, 1911, of English parents.

THE MYSTERY OF MISS GAYNOR

(*Continued from page 39*)

that's chance. I haven't meant to stay away from them. But it's difficult, when you've worked as constantly as I have. When you're free, they're busy, and the other way 'round. I've made my friends probably as you've made yours. You don't feel that because you write, all your friends must be writers. You go along, you meet someone, something clicks, and there you are. One of my best friends is an actress, one's my hairdresser, one's a doctor, another teaches art appreciation, others I've met at the beach—all are just people I like. It's so simple that it's hard to explain. Does that make it a mystery?

"Of course, when you spend much time with friends who aren't in the limelight, that keeps you out too. At first, there was another reason. I was terribly shy. We jumped into the middle of things so quickly." (The Gaynor "we" includes Janet and her mother). "If I could have been just a girl at a party, I'd have loved to go to parties. But to be somebody people stared at terrified the life out of me."

THAT was in the days when "Seventh Heaven" catapulted her into sudden prominence. She was wild with happiness. There's never been anything blasé about her. A star among stars, she was as excited over their doings as a girl in Podunk. But rather than venture among them, she'd stay at home and get her thrills second hand from Charlie Farrell.

It was Charlie who'd sally forth, top hat and tails, into the wide world, then come back and report to a wide-eyed and eager Janet the marvels he'd encountered. One night he'd dined with the So-and-sos. "And you know where they ate?" His voice promised a minor miracle.

"No. Where did they eat?"

"Well, you won't believe it. It's amazing. They didn't eat in the dining-room at all."

"Not in the ——! Well, for heaven's sake, where did they eat?"

"On a bridge table! In the living-room! Right in front of the fireplace!"

"Not really, Charlie!" Next night she and her mother would sit beaming at each other across a bridge table in front of the fireplace. "Do I look like a movie star now?" Janet would demand.

That phase passed. Timidly at first, then with more assurance, she stepped into the Hollywood social stream. After a while, finding she didn't care for it, she stepped out again. "It's as if you'd gone through an interesting experience, and all of a sudden you're back, living the life you've always wanted to live, where, if you use the wrong fork, it doesn't matter."

Nor does it matter if you don't live in a mansion among the stars. "We were going to build a house like the rest of them, had our lot bought and our plans drawn up. Then we changed our minds. What had started as a small house threatened to turn into a white elephant. You see, when you've lived in a place for a long time, as we have here, you put up with its disadvantages. When you build, you want the earth—a terrace here, a huge dressing-room there and all sorts of things. One day mother said to me, 'We're going to rattle around like a couple of peas in that barn.'

"Then there were the servants." The servants, as it turned out, compose a retinue. First, there's the chauffeur who's been





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with them for eight years. "He's the first I ever had, and I'm the first he ever had. Isn't that nice?" she asked like a gleeful child. Then there's Fanny, the cook. Fanny came to her one day with the story of a sister and brother-in-law in the East who wanted to come to California. "Tell them to come. We'll find something for them to do." Fanny hesitated. "Also they have two children," she finally blurted. Fanny's sister is now the Gaynors' maid. Her brother-in-law works out three days a week, and takes care of the Gaynor garden the rest of the time. The children go to school. The roomy old house accommodates them all. "But by the time you got them into a house on a hilltop, it would be a monster. So we're staying put," she finished contentedly.

She's done what's generally considered impossible to a movie star—kept an originally normal sense of values, ignored the unwritten law that in Hollywood you've got to put up a front. Her beach home—not at fashionable Malibu, but at Venice where the oil derricks bloom—is just large enough for herself and her mother. The cook sleeps over the garage. A stranger, spying her on the beach, would say, "Hm, looks like Janet Gaynor, but it can't be. What would she be doing in a place like this?" That's why she's there. She no longer dreads the limelight. But she finds herself more comfortable in the shade.

Because of her friendship with Tyrone Power, her public appearances have grown more frequent of late. A great deal of nonsense has been rumored and written on the subject of their romance. It's been said, for example, that they fell in love at sight. They first met on the set of "Ladies in Love." Tyrone had been a fan of Janet's for years, but he didn't venture to tell her so. They worked in the same picture, and that was that. Then one night they met at a friend's home. They began exchanging reminiscences of their ushering days.

"My great ambition was to be promoted downstairs," said Janet.

"You too? That makes me feel better. They'd never let me come down from the gallery either. You know what used to keep me awake nights? I'd be holding a couple of seats—"

"I know. And a man would come in and grab one instead of taking a single farther back where you wanted him to sit."

"What did you do?"

"Gnashed my teeth and grinned. What did you do?"

"Grinned and gnashed my teeth."

That was how it started. Tyrone took Janet home. They discovered they had deeper interests in common—a passion for books and ideas. Before long they were spending all their spare time together. Tyrone had met a woman who stimulated him, Janet a man with a mind as eager as her own. If they were also in love, that was their business. They kept their own counsel, as you'd expect them to.

THE business of the gossip-mongers is to watch them like hawks, guess at what they don't know. The formula is simple. If they fail to appear at a nightclub for a week or two, they're no longer friends. The formula fails to take into consideration the pleasure of quiet evenings beside a cozy log fire.

Just about a month ago columnists were featuring the news that "the Gaynor-Power twosome had gone on the rocks." Janet was in Palm Springs. Tyrone was working in "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Even as the tongues wagged, he was hopping a plane, though his studio forbids flying. Arrived at Palm Springs, he spent thirty minutes with Janet, and then flew back again.

Her pleasures are the quiet kind. "A book, a game of golf, a phone call you didn't expect, having a few friends to dinner and talking it over 'round the fire afterwards." She finds deep satisfaction in adventures of the mind. Recently she's taken to painting. It's not her creations that excite her, but the fact that her eyes have been opened to a new and glorious world of color to which she'd been blind. "I'm beginning to see rose and violet," she said, her eyes sparkling, "where I used to see only gray."

There's a core of quietness within Janet Gaynor from which she seems to draw both her cheerfulness and her strength. Partly it's the fruit of her own living and thinking, partly a heritage from the mother to whom she's so close.

Laura Gaynor has the rare adaptability that can bridge the chasm between two generations. She has been the companion of Janet's lighter moments, and her bulwark



Elsie Reade, Vyvyan Donner, Frances Conier and little Barbara Devine enjoy four o'clock tea while making one of Miss Donner's Movietone Fashion shorts. We wonder what the tea leaves tell.

in time of stress. Coming from a simple Philadelphia home, she fought her own shyness as her daughter did, and with the zest for adventure of the young in spirit, marched step for step with Janet into the new life. They smoked their first cigarettes, drank their first cocktails together. Every morning they play golf together. Between them they handle Janet's business. Mrs. Gaynor also shares Janet's sense of values. On those few occasions when fundamental differences have arisen between studio and star, and Janet has brought the problem to her mother, there's been no question of choice for Mrs. Gaynor. "Better make twenty-five dollars a week and be on your own, than go through the torments we've seen some people go through."

"She'd be my friend, even if she weren't my mother," says Janet. "Yet I'm still just her child, and when I make a mistake, she tells me so."

Having learned something of her own method of checking up on herself, you can't help feeling that the need doesn't often arise. Through all her years of stardom, she has never for long lost sight of the girl who used to usher in the gallery of a San Francisco theatre, who used to clerk in an antique shop in Chinatown for nine dollars a week and go home at night, her feet so swollen that she all but cried.

That other Janet keeps a firm hold on Janet the star. She's frank to admit that the star sometimes yields to the temptation of acting like a star. "I'll go into a bungalow and decide I don't like the color of the curtains, and ask to have them changed. But I'm always aware of this other girl inside me, giving me the bird: 'Be yourself, Janet. Remember when you'd have burst with joy at any curtains—let alone a bungalow.'"

She sat silent for a moment, then spoke slowly. "I've been successful easily, so I haven't the same right to talk as people who've been through a great deal. Neither do I mean to sound as if I'd read two pages of philosophy and was trying to give it all out again. But even a movie star," she smiled, "can't help thinking.

"I never get into an elevator without feeling how awful to have to make this thing go up and down, up and down all day. I never go into a beauty shop without feeling a little ashamed. You know how hard those girls work. I drive up in a car, a chauffeur helps me out, I have nothing to do but relax for a couple of hours while they fix me up. 'Are you tired?' they ask me. 'Are you getting enough rest?' And they mean it. It's not just a sales talk. I often wonder how they can keep that attitude when they have so little and I have so much. And I've never wanted anything more than to feel I might be like that, if all this were ever taken away from me.

"Don't misunderstand me. It's lovely to have lovely things. When I was in Venice, I bought some Venetian glass. It was my first visit and I thought, 'Here goes. This time I'm going to do it up brown.' Of course I enjoy having it and looking at it and using it, because it's beautiful. But what if I worried every time it was brought out? What if I kept thinking, suppose somebody breaks it? I'd be letting it make me miserable instead of happy, deliberately hurting myself—for what? I never want anything to possess me so I can't let it go.

BECAUSE in the final analysis," said Janet, a curious gentleness in her voice, "though things can possess you, you can't possess anything—but yourself. Suppose you're in love. Who tells you it's going to last? Suppose you're happily married. Who tells you an accident won't destroy your happiness? What's inside yourself—that's the only thing in this world you're sure of. That's what you have to live with. So why not make the best you can of it?"

There is no mystery—at least, none of Gaynor's making. There's a girl who's passed through the glitter, and come out at the other end, serene, wise, kindly, compassionate. I remembered Tyrone Power's saying to me once, "Janet makes me feel more alive than anyone I've ever met. She starts things going in my head that I never knew were there. She'll make a casual remark that'll throw a search-light on something I'd been groping for in the dark. I never realized before how exciting it was just to talk."

Those closest to them are convinced that they'll never marry, that their feeling for each other will, by its nature, mellow into a staunch and lasting friendship. Once you've had a taste of her quality, you can understand how winning Janet Gaynor as a friend would enrich any life.

HE WANTS TO DISAPPEAR

(*Continued from page 46*)

a private plane and flies, he and the pilot, by themselves. Slim flies sometimes for a couple of days. He likes, also, to go on a bust, a bender. When he is feeling a little tightish, his laziness vanishes, gives way to prodigious energy. He usually goes to San Francisco. He tears up the town and has a terrific time. His best pal in San Francisco is Frank Martinelli of the Bal Tabarin. They do up the town from Nob Hill to Chinatown and back again.

SLIM LIKES to go into his kitchen and mess about with a meal, which, he says, no one can eat. He is the biggest softie in the world. A hand held out to Slim is a hand filled, without question. He is especially a "softie" when it comes to ragged little newsboys. There is one thing in the world which could rouse Slim from his loafing—and that is the thought of a kid in need. That appeal has never failed.

He is of the school of Isaak Walton, of Thoreau, men who counted the world well lost for the woods and streams, men who watched the sunsets and felt no need of theatres nor of society. He is of the ilk of Will Rogers, is Slim, kin to all plain and homely men with homespun hearts. He has one passion in life—his young adopted son. He has one ambition in life—to loaf. He has one plan and aim in life—to disappear, utterly and completely.

Slim Summerville was born in Albuquerque, New Mexico, on a tenth of July over forty years ago. His mother died when he was five. His father took him to live with an aunt in Chatham, Ontario, Canada. But Slim was constantly "disappearing." So when he was ten, he was sent to live with another aunt in Oklahoma. It was there, a year or so later, that he first wanted, consciously, to "disappear"—and did. He ran away, not to "make his fortune," as is customary in fiction. No, Slim didn't aspire to worldly gain. The Fords, the Morgans, the Rockefellers have always left him cold. He ran away from the schoolroom. He ran away from "being a name on the roll call." He ran away from books, and from learning "things that don't matter."

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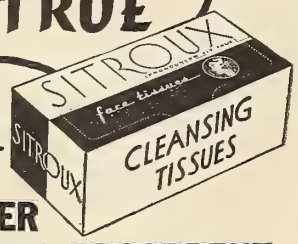
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For six years Slim knocked about the United States, Canada, and Mexico. He worked in coffin factories, and thought "it wouldn't be bad to be dead." He worked in brick yards, lumber mills, machine shops. Occasionally he played small parts in amateur shows. He kind of liked that. It was one way of disappearing, for when he put on a costume and grease-paint, he wasn't George Somerville at all. He was someone else. His own identity "disappeared." He worked in the fields, and forests, in shops and cities. He learned that the less you say the better off you are, the less you do the more time you have for loafing and inviting your spirit.

In Tootencarry, New Mexico, in the course of his wanderings, Slim "found" his father. Slim landed there after riding the rods for long, wild nights. He was hungry and he wanted a meal. He had "two bits" and a railroad pass belonging to his father, whose face he didn't remember, whose whereabouts he didn't know.

The tall station master looked long at the bit of pasteboard which was a railroad pass. He looked long at the tall, hungry, dusty young man who was carrying it. He said to the lad, "How much have you got on you?" "Two bits," the boy replied. The station master, without blinking, took the two bits from the boy, told him to go and eat his fill at the adjacent lunch wagon. When the boy returned to the yard he found awaiting him not only the two bits but—a father. They have seldom been separated since.

SLIM, "on the bum," rode the rods into Los Angeles. He planned to visit an uncle there, get a job, send for his Dad. He didn't find the uncle. He "postponed" his meals for three days. Finally, in desperation, he took a job as a poolroom porter, washing out the cuspidors, racking up the balls. And in the course of time he became acquainted with a jovial chap, though dour of face, named Edgar Kennedy.

Edgar was a small-time comedian at a movie studio, and through his good offices Slim secured work at the, to him, princely sum of three dollars and fifty cents a day. He became a fixture on the studio police force. He was so tall, so thin, so gloomy. And, best of all, he could "take a pie." Why not, when the gravel of most of the road-beds in the country had zinged him in the face?

He became the first "guaranteed" extra in the business. For, when other studios sought him, his own offered him the astounding guarantee of four working days a week for twelve dollars flat rate. Slim took the guarantee. He was featured in a series of comedies. He became one of his studio's ace directors.

Then over went Slim Summerville to another lot and for several years directed Clyde Cook and "Unreal Newsreels." He moved over to a third studio and directed a series of shorts featuring Arthur Lake. He guesses that the grease-paint must have seeped into his blood, perhaps on account of how he was always too lazy to wash it off at nights. Anyway, he decided to return to acting.

Slim's first real recognition came when he played in "Troopers Three," and he got his big break as Tjaden in "All Quiet on the Western Front." Since then he has done the same role in "The Road Back," Tjaden being the only character who lives on in the sequel. For a time he was co-starred with Zasu Pitts, but he doesn't believe in "teams." He played with Will Rogers in "Life Begins at Forty," and was promptly signed to a long-term contract. His favorite role was in "The Farmer Takes a Wife."

He likes his work. It's easier than any way he knows of making the same rather more-than-substantial living. It's because his wide-open heart automatically opens his hands and wallet that he isn't a very wealthy man. He never will be. He's just not the type.

Summerville guesses that his work has improved. There's some characterization to it now. He doesn't have to "take pies" any longer. He isn't just a comic. The character he plays on the screen is a four-dimensional, definite identity. He spends most of his off-the-set time in the studio playing with Shirley Temple, wrestling with Jane Withers.

He could write, as perhaps no one else could, the saga of a quarter century of Hollywood, memories of the days when Gloria Swanson, Charlie Chaplin, Wally Beery, Zasu Pitts, Marie Prevost and others were "taking pies" at Sennetts. He never will write it because, he says, "I never paid much attention to 'em." He changed his name from Somerville to Summerville. He doesn't know just why. "Perhaps because it was one way of disappearing a little," he says.

He told me the other day, "I have only one aching desire in my life—to have my boy with me every hour of every day. I couldn't love that little feller more if he were my own flesh and blood. He's grown right into me. Why, he even looks like me. I plan to adopt another baby, maybe two more, another boy, and a baby girl. That's all I want to do."

Most people don't know that Slim adopted small Elliott before the child was born. He knew the case, and circumstances. When Elliott was four days old, Slim took him to the hospital, had him placed in an incubator. He was premature, delicate. His chances were slim. Every care that money could buy, that love could suggest, Slim gave to that baby. At home he had a model nursery installed. He had nurses and doctors. He sent him to nursery school. Elliott is indeed the child of Slim's spirit, the inheritor of his heart.

"I have only one ambition in life," Slim was saying, "and that's to loaf. And what I mean by loafing is to do exactly what I feel like doing. I don't sit and think—I just sit. Or I fish or wade around out there in the ocean. I want to take my wife, 'Brownie,' and my boy, Elliott, and just live and loaf and be unknown. That's all I ask of life."



Take it from Johnny Davis, this movie business is serious! His next is "Garden of the Moon."

SHE'S A SOFTIE

(*Continued from page 47*)

warmth, good nature. Letting police dog lie wherever it may be, you subtly assume Miss Oliver's bark is worse than her bite.

"Indeed it is!" she laughs. "I'm not actually the hard-boiled old woman I'm supposed to be. I'm really a nice lady," this with a gay grimace to let you know she isn't taking herself seriously. "The rest is Hollywood, which probably will never give me any rest from the type of part I'm forever doing. Still, there's a bit of variety from time to time. In 'Parnell,' for example, I played a wealthy old aunt with great understanding of life—regal, Victorian, witty—and to a dull person like myself it was gratifying to be witty!"

Another merry peal rings with her sense of humor. To your great delight, you find that she is really good fun.

"For the life of me," she declares, "I've never been able to understand why Hollywood gave me parts designed to frighten little children. I was a little girl myself once, if you can believe it. Not a very nice little girl, I'm afraid, for I loved to dress up outrageously and give most shocking imitations of people who came to the house. As a child I was crazy to act, the only one in our family with this obsession, so today I have no one to blame but myself. To add to the mystery, all my forbears were straight laced New Englanders."

NOW you understand that brass knocker. Your understanding grows when Miss Oliver mentions her birthplace, Boston, with an accent pure and unmistakable.

"A violent change took place when I went on the New York stage," she relates. "Advised there might be a part for me in a musical comedy, of all things, I went to the theatre where it was in rehearsal, galoshes, umbrella and all. My dismal appearance among those gay people was, apparently, so affrighting that it stopped the rehearsal. Everybody simply stood and stared. But I got the part. It was in 'Oh, Boy!' No, I didn't sing, but I did a dance—yes, really. I played a Quaker aunt. She had never felt her oats, poor thing, but someone put something in her cambric tea and the old lady got quite ginny."

When, drunk with unholy mirth, you remark that even the most rigid may find it agreeable to relax on occasion, Miss Oliver, with a twinkle in her eye, agrees.

"True. But, believe me, it is quite impossible to relax in forty weeks of one-night stands. That was part of my three-years' experience in 'Oh, Boy!' And when I was making one picture, 'Parnell,' I had to stand up hours on end. My dress weighed no less than fifty pounds, and I wore steel corsets that made me feel like a by-product of the United States Steel Corporation. I couldn't sit down in the darn things without cramping my style, not to mention other trifles, so I did a lot of heavy standing around. About eleven every morning I was ready to fold up. But, instead, I just bucked up."

This woman of steel sighs and lights a cigarette before you can beat her to a match. Then, "I tire very easily. I'm up at six o'clock, then work at the studio till six, but I always quit on the dot. The producer caught me at it one evening when we were making a picture and exclaimed, 'Great Scott, do you belong to a union? The minute it's six you drop your tools!' He was right. With me it's just a hard grind. I'm really not too strong."

For the first time you notice that this vital actress of vigorous roles is, physically, a curious contradiction. She is actually frail, utterly unlike the screen characterizations she embodies so robustly.

"I have an idea," she reflects, "that audiences always think I'm like the woman I happen to be playing. I don't like to have them think that. I'd really love to be bright and gay in pictures. I made this happy suggestion to studio powers one time, but they couldn't see it at all, even though I assured them that most of my parts on the stage had been very humorous. They reminded me that in Hollywood I was established in a wholly different line of parts. So they always hand me an old hyena role, and I have to keep on barking my head off."

TOO bad, now that you're ready to swear on a stack of dog biscuits that there isn't a bite in a carload of her barks.

"Of course," she admits, "this isn't all as bad as it sounds. The parts I play are hard, but at the same time they have a certain softness. At least I try to find this in them. I liked Aunt Betsey Trotwood for the little warmth in her, and my one hope and aim was to bring it out. To me she was like so many people who, for some reason, seem set on hiding their better nature. Perhaps this is due to a shrinking from any outward display of their inner qualities. Most people, I imagine, are hopelessly shy."

You suspect Miss Oliver to be speaking, not of others, but really of herself, making a sort of confession.

"I paid my money four times to see 'Romeo and Juliet,'" she says. "That may sound conceited, as though I went to see myself. But I didn't. For one thing, I went again and again just to hear the music of that fine score. But that wasn't all. Each time I found something new in the picture, a new beauty and meaning. Finding myself in it was, somehow, always a surprise. If, when I was on the stage, anyone had told me I should one day be in Shakespeare I'd have thrown up my hands in amazement.

"But that is Hollywood. After eight years here it still continues to astonish me. It is always doing strange things. Quite the strangest now is its plan of pairing romantic couples in real life as screen lovers. This was never done in the stage world. It never occurred to a theatrical producer that there might be 'box-office' in such a combination. Not that I feel any immediate likelihood of its affecting me. Thus far, at any rate, Hollywood has shown no wild desire to cast me opposite Clark Gable or Robert Taylor in throbbing, heart stirring romance."

An oversight, no doubt. Yet you feel certain Hollywood has by no means failed to grant Miss Oliver rewards of a much more lasting nature.

"Most of all," she gratefully replies, "Hollywood has given me this house, the only home I have known since leaving the one I knew as a girl. By playing hard old women I've managed to make it rather soft for myself. There is nothing I appreciate so much as having a roof over my head. Here I am content. I never go anywhere, except to symphony concerts."

That Miss Oliver goes far in her love of music is obvious, for living at least twenty-five miles from Los Angeles she evidently is more than willing to travel twice this distance to get what she wants—and needs. Evidence of this is offered by her fine piano. Equally fine, you sense, is the artist in the woman, making her solid and substantial in her values, not mere foam on that ferment called Hollywood.



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"Would you care to see my house?" she inquires expectantly.

It is the biggest little house you have ever seen. You go admiringly from room to room, one walled with books and all sunny, cheerful, homelike, then out into a garden bright with flowers. There are many charming things—but neither hide nor hair of that other thing. This is the only mystery about the frankly domestic lady of the house on the hill. And you know, even before she tells you at that brass-knockered door, "I'm just an old-fashioned home-body."

Never mind about anything else. Shutting the white gates, you smile indulgently at their fearsome warning, "Beware Police Dog!" Nonsense. Edna May Oliver can't scare you any more! You'll wager now that she doesn't even have a police dog!

HIGHLIGHTING HERSHOLT

(*Continued from page 50*)

has switched clothes and will get into the other's place and look up to see if the new girl can tell the difference."

Lighting his pipe, Jean Hersholt settled back comfortably, to continue a subject near his heart. "Those babies are as strong and sturdy as any healthy four-year-old children. The public will see an entirely different set of Quints this time. Heretofore they haven't had benefit of lighting to really be photographed properly. Now that they are a little older they'll have the opportunity to profit from better camera effects. Of course, you knew their pictures have never been retouched? Well, when we see an unretouched photo of ourselves we wonder if it can be real, it's so bad. From now on, you'll see some vast improvement in each of those five little girls when you see them in the movies.

"This new picture is called 'Five of a Kind' and, if you know your poker, that's tops. I play the country doctor again, but the girls will have much more to do this time. There's a very cute song called 'All Mixed Up,' which will be adorable for them. I'm very happy about making another picture with them and I'm looking forward to the three weeks I will spend up there with my five leading ladies!"

Since there's been so much publicity about the return of the Quints to their parents, we were anxious to hear the latest bulletin first hand.

"I think the babies will eventually go to the Dionnes. However, I think the first thing will be to build a new nursery for them, as the one they have at present is far too small. Of course there's been some bad feeling, but I feel sure they will build a big place, and have one side for the family with the other side fixed up for the babies. Mr. Dionne, who is one of their guardians with Dr. Dafoe, now goes to meetings and takes more of an interest in things than before, so it looks much more encouraging.

"Dr. Dafoe has certainly handled everything in a dignified manner and deserves lots of credit. He has difficulties to combat, but you'd never know it. He's a fine man. And, too, I'm sure if my children were wards of the Crown, I'd be pretty well satisfied, especially when I saw how well they were treated."

AFTER a quarter of a century in pictures, Jean Hersholt has been one of the few actor's to run the gamut of characters. There's no type part he hasn't enacted at one time or another in his colorful career. The interesting thing is the transition he has made from bad men to the kindly, sympathetic parts he is now portraying so well.

"I don't think I really know just how I came to graduate from villains to the thing I do now. The transition was so gradual that the fans accepted me. You know, I played the title role in 'The Beast of the City' and I was the Beast for true. After that, I began to get sympathetic roles until, finally, I graduated to Sonja Henie's picture Papa and playing with the Dionne Quints. You know, in October I begin another picture as Sonja's Papa. It's my next after 'Five of a Kind.' Sonja's a fine girl, with a real head for business, too, and just as sweet as she can be.

"I've just finished 'I'll Give a Million,' where I play a clown. My partner in that was a Chimpanzee! I assure you it was no fun working with him either. They say after five years chimpanzees get nasty and this fella was seven, with a head start on all others. When I turned my back, he'd pinch me so hard that I'd bleed, but all in good clean fun, of course! Then there were the boxing sequences and he hit so hard my chest was black and blue for days. After this picture it would be a pleasure to do a good juicy villain, just for a change y'know!"

AN actor's life at best seems speculative. In fact, often a seemingly good break in the way of a part will spell finis to his chance for the future. While, on the other hand, an apparently bad bit of casting may mean a new lease on movie life. However, even though Jean Hersholt is the exception that proves the rule, he has camera comrades who suffer from the ill fate of the aforementioned.

"It seems a pity that when someone does a good job of acting it should react against him," the country doctor explained. "You remember John Qualen, who has played the Quints' father in their films? Well, he's a fine actor, but, since these pictures, he can't appear in anything serious, because the fans won't believe him. Recently he had a dramatic role and the minute he raised his head, the audience began to laugh. When he landed the first assignment he felt it was a grand chance for him, never realizing the public would always associate him with 'Papa Dionne.' Unfortunately, he's typed now and it's pretty tough to break away from that sort of thing once you've gotten into it.

"When I used to do heavies exclusively, I never thought I could get away from them, but I sat right down and figured it all out. Most of my characters were bewhiskered men of one sort or another. So, for each one, I used an entirely new set of whiskers and makeup, so the fans wouldn't get too bored with me. I think that's one reason I was able to make the transition comparatively unnoticed. Of course, it was this stunt, coupled with my first real break, playing with Marie Dresser in 'Emma'. From that time on I became a sympathetic human being."

This will give you a rough idea of what Jean Hersholt has accomplished through twenty-five years service in the picture world. During Mr. H.'s time he's seen many changes, many stars come and go, but nothing seems to give him nearly the genuine thrill of his latest find, the prospect of publishing these newly unearthed Hans Christian Andersen fairy tales. Hasn't it some slight connection with his great affection for the Dionne Quints?

PUT YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD

(*Continued from page 45*)

they need darkening. You can raise your eyebrows almost a quarter of an inch by this trick, and train them to stay in position, too. Conversely, if your eyebrows are too far away from your eyes, giving you a constant surprised look, you can train them down. A little judicious plucking, on the under or upper side, as is necessary, will help.

Personally, I think mascara is a swell thing and I feel undressed if I'm not sporting a touch of it, but there are girls who declare they can't get the hang of using it. Maybe you're one, and your eyes are just crying, figuratively not literally, for it. Putting it on is a knack and one which requires a little practice, but once you get the knack, you'll be able to whisk a little glamor onto those eyes of yours with as much ease as you powder your nose. Have the brush damp, not wet. I like to run hot water over the mascara cake itself rather frequently—it keeps it moist and nice and easy to use. Maybe this ain't delicate, but old hands at the art of applying mascara claim that saliva is a much more satisfactory lubricant than water. Yeah, I said 'twarn't delicate, but nine out of ten models, stars and glamor girls do it.

THE kind of lashes which are easiest to make up are those which—like my own—are sort of thin, fine, stringy and nondescript. The kind which are very difficult to make up are the thick, short, bristly lashes—the kind which are dark enough to hold their own, but which are too short and stubby to be beautiful. Here I advise the application of oil or cream first. Perhaps a dab of powder on top of the cream—an old movie star trick—will make the mascara cling better. If the average good commercial makes of mascara which you can buy anywhere do not seem to work for those of you whose lashes are thick, but short and unglamorous, see if you can get your paddies on a cake of theatrical mascara. It comes in a block, and has wonderful staying powers. Or use a cream mascara—harder to get used to, but very elegant looking once you get the trick.

Do you have rouge-trouble? Does rouge seem to do nothing whatever to put umph into your face? Then don't do what we all are apt to do. That is, go doggedly on, placing the same kind of rouge in the same spot every day, hoping against hope that if you're extra neat and careful in applying it, some miracle will take place to make you beautiful. Try something else. Use no rouge at all, perhaps. Yes, I know—after wearing bloom-out-of-a-box for years, you feel a bit undressed at first.

Five-six years ago, when the electric Miss Lombard was a-busting into pictures, she was buxom, over-bedecked and over-rouged. She slimmed down to streamline proportions. As a matter of fact, she's a smitch too thin right now, if you ask me. But anyway, the slimming process brought out the truly beautiful modelling of her face, and when a face is nicely modelled, 'tis a sin to put rouge on it—except (ah! always an exception) at night, maybe, when you may put a touch of rouge, not on the curve of your cheeks, but in the hollows of the same.

This must be done with care and cleverness and you must practice a little to get the right effect, and you must have that



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hollowed-in look just below the cheekbones, a la Dietrich and Lombard, to do it at all. Lessee if I can think of some other movie star examples—stars who could and stars who could not employ this trick. Well, of the belles who adorn the beginning of this article, Garbo could, Ginger could not. Loretta couldn't. Gladys Swarthout could. See what I mean?

If you're using cream rouge and have trouble, switch to cake rouge or liquid rouge. And vice versa. And there's a new cosmetic aid out, which isn't a rouge at all. It imparts a very natural-looking glow to the face. And in some of the hoity-toity beauty parlors, they use a trick for thin faces. It's a little difficult to do, but it looks grand if you can work it.

Rouge—oh, but very little—is put on portions of the friendly old face you never heard of before. Not on the curve of the cheeks at all, but in the hollows of the temples, blended very carefully, and on the eyelids, and at the outer corner of the eyes and on the point of the chin. So little is used that it's almost like using a pink powder on these parts of the face, and then one is powdered carefully all over the pan with the regular shade of powder. The pink glow in the hollows of the temples and so on adds roundness to a thin face.

Akin to this trick is the stunt of using two shades of powder, the darker shade to highlight your face as rouge will. This isn't difficult to do and you might try it if you're tired of the way you look.

To wind up the cosmetic department, let me mention again the wonderful help to beauteh that these new lipstick pencils are. If you're one of these girls—like myself—who get their mouths painted on a different shape every time, dash right out and buy a lipstick pencil in your pet shade. You can outline your mouth just grand with one of these, and fill in with the regular lipstick. And the pencil is awfully handy for repairing the lipstick quickly, too. Use taste and judgment with it, as with all things. Don't draw your mouth on so hard and definite that it don' look purty. Blot the paint job with tissue for the most natcherl effect.

Before I forget, I want to pass along two beauty tricks from our songbird, Gladys Swarthout, which struck me as being awfully good. After cleansing her face, Gladys puts on a nourishing cream and polishes her skin with small squares of turkish toweling—old turkish toweling, which is soft and non-irritating. And—put this down in your book and remember it—Gladys Swarthout brushes her hair five hundred strokes a day. I am *not* telling you a story, my pets.

You see, Miss S. figured it out this way: her hair is not a glamorous color. It's neither golden, nor flaming red nor jet black. It's a plain, nice, hair-colored brown, just like the hair on millions of you girls' heads. But, thought Gladys, is there any reason why plain brown hair shouldn't be pretty? Of course not. So instead of monkeying around with dyes and things, trying to make her hair something it wasn't, she took the common-sense route to beautiful hair and made it shine and gleam with a good old fashioned brushing.

BRONZE and golden lights will come out in dark brown and light brown hair if you will shampoo and brush it. Coarse hair will be crisp and manageable, but look soft and never get that rusty, bristly look if you brush it. Fine hair, instead of sitting dankly down on the scalp, and looking thin and miserable, will have fluff and life to it. If there's the slightest tendency to natural wave or curl in your hair, brushing will bring it out. If your hair is just naturally as straight as a poker, it will hold a wave much longer after brushing.

By the way—joost in passing—if you're going in for one of the newer up-on-the-head coiffures, here's a cute trick. Have some little Victorian nape-of-the-neck curls permanented. For an occasional evening affair, let them show there at the back of the neck—very feminine and quaint. Other times, comb them up into the rest of the hair. The permanent will give them body and they'll stay put, doing away with that untidy wispy look.

When it comes to your figure here is a surprising but sterling hint from no less an authority than Orry-Kelly, head designer for one of the studios. It sounds odd, but it makes sense—you see if it doesn't. He says you should conceal, to some extent, your best figure points, in order to minimize figure faults. Let me explain.

Figures are all mixed up, as a rule. The figure that's beautiful all over is the exception. The figure that's terrible all over is the exception. A chunky, stocky body



Pretty little Anne Shirley went right on eating and John Howard Payne went right on lifting that right eyebrow while the candid cameraman did his little chore.

CARNIVAL GIRL

Moon-silvered dusk. Throbbing beat of music and the click of the roulette wheel. Scent and sound and laughter—but only grim terror to the girl who hid, crouched low, behind the terrace wall—safe for a moment from the desire in Ettienn's black eyes and the sting of his cruel whip.

Recklessly she vowed to destroy herself rather than submit to his cruelties. But something held her back. Could it be the strange warmth that filled her heart as she thought of the grey-eyed stranger—of his strong bronzed face and the thrill of his arms about her as they danced together at the Casino?

For one ecstatic moment she had been happy—now hopes and dreams crashed about her—her world seemed to be spinning like the Casino's roulette wheel. And where would it stop? Would she win or lose?

Read this thrilling story of the love and adventures of a French carnival dancer. It appears in the SEPTEMBER SWEETHEART STORIES. Don't miss it!



Sweetheart Stories

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often winds up in a pair of legs as slim and exquisite as Ginger Rogers' own. A tiny waistline suddenly zooms out into too much hip. The girl with the pretty, trim figure feels that her life is ruined because she has fat legs. And so on.

Now, says Monsieur Orry-Kelly, one should *not* play up and dramatize a pretty pair of legs, a tiny waist, a Venus-like bust development, unless the rest of us matches up. The plump girl with the slim legs should wear her dresses long enough to slim her body, even if it breaks her heart not to show her legs. The tiny waist with the large hips should be more or less loosely fitted until the hips are slimmed down. Understand?

More about making the best of figures. Out Hollywood way, all the girls have pretty darn good looking figures, some really beautiful, all pretty good. Furthermore, the stars are, generally speaking, little women. A size sixteen is the exception out there. When we use the stars as models of figure beauty, we're inclined to forget this. The average American girl is taller, huskier, heavier boned than the average star. What I'm getting at is a little preachment for the "big" girl, the girl who wears an eighteen or a twenty, even, and who tries to copy too much the dress and get-up of her favorite star.

WHY, nowadays, eighteens and twenties are spoken of in sort of a hushed tone as if it weren't quite nice to be tall. Phooey. If you are slim and in proportion, if the tum is flat and the hips minus bulges, you have just as much claim to beauty as the little wisps of girls. In fact, an artist would say you have more claim to beauty. But don't commit the mistakes so many tall, big girls commit. Wear your proper size. I know—the cheaper dresses put all their prettiest styles into the smaller sizes. When you hunt for an eighteen or a twenty, you run into dreary old Mother Hubbard affairs you wouldn't be caught dead in. So you do one of two things—squeeze into a sixteen, which is wrong, or unhappily buy something that will "do" and hate it every time you wear it.

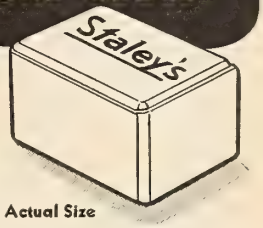
Yuh gotta pay more for things if you're tall and big, sister, and you might just as well make up your mind to it. Go to the better shops. Better dresses run larger, have generous seams and good hems. Instead of running one dress style through the whole range of feminine sizes and shapes, there are special, suitable styles for you and special, suitable styles for your eentsy-teentsy girl friend.

If you have hat-trouble, you must pay more for hats. There are the fortunate people who can put on nine hats out of ten and look well. They can pick up bargains. They can jam the little dollar-ninety-five caps on their heads and look cute.

But if the nine out of ten hats make you look rather nutty, find yourself the clever milliner, or go to the hat shop whose prices are a little bit frightening, or stick rigidly to those plain, moderately priced well made sport types, made by several nationally known manufacturers, and no matter how your soul aches for something a little bit mad in the hat line, do not be tempted.

Well, now, in closing, I wanna tell you that I'm on the trail of some specially posed pictures for an early article, showing you some very special and clever tricks which are whipped up in the Hollywood studios. If some kind lady will step up and pose for us while one of the studio make-up experts dolls up her face, I do believe we will have something there. I want to show you exactly how an average-looking gal, properly made up, becomes a beauty, and how clever brush work can conceal facial faults in a truly magical manner. Be watching for it!

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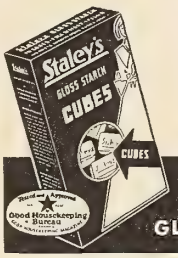


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Enclosed find 10¢ for trial bottle of Miner's Liquid Make-Up
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Anne Shirley (the smile) and Vicki Lester (the squint) do a little light imbibing in good old Roman style.

BEACH BELLES



"But don't go near the water!" Meanie Anne leads on despite Vicki's anguish. Anne'll have her wading yet!

Oop! Over she goes! There's nothing like a rollicking game of leap frog when peppy gals get together.



Anne Shirley and Vicki Lester "hang their clothes on a hickory limb"—etcetera

Couldn't take it? Indeed, yes! Just time out for a little serious copper-tinting while the sun is high.



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BOY Meets GIRL

Here it is, and for the first time, the *complete story* of "Boy Meets Girl," the hilarious comedy that caused Broadway to slap its thighs and quake with mirth.

Two eccentric writers. Two bewildered young lovers. And one unborn baby. Juggle them together, set them down in a Hollywood studio, and prepare for anything! You'll find you're getting more than you had hoped for when you follow situation after situation in the lives of four goofy individuals and one dimpled mite who gurgled his way into the heart of America.

Don't miss the complete story of "Boy Meets Girl"—adapted from the Warner Bros. picture starring James Cagney and Pat O'Brien. It is but one of the 16 stories appearing in the September SCREEN ROMANCES. In this same issue you'll find the complete stories of

TOO HOT TO HANDLE
Clark Gable and Myrna Loy
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"Chisie, what makes you say: *'Camels are different'?"*

Comfortably lounging in the cabaña, Dorothy Lovett and Chisie Farrington (right, above) are deep in a talk about the difference in cigarettes. "I'm really quite interested in that difference you're always bringing up—the difference between Camels and other cigarettes," says Miss Lovett. "What is it?"

"Oh, you *must* have noticed!" replies Mrs. Farrington. "Why, for one thing, I can smoke Camels steadily—and they never upset my nerves. They never tire my taste either. And they're always gentle to my throat . . . good to my digestion. Oh, there are so many ways in which Camels agree with me . . .

"That's it," she repeats. "Camels *agree* with me!"

MRS. FARRINGTON is a lovable, easy-to-know person. Even mere acquaintances think of her fondly as "Chisie". *Below*, "dinner at home"—smoking a Camel. She is an alumna of the Spence School and Miss Porter's . . . travels considerably . . . takes part in sports the year 'round. A steady Camel smoker, she has this to say: "Almost all of my friends smoke Camels too. If they're not smoking *mine*, I'm smoking *theirs*. A grand cigarette—Camels! So good and mild!"



MRS. FARRINGTON has fished for big game from Nova Scotia to the Bahamas—caught tarpon, sailfish, big blue marlin, tuna. Above, photograph taken after her biggest catch was weighed in. A giant tuna—720 pounds, 9 feet, 10 inches long! And she's a mere 102 pounds! "That tuna tried hard to pull me overboard," she says. "Tense moments like that make me realize how much I depend upon healthy nerves—and how glad I am that I smoke Camels! Camels never jangle my nerves, and I smoke them *steadily*. And when I'm tired, smoking Camels gives my energy such a 'lift'!"



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ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER "*Camels agree with me*"

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HEPBURN?

Modern Screen

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OCTOBER

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CENTS



IRENE DUNNE

ERROL FLYNN *Confesses!*



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SCHOOL DAYS

Even movie stars must study the three R's!

Judy Garland's got the copybook blues. Who wants to study French this kind of weather, she'd like to know?



Even studio school marms have twin troubles—but Billy and Bobby Mauch are really good students.



What's this, teacher? Has Mickey Rooney got report card complications already? Aw, shucks!

Deanna Durbin of the lark-like voice adores her history. How about a date or two, Deanna?





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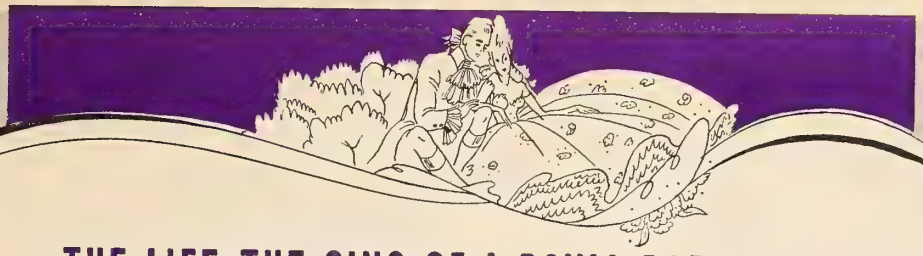
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THE LIFE, THE SINS OF A ROYAL BAD-GIRL!

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glamorous Queen of France. Of her virtues .. her intrigue and brilliance as a queen but .. more than anything else .. we read of her scarlet history as the playgirl of Europe... of her flirtations .. her escapades with the noblemen of her court .. her extravagances even while her subjects starved. * Now the screen gives us .. "MARIE ANTOINETTE" the woman .. we see her, as tho' through a keyhole .. not on the pages of history... but in her boudoir .. in the perfumed halls of the palace of Versailles .. on the moonlit nights in her garden .. A rendezvous with her lover .. we follow her through triumphs and glory .. midst the pageantry of that shameless court .. we see the tottering of her throne .. the uprising of her people .. her arrest and imprisonment .. and we follow her on that last ride through the streets of Paris to the guillotine. NEVER .. not since the screen found voice .. has there been a drama so mighty in emotional conflict .. so sublime in romance .. so brilliant in spectacle .. so magnificent in performance .. truly "MARIE ANTOINETTE" reaches the zenith of extraordinary entertainment thrill!



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Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II · Produced by HUNT STROMBERG



ROMANTIC TYRONE POWER AS THE MAN WHO OFFERED HER THE LOVE SHE COULD NEVER FIND IN HER STRANGE MARRIAGE



It's hard to believe that the gracious Gail we know was ever a shy, awkward novice.



"They lost the pattern after they made him," says Gail of handsome hubby, Bob Cobb.

SHE SHOULD WORRY!

BY

JEAN SOMERS

I WANTED to find out why Gail Patrick had played Deanna Durbin's mother in "Mad About Music." Mother roles are popular. You've seen many an actress cuddle a moppet of four or five or six. But to take on a daughter of fourteen is another story. It's saying in effect, "I think I look old enough to have a daughter of fourteen." And that a glamor girl must never do.

I wanted to find out why this glamor girl had done it. In the process, I stumbled onto another and better story. We were seated at a table in one of the booths of the famous Brown Derby. Bob Cobb, the Derby's genial owner, passed. "Hello, darling," he called. Gail's dark eyes crinkled into a lovely smile. "Hello, darling yourself." There was nothing casual about either "darling." Married for almost two years, they're deep in love, and don't care who knows it.

The smile still lay in her eyes as she turned to me. "There's one reason why I'm not afraid of anything. And I guess maybe he includes all the rest."

It was pleasant to hear, because it came so simply and spontaneously, as if spilling over from a cup brimful of happiness. Watching her, I thought, "Lucky guy, to have a wife so beautiful and so adoring." By the time we parted, I knew she was just as lucky.

The movies will never come first with Gail Patrick. If she were perched, the starriest of stars, on the topmost branch of the Hollywood Christmas tree, and were told to choose between husband and career, she'd blow the career a kiss and come sliding down without a second thought. Pictures are her job. She likes the job, she wants to make progress in it, but for all that pictures are not Gail Patrick's whole life.

When she was five, she made up her mind to be a lawyer. Till twenty, it remained her single goal. Then she entered a college beauty contest. To her genuine astonishment, she won first prize. It meant a trip to Hollywood, and a screen test. The test would be a joke, thought Gail, but the trip would be fun, something to tell the girls about back in Birmingham.

You know what happened. Time and again she was on the point of departure. "I don't want to be an actress, I want to be a lawyer," she'd cry rebelliously. They'd wave a raise in salary under her nose, and drag her off the plane. She was bewildered, incredulous, torn two ways. She couldn't turn down all that money. On the other hand, it couldn't last. "Every time I got my check, I'd race like mad to the bank, for fear they'd call my bluff before I got a chance to cash it," Gail told me.

Eventually she took the path chance had blown her into. But she took it with a difference. She didn't say, "I've got to act. If I lose out, my life will be dust and ashes." She said, "I wasn't born to act. A freak of fate's put me into this, but I'm just stubborn enough to want to see what I can do with it. If I lose out, I can still go back to studying law."

This sense of another harbor gave her perspective, helped her see through the Hollywood delusion that movies are the whole of life. What the law began, Bob Cobb finished. Over a period of (*Continued on page 16*)

Gail Patrick lets you in on the secret of her newly-found happiness

A TIP ABOUT BATHING TO A GIRL WITH A DATE TONIGHT



After your bath, don't fail to give underarms Mum's sure care!

WHAT a wonderful *lift* a bath gives to a girl who is going out in the evening. It starts you off so gloriously fresh and alive.

But even the most perfect bath can't protect you all evening long. Underarms must have *special* care—that's why smart girls, *popular* girls, follow every bath with Mum! They know that a bath only takes care of *past* perspiration—but Mum keeps underarms sweet through the hours *to come*—makes odor impossible.

Many a girl who starts out fresh, loses that freshness before the evening's over. If you want to avoid worry about underarm odor—if you want to be a girl who gets a *second* date and a *third*—remember, no bath protects you like a bath plus Mum. Then you'll never risk offending others, never risk spoiling your own good times. Always use Mum.

MUM IS QUICK! Just half a minute is all you ever need to apply Mum.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is completely harmless to every fabric. And Mum is gentle, actually soothing to the skin. You can use it immediately after shaving the underarms.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop perspiration—it simply banishes all odor, all day or all evening long. Hours after your bath, Mum will keep you as fresh and sweet as when you started out.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT USE FOR MUM —Thousands of girls use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know it's gentle, safe, sure. Avoid worries and embarrassment with Mum.

ONE HALF MINUTE AND YOUR CHARM IS SAFE



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Ann Miller in "You Can't Take It With You" is ballet conscious —and how!



A bit surprised at her own agility, Ann is about to yell for help, but the good old family armchair comes to the rescue.



OH, TO BE A DANCER!

You can't say Ann doesn't try!



Now isn't that coy? We like that one. This girl has possibilities!



Where'd you learn that step, Ann? Don't tell us! We've guessed it—you made it up!



Don't give up, honey child. You'll be another Pavlowa bye and bye!



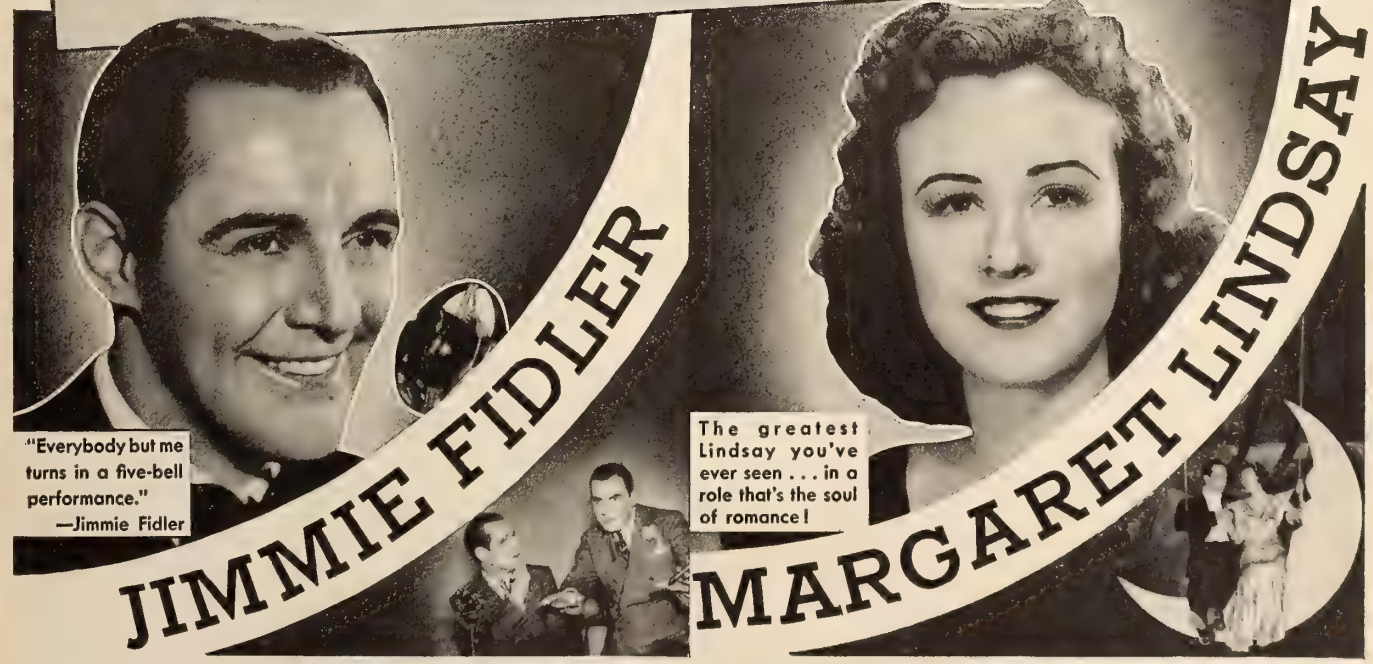
HEADING THE PARADE IN MOTION PICTURES' GREATEST YEAR!

Here's the new season's high level in new entertainment. Packed with action! Crammed with surprises! Be there when this fast-moving romance is shown in your theatre!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

GARDEN OF THE MOON

JOE VENUTI AND HIS SWING CATS • JOHNNIE DAVIS • JERRY COLONNA



DIRECTED BY BUSBY BERKELEY • Screen Play by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay From the Saturday Evening Post Story by H Bedford-Jones and Barton Browne • Music and Lyrics by Harry Warren, Al Dubin and Johnny Mercer • A First National Picture.

Hear these great new song hits: "GARDEN OF THE MOON," "LOVE IS WHERE YOU FIND IT," "CONFIDENTIALLY," "THE LADY ON THE TWO-CENT STAMP," "GIRL FRIEND OF THE WHIRLING DERVISH."

WHITE ELEPHANTS

"I've got everything I want," says Joe E. Brown—and means every word of it

BY JULIA SHAWELL

IN ONE of those well-kept imposing California stables that make a lot of people envy the life of a race horse, a short slender man, gaily decked out in an English country coat, was quietly stroking the side of a smooth, glossy mare. The horse whinnied appreciation of such admiring attention and the man, in expert fashion, opened his mouth wide to imitate his four-footed friend's "thank you." Joe E. Brown lost the contest by an inch—and the size of his teeth.

Massa Brown was being one of the landed gentry, surveying his domain. "From elephants to horses, and it took a long time," he remarked with a reminiscent note.

"Well, if it's horses you want, you deserve them, Joe," a watching friend replied.

"But the elephants weren't so bad—not even the white ones," retorted Joe with that genial broad grin he doesn't reserve for the remunerative occasions when he's being paid for it. The kind of elephants that never forget were the ones Joe E. Brown had to water, a long time ago. And what a reservoir it took, when the lonely little circus slavey tended them. The white ones, though, are what Joe calls those bad breaks that are part of every real trouper's road to glory, and he says he'll always do the remembering for them.

Elephants, white and otherwise, have played an important part many times in the Brown career. In fact, there have been a couple of stall occupants on Joe's San Fernando farm which might be classed in the white elephant family, judging by the way they've gone around the track for their owner. But elephants or horses, they're all just a part of the fun this unassuming, kindly star gets out of living.

To the millions who crowd theaters all over the world when a Joe E. Brown picture comes to town, this stellar comedian is a lovable clown whose antics get under the skin of the crowd. Away from his acting, he's a quiet sort of person who doesn't waste his words, but makes sense when he talks. Home, job and horses are his chief interests in life, and his family always comes first with him.

Well-rounded as is his knowledge of general affairs, ambitious as he may be about his Hollywood career, concerned as he is about what happens around him, the most significant thing I ever heard Joe E Brown say was this statement which he made not long ago, "I've got everything."

It wasn't a boast to create an impression, nor a remark to make conversation. Right out from deep inside of him those words came, and they carried a conviction of such contentment and happiness as are rare in Hollywood—or any place else.

"So you're the man who has everything?" he was asked, with an "I've always wanted to meet that man" suggestion.

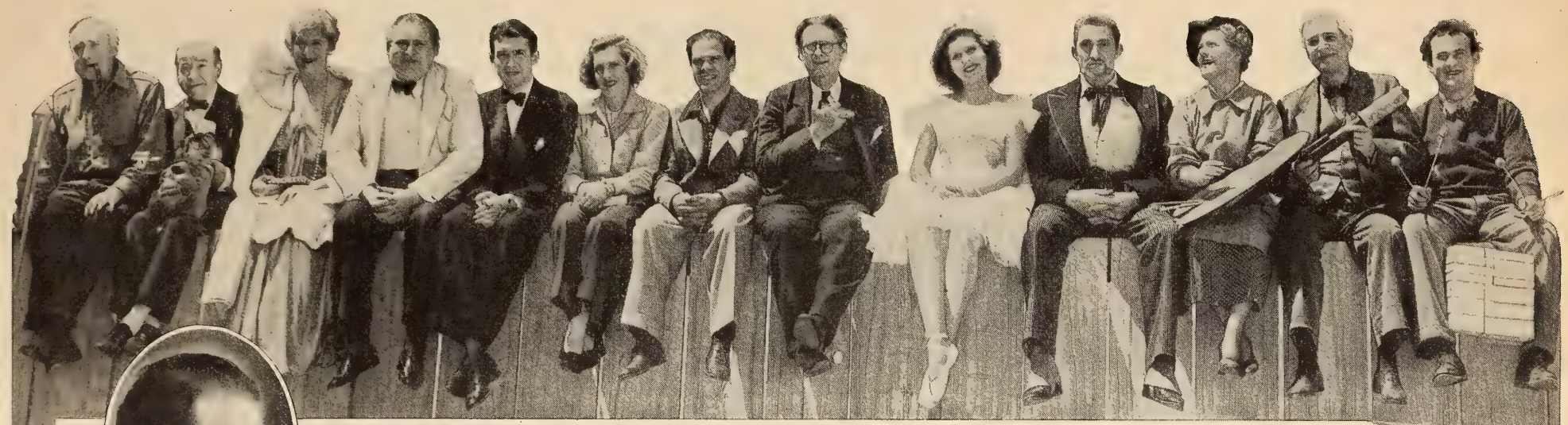
"Well, everything I want," Joe answered. It's wonderful—especially because it's true.

Joe E. Brown has all those things he used to hope would come to him, but sometimes didn't dare to dream he'd get. He has a film contract that not only gives him one of the Class A cinema salaries, but also permits him considerable authority in choosing his stories and planning his productions. He has a wife, the same one he married over twenty years ago. He has four children who—well, when you get him started on that subject, it's difficult to switch him to any other. He has a house in Beverly Hills, a ranch-farm in the San Fernando Valley, (*Continued on page 113*)



Above, Joe takes small daughter Mary Elizabeth aboard Jumbo. Below, Joe and Mrs. Brown at the races.







FRANK CAPRA

The Great Pulitzer Prize Play Becomes the Year's Outstanding Picture!

Frank Capra's

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

JEAN ARTHUR ★ LIONEL BARRYMORE ★ JAMES STEWART ★ EDWARD ARNOLD

MISCHA AUER · ANN MILLER · SPRING BYINGTON · SAMUEL S. HINDS · DONALD MEEK · H. B. WARNER

Based on the Pulitzer Prize Play by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN & MOSS HART

Screen play by Robert Riskin

A Columbia Picture

Directed by FRANK CAPRA

MOVIE REVIEWS



★★★★ Marie Antoinette

Norma Shearer is back on the screen in what well may be hailed as her finest performance. A wildly enthusiastic première audience proclaimed both Miss Shearer and the film a tremendous success. "Marie Antoinette" is film pageantry at its finest. It moves along at a pace unusual for costume pictures. The fact that there isn't a dull moment is definitely a personal triumph for director W. S. Van Dyke. Scenarists have wisely taken liberties with history by accentuating Marie Antoinette's love story and by "humanizing" both the Queen and her husband, Louis XVI. All in all, "Marie Antoinette" is grand entertainment, and will be enjoyed by all types of audiences.

For Miss Shearer it is a highly successful return to the screen, and her followers will be delighted with her performance. Even so, the portrayal which will be remembered longest is Robert Morley's superb playing of Louise XVI, France's weak and stupid king who marched to the guillotine a brave and honorable man. Space does not permit extolling added virtues, but there are excellent supporting roles played by Joseph Schildkraut, John Barrymore, Gladys George and Anita Louise. Tyrone Power, in the romantic lead, handles his comparatively small role effectively. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.—*M-G-M.*



★★★ The Shopworn Angel

Intelligently written and directed, and beautifully played by the three principals, "The Shopworn Angel" is a certain hit, as appealing and sympathy-stirring as it is humorous and bright. It is so good in all of its departments that it can be recommended heartily. It is head and shoulders above nine-tenths of this season's pictures.

Setting is New York in 1917, when America entered the World War. Principal characters are a hard-boiled Broadway show girl (Margaret Sullavan), a worldly producer (Walter Pidgeon) and a naive, gangling soldier from Texas (James Stewart). There is comedy in the meeting of the soldier and the show girl, and drama in his pathetic attempt to show his buddies that she is his sweetheart. In the background of the well-written script there is an undertone of the futility of war and the false patriotism inspired by bands and marching men.

Margaret Sullavan again proves that she is one of the most talented young ladies in filmdom, and Jimmy Stewart even exceeds his excellent work in "Vivacious Lady." Walter Pidgeon rounds out the trio of good performances with a wise and understanding portrayal of the Broadway producer. In fewer words—don't miss "The Shopworn Angel." Directed by H. C. Potter.—*M-G-M.*



★★★ The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse

When a reputable physician, interested in crime and reactions of criminals, personally conducts a series of sensational robberies and winds up with the ultimate crime—murder—is he insane or did he actually do all these things in the interest of science? That's the question asked in one of the best and most interesting of the current films.

As the amazing Dr. Clitterhouse, Edward G. Robinson completes a series of daring robberies, purportedly to check his reactions for a contemplated book on crime. With the stolen goods on his hands he goes to a prominent "fence" (Claire Trevor) to dispose of them, and becomes the leader of her gang, deposing one, Rocks Valentine (Humphrey Bogart). The gang is highly successful, but when Dr. Clitterhouse bids them goodbye to return to normal life, Rocks trails him and blackmails him with threats of disclosing his activities to the police. Dr. Clitterhouse calmly murders Rocks, and an exciting trial follows. Does the jury convict him? We won't spoil the fun by telling you.

"Dr. Clitterhouse" is perhaps Edward G. Robinson's best screen characterization. Claire Trevor and Humphrey Bogart are excellent. There is also swell comedy by Maxie Rosenbloom, the reformed prizefighter. Directed by Anatole Litvak.—*First National.*

BY LEO TOWNSEND

TODAY'S TALKIES



★★★ Four's a Crowd

Here is one of this season's most entertaining comedies. The story deals with the trials and tribulations of a newspaper owned by wealthy socialite Pat Knowles, who is constantly on the verge of closing up shop. Rosalind Russell, as the ace reporter, decides to do something to save the paper. This, however, turns out to be the rehiring of Errol Flynn as managing editor. Flynn has other ideas, but sees the job as a means to his end. With one idea in mind, to get wealthy Walter Connolly to donate millions to purify his name, Flynn plays both sides. Not content with making love to Roz and Olivia De Havilland (Connolly's granddaughter), he uses the paper to make Connolly the most hated man in the world. Though a bit confusing at times, it all works out and as the four elope each goes his own happy way—in one cab!

Errol Flynn gives his best performance to date. As his foil, Roz Russell comes through with flying colors. Patric Knowles' performance is both entertaining and well done. The beautiful De Havilland, as the gullible daughter of the rich is completely charming.

Walter Connolly and Hugh Herbert are perfect. Herbert comes near to stealing the show as the minister aroused in the middle of night to marry the four. Connolly, as usual, is a grumpy Grandpa but manages to make himself as lovable as possible. Directed by Michael Curtiz.—*Warner Brothers.*



★★★ Professor, Beware

Harold Lloyd's back again in this one. But there's nothing absent-minded about Prof. Lloyd. He's remembered every gag that slew audiences of the Mack Sennett era. It's slapstick de luxe, with not a trick missing. But honest hokum still guarantees a fine time for all as evidenced by the preview audience's howls of glee.

There's a thread of story to belie suspicion that the whole thing was shot off the cuff. The professor's an Egyptologist whose main interest in life is mummies. He's almost at the ossification point himself when Phyllis Welch decides her main interest in life is the prof. Phyllis, an actress-heiress, is a delectable dish in any language—except Egyptian. Unfortunately our hero has just deciphered the hieroglyphics on an ancient tablet which tell of a dame who made a sucker of a gent some 3000 years ago. Working on the theory that history will repeat itself, Harold takes flight, with the blonde in hot pursuit. It's a chase that makes the Keystone cops look pretty silly, taking in all the country from Los Angeles to New York.

The supporting cast is hardy and competent down to the last bit. "Professor Beware" makes no sense whatever, but it's bound to make the dollars. Which is the test of a good picture in any language—even Egyptian. Directed by Elliott Nugent.—*Paramount.*



★★ Boy Meets Girl

The famous Broadway comedy hit finally turns up on the screen, but it isn't as amusing as it was on the stage.

The plot deals with the making of movies. This, however, is more than a satire. It's a brutal burlesque. Those familiar with the inner workings of the picture game will laugh long and loud, but the general public may not find it so amusing.

The entire action takes place in and around the office of a producer, Ralph Bellamy, whose two problem children are crack pot writers Jim Cagney and Pat O'Brien. Waitress Marie Wilson, in a delicate condition, proves the inspiration for their story material. The roving cowboy is to inherit a baby for his future thrillers—the baby Happy. Dick Foran doesn't object to horses, but draws the line at stooging for a baby. However, Happy becomes a star, but develops measles and is through at the age of eight months.

Cagney as a screwy writer gives an excellent and very amusing characterization. Pat O'Brien as his partner is miscast, but does the best possible. Ralph Bellamy as the dumb producer is excellent. And Dick Foran playing the ham cowboy star threatens to steal the picture. Marie Wilson in the role of Happy's Ma does a bang up job, and supplies the love interest to boot. The supporting cast is good. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.—*Warner Brothers.*

More Reviews on page 82

Here's the tops in entertainment fare for every taste and every mood

"Variety and surprise are the secrets of successful lunches," says Shirley Temple's mother

BY MARJORIE DEEN



Courtesy General Foods

These nut-sprinkled cookies are favorites with most children, and they pack well too.

Box LUNCHES ARE

A PICNIC EVERY DAY in the week! That's Shirley Temple's—and every other child's—idea of a wonderful time. Whether the food that makes the picnic comes out of an elaborately well appointed basket or out of a pasteboard box makes no difference.

But have you ever stopped to wonder why the usual school lunch box (with which our youngsters will soon be trudging forth daily) seems to hold no such charm?

When I asked her opinion on the subject, little Miss Temple, for one, couldn't imagine why that should be. But Mrs. Temple, wise mother that she is, suggested the probable solution, basing her conclusions upon her own daughter's reactions. Which, despite her fame, box office standing and amazing poise, are likely to be pretty normal reactions. For Shirley has much the same tastes and opinions as the average youngster of her age, and the same ideas on what's fun and what isn't. And picnic lunches take a high place under the former category, according to the friendly, homey mother of this wonder child.

"When we started to plan our trip East," declared Mrs. Temple in an interview that took place in New York, "one of the first questions Shirley asked was, 'Well, if we go by automobile do we get to have a picnic every day?'

"Naturally I didn't commit myself," she continued, "for Shirley has a very carefully planned regimen for meals as well as everything else. But as it turned out there were many al fresco repasts along the way.

"At the Desert Inn in Palm Springs, where we usually spend vacations between pictures, Shirley's greatest joy is to have lunch on our bungalow lawn with some little friend. Even at home we frequently picnic in the back garden, where I notice it takes no coaxing to get Dad and the boys to join us!"

Undoubtedly what Shirley and all other children like about picnics is their impromptu air, was the way Mrs. Temple summed it up. "But any youngster would soon find it monotonous if these boxed meals were to fall into a set pattern of repetition and sameness. It's the charm of the unexpected that makes any lunch box take on the beloved and exciting attributes of an honest-to-goodness picnic!"

So, from now on, when you send little Junior or Mary Ellen off to school in the morning, just get them to pretend with you that that "nuisancy old school lunch" is really a picnic. And have the box contain, as does Shirley's, unexpected treats.

Did I hear you ask, "What, for instance?" Nothing fancy, I assure you, for that would not be healthful. Concentrate instead on variety and the surprise element, to make delving into the box a real adventure!

For example, in her lunch box at the studio or elsewhere, Shirley finds a lamb sandwich one day, chicken the next, while on still another day there are little biscuits made by that fair young miss herself, with her mother's help, in her own little glass-brick playhouse.

Tucked away in one corner there might be a stalk of celery stuffed with cream cheese and nuts. A simple sponge cake might be on hand to accompany the inevitable glass of milk, while under the gay paper napkin a wax paper-protected piece of candy might lurk. For good candy in moderation, you know, supplies what every child needs, energy.

Why, the possibilities for variety, even in so small a space, are indeed endless. Fruits of all kinds provide a strong supporting cast for the stars of the meal. A sweet ripe banana, to mention one, supplies extra food energy plus vitamins and minerals that growing children require.

By the by, why not delight your child some day soon by making the school lunch box sandwich with date bread for which Mrs. Temple's favorite recipe is given here. This easy-to-make bread is delicious used with a variety of fillings and also boasts long-keeping qualities.

And how about cookies for that midday surprise? They pack about as well as anything I know, and of course "packability" is a prime requisite for school lunches. Shirley particularly likes the flavor of these nut-sprinkled cookies and so, I'm sure, will your young hopeful.

"LUNCH BOX" COOKIES

Part 1

½ cup butter, or other shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg, well beaten
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 cups sifted cake flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt

Part 2

1 egg white, slightly beaten
1 tablespoon sugar
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
grated rind of 1 orange
½ cup finely chopped Brazil nuts

Part 1: Cream shortening thoroughly. Add one-half of the sugar gradually, creaming well together. Add egg and flavoring; beat well. Add remaining sugar, beating until sugar is dissolved. Sift flour, measure. Add baking powder and salt and sift again. Add flour mixture to first mixture. Form into a ball and chill before rolling. Roll out small portions of chilled dough on a slightly floured board to ⅛ inch thickness. Cut with floured cutter. (See illustration above.)



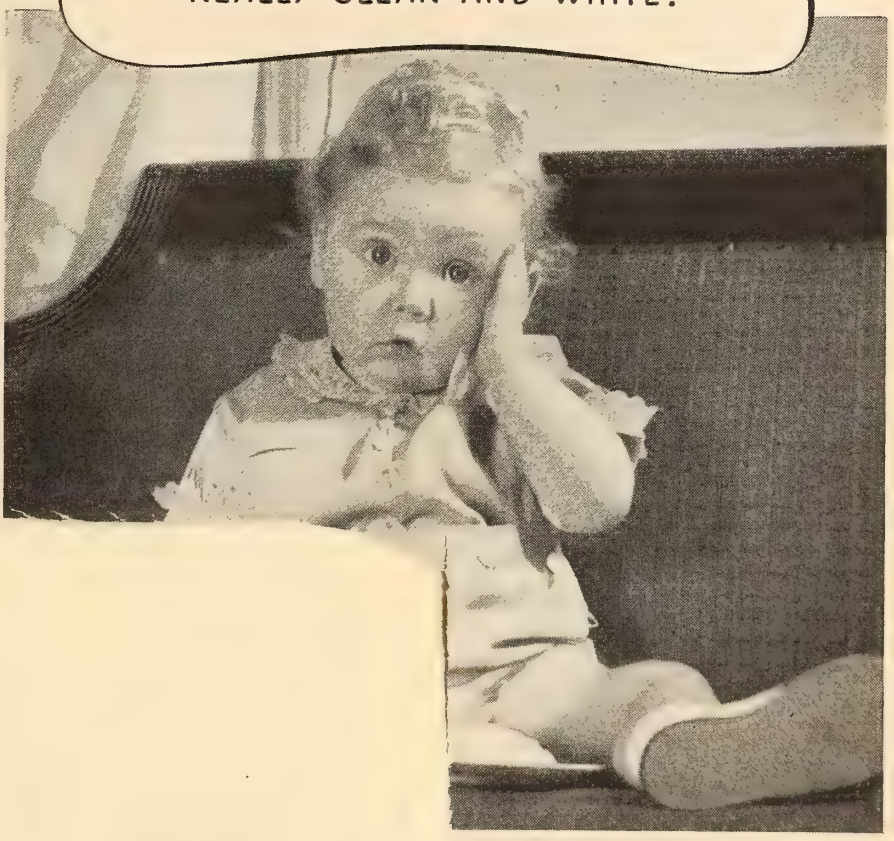
Shirley Temple adores box lunches that are full of unexpected goodies.

FUN . .

Part 2: Brush cookies with egg white. Mix together the sugar, cinnamon, grated rind and nuts. Sprinkle this mixture on the

HE'D BE THE CUTEST BABY AT THE PARTY IF THAT SUIT WASN'T SO FULL OF **TATTLE-TALE GRAY**

HIS POOR MOTHER MUST BE USING LAZY SOAP. I WISH TO GOODNESS SHE'D SWITCH TO **FELS-NAPTHA** AND LET ITS RICHER **GOLDEN** SOAP AND **LOTS OF GENTLE NAPTHA** GET CLOTHES REALLY CLEAN AND WHITE!



see if you don't get the snowiest, sweetest washes that ever danced on your line! See how much easier and quicker its richer *golden* soap and *lots of naptha* make your wash!

Change to Fels-Naptha! Get a few golden bars from your grocer on your next shopping trip. You'll save money. And you'll save your clothes from tattle-tale gray.

GRAY" SOAP!

PEPPIEST FLAKES EVER! TRY FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS, TOO!



TROPIC BEAUTY
for your
FINGER TIPS

From the Tropics, where Nature's loveliest colors are found, fashion experts bring the perfect shades for your nails. See how exquisitely Glazo captures their subtle beauty . . . select your own flattering shade today!

FAMOUS STARS CHOOSE TROPIC

Hollywood—The favorite nail polish shade for fall and winter is Glazo's smoky ash-pink TROPIC. "I love it," says Joan Bennett; "it's fascinating!" Like all Glazo colors, TROPIC gives you days longer wear.

PARK AVENUE GOES CONGO



New York—The deep, luscious orchid-rose of Glazo's CONGO is seen at the smarter places. Every Glazo shade gleams with rich non-fading brilliant lustre.

PALM SPRINGS TAKES CABAÑA

Palm Springs—At this style-making resort, the popular polish shade is CABAÑA—Glazo's gay rusty-red color. Glazo nail polish goes on easily and evenly; does not streak or run; and dries quickly.



IN BERMUDA IT'S SPICE

Bermuda—The tempting exotic burgundy color of Glazo's SPICE is the vogue. Get the becoming new Glazo shades at all drug counters.

Other Glazo fashion-shades: Old Rose; Thistle; Rust; Russet; Shell. All shades, extra large size . . . 25¢

Glazo's NAIL-COTE guards nails against splitting and breaking; gives added gloss; makes your polish last longer. Only 25¢.



GLAZO
NEW TROPIC SHADES

SHE SHOULD WORRY!

(*Continued from page 6*)

years he had seen movie stars come and go, rejecting all the other gifts of life in their grim climb upward, breaking their hearts as they lost their toe hold and went crashing down again. He never made speeches nor obtruded his own point of view. When Gail asked him how he felt about her work, he said, "That's up to you, honey. I bring home the bacon. If you want to do that for fun, it's your business." But he won't let her worry about it. If she comes home disappointed over a part given or withheld, "So what?" he wants to know. "We're happy, aren't we?" And the whole picture takes on its true porportions.

Now you begin to see why Gail will do what others are afraid to do. Movie tradition says the illusion of youth must be preserved. An actress must never be more than twenty-nine. Gail thinks not in terms of movie tradition, but in her own terms. Her mind cuts through fuzzy inessentials to the core. "What if people do think me older than I am? That doesn't bother me. I never was the ingénue type. Who am I to turn down anything? It isn't so easy to kill a featured player, anyway. It might be different if I were a star.

"The born actress feels, I'll die unless I get to the top. But if I never get to the top, I'll still be happy. Life looks fine to me from just where I am. Don't misunderstand. I want to be a good actress. But I figure that my best chance is to play every kind of part that comes my way. Then maybe some day I might turn in such a good performance that I'll fool everybody, even myself."

Her studio didn't want Gail to play the other sister in "My Man Godfrey." It wasn't a sympathetic role. She pleaded and argued, and finally went to the top. "Who cares whether it's sympathetic or not?" she stormed. "Here's a chance to work under La Cava, to play with Carole Lombard, to learn something. If you owned a piece of real estate, you'd do all you could to improve it, wouldn't you? Well, this is the same thing."

The head of the studio grinned. "Okay, property. Go ahead and improve yourself. We wouldn't stop you for the world."

In the case of "Mad About Music," Gail's studio left the decision up to her. "Frankly," they said, "we don't know whether you'd be smart or not to play Deanna's mother. It's up to you."

GAIL read the script and thought it was a honey. She considered it a break for anyone to play in a Durbin picture. "At least you know you'll be seen by the maximum audience. As for the mother angle, it's possible to have a child at sixteen. I'm twenty-six, and I look thirty. Oh yes, I do." Laughter ran through her warm Southern voice. "I've looked thirty ever since I was twenty-two. With luck, maybe it'll work the other way round, and I'll go on looking thirty until I'm forty. That wouldn't be so bad."

"And don't think I didn't learn from that child. There was a scene where I had to hold out my arms and say, 'My baby!' That threw me. I sounded as if I were saying, 'Let's go fishing.' Then suddenly she looked up and smiled, the sweetest smile I'd ever seen in my life. You couldn't help loving her, you couldn't help meaning all the pet names you could call her. If ever I have to go soft in another picture, I'll only need to think of Deanna's smile. I keep it here," she said, poking at the general region of her heart. "It's part of my stock-in-trade."

Four months ago John Stahl told Gail he wanted her for the part of Adolphe Menjou's fiancée in "Letter of Introduction." They were about to begin shooting when he sent for her. "The part's been rewritten. It's not big enough for you."

"That doesn't matter. I want to work with you," Gail announced calmly.

Stahl clutched at his head. "I tell her it isn't big enough, and she says it doesn't matter." He broke into a yell. "Did you hear that, everybody?"

An assistant came running. "What's the matter?" he shouted.

"Nothing, nothing. For a minute I died and went to heaven and saw an angel."

As it happened, she didn't play the part. Instead, she was given the lead opposite Warren William in "Wives Under Suspicion."

"But a few years ago this town had me scared to death," Gail reminisced. "I was afraid to open my mouth or show my face, before Bob came along. He gave me self-confidence. He believed in me, made me feel he was proud to be seen with me, so I began thinking maybe I wasn't such a freak after all."

This statement floored me. That anyone who looks like Gail Patrick should need reassurance sounds impossible. But Gail doesn't go in for coyness. When she tells you something, it isn't for effect. It's the truth, you can rely upon that.

Imagine a girl brought up in the normal environment of family, school and friends, her course plainly marked out for her, suddenly transplanted to the razzle-dazzle of Hollywood. Yesterday a leader in her class and social set, today a nobody, surrounded by strangers.

She'd been taught that business was business, and had nothing to do with personalities. She didn't know how to bare her soul to all comers. As she put it, "Nobody but my family had ever seen me take down my hair, and I couldn't get used to doing it in public." She was labeled a freeze. She neither drank nor smoked. So she was considered a prude.

She was accused of looking and acting like a lady, than which there are few more damning epithets in Hollywood. A lady is a female, minus a heart or any of the more endearing human traits. That reputation did her more harm than anything else, for it lost her good roles. Hesitantly, Irving Thalberg once tested her for the part of a girl who got drunk. He didn't think she could do it, but after watching her on the screen he was so pleased that he gave her a contract.

THAT was encouraging, but it wasn't until she met Bob Cobb that she unsnarled herself in earnest. Here was an expert in the movie world who asked nothing better than to spend his time with her. It wasn't so much that he could steer her right, as that he seemed blithely unaware of anything wrong. To him she was perfection. She didn't smoke or drink? What of it? She couldn't talk Hollywood's language? He liked her own.

The power of suggestion worked with her, as it does with all of us. She grew surer-footed. Her whole personality unfolded in boundless gratitude and love.

"They lost the pattern after they made him," Gail says, "and I'm not alone in thinking so. Once we had a misunderstanding and broke up. Often, on such occasions, your friends rally round and try to comfort you by telling you what you've escaped. All the comfort I got was, 'Gail, you're a dope. Better get that guy back. You won't find another one like him in a hundred years.'"

Her husband sends her flowers every Tuesday, because Tuesday was the day on which they met. Regularly on the seventeenth of each month, their wedding anniversary, a box arrives with a gift he himself has chosen. Lately he's been concentrating on copper kitchen vessels, because she wants to do her kitchen in copper. "Hey, Bob, the first year's over," a friend reminded him. "How long does she rate a wedding present every month?"

"All the rest of her life," said Bob briefly.

To him, she's still perfection. He insists that she really is. She insists it's his seraphic disposition that makes him think so. "Sometimes I flare up and say more than I should. He says, 'I'll be right back, honey,' or, 'I think so too.' If I want to stay home, that's swell, he's just discovered he's tired. If I want to go out, that's the one thing he's been yearning to do. Any little mistakes I make, that's exactly the way he wanted it. If I invite people he doesn't like to dinner, it's wonderful how he couldn't have lived another day without seeing those very people. It sounds like a gag, I know. But that's the kind of a man I married, God love him. Here he comes now."

He paused at the table again, a husky-looking seraph, blissfully unaware of the wings I saw sprouting from his shoulders.

"I've been telling how it took me three years to talk you into marrying me," said his wife.

"Are you through? Now I'll tell the real story. Okay, Mrs. Cobb?"

Their eyes met in that look which shuts the rest of the world out. "I'm not afraid," she smiled.



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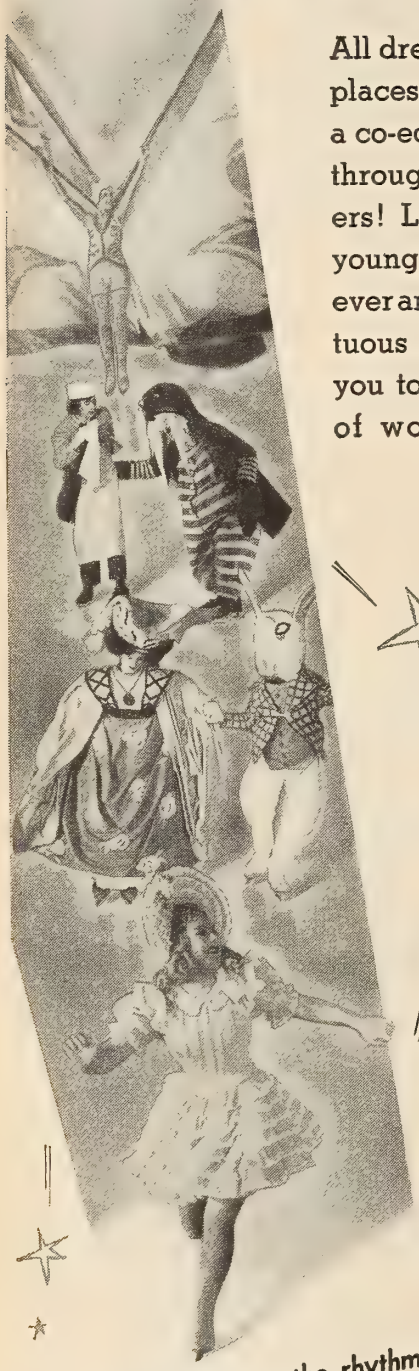
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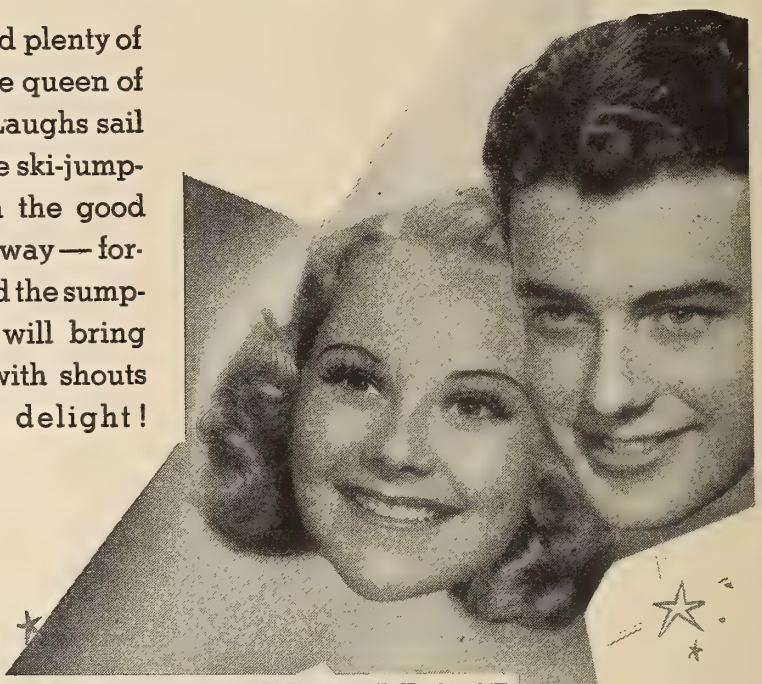
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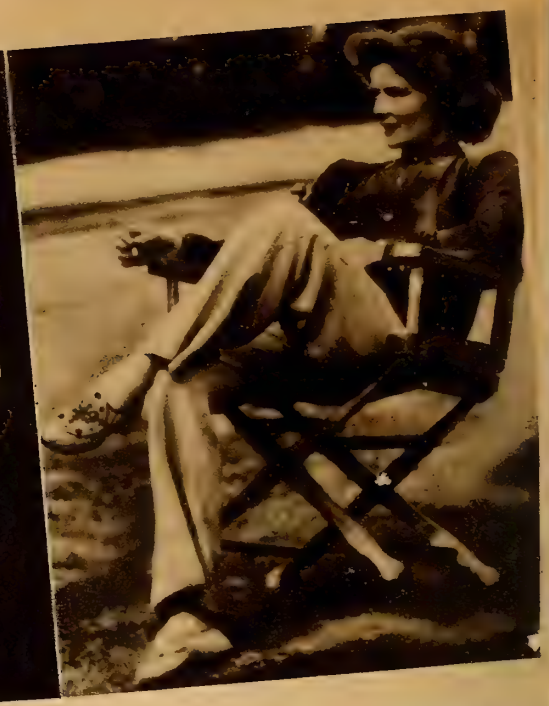

John
PAYNE


Janet
GAYNOR


Warner
BAXTER


Hedy
LAMARR

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH Hepburn?



Wearing unconventional clothes and dodging everyone have been two of Hepburn's favorite poses.



Why has happiness eluded Katharine Hepburn? Can she save herself now?

Shall she be wife, stage or

BEFORE THIS summer is over Katharine Hepburn must decide which road she will take.

Shall she go on splitting her precious youth between battles in Hollywood and heartaching attempts to establish herself on the New York stage? Shall she remember, before it is too late, that first of all she is a woman? Or shall she toss off her mistakes of yesterday with a fierce saneness and begin a last, grand effort to become the triumphant, superior person she originally resolved to be?

In Hollywood today there is a profound curiosity as to which future Hepburn will choose. She has still, obviously, great undeveloped potentialities. Up to now it has generally been Kate who has foiled herself.

Now once more her course is open for her own selection. There are no strings, no ties that bind. She has movie fame, wealth, health, and no man to interfere with her career. She's seen to all this. Yet is she content? No! Happiness is eluding Hepburn.

Kate impatiently hastened her arrival at the cross-roads by walking out on the studio that discovered her and made her renowned. She's no longer under contract because when they ordered her into cheaper pictures she indignantly refused. Is she then going backwards after six years of Hollywood's sparing no expense to develop her? She really hasn't, she declares, the slightest intention of even considering a move like that.

The very idea of abandoning her pedestal makes Hepburn furious. Just the thought of having to do anything she doesn't want to always makes Kate see

MISS LOY



Myrna Loy keeps Clark Gable busy again in their new picture. This time it's "Too Hot To Handle."

Myrna is a hard worker but an incorrigible tease. Her pranks keep the whole studio laughing.

Theresa says the Arthur Hornblow, Jr.'s are gayest when there's no company around.

THE WOES

It's no cinch to be single and Jimmy Stewart, who is miles from the altar, tells you why



MAYBE IT'S because he is tall enough to make any girl feel petite alongside of him. Or because he is good-looking enough, but not so good-looking that he makes a girl wish she had put on more make-up. Or maybe it's because he is so natural and human that a girl can forget that he is also a famous actor.

Whatever it is that James Stewart has, it's enough to give the feminine population of Hollywood gooseflesh and complexes. At least, that's the impression I've gotten, listening to the feminine population.

No male bystander, noting such a phenomenon, could help wondering how Jimmy has managed to elude matrimony. How has he managed to maintain his bachelor standing?

So I decided to ask him.

I found Jimmy in the San Fernando Valley, working on "You Can't Take It With You." Today, on an interior set, with a city street and a city crowd visible through windows in the background, Jimmy had been dancing jubilantly with Jean Arthur. And it wasn't a day for jubilant dancing. Between the California sun and the Hollywood arc-lights, the temperature on the set was every bit of 108°.

We went to luncheon in an air-cooled restaurant and, for a moment, Jimmy didn't say anything. He took a long quaff of beer and looked at me accusingly over his glass.

"So," he said finally, with pained deliberation, "you're putting me on the spot? Before I even get a taste of lunch, too."

He shook his head

OF A HOLLYWOOD Bachelor

BY JAMES REID

ruefully, as if that were the unforgivable part.

Turning on fiendish grin number seven, I intimated that we had a lot of ground to cover, what with romance rumors and all, and therefore couldn't begin too early.

His answer was a bewildered grin, a shrug of the shoulders, and, "What's there to say? A fellow doesn't get married just to oblige some romance rumors. He has to find the right girl. At least, that's a quaint little notion I've always had. So far, I haven't found her. As far as I'm concerned, that explains everything."

But, with all the possibilities that Hollywood had to offer, how did he explain his not having found her?

"Maybe," he hazarded, "maybe I haven't met all the possibilities. Or maybe I haven't been concentrating hard enough on the search. Or maybe she's hiding from me. That's quite possible, too."

He hadn't built up any advance notions of what she would be like. He was open-minded.

"Though I don't think I'd mind if she were a sort of duplicate of Margaret Sullavan," he volunteered, looking hard at the roll he was buttering, like a man talking to himself. "She could be the same size, look a little like that, be a little like that. Un-artificial, for one thing. I've known Sullavan for years. I knew her 'way back in the Cape Cod acting days—even if it didn't get me anywhere—and she's the kind that wears well."

I gave Jimmy a thorough once-over. A few casual strands of hair were sneaking down his forehead. His necktie was askew, his collar unfastened. He didn't look like a fellow who would insist on getting acquainted with a girl for a few years before he decided whether or not he could fall in love with her. But you never can tell by looks. So, to hear what he would say, I told him that a few people had the idea that he didn't want to get married, that he was having too good a time as a bachelor.

"Those are fightin' words, pardner," he said. "There's nothing I'd like better than to settle down. 'The fun of being single' is a snare and a delusion, an exaggeration, a canard. The life of a Hollywood bachelor is fraught with hardships. Take it from one who knows."

That called for plenty of explanation. And Jimmy, particularly now that some solid food had at last arrived in front of him, was willing to explain. Between mouthfuls, chewed with typical Stewart deliberateness, he elucidated this way:

"Well, take these romance rumors, for example. You go out with Gloria Glutz once or twice, because Gloria likes to dance and you like to dance, and she's companionable and you're companionable. Then, first thing you know, there are romance rumors. People come up to you and say, 'Look, this is getting serious. Let us in on the elopement plans.' That strikes you funny—after all, you've just met the girl—and you laugh. The word gets back to Gloria Glutz that you guffawed at the idea of a romance with her. And that's the end of you with Miss Gloria Glutz.

THAT'S JUST one of the things that can happen. And do happen. I know. But the romance rumors still strike me funny. Any other place on earth, after you go out with a girl three or four times, people assume you're beginning to get acquainted with her. Here, people suspect you of being secretly married to her. Well, practically. And the whole big happy family crowds in around the two of you, to see whether or not the romance is going to last. They don't seem to realize that it hasn't even started yet, that, up to now, it hasn't had a chance to get started.

"It's a sad set-up, very sad," said Jimmy, forking viciously into his Salisbury steak. "Suppose you're just beginning to like a girl, and she's just beginning to like you. Somebody starts a romance rumor. Maybe both of you laugh it off. After all, what's a romance rumor between friends? But, sub-consciously, both of you build up your sales resistance to a romance. You don't want her to get the notion that, as far as you're concerned, she's the only flower in the garden of love. She doesn't want you thinking that she can't live without you. And, before long, you aren't holding hands any

(*Continued on page 72*)

Will Paulette Goddard divorce Charlie Chaplin? Rumor is divided. Now Paulette gives you her side of the story

PAULETTE GODDARD has never had the slightest intention of filing suit for divorce against the sad-eyed little man with the funny mustache, Charlie Chaplin.

If he should ever want his freedom and ask for it—well, now, that's another story. But, in a town where gratitude is an almost unknown virtue, the little girl whom Charlie made a star is grateful. She appreciates not only her chance at stardom, but the hours of happiness which have been showered upon her by the man she loves.

That she herself has made the most of her opportunities, taking every slight bit of instruction seriously, changing her entire pattern of life so that the fabric might be that of a star rather than that of a chorus girl, she discounts as nothing beside the fact that Chaplin gave her the chance to make good. And though it's David Selznick who's offered her her latest opportunity to create an important role in "The Young in Heart," she hasn't forgotten the man to whom she feels she owes

Under Charlie's guidance, Paulette exchanged curves for svelte lines, pretty frocks for smart gowns and costume jewelry for real diamonds.



Charlie Chaplin, master of comedy and pantomime.



Paulette with Doug Fairbanks in "The Young in Heart."

She WANTS TO STAY

the deepest debt of gratitude, the chap who turned her from a blonde chorine to the voluptuous, finished actress that she is today.

And rather than hurt or distress him in any way, she would sacrifice her own hope of personal happiness, throw away forever her right to be free, and maintain her present (rather secret) status. Other little actresses in the past have climbed to stardom through marriage and then, having attained success, have had few compunctions about throwing aside the husbands who aided them. But not Paulette. She's too grateful.

Born Pauline Levy, a native of Great Neck, Long Island, she attracted little attention in the film colony until Chaplin, the man who's always been the vivid exception to every rule, the paradox who's mingled pathos with fun-making, took her under his guidance and made her not only the leading lady in his life, but in his last picture, "Modern Times." Under his guidance and tutelage, she exchanged curves for svelte lines, pretty frocks for specially designed ones, and costume jewelry for real diamonds and rubies.

With her mother, Mrs. Alta Goddard, acting as chaperone she has put in appearance with Charlie at Palm Springs, Lake Arrowhead, the Catalina Isthmus (where all the film famous moor their boats) and Del Monte. Together, the three of them have been seen at all the right places and, since October, 1932, moviedom has linked romantically the names of Paulette and Chaplin.

But, though the film colonyites guessed a marriage ceremony had been performed, neither of the principals would admit as much. Charlie replied to questioners that he was anxious to launch Paulette on a career of her own before letting the truth in regard to their marriage be known. As time went on, however, certain facts leaked out which seemed to substantiate wedding rumors.

Before they left on a trip to the Orient in 1936, Hollywood columnists carried interviews in which Chaplin was quoted as saying this was to be his honeymoon voyage and that he would be married somewhere along the way. A couple of months later, his agent in Singapore reported receiving a wireless message from the actor asking him to "do your utmost to arrange for our marriage."

THIS MESSAGE raised a great cry the length of the Straits Settlements, and everyone began a discussion of the validity of American divorces (Chaplin having been married and divorced twice previously) under British law. Then officials opened an inquiry as to whether a special license such as would be required by the comedian under the circumstances could be granted him. Archdeacon Graham White, when contacted, flatly refused to perform a wedding ceremony in the Anglican Church because of Charlie's previous marriages.

However, the following day, March 19, while no details were given, the wire services of United Press carried the following report: "Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard were reported married in Singapore today." That was all it said, but sources close to the couple intimated that they had been married by Captain Dave Anderson, skipper of the yacht "Panacea," on which Charlie and Paulette were sailing.

Just about a year later, Elias Berger, a wholesale jeweler in Hollywood, who had just delivered to Paulette Chaplin's latest present, a wide platinum bracelet set with marquise diamonds and linked together with smaller ones, reported that Paulette, while thanking Charlie had observed that "this is my wedding anniversary present. Where we were married, he couldn't even buy a simple wedding ring."

"*Where* we were married." That little phrase seemed to tell a story of a wedding in a little village in a far-off land. So Berger, on his next trip to their house took along a slender band of platinum set with marquise diamonds which he offered as a substitute for the band that already should have been on her finger.

"She was like a child with

(*Continued on page 81*)



MARRIED!

BY KAY CAMPBELL

Scared OF HIS SHADOW

Did you know that the best dancer in America is the victim of an

By NANETTE KUTNER

THIS IS none of my business. But I consider Fred Astaire a very unhappy young man. I believe that he lives within a self-imposed nightmare of insecurity, that he constantly worries about what people will think or say about him.

I have reasons to back up my opinion, reasons that have accumulated not just yesterday, nor the day before, but over a period of years. Here they are, offered (believe me, Mr. Astaire) in a spirit that is both well meaning and friendly. I even hope it will be helpful.

Recently a popular magazine ran a short story about a college boy who was so self-conscious he was all hands and feet. Of course he had a crush on a girl, and he was going to escort her to the prom—or die in the attempt. So he went to a second-hand store and hired himself a dress suit. After he took it home, he discovered, through the label, that it had once belonged to no less a personage than the famous Fred Astaire! According to the story, this remarkable coincidence gave said college boy such confidence and ease that he immediately became the beau of the ball, danced the Rhumba like a Cuban, and, what's more he even won the girl he'd formerly been too shy to court.

What a pleasant little tale! Understandable, too. I can see how it happened. But the author might never have written that story if he had really known Fred Astaire. Granted that on-screen Mr. Astaire has the poise and dash of a Duke of Windsor. Granted that off-screen, he is rated one of the world's best dressed men. Still, of all the stars I have interviewed, over a period of fifteen years, Fred Astaire stands out as the one possessing the greatest inferiority complex!

By inferiority complex I don't mean modesty. Valentino had that. And I don't mean humbleness. George Raft has that. Raft is forever conscious of his roughneck background, but always likable because his personality hits you straight from the shoulder. He has a sort of take-me-or-leave-me quality, with absolutely no pretensions or affectations.

No, when I say that Fred Astaire has an inferiority complex, I mean exactly that. To an interviewer he gives a lack-of-self-confidence impression, as though he felt not quite good enough, as though he were always walking on eggs, always afraid of something.

Let me go back a bit to the first time I met him. The Astaires, Fred and Adele, brother and sister, had just come into the big money class. They were starring in "Lady, Be Good" and dancing at a swanky night club. Often I would drop backstage to chat with Adele. She was lively. She was natural. She was a lot of fun. She was the exact antithesis of Fred. Although, at the time, I did not know him except as someone who poked his head in and out of her dressing room. I could see that her breeziness annoyed him. I think he resented it. Perhaps, because, like most self-conscious people, deep down in his heart he would have liked to have been that way too.

One day Adele shouted, "Freddie's got a girl. Look out front. She's a blonde. I'm so thrilled. You know, he's very bashful!" Brother-like, he was furious.

I especially remember one time when Adele came to the gala opening of a dancing school. Her hair was in curlers, tucked up under her hat. If Fred had been a woman, never, in a thousand years, would he have done such a thing. He would have been too worried about what people might think.

For he was (and still is) the worrier. In those dressing-room intervals he would worry about Adele's practicing, about the music's tempo, about the audience, about their responses and about every tap in his routines. I am not criticizing him. This kind of worrying simply means that Astaire is a true artist, never satisfied with results. It is only the public-opinion worrying that bothers anyone who has worked with him.

As you know, after Adele married her nobleman, Fred Astaire went on alone. Then came my second interview.

On the screen Fred Astaire appears poised and suave, yet he is actually afraid of his past, present and future.



amazing inferiority complex?

Somehow, there had been a mix-up. The press-agent had forgotten to notify Fred. So, a tall skinny figure, huddled in a blue flannel dressing-gown, he sat on a trunk, backstage of "The Gay Divorcée," and told me he just couldn't give a story because he "wasn't prepared."

Ten days later I got the story. This time the stage was set. We were in his Park Avenue apartment. A backgammon table stood near the window. A well trained servant opened the door. And Astaire was all good humor and shy boyish charm. He was going to get married, "but don't print that." He was going to Hollywood "but," he raved as he stood in front of a mirror, "who wants this face in pictures. Look at it. I'll be terrible!" It was plain enough. He was already scared to death.

YOU WOULD think that after his tremendous screen success this inferiority bugaboo would have taken flight. But, no, Hollywood has made him worse. When he was on Broadway there had been rumors. His partners had told how he cried when a dance went wrong. His producers had repeated the story. But Broadway has a sense of humor. It had winked its eye, dubbed him "Moaning Minnie," and let it go at that. But Hollywood panders to his temperament, a temperament that is the natural offspring of that inferiority complex.

They say that he never kisses an actress in a picture. If this is true, if, after paying him hundreds of thousands of dollars, Hollywood actually lets him get away with that, then Hollywood is balmy. If, while he is before that camera, the script calls

(*Cont'd on page 80*)



George Murphy takes an interest in other people's problems. He once won an important job because he knew how to win a friend.



Claudette Colbert is adored in Hollywood because she is sympathetic, tolerant, and never high-hat. Such traits always influence people.

HOW THEY WIN *friends*

BY DORA ALBERT

YOU'RE TIRED of your job and the dull monotony of your existence. You wonder why Mamie Jones, no better looking, with less education and brains, has got ahead so much more quickly than you have. Goodness knows, you've tried hard enough.

"Maybe it's all luck," you say bitterly. "I never got the breaks. That's the only difference."

In a way, you're right. You never did get the breaks. But why not? Simply because you lacked the most vital ingredient needed to make anyone a success—the ability to win friends and influence people—which is so important that a book on the subject by Dale Carnegie, "How To Win Friends and Influence People," set a new record for best sellers.

All Dale Carnegie did was to formulate the rules by which you could influence people. But the Hollywood movie stars have been living up to their own rules, which they discovered long before Dale Carnegie's book was ever heard of. They would not be stars today if they didn't know how to influence people into giving them the kind of publicity they want and the kind of roles for which they are best suited. You may be very sure of that.

Take a lesson from the movie stars who, believe it or not, knew their



By honestly appreciating everything anyone does for her, Eleanor Powell makes those around her happy.



Being big enough to admit his mistakes has won for Nelson Eddy many a friend and even a renowned music teacher.

Often their careers depend upon whether they have more friends, eager to boost them to success, or more enemies, who would welcome an opportunity to knife them in the back. I am sure that when Ethel Merman, that dark-haired, tempestuous gold digger of merry memory, first met George Gershwin, it never occurred to her to try deliberately to influence him. But from the beginning it was very evident that she was interested in his work and genuinely awed by his great musical ability. He, in turn, became interested in her personality, and although she was a young, comparatively unknown singer, he composed "I've Got Rhythm" with no other purpose in mind than to fit the striking personality of this girl.

"I think," he told her, "this song will make you a star."

It did make her a star—one of the gayest, brightest, most twinkling stars on the New York stage, but the song would never have been composed if Gershwin had not become interested in Ethel Merman because he sensed her sympathetic interest in his own problems.

George Murphy, who recently made a brilliant comeback in pictures, was at one time particularly anxious to land a dancing job in one special club. Sizing up the situation, however, he discovered that asking for the spot on the floor show would accomplish nothing.

The manager was a friendless sort of person who awed everyone by ensconcing himself behind a mammoth desk and remaining there while he pushed buttons for attention. Discovering this fact, Murphy set out to try to help the man out of his loneliness. At first, George's entrance into this man's office was rebuffed.

"Oh, I just wanted someone to talk to," he would say, "and I'm interested in the work you're doing and the way you're doing it. Just thought perhaps you wouldn't mind chatting with me for a while."

After a time, the club manager began to look forward to Murphy's visits. One evening after a particularly pleasant session he asked George what was his line of work.

"I'm a dancer," young Murphy replied.

"Why didn't you say so before?" the manager boomed. "I have a place for you in the (*Continued on page 90*)

psychology long before Dale Carnegie's famous book was ever heard of



"We may be gelatine gods in Hollywood," says Fredric, "but elsewhere it's different."

Fredric steals a march on failure and turns it to glowing success

BY GLADYS HALL

FREDDIE TOOK a spanking on the place where spankings hurt actors the worst—his ego. And he took his spanking, as he has taken his successes, handsomely, nonchalantly, withal thoughtfully.

"Success can be failure," said Fred, his teeth in a cheese sandwich, his wife on his lap, his wise, amused eyes on me. "But failure can be success, too. Ever think of that? We have, haven't we, Mommie?" he asked, with a sly wink at Florence. "We are Case Histories 1A and 1B illustrating this hopeful theory."

"I'm going to take a nap," said Florence, making an unsuccessful effort to remove herself from the lap of her lord and master. Unsuccessful because Freddie, as you may have noticed, has a way with women on the screen. He has the same way at home.

I said, "Are you referring to the Marches on Broadway last season? To the play titled 'Yr. Obedient Husband,' starring Florence Eldridge and Fredric March?"

"I am," said Freddie, with a gusty sigh. "I am also referring to the hurried funeral of same. But I am thinking of more than appears on the surface. It wasn't just a play that flopped, you see, it was a dream. It was a dream we'd dreamed, Florence and I. A dream with a capital D. Then one week passed and we wrapped it up and put it away. Or it was wrapped up for us, in nice prickly cactus leaves."

"I want to take a nap," said Florence, wriggling.

Freddie's strong right encircled her firmly. He said, "You look too well to need a nap," and went on talking. He said, "It was kind of a hurdle to me, you know, the theatre—a hurdle I wanted to make very fleetly and successfully. Florence had done it. She was a success on Broadway before we came to Hollywood. I have never really cracked it. I'd played featured roles on Broadway, as you may remember, though why should you? I'd been in such plays as 'The Half-Caste,' 'Puppets,' 'Devil in The Cheese,' and others. On the road we played for the Theatre Guild. In Los Angeles I played in 'The Royal Family.' That was the play that started me off in pictures.

"But I'd never really *done* it, you know. I wanted to, badly. Florence came out with me when I went into pictures. And she has stood by, a willing and very cheerful martyr to my career, forsaking her own. So we both wanted to make good, Florence again, I for the first time. Well, we went back. We flopped. And it taught us a lot of things. Nice, acid things, good for the soul.

"Just before we got to New York last winter Florence had a qualm. She said to me, 'Do you think we are making a mistake?' I answered, 'What can we lose? Sixteen or seventeen thousand dollars and a couple of reputations, that's all!' "

WELL, THEY lost the thousands, but out of the cremation their reputations rose up, brighter Phoenixes than ever they had been before. Which is saying something. They came out of the debacle, all their colors flying because they were good sports about failure. They've learned that when you can laugh at failure it isn't failure any more.

I think that I have never seen an actor take a spanking on his ego more sportingly than Freddie. He proved that mummers are men. He proved that Hollywood success doesn't soften, after all; doesn't do something to the fibres of its darlings so that they can't take the raps when they come.

I gazed upon Freddie with new respect superimposed on the respect I have always felt for him. For the strength and simplicity with which he has gone about carving out one of the most successful careers in Hollywood. Never a headline hero, Freddie. Never any ballyhoo. Never one of the "sensational" successes of the school of Valentino, John Gilbert, other fiery spellbinders. None of the Barnum methods. But in every picture he makes, he scores an authentic (*Continued on page 103*)

Florence Eldridge (Mrs. March to you) was a Broadway success before she married Freddie.



Fredric goes dramatic to amuse Virginia Bruce between scenes of "There Goes My Heart."





Keeping UP WITH THE Joneses

BY CAROLINE S. HOYT

Meet the Jones family! From

WE'VE BEEN asked to lunch with the Jones family today. It's an invitation few would refuse. To you and me and thousands throughout the country, the Joneses are as real as the people next door. You and I and those thousands are responsible for their continued existence. When "Every Saturday Night" was being made, it was just another picture. No one suspected it was also a fruitful seed, about to take root and spread into a family tree.

Then it was released, and with a promptitude there was no mistaking, America took this typically American family to its heart. Much as they might have said, "We like those people who've moved in across the way. We want to see more of them," so they said in a million voices that swelled to a sweet-sounding roar, "We like the Joneses. We want to see more of them. We want to go to Bonnie's wedding and watch Roger in the throes of puppy love. We want to hear Dad yell *'Louise'* when he gets into a mess, and we want to sneak a cup of coffee with Grandma in the kitchen." Or as one fan put it, "We can't bear to lose sight of them. They're kinfolk."

There's nothing curious about the fact that they look like a family. Max Golden, the producer, bore that idea in mind when he spent weeks choosing the original cast, which has been kept intact throughout, except for the substitution of Shirley Deane for June Lang after the first picture. They bear such a



Left to right, Alan Dinehart, Russell Gleason, Ken Howell, Shirley Deane, George Ernest, Director Herbert Leeds, Jed Prouty, Spring Byington, Florence Roberts, June Carlson and Billy Mahan.

Grandma down to Billy they're as happy and lovable off-screen as on

striking resemblance to one another, they might all have been bred from the same stock. They all have blue eyes, fair skin, round faces for the most part, and hair shading from blonde to light brown.

"Of course Jeddy's hazel-eyed," points out Grandma. (Florence Roberts is Grandma to them all, off-screen and on.) "But then, he takes after his father."

"Brown sheep of the family," cracks Kenny Howell.

"And you can see that they get their button noses from me," Mother Byington chimes in.

"Whatever they get from you," grunts Dad Prouty, "they can thank their lucky stars for it."

The children break into a chant. "Dad-dy's ma-king lo-ove to Mo-o-thah!"

"And who has a better right, you young gangsters?"

"He calls us that," dimples June, "because we're always ganging up on him."

The curious thing is that even off the screen, there seems to be a certain kinship among them—the kinship of good humor, perhaps. Gathered 'round their table in the café on the studio lot, they remain as homelike a group of people, as pleasant to know as those who eat in the Jones' dining-room. There is the same give and take of good comradeship. There is the same implicit affection without sugariness. Dad Prouty ribs the children. The children take it and bounce it back. Grandma feeds George a forkful of her dessert, because "he wants to see if he likes it." Mother Byington reads the menu for Grandma, ties Billy's napkin 'round his neck, tells Shirley how pretty her hat is, waggles her finger at Kenny who is late, and draws Dad out on the subject of his reminiscences—all with as deft and gracious a touch as her screen prototype.

She passes 'round a snapshot she's taken of June. Dad Prouty takes a squint at it. "Hm, she looks like a colt sitting there—all legs."

"Well, if the Lord's made anything sweeter-looking than a colt, I've yet to set eyes on it," retorts Mother.

"When is a colt not a colt?" inquires Kenny, imps dancing in his eyes. "When he's sitting."

This strikes Billy as pretty funny. He chokes over his milk. Shirley rescues it and thumps him gently on the back, like any sister would.

"I'll take your picture, Junie," offers George, the candid camera fiend.

"Thank you, Georgie," she murmurs sweetly. He scowls, and her dimples deepen. "'Scuseitplease, George with*out* the *ie*."

They're contracted for four pictures a year. Between pictures they go their separate ways. "But when we get together again," George explains, "it's like we'd just been away for the weekend or something, and we're glad to be back."

"Like any family," volunteers Shirley cheerfully.

"*Not* like any family," snorts Grandma. "Indeed not! *We* all *like* each other." (*Continued on page 94*)

SOCIAL Security



Danielle Darrieux's luscious all mulberry ensemble is enriched by sable revers and muff.

Right, on Lynn Bari's velvet suit fox fur swirls gracefully from collar to cuffs.



SOCIAL SECURITY can be a lot more than "pie in the sky" if you take your wardrobe tips from the current film fashion parade.

"The Rage of Paris" presents Danielle Darrieux in a series of fetching frocks, well suited to the Latin looker's willowy proportions. Her street things belie rumors of longer suit jackets. Better for the five-feet-fours and under, to ignore such rumors though, as the hip length jacket lops off height. In "The Rage of Paris" Miss Darrieux sets out to land a millionaire, wearing a bolero suit with slim skirt and trimming concentrated at the top. The brief jacket is bordered all the way around with fur and the sleeves have double fur cuffs. Another stunning street suit of mulberry rodier jersey has a peplum jacket with revers and huge muff of tipped sable.

The peplum also appears on the lamé tunic of a dinner dress with a slinky black skirt ending in a tiny train. Hip frills are all right for Miss Darrieux's wispy silhouette, but remember that peplums add poundage, so if you have any extra heft of your own don't spotlight it with ruffles.

Draped evening things are definitely in, and a new twist is evolved for the French star in a white gown. The bodice is probably more intricate than it looks, but it seems to consist of two lengths of material, one draped from right front to left back, the other from left front to right back, where they join a girdle and the flowing skirt. The flavor is Grecian, and Miss Darrieux "ups" her shoulder bob for this one.

Katharine Hepburn goes through "Holiday" with her accustomed tailored severity, being very much at home in swagger sports things. Her one formal gown accents her slim figure. It is black sheer, high at the throat, fitted through the body, and has long tight sleeves. Its severity is relieved only by a slit in the back of the bodice and an occasional coy peep of white ruffled petticoat. Miss Hepburn wears a chiffon handkerchief clipped to the shoulder.

"Sister" Doris Nolan's wardrobe is gayer. A backless lamé with peplum is held up by the narrowest of shoulder straps. Her sheer black dinner dress is topped by a graceful bertha and a corsage of enormous satin roses.

Like Miss Darrieux in "The Rage of Paris," Loretta Young acquires a million dollar wardrobe—object matrimony—in "Three Blind Mice." A high off-the-face sombrero, clinging to the side of her head, tops a trim short jacket suit. Of a series of elaborate evening gowns, the one with the "newest" air shows a decided sarong influence. A splashy South Seas print, the gown drapes over one shoulder, winds around the body and ends in a bit of train.

Filmdom's best dressed stars suggest some winning numbers to insure your fashion future

by MARIAN SQUIRE



Doris Nolan's flattering dark sheer dinner dress is the kind that should be in every girl's wardrobe.

Binnie Barnes, who seems to be everywhere at once lately, stops menacing long enough to turn up as a gay gal with a penchant for beer, in "Three Blind Mice." Either Miss Barnes gave up watching the scales when she turned to comedy, or her clothes are playing practical jokes on her silhouette. She is more than a bit to the buxom in a flowered number with halter strap, and material twisted over the shoulders to form large straps or tiny sleeves, depending on the point of view. This is worn under a boxy white fox jacket.

Girlish simplicity rules for Harriet Hilliard in "Cocoanut Grove." She reserves one dress-up frock for the finish, a dream-girl white net with spreading skirt and tiny fitted bodice.

Dorothy Lamour, who can lend an air to smart clothes as well as any of her screen colleagues, is confined to Mexican peasant dresses in "Tropic Holiday." The splashy wardrobe is reserved for Binnie (that girl is here again) Barnes.

One of Binnie's best is a wool suit of loose, smart weave with a short self-material cape trimmed with strips of natural wolf suggesting sleeves. With this she wears an angora sports hat whose chiffon veil drapes about the face or falls casually from one side like a scarf.

In "Always Goodbye," Barbara Stanwyck suffers through most of the picture in the simplest of frocks. Then she makes a lot of money and blossoms out, sartorially. But blossoms! A street ensemble consists of a bracelet sleeved redingote over a light pleated dress, the bodice draped and caught with a huge clip. With this, Barbara wears a high turban with a scarf floating down the back and crossing the shoulders in front.

Lynn Bari, Miss Stanwyck's screen rival, wears a light between-season coat with double rows of fur on the sleeves. Her tiny cap hat has a bunch of quills shooting up on one side and curving (*Continued on page 79*)

HE'S GOOFY *and* HE LIKES IT

Diplomat, charlatan, gentleman, rogue, Reginald Owen plays them all. But what is he really like? Read on



This delightful Englishman has an unexpected slant on life. It's fresh and amusing, too.

I AM slightly unbalanced," said Reginald Owen pleasantly, as he peppered his oysters on the half shell. "I look at things sort of abnormally, you know. Quite normal people and things take on, in my mind, a slant, a perverse twist, a hump, an oblique angle.

"I am not a pathological case. I annoy no one, so far as I know. I live the most matter-of-fact life. I have orderly, circumspect habits. I neither collect penguins, pinch babies nor go in for voodoo. On the contrary, I eat, swim, play tennis, cricket and golf, like hamburgers, adore Garbo, go to bed early, rise early, am kind to my wife, read biographies, think "Hamlet" the greatest play ever written and "David Copperfield" the greatest picture ever produced anywhere.

"I own a dog and am kind to him—or her. Which illustrates what I mean. I do not know the sex of the dog, now that you ask me. Which is, I am sure, looking at things abnormally, here in Hollywood. But it's just that the sex of the animal isn't important to me. That it's a dog is all that matters—as far as I'm concerned. Hollywood doesn't worry me in the least either. I live and let live and manage very nicely, thank you.

"I have been married twice. My first wife was a well-known English actress. My second wife, also English, is a non-professional. We have a cottage at Malibu and live there all year round. I know everyone in the movie colony, but am intimate with no one. People seem to like me. No one trembles at my approach.

"But I do look at things abnormally. The sun, to me, is not just the sun, blazing away to give me a becoming tan. It is a copper cauldron (*Continued on page 96*)

BY FAITH SERVICE



Reggie says Mrs. Owen is the perfect understanding wife. What does he mean—he isn't happy?



by MALCOLM OETTINGER

She COULDN'T SAY "NO"

Gale Sondergaard tells what every girl wants to know about acting

OUT OF TEN thousand girls who dream of a stage career, one actually becomes an actress. Out of a hundred thousand ambitious girls, one may penetrate the precincts of the aloof Theatre Guild, proud standard-bearer of the New York stage. Out of a million girls, possibly one may win an Academy award with her very first picture.

Yet here is one girl who did all these things. Her name is Gale Sondergaard. And how, you ask, did she ever do it?

She is square-jawed, high cheek-boned, attractive in a sultry way. Her predatory mouth surprises you when it curves into a smile. She has been acting since she was a high school sophomore, in innumerable tent shows, barnstorming troupes, stock companies and road companies. She has played hags and ingenues, mothers and daughters, wantons and nuns. In Jessie Bonstelle's famous Cleveland stock company, Gale Sondergaard won a reputation as the girl who never said "no." She would tackle any part assigned to her.

"That helped me when I was lucky enough to connect with the Guild," she says, "and it was marvelous training for pictures, too."

Miss Sondergaard chanced to be available to a working member of the press while spending a fortnight in New York on vacation between pictures. Ever since she snared the Academy award for her impressive performance in "Anthony Adverse" she has been deluged with offers, and her biggest task has been to select the best parts in what appear to be the more promising pictures.

"I haven't been a menace in every picture," she boasts gaily. "'Maid of Salem' offered a psychopathically jealous wife. 'Seventh Heaven' permitted me to indulge in a whim by playing a she-devil with a wicked smile. 'Zola' gave me a really sympathetic part, *Madame Dreyfus*. Then my latest, 'Lord Jeff', gave me another soulless role, that of Doris, the jewel thief."

In the film world the Sondergaard name is definitely significant. Her picture career was launched as smoothly as a new streamlined cruiser. No waiting around, no gnawing of fingernails, no heartbreak. She just walked in to a director's office, took a test, and was signed on the spot.

"I was out west simply because my husband was out west. You know, he was another Theatre Guild fugitive seeking refuge in the gold fields of Hollywood. He was to direct a picture so I went along for the ride. For six months I forgot the theatre and just had myself a time golfing, riding, sleeping late, swimming, luxuriating in (*Continued on page 106*)



Exercise regularly if you want to keep beautiful, say Virginia Grey and Ann Rutherford who do their daily dozen together.



Learn to be your own fashion expert. Phyllis Brooks shows excellent taste in the choice of this two-piece wool dress.

COOL WEATHER Beauty

The "Grande Toilette" is with us—so here are some timely tips to

BY MARY MARSHALL

IT'S A DARN sight easier to be beautiful in cool weather than in hot weather. For most girls, that is. Mebbe I'm some prejudiced, because hot weather has me falling completely apart—*such* a struggle does it seem to look half-way decent, with the make-up running off my face as fast as I put it on. Come the first cool days, I snap to and begin to feel like a human being. Come brisk October, and I begin to look quite nice, considering everything.

But, after all, who cares about my ever-present beauty struggles. 'Tis you this article is for and about. So, if you have felt rather beaten down and have said, during the heat of the past season, "A pox upon all this fussing and grooming!" take heart and consider the good-looks question of fall and winter of this year, nineteen toity-eight.

For, m' dears, kinder though the coolth is to many of us, there is right now quite a problem before the women of America where beauty and fashion are concerned. The men and women who set styles, trends and changes in high fashion are, and have been, doing everything in their power to make it a pretty expensive matter to be lovely, chic and well-dressed. Well, sure. Fine. That's their business and that's how they make their hard-earned money.

The "Grande Toilette" is with us. And what is this here now "Grande Toilette?" It's French for a get-up so flossy and complicated that nobody could do such without a lady's maid and a nice, fat bank account. Elaborate coiffures; sheer witch-craft where make-up is concerned; gowns with mile-wide skirts, stiffened, tucked, flounced. Why, you couldn't touch the least of them under a hundred and fifty bucks! Even day clothes are so shrewd and clever in cut and detail (the ones sponsored by these high fashion guys and guy-esses, I mean) that you and I would simply have to go around in Mother Hubbards if there were nothing else to be had on this fair planet.

To some extent, this situation has always cropped up with the start of the winter season. I mean, caviar and champagne styles for the rich and lucky, cheap tawdry copies for the honest working girl. But the situation is wuss this year than it has been for many years past and is further complicated by the great to-do over fixing one's hair and painting



Connie Bennett knows she looks best in a long bob, so she doesn't change her hair style with every passing fashion whim.



Let Danielle Darrieux wrap herself in ermine—but less expensive furs can be just as flattering if you choose them carefully.

FORECAST

make you glamorous

one's face, until, as I have implied, one would need an Antoine and a Perc Westmore combined, around the premises—but constantly.

Ladies, how are we going to meet this problem? How are we going to get the most chic and glamor out of our clothes, our hair-dos and our pet beauty tricks? How are we going to adapt high fashion trends to our pocketbooks and our everyday needs? How are we going to avoid the many pitfalls which shops and advertisements are going to set in our paths? Or shall we just say "to heck with it all," and keep on doing what we've been doing right along?

Ah, now, maybe we have something there. Something —but not everything. You've got something there when you pass up the dizzy coif-

(*Continued on page 107*)

LITTLE LORD Fauntleroy

BY HARRY LANG

You know Bartholomew's professional "front," but this is a story of the real Freddie



One minute a romping boy, the next a self-assured adult, Freddie is always the finished actor—and British to the core.

ACCORDING TO the birth records, Freddie Bartholomew is fourteen years old. But that doesn't mean a thing! Because, despite simple arithmetic, Freddie's age is a constant question. Minute by minute, hour by hour, week by week, you're wondering just how old Freddie is being at the particular moment you're talking with him, or watching him.

Sometimes he's an adult, acting with the poise, bearing and calm self-assurance of a man of thirty. He'll talk about internationalism, his conception of the ideal life, or the grandeur of the British Empire with the same mental reactions and vocabulary you'd expect from a grown person.

The next minute he whoops a war-cry to some kid playmate or his stand-in, and they descend forthwith to a mental age of about four years, doing some inane prank like pushing arc-light dollies from one end of a movie stage to the other until director, actors, technicians and grips all want to slap 'em down!

The only answer seems to be that the brain that functions inside the fourteen-year-old skull of this little English wizard of the screen is actually a sort of Jekyll-Hyde affair. And that Freddie, by some trick of psychology, can snap it on and off like you or I would switch an electric light. One minute he thinks like a grown-up, the next he sloughs off all that and is a child again. To see him do it is often amazing.

I remember the time he recited Shakespeare for a group of grown-ups. Now, you've all heard kids recite. They get up there and, according to their abilities, they rattle off a poem or a speech or whatever they've memorized—and they're done. Every-(*Continued on page 109*)



OFF THEIR *Guard*

What goes on? Versatile Carole Lombard has become a press agent pro tem! And such industry! Not a moment to herself with the phone ringing every other minute, Miss P. A. "lights up" while she talks.

Photos by George Strock

DANGER—LOMBARD AT WORK



It might be well to let the "underlings" know where a girl stands on business matters.

One must take time out for a sandwich and a glass of milk—so Miss Lombard does just that.

Carole walks in on—she knows not what. Starring isn't enough. Here she's directing publicity.



Catching up on her predecessor's correspondence. A press-agent's gotta know things.



The lady takes to the floor. What's wrong with this picture? It's just out of focus, Carole decides.

Then, of course, there's the filing. And being an orderly belle, Carole keeps it up to date.

Here's the fade-out. Fun's fun, but when things get this busy, it's certainly time to quit!







Norma's NIGHT

All Movietown pays homage to Miss Shearer's "Marie Antoinette"

Louis B. Mayer, Helen Hayes, Norma and Ty Power enter the theatre.

Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond congratulate Norma.

Spencer Tracy, back from location, with his best gal, Mrs. S. T.



Carole Lombard with the ever-attentive Mr. Gable and Ty Power.

Barbara Stanwyck signs the theatre's guest book with Bob Taylor lookin' on.

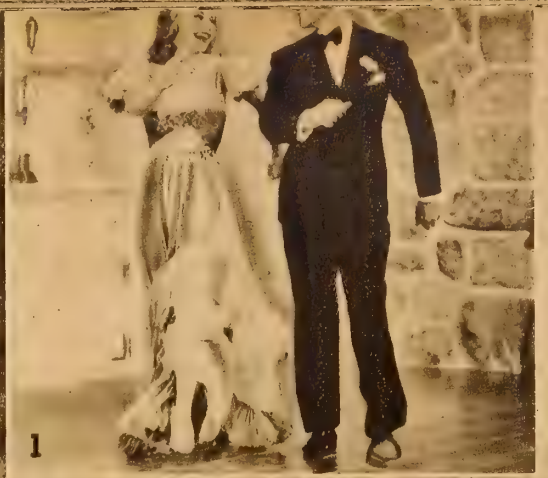
Margaret Sullavan—who's expecting the stork again—with Hubby Leland Hayward.





DOIN' the Jam




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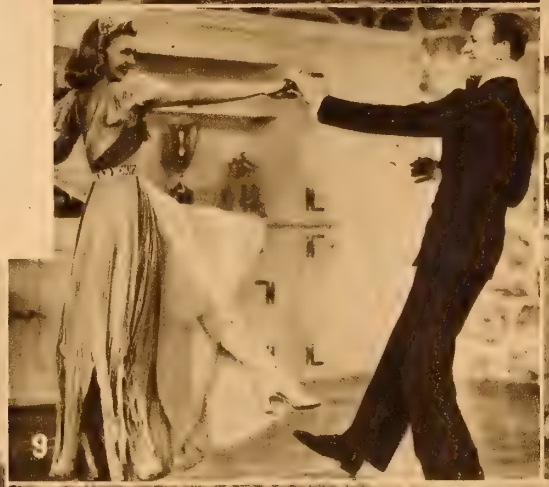


A scoop for you! Modern Screen presents an exclusive preview of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire swinging it again in "Carefree." Follow them as they breeze along in four-four time doin' the new dance that Fred himself created. 1. Let's go with a smooth swing stroll. 2. Break and strut your own. 3. Together with a "heel-and-toe." 4. Then Yam! (Heels together, toes apart, then a left, right, left, right). 5. Slide back with left foot forward. 6. Then pivot—so. 7. Right leg steady, hop in a half circle. 8. Knees raised, do a lowdown strut. 9. "Heel-and-toe" in a complete circle. 10. Follow the leader and strut. 11. The Yam again! 12. Raise your hand and sway. Did you get it?

















Mary Livingstone, the guest of honor, opens one of her birthday presents as Gracie Allen and George Burns look on. Now that is a loving cup!

Hollywood Party

A gay time is had by all when Gracie Allen and George Burns throw a shindig



E. E. Horton, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell enjoy the floor show.



Host Burns and Jack Benny burlesque a strip-tease act.



Sally Eilers and Cesar Romero beside the Burns' swimming pool, which was converted into a dance floor.



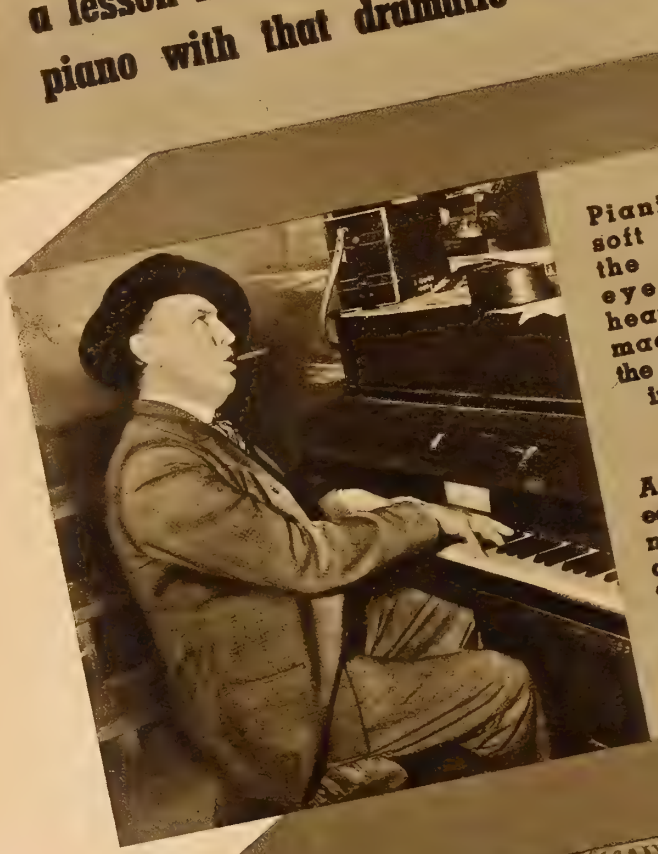
Cesar Romero, Ethel Merman, Allan Jones, Irene Hervey and the Jack Bennys.

Facing THE MUSIC

John Barrymore, who never took a lesson in his life, punishes the piano with that dramatic touch



Preliminaries—with a flourish the professor lights his cigar.



Pianissimo—soft pedal to the ground, eyes to the heavens, the maestro gets the feel of his instrument.



Arpeggio—executed with the nonchalance of a veteran and topped off by a distinctive and clever twist of the thumb.



Fortissimo—The piano cringes helplessly before the attack. There's determination in those eyes!



What a racket! It's the first time in fifteen years that Barrymore has sung professionally. And no wonder!



Dates More Dates Re-dates!

. . . ALL FOR THE GIRL WHO KEEPS SKIN THRILLING



SMART GIRLS CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN. . . FOR EXTRA BEAUTY CARE *





Men fall for *soft, smooth* skin. When skin lacks Vitamin A, the vitamin essential to skin health, it gets *harsh* and *dry*. Now Pond's Cold Cream contains this necessary "*skin-vitamin.*"

If skin has enough "skin-vitamin," Pond's brings an *Extra Supply* against possible *future* need. Smart girls follow this new beauty care to help provide against loss of the "skin-vitamin."

● All normal skin contains Vitamin A—the "skin-vitamin." ● In hospitals, scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker*. ● Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Pond's has not been changed in any other way. It's the same *grand* cream you have always known. Use it as always—night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

* ***Statements*** **concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.**

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.



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Schiaparelli

Schiaparelli tops a sheath of violet crepe with a naive mauve satin bolero and yellow kerchief, the two embroidered in rose, yellow, green. For the nails, she suggests Cutex HEATHER—says, "It harmonizes perfectly with all these colors."

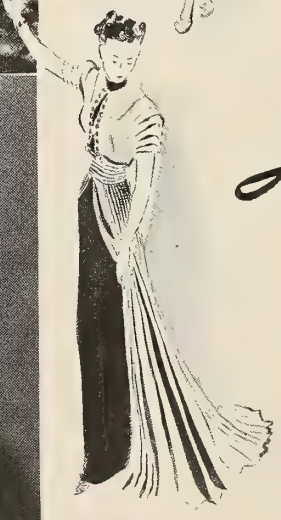




Alix

With studied simplicity and accent on contours, Alix drapes an afternoon frock of canard-green crepe—the side-fullness of the skirt flowing from a narrow bowknot just under the heart. For a final touch of feminine subtlety, Alix suggests the mauvy pink of Cutex LAUREL nails.





Lelong

Grayish-blue wool crepe is folded and tucked and pleated by Lelong into a ravishing evening coat. Worn over a sheer black jersey evening dress. With it Lelong recommends contrasting finger-nails done in Cutex HEATHER. The purplish tint of Cutex HEATHER emphasizes the blue of the coat.

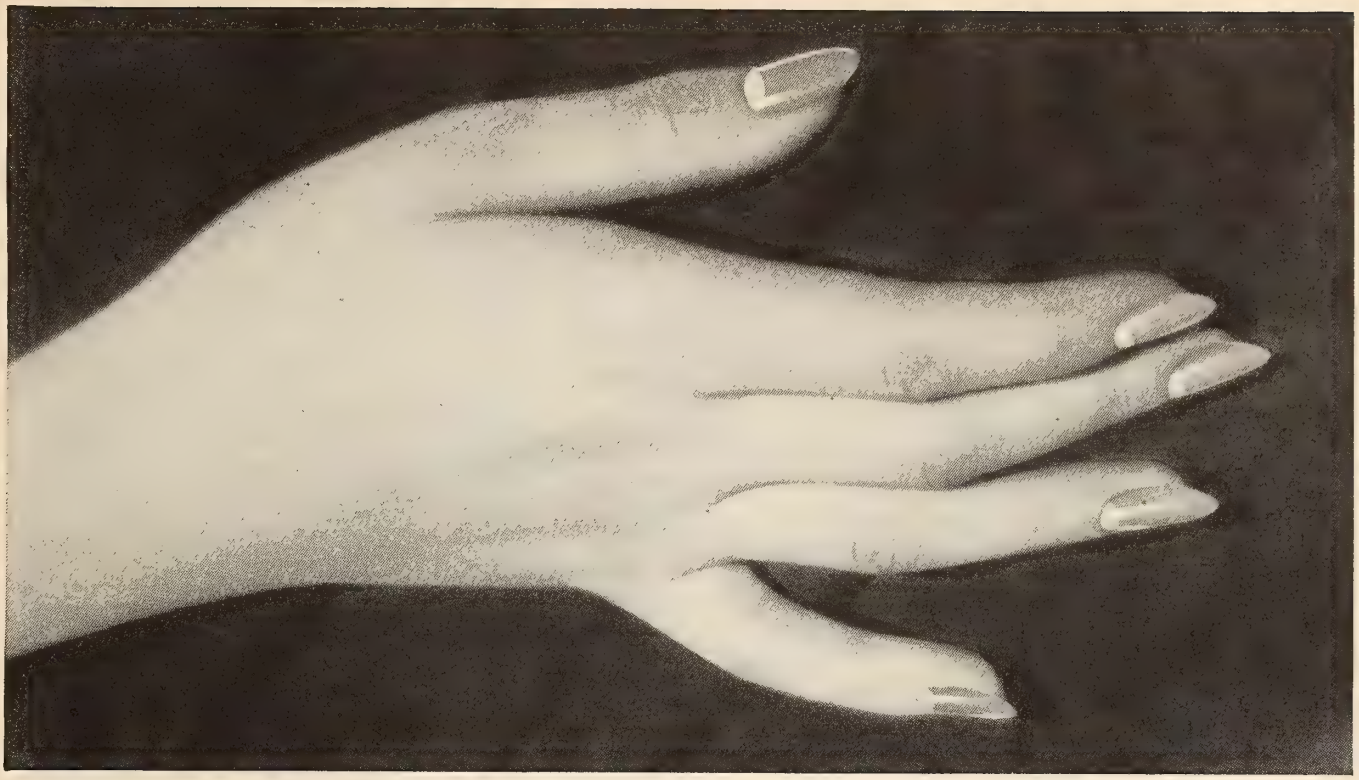




Lanvin

Singular grace and elegance mark this Lanvin creation—"Intermezzo"—a charming suit of soft brown wool with the new short-clipped box jacket. Appliqué motif of ciré satin and beaver. To accentuate its graceful charm, Lanvin advises finger tips of the delicate new Cutex LAUREL.

CUTEX



SPONSOR CUTEX *Laurel*, CUTEX *Heather*

YOU'LL lead a charmed—and charming—life if you choose Cutex LAUREL and Cutex HEATHER for your nails this Fall.

Four famous Paris dressmakers, Schiaparelli, Alix, Lelong and Lanvin, say: "It is nothing short of clairvoyance the way these two new nail shades —Cutex LAUREL and Cutex HEATHER— tone in with the newest autumn colors."

The new Cutex LAUREL is a chic, mauvy pink—a delicate complement to the new, deep purplish tones — mulberry, grape, purple blues. Lovely with the lighter blues, gray, rose. Very smart with brown, dark green.

The new Cutex HEATHER is a deeper, duskier shade with the same illusive purple cast. A natural with deep violet, burgundy, wine. Lovely with blue, pink, mauve, yellow. A rich contrast for brown and green.

Magic at Your Finger Tips!

Enhance the natural charm of your hands in the gay winter days and evenings to come. Follow the advice of Schiaparelli, Alix, Lelong and Lanvin! Conjure up romance for yourself, aided and abetted by the finger-tip sorcery of Cutex LAUREL and Cutex HEATHER!

NEWEST WEAR SENSATION! Cutex Salon Type Polish—for those who are "hard on their nails." Based on a new principle, Salon Type Polish is a little heavier than the regular Cutex Crème Polish — gives a jewel-like finish. It takes slightly longer to dry, but those few extra minutes mean *days* of extra wear! In all twelve smart Cutex shades. Only 35¢ a bottle. Try it! Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris.

6 ENCHANTING NEW CUTEX SHADES TO CHOOSE FROM

HEATHER: Deep purplish rose for violet, mauve, wine, gray, brown, green, blue, yellow.

LAUREL: A subtle grayed pink. For blue, brown, green, beige, gray, rose or lavender.

CLOVER: Deep, winy red —goes with everything except orange tones.

THISTLE: Blended Rust and Rose. Perfect with gray, green, rust, brown.

TULIP: A soft, glowing red. Stunning with black, gray, blue, bright green, fuchsia, yellow.

ROBIN RED: True red, subdued in intensity. It really goes with everything.

Besides an exciting range of colors to choose from, Cutex Polishes wear for days without fading, chipping, peeling. Only 35¢! Get a bottle today!



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containing your choice of Cutex LAUREL or Cutex HEATHER Salon Type Nail Polish, plus Cutex Oily Polish Remover, Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover, Cotton, Orangewood Stick and 4 Emery Boards. Attractively arranged on a handsome, compact stand with convenient finger rest.

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I enclose 25¢ to help cover postage and packing for Cutex Set, including either Cutex LAUREL or Cutex HEATHER. (Check shade desired.)

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Name_____

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City State

POLISH

"KISS ME QUICK!"



"YOU WIN! I can't stay mad when you bring me Beeman's! It's got such flavor—a dash and tang and irresistible lusciousness that lifts me right out of the dumps!

They say it's the triple guard airtight package that keeps Beeman's so fresh and full of flavor—all *I* know is, it's *good!*"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

TOWN AND COUNTRY KNITS

OH, DEAR, I've nothing to wear!" need never be said by the girl who knows how to knit. This year, more than ever, smart women are wearing knit dresses and blouses for every occasion. With two or three of these in your wardrobe, you'll never be at a loss for the right costume at the right time. There's big style news in the two stunning designs illustrated here, made from angora and metallic yarns. And, what's more, you don't even have to be terribly clever with your needles to make either one of them.

The striking one-piece dress places importance upon its pockets, outlined in contrasting angora which finishes in three small tassels at the top of each pocket. The flattering high neckline opens at back with a slide fastener, and is trimmed in angora, which also makes the smart little roll cuffs. All this soft angora trim is done with one ball of yarn. The stockinette stitch is all you need know to make this becoming dress.

The cocktail blouse repeats last year's success in this year's lines. Made of crepe and gold thread, it gives a lamé appearance. The gilt zipper is a stunning note. The new cutaway line, with that beautiful nipped-in waist, is achieved by simple knitting and purling, the same detail being carried out in the shirred sleeves. Wear this with a short pleated crepe skirt for afternoon, with a long one for evening. Instructions for both designs are free. Send for them today and be ready to meet the new Fall season smartly.

ANN WILLS, Modern Screen
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me:

Knitting directions for No. 2664.....
Knitting directions for No. 1356.....

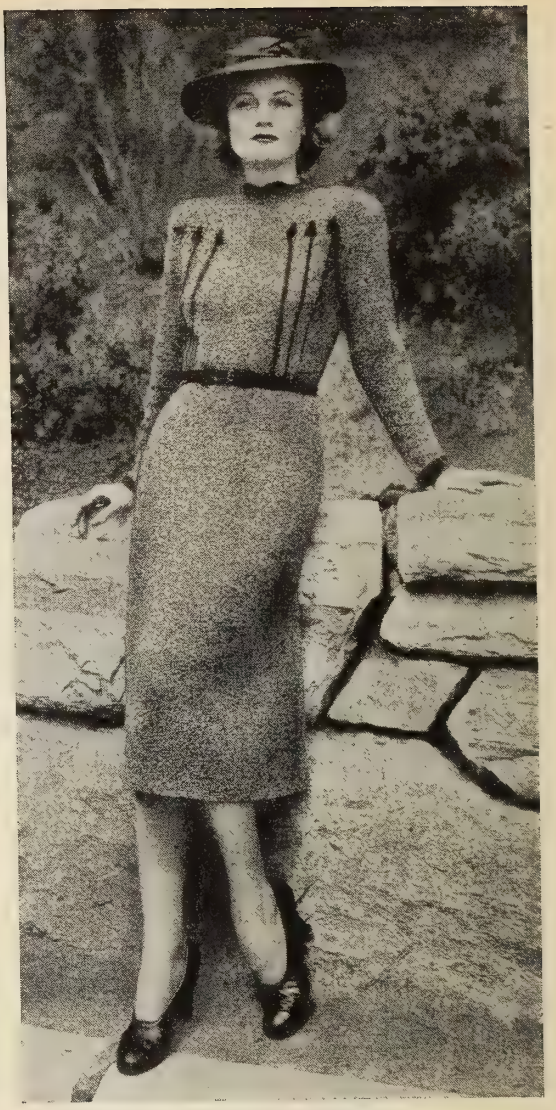
I enclose a stamped, self-addressed (large) envelope.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

Check one or both designs and please print name and address plainly.



No. 2664—There's big style news in the angora trim on this chic one-piece dress.

No. 1356—Below, the hand-knit cocktail blouse for formal afternoons or evenings.





"Born for Romance"

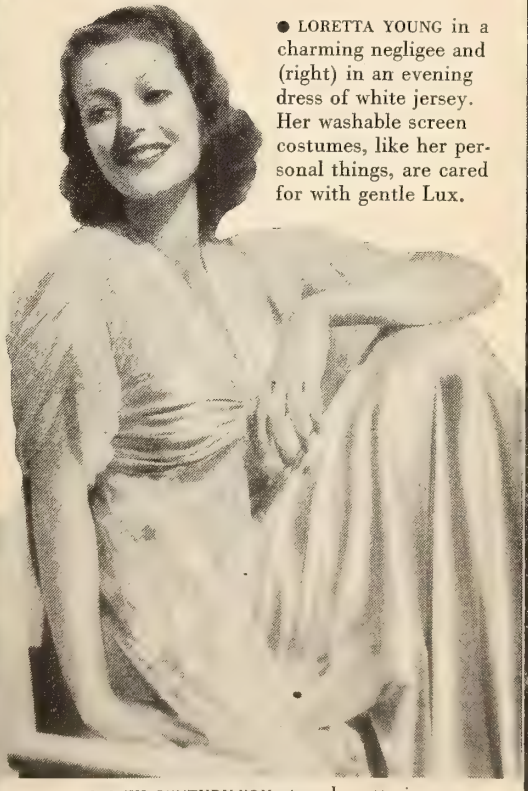
Lovely Loretta Young
tells other girls a secret that wins..



"*DAINTINESS is most important to charm," says Loretta Young. "Luckily, it isn't a matter of dollars, but of Lux!*"

Even before screen success came, this charming star had dozens of beaux who thought her handed-down clothes, fastidiously fresh, looked like a million dollars. She still looks out for her wardrobe personally—insists on Lux. "Thanks to Lux, my personal things look wonderful," she says.

Luxing dresses, undies, stockings keeps them immaculately fresh—lovely looking longer. Anything safe in water alone is safe in Lux.

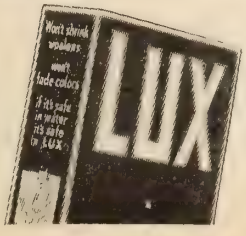


● LORETTA YOUNG in a charming negligee and (right) in an evening dress of white jersey. Her washable screen costumes, like her personal things, are cared for with gentle Lux.

● 20TH CENTURY-FOX stars Loretta in a new screen romance, "Suez."



● BEAUTIFUL STOCKINGS are a matter of course to Loretta. "It's easy *not* to get constant runs," she says. "I just trust to Lux instead of luck." Lux saves elasticity—cuts down runs.



● LEADING HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS specify Lux for all washables. "It keeps them in perfect condition for the camera," says Arthur Levy, wardrobe supervisor at 20th Century-Fox.

for daintiness

THE WOES OF A HOLLYWOOD BACHELOR

(Continued from page 33)

more in the movies. You're going to the movies with a couple of other people.

"I used to pooh-pooh the idea of love at first sight. But I'm beginning to hope there's something to it. Yes sir. When I meet the right girl, I hope I know it after one look—before any complications can set in."

For a moment, he gave his undivided attention to a hardy chunk of steak. Then he said, "I'll tell you another hardship about being a bachelor. That's to have most of your friends married. They don't stop with feeling sorry for you. They come right out and pity you. You're missing all the fun of having family responsibilities. You don't have anybody except a cook who cares whether you come home to dinner or not. If that place you live in could be called a home—lacking, as it does, a woman's touch . . . and so on and on.

YOUR friends try to take you out of your misery. They arrange for you to meet 'a girl you really ought to know.' The girl has been told, very confidentially, that 'she'll like Jimmy Stewart.' Condemned to meet, we go through with it, because we can't get out of it gracefully. But she's prussic acid to me, and I'm bichloride of mercury to her. And our helpful friends can't understand it.

"But there's one hardship I haven't suffered yet. I haven't had to go on any dates inspired by press agents. I've got a gun all primed, ready for use on the first press agent who tries to arrange my private life. A man has to protect his rights." Jimmy gingerly sampled an unidentifiable object on his plate that turned out to be escalloped tomato. Satisfied that the experiment was reasonably successful, he went on talking.

"Now, three years ago, I might have appreciated a little fixing. But did anybody come to my rescue in my hour of solitude? No. My difficulties as a Hollywood bachelor started about as soon as I landed here.

"Back in New York, I'd never had any money. Neither had Hank Fonda. So, to cut down on expenses, we shared a room about the size of this table. When Hank got his movie bid and headed West, and I had to foot the room rent alone. I had visions of moving into the closet. That was about my financial speed. Four months later, I got a movie bid myself. But I couldn't believe, I didn't dare believe, that such riches would endure. So, when I got out here and found Hank living with a couple of other fellows, I moved right in. They could help me save money, and help me get acquainted. That's what I thought.

"But it didn't turn out that way. In the matter of dates, I was politely but firmly informed, it was every man for himself. It was hard enough going for the three of them, without their trying to help out anybody else.

"'S funny thing. I can remember when I was six years old, but I can't remember my first date in Hollywood. It was with somebody I'd met at the studio. It had to be somebody I'd met at the studio; I didn't know anybody else. We probably went to a movie and a place to dance afterward. And I probably stumbled all over her. I hadn't done much dancing up to then. And, hoping to make everything right, I probably sent her a box of flowers the next day. And then, the next time I tried to call her, I probably found that she'd had her phone number changed, and the phone company wouldn't give me her new number. So that very definitely was over.

"You'd be surprised how many times that happened. And even my best friends couldn't tell me why. It took me quite a while to figure it out. You see, I never planned my dates in advance. I still don't. Some fellows say, 'Well, next Sunday night I'll take Annabelle to the Troc, and a week from Wednesday I'll call Eloise'—really map out a campaign for themselves.

"But, somehow, I can't do that. I like a date to be spontaneous, something to fit the mood of the moment. How do I know now how I'll feel next Sunday night, or a week from Wednesday? No, sir. I'll wait till Sunday rolls around before I decide whether I want to go to the Troc that night, or down to the Fun House at Venice, or maybe stay home with the dogs.

"It's a good system when it works. You can have a helluva good time. But it doesn't always work. That's what makes life difficult. Maybe by the time you call Annabelle on Sunday, she'll be all tied up for Sunday night. Or, if you've just met Annabelle and she isn't an understanding type, she may get the idea that she's just a last-minute thought in your life, that the date you had for Sunday night has fallen through and you're scouting around for a last-minute substitute. That's bad. Yes," he repeated, with a melancholy shake of the head, "that's bad.

"But, speaking of never planning dates, I'll take part of that back. In New York, I belonged to the Thursday Night Club. I founded it, in fact, along with Fonda and poor Ross Alexander. That was 'way back in the speakeasy days. We met every Thursday night in the basement of a speakeasy on 41st Street, across from the Herald-Tribune, and had to go through a coal shed to get to it. The proprietor, who thought the club was a swell idea and sort of gave his joint distinction, didn't charge us anything, except for the beer he piped down from the bar.

"Everybody who came had to pay a dollar, which went for steaks and beer and, if there was anything left over, for more beer. We cooked the steaks, ourselves. Nobody could get in except by invitation. And we were mighty particular about our company. We wanted people who were good for an all-night party. We'd have actors who could put on extemporaneous one-act plays, magicians who could do tricks, musicians who could really go into high gear and make people stomp and sing. Benny Goodman used to come down with his clarinet. In those days, he was making his living playing for recordings of background music for newsreels. I'd play the accordion. They couldn't stop me. That was one of the rules of the Thursday Night Club—you did what you felt like doing.

"That's one thing I miss in Hollywood, a Thursday Night Club. A night club different from all other night clubs. A place where you could go in your old clothes, spend a buck, and make your own good time. You miss a lot, getting your fun ready-made.

"But that's how you usually get it, as a bachelor. Now, if I were married—to the right girl—I'd stand a fifty-fifty chance, anyway, of going places where I'd like to go on our evenings out. But I'm not married. So, nine times out of ten, I go where the girl wants to go—and like it. Even though it may mean climbing back into a tuxedo after being in one all day on the set. It's lucky for me I'm such an amiable, easy-going, un-temperamental fellow. I don't have to have my own way to enjoy myself. If the company's congenial, I can have a good time. Easily-pleased Stewart, they call me.

WHAT really pleases me is to get in an evening at the Palomar, the big dance hall down at Third and Vermont. You can dance all evening for forty cents—or a dollar, if you want to sit in the loges between numbers. You can step out on a big floor to the music of big-name orchestras, and really get some dancing done. Nobody knows you. Nobody cares who you are. Everybody concentrates on dancing. And that's what you can do.

"Another of my ideas of a good time is to go down to the Fun House and take in everything the girl will go for, from roller-coasters on down. The last time I was there I came home with four cents. And I can go skating at the Ice Palace, any time a girl is willing. Or do some bowling. Anything with a little action to it. Maybe I don't pick out the most romantic spots in the world, but after sitting around a set all day, waiting to work, I like to be moving when evening comes along.

"Sure, I'm restless. That's one of the penalties of being a Hollywood bachelor. It's a tough town to settle down in. You're under constant tension, if you're any good at worrying. And I'm expert at it. So are the girls I know. They earn their livings working in front of cameras, too.

"It's a difficult thing, sometimes, to find a girl who's doing some heavy worrying at the same time you are. That's another of life's little complications. I'll never forget the time I suggested a Saturday night dancing date to a girl who had been at Palm Springs all week. My feet gave out after two hours, when she was just getting into her stride. And the columnists called it a romance!

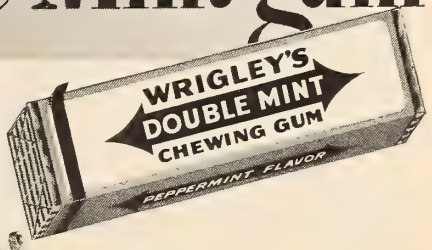
"I always had the idea that it would be better to marry young, and grow up with my kids. I still haven't changed my mind. But I'd better get started pretty soon. Time's a-wasting."



One look at Phyllis Brooks and you know why Cary Grant dates only one girl.



You ..made doubly lovely by healthful, delicious Double Mint gum





MASCULINE HEARTS skip a beat when a lovely woman flashes an enchanting smile. And, refreshing Double Mint gum does wonders for your smile. Enjoy this popular, double-lasting, delicious tasting gum. This ***DAILY*** chewing helps beautify by waking up sleepy face muscles, stimulating beneficial circulation in your gums and brightening your teeth nature's way. So you have double loveliness, admired by everyone.

Since smart clothes as well as an attractive face mean charm, Double Mint gum had Hollywood's fashion-creator ***TRAVIS BANTON*** design this very flattering, slim hipped looking Suit Dress for you, which Hollywood's beautiful star ***CLAUDETTE COLBERT*** models, *left*. You can make this becoming dress for yourself by purchasing ***SIMPLICITY*** Pattern 2902.

All women want to dress smartly and know this helps set off loveliness of face. Millions agree refreshing, delicious Double Mint gum helps add extra charm to your smile, making your face doubly lovely. Try it. Begin to enjoy Double Mint gum today.

Healthful, delicious *DOUBLE MINT GUM* is satisfying. It aids digestion, relaxes tense nerves, helps give you a pleasant breath. Sold everywhere. 5c. Buy today.

S-178

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT YOU'RE IN FOR A TREAT!

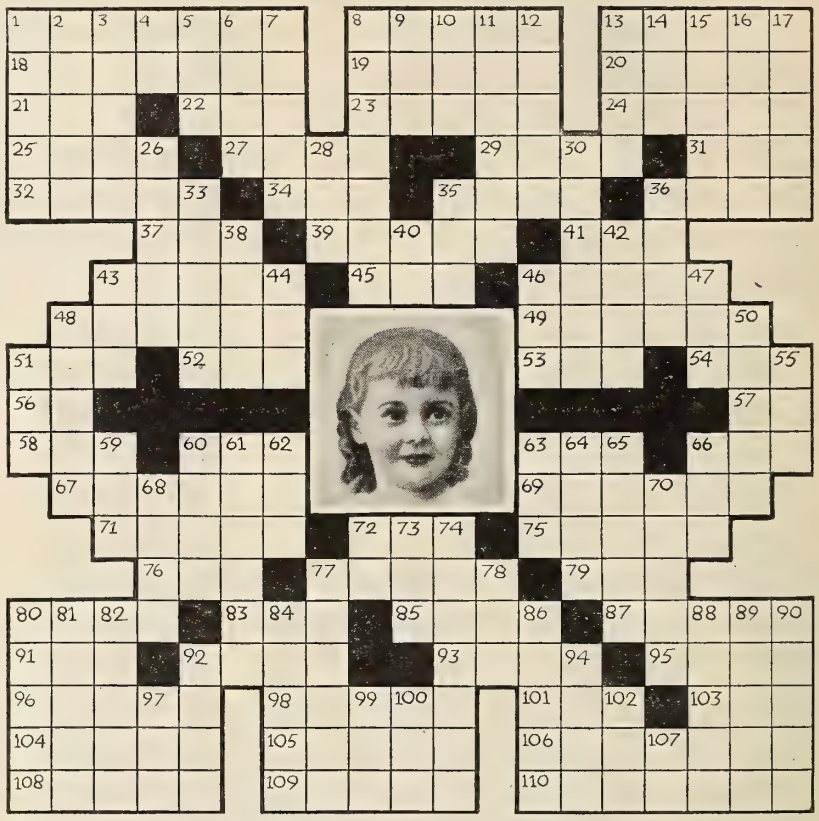




Want to enjoy the smoothest, tastiest gum you ever tucked in your mouth? The clean, fresh, breezy flavor of *real* mountain tea? ● Easy! Step up to the counter, lay down a nickel—and reach for *Clark's Teaberry!*

You'll like CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM

OUR PUZZLE



Puzzle Solution on Page 106

ACROSS

1. First name of our star
8. Last name of our star
13. Sat for pictures
18. Tap dancing star
19. Interior
20. Mrs. O'Leary in "In Old Chicago"
21. Our star wore this in "Ramona"
22. Prefix: three
23. Public storehouse
24. Lengths of film
25. Russian actor
27. "Now I'll ----" starred Spencer Tracy
29. Warmth
31. Large tub
32. Mexican title
34. Freddie Bartholomew is one
35. Male lead in "The Jury's Secret"
36. Our Gang's dog
37. Linger
39. Resume
41. Eric Bl---
43. Co-star in "Vivacious Lady"
45. With our star in "Love Under Fire"
46. Aromatic seed
48. Martha Raye's rival
49. "------ Honeymoon"
51. "Four --- and a Prayer"
52. Heroine in "Reckless Living"
53. Compass point
54. Florence ---mond
56. "Love -- News" starred 1 across
57. Musical note
58. Indian memorial post
60. Enemy
63. English stars' favorite beverage
66. Popular western star
67. Opposite our star in "Clive of India"
69. With our star in "Wife, Doctor and Nurse"
71. "Dumb blonde" comedienne
72. Nickname of Bette Davis' hubby
75. Constellation
76. Mischa Auer's birthmonth: abbr.
77. Nut
79. "---geant Murphy"
80. Deanna's real name
83. Comedienne in "Cocoanut Grove"
85. French for "very"
87. Famed for his explanatory shorts
91. Bobby sports one in "Hawaii Calls"
92. Talented Irish actress
93. Comedian with "rubber" legs
95. On the sheltered side
96. Flows
98. Robert Wildhack's specialty
101. Used in slap-stick comedy
103. Miss Munson's first name
104. Inactive
105. Dowel
106. Singer in "Boy of the Streets"
108. Significance
109. Mountain ridge
110. Begin over again

PAGE

DOWN

1. Veteran in "Stolen Heaven"
2. Silent star: ----- Borden
3. Star of "Outside of Paradise"
4. Star of "Blossoms On Broadway": init.
5. Explosive: abbr.
6. Infringement on civil rights
7. Elaine Barrymore was once called this
8. Submitted
9. Canadian province: abbr.
10. She's in "Checkers"
11. Noah Beery, Jr., is Wallace Beery's ------
12. Mitzi -----
13. Screen role
14. Johnson's comic partner
15. Strainer
16. Striking effect
17. Columbia foreign star
26. Lloyd -----
28. Malay gibbon
30. Makes amends
33. Star of "The Sheik Steps Out"
35. Oswald is his stooge
36. Spanish coin
38. She was in "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round"
40. "-- Time to Marry"
42. Sports reelist
43. Our Star's birthmonth: abbr.
44. "--- Francisco"
46. Peer Gynt's mother
47. "Dead ---"
48. Orchestra leader in "Happy Landing"
50. Hinder
51. Former cowboy star
55. Birthdate of our Star
59. Juvenile in "Goodbye Broadway"
60. Card game
61. Bigger half of a comedy team
62. Holland commune
63. Our star adopted --- children
64. Gable's "outstanding" features
65. First sign of the zodiac
66. Myrna Loy's box office rank
68. Actress in "Mad About Music"
70. Returns to films as "Marie Antoinette"
72. --len Broderick
73. Emote before the cameras
74. Ace film glamor girl
77. Star of "Go Chase Yourself"
78. By birth
80. Patricia's last name
81. She tried "Love on a Budget"
82. Actor in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"
84. View
86. Deep sleep
88. New singer in "Rosalie"
89. Nino Martini is one
90. "Change of -----"
92. Princely Italian family
94. Our star's first role was in "Naughty but ----"
97. Bitter vetch
99. "It Happened --- Night"
100. Spoil
102. Dawn goddess
107. Initials of Miss Talmadge

A TIRED WOMAN MAKES A POOR WIFE



How You Can Have Time for Home and for Husband, Too!

How can you be a comfort to your husband and a help to your children, if you are tired out all the time? Too many women work so hard over their homes that they have no time for play. Then they wonder why their husbands seem restless, and their children are a burden instead of a joy.

Here's a suggestion that has been followed by millions of women; it makes their housework much easier, means nourishing, appetizing meals, and saves a good deal of money, too. Several times a week, serve Franco-American Spaghetti.

Franco-American is packed with nourishment, and it tastes so good that the family never seems to get tired of it. For the children's lunch give them this savory dish—with milk and fruit you have a complete meal that's on the table in a jiffy. For dinner use Franco-American as a side dish, or it is perfectly wonderful to make left-overs go further and taste better.

Franco-American is not like ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Franco-American is the kind with the extra good sauce—it contains eleven savory ingredients. It usually costs only 10¢ a can, and that's less than 3¢ a portion.

Get Franco-American at your grocer's today and get a little time for pleasure!

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

The kind with the Extra Good Sauce—Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

MAY I SEND YOU OUR **FREE** RECIPE BOOK?
SEND THE COUPON, PLEASE

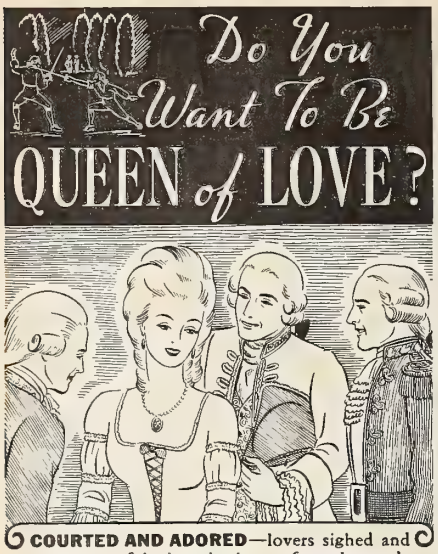
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, DEPT. 610
Camden, New Jersey
Please send free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____





COURTED AND ADORED—lovers sighed and poets sang of the intoxicating perfume that made her the loveliest of women...



EVERY GIRL A QUEEN when she borrows for her own the enchanting fragrance of Djer-Kiss Talc...provocative and Parisian.

START your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed all day . . . Helps you stay cool, for it actually lowers body temperature. Clothes feel more comfortable . . . Makes you alluringly fragrant. Use Djer-Kiss generously, for the cost is surprisingly small. Buy it today at drug and toilet goods counters—25c and 75c sizes. Liberal 10c size at all 10c stores.

The same delightful fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet, Eau de Toilette and Face Powder.

YOURS FREE—the exciting new book, "Women Men Love—Which Type Are You?"



—full of valuable hints on how to make yourself more alluring. Just send a post card with your name and address to Parfums Kerkoff, Inc., Dept. M, New York.

... genuine imported talc scented with Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff, Paris.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF • PARIS



You ask the questions—we'll answer them



ALICE FAYE: This hundred per cent American girl was born in New York City on May 5, 1915. Her ancestors on both sides of the family were colonial settlers, and fought in both the Revolutionary and Civil Wars. Those on her father's side came from France and Germany, and those on her Mother's side from England and Ireland. From the time Alice was a tiny tot she has always loved to play make-believe and wanted to be an actress. She was prominent in all her school entertainments, and excelled in both sports and studies. As a child Alice took many prizes at skating, was very fond of bicycling and horseback riding, but most of all she enjoyed swimming and dancing. She's the kind of girl who likes to do everything herself and takes pride in doing everything well. When she was very young, despite her interest in the theatre, Alice thought she might be a school teacher, but a summer vacation tryout for a chorus job with the Ziegfeld Follies definitely set her ambitions on a dancing career. She passed the test, and was on the verge of being accepted, when she confessed that she was only thirteen years old! The instructor complimented her talent but told her to go home and wait a few years. That was Alice's first big disappointment. She went home, but kept on studying her dancing, and just a year later she tried out for another chorus job, this time with the Chester Hale troupe. At the close of a week's rehearsals Alice was engaged for the season. But there still remained the little matter of breaking the news to her family, who, up to now, had known nothing about her theatrical tryouts. Alice went home and announced that she "had decided to leave school and continue her education in the theatre." Her father and two brothers opposed with considerable fervor, but her wise mother argued for Alice. And that's how, at the age of fourteen, Alice Faye went on the stage. After touring with the Chester Hale Unit Alice got a spot in George White's "Scandals" on Broadway. Then one night a friend of hers took a home-made record of Alice's singing to Rudy Vallee, and that young orchestra leader liked it so much that he gave Alice an opportunity to sing with his Connecticut Yankees.

When Vallee took his troupe to Hollywood to appear in the picture version of the "Scandals" Alice went along. And when Lilian Harvey, European star, refused to act in that picture, because her part was too small, Alice Faye took a screen test and was given the Harvey role. After one week of shooting she was signed to a term contract.

Alice loves pets, especially dogs. In fact, she gets a great "kick" out of life. There is always an atmosphere of gaiety about her and her enthusiasm and ability to enjoy herself are well known.

Alice's real name is Leppert, although three years ago she had it legally changed to Faye, and, to save confusion, the entire family now uses the name of Faye. Alice is five feet, five inches tall, weighs one hundred twelve pounds, has amber colored hair and deep blue eyes. She likes new books, shows and symphony concerts. She doesn't care much for jewelry but loves flowers, especially gardenias. She collects phonograph records and adores perfume. Her pet aversion is dishonesty. She is a wonderful mimic, and although she does not read music she interprets it with fine intelligence. Such song writers as Irving Berlin, Cole Porter and the late George Gershwin have said that they would rather have Alice Faye introduce their songs than any other girl before the public today. Money does not mean a lot to Alice, but she is an indefatigable worker, and would rather be praised by an expert than anything else in the world. She is happily married to orchestra leader Tony Martin. Alice Faye's last two pictures were "In Old Chicago" and "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Her next one will be "By the Dawn's Early Light." You may address her in care of 20th Century-Fox, Hollywood, California.

HUNDREDS OF ADDRESSES FOR A STAMPED ENVELOPE!

Want to know your favorite player's address? In fact, would you like to have a complete list of all the Hollywood stars' mailing addresses? It's yours for the asking. So many of you have written to this department wanting to know where to write this one or that one for an autographed picture, or perhaps you just want to write a fan letter, that we've compiled a complete list for you, naming the players alphabetically, according to their studio, and giving their complete mailing addresses. They are all there, even the featured players, printed in such a compact form that you'll be able to keep the list in your movie scrap book for reference whenever you want it.

To receive one of these lists, all you have to do it write to us and ask for it, enclosing a *large* self-addressed and stamped envelope. *Don't forget* that last item, as no request can be complied with unless we receive your stamped and addressed envelope. Send your requests to the Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THE "DEAD END" KIDS: These six boys, transplanted to Hollywood after their success in New York's stage hit, "Dead End," keep all Hollywood busy with their pranks, and most fans busy telling which one is which.



Billy Halop, whose picture appears here, is perhaps the best known so we'll start with him. Billy, a big dark haired youngster, was born February 11, 1920, the son of a well-to-do Long Island lawyer. He started acting at four, and was well known in radio before joining the "Dead End" cast. He was educated at the New York Professional Children's School, the MacBurney School, and on the set in Hollywood. Off-screen Billy can be very gentlemanly. He is enthusiastic, and absolutely sure of himself. He's a fine cook, collects stamps, and wants to play more refined roles. Some day he'd like to be a director.

Huntz Hall's first name is really Henry but somebody nick-named him Huntz and it stuck. He is tall, blonde, and eighteen, and has a very crooked nose. He was one of sixteen children whose father was in the air-conditioning business. He is puckish and intelligent, and occasionally well-mannered. He was "Dippy" in the original "Dead End" cast. As a youngster Huntz used to sell peanuts and pop-corn at Madison Square Garden in New York. He once wanted to be a civil engineer but would rather be a producer now. He sings quite well, plays basketball, and boasts that he has read through "Gone With the Wind." His best pal is Gabriel Dell.

Gabriel Dell is perhaps the one most of all the boys who promises to become an intellectual. He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., October 4, 1919, the son of a well-known physician, Dr. Del Vacchio. Gabriel Dell is the boy's stage name. Gabriel also attended the Professional Children's School. He reads a good deal, knows what's going on in the world, and is a good conversationalist, although, around the other boys, he is something of a cut-up. He also plays a good game of baseball. Gabriel once wanted to be a doctor but now is torn between a desire to act and a yen to write.

Bernard Punsley is the serious member of this troupe. He wants to be a doctor and is saving his money to that end. He was born in New York, July 11, 1923. His father was in the clothing business but one cousin is a director and another is an actors' agent. Bernard goes in for model engineering and bacteriology. He likes swimming, books, and motion pictures, and is also interested in chicken farming.

Bobby Jordan was born fifteen years ago in New York, the son of a merchant. Because of an angelic look about his face he was given the part of "Angel" in "Dead End." Bobby has a great deal of that quality known as charm, though when he is with the other boys he rough-houses all over the place. He has always wanted to be an actor. He thinks his best role was that of Douglas Fairbanks Rosenbloom in "A Slight Case of Murder".

Leo Gorcey is the lone wolf of the "Crime School" pack. He is the eldest and smallest of the "Dead End" kids. He was born June 3, 1916. Leo is just five feet six inches tall, and very slim. Often he passes for the youngest in the group. Both Leo's father and mother were on the stage, and so also is his brother. Leo was going to be a

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CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

plumber when the stage caught up with him and changed his mind. In one year he has now made six movies. "Angels with Dirty Faces" will be his seventh. When Leo isn't getting arrested for speeding he is at home knocking off short stories and poems. He hopes to be a writer, though he isn't interested in reading. Leo likes speed, cats, stamps and fishing. He is also a fine bowler. He saves half his salary and supports his mother and sister. Any of these boys may be addressed in care of Warner Brothers' Studio, Burbank, California.



JEANETTE MacDONALD: This talented girl comes from a family of musically gifted children. She was born in Philadelphia June 18, 1907. For as long as she can remember Jeanette always intended to be a dancer or musician. She attended the public schools of Philadelphia and Al White's dancing school. One summer, when she was fourteen, Jeanette went to New York with her father who was a contracting builder and somewhat of a politician. Jeanette's sister at the time was dancing on the New York stage, and introduced her to Ned Wayburn who persuaded her father to let Jeanette dance for two weeks in his current Revue. Jeanette stayed in the Revue for several years, and her family moved to New York to make a home for her. She continued to study dancing, and also took voice lessons regularly. She posed for commercial photographs and modeled furs when there were no stage engagements. Then she started in minor roles in musical shows and worked up to the rank of co-star. In 1929 she said goodbye to the New York stage and went to Hollywood with a two-year contract. Her first picture role was opposite Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade." After making a number of pictures, among them "The Vagabond King," "Monte Carlo," "Annabelle's Affairs," "One Hour with You," and "Love Me Tonight," Jeanette went on a long concert tour through Europe, singing in all the European capitals. She returned to Hollywood to play in "The Cat and the Fiddle," and "Merry Widow." There followed "Naughty Marietta," "Rose Marie," "San Francisco," "Maytime," "The Firefly," and her most recent, "Girl of the Golden West." Now Jeanette hopes to divide her time between pictures and concert stage, spending part of her days traveling and the rest in Hollywood. She likes to meet new people and see new places. Jeanette is fond of swimming, dancing, riding and the theatre. She studies music and languages with unremitting regularity, and plays the piano for her own pleasure. She reads mystery novels, and owns quite a collection of them. She also collects little orchestras of figurines, and tiny figures playing musical instruments.

In June 1937 Jeanette was married to Gene Raymond, also of the films. She is five feet, five inches tall, weighs one hundred and twenty pounds, has red-gold hair and green eyes. Her real name is Jeanette MacDonald. Her next picture will be "Sweethearts." You may address her in care of M-G-M Studios, Hollywood, California.

Col. Harry Marcus, Seagate, N. Y. Yours is one of scores of inquiries we've received regarding the career of Rudolph Valentino, so here are the statistics: He was born in Castellaneta, Italy, on May 6, 1895, of a French mother and Italian father, a cavalry captain. His full name was Rodolpho Alfonzo Raffaelo Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina d'Angonguolla. After military and agricultural school in Italy, Rudolph came to New York in 1913. He did odd jobs including landscape gardening until his graceful dancing won him a vaudeville engagement. Musical comedy followed, and then pictures. His first important movie was "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." "The Sheik," "Camille," "Blood and Sand," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "Cobra," "The Eagle," and "The Son of the Sheik" were a few of his best known pictures, the latter being his last. He died suddenly in the summer of 1926 following an emergency operation in New York City. He was thirty-one years of age. You may secure pictures of Valentino at fifteen cents a piece from the Artcinema Associates, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Or for twenty-five cents they will send you a profusely illustrated booklet containing the life story of this star of the silent era.

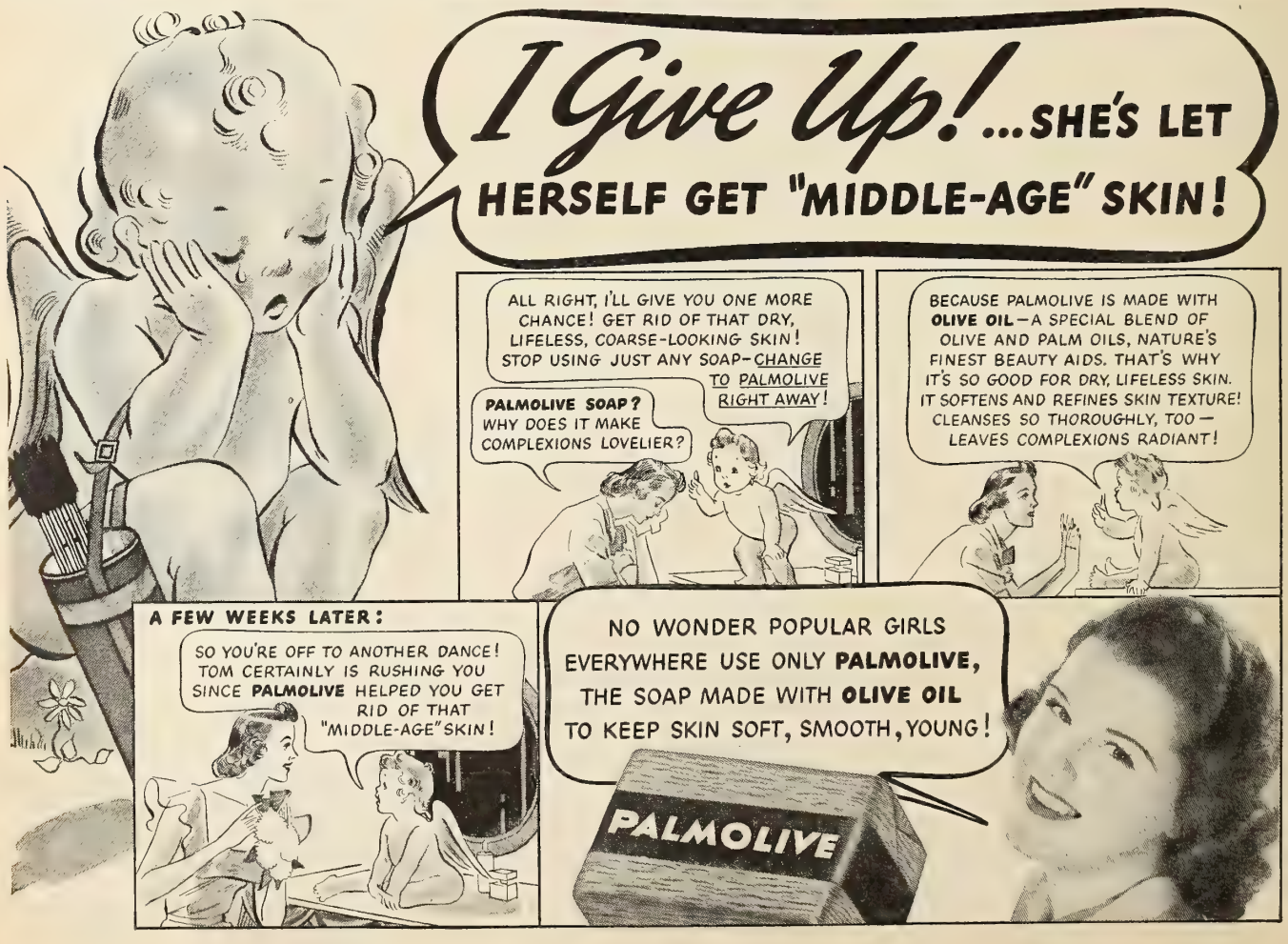
Jackie Nakagawa, Turlock, Calif. Address Sonja Henie, Tyrone Power, Loretta Young, and Robert Kent at the 20th Century-Fox Studio, Hollywood. Janet Gaynor can be reached at Selznick-International, Elaine and John Barrymore at Paramount, and James Stewart at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, all in Hollywood, Cal.

Vivian Perryman, Sacramento, Cal. Gene Autry's last two pictures were "Gold Mine in the Sky," and "Man from Music Mountain." His next will be "Pony Boy." Write him in care of Republic Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Always enclose twenty-five cents when requesting pictures of stars.

Sanford Strickland, Perry, Fla. The ten best pictures of 1937 as selected by 531 of the nation's picture critics were: "The Life of Emile Zola," "The Good Earth," "Captains Courageous," "Lost Horizon," "A Star Is Born," "Romeo and Juliet," "Stage Door," "Dead End," "Winterset," and "The Awful Truth."

Doris Lanzinger, Toledo, Ohio. Danielle Darrieux was born in Bordeaux, France, May 1, 1917. Her father is French, her Mother Algerian. You can reach her in care of Universal Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Her next picture will be "Rio."

Jane Franklin, New Preston, Conn. Richard Greene was born in Plymouth, Devonshire, England. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred seventy pounds, has dark brown hair and blue-grey eyes. You may address him in care of 20th Century-Fox Studios, Hollywood. His next picture will be "Wooden Anchors" with Nancy Kelly.





Bob
wyc

a race horse.) But why can't he face himself, face his work, face his past and have society too? If he did he would be a happier and saner person.

No matter how much money he earns and how many clubs of The Racquet caliber accept him, he is not (thank goodness) a banker. And no matter how he looks at it (and it is the very result of all that hard work which he won't admit, and of the boyhood to which he won't refer) Fred Astaire is, for all that, the best white man dancer in America today. That should be ample satisfaction for anyone.

SHE WANTS TO STAY MARRIED

(Continued from page 35)

a longed-for toy," he observed, "laughing one moment, crying the next, as she slipped it on her finger."

And a month or so later, Randolph Churchill, son of the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had been visiting the couple, was quoted as saying, "I am not at liberty to quote Mr. Chaplin directly, but I can definitely say they are married."

Then Gregory Bautzer and Bentley Ryan, her attorneys, said they were certain she was married. And her business manager, Arthur Taylor, who handles all her business problems and takes care of Paulette's investments said there was no doubt of her marital status.

BUT some time last spring, differences, which were kept as secret as their marriage, separated the couple. Charlie went to Pebble Beach to remain there several months in seclusion, while Paulette, after re-decorating the house to her own taste, went in search of a job—in the movies. Always, until that time, she had planned to make another picture with the comedian. But, as all the world knows, it is a long time between pictures for Hollywood's most famous star, and it was a long wait for ambitious Paulette. Too long, she evidently decided, for she accepted the role of Leslie, Janet Gaynor's younger sister in "The Young in Heart."

Whether or not her acceptance of this part served to further estrange the couple is still a matter of conjecture. Certain it was that about this time divorce rumors began to fly, followed by whispers that she had been ordered to liquidate her personal possessions in order that they would be in negotiable state to put on the community property block.

Paulette, herself, spiked the first of these stories by saying that she would not file suit. "If Charlie wants a divorce let him get it," she told her attorneys. "But I am too grateful to him for everything and love him too much to cause him a moment's anguish. Besides, I am satisfied with my present status."

Then Chaplin's friend and attorney for twenty-five years, Lloyd Wright, laid the second in ashes by labelling the rumor "preposterous." "I don't know Mr. Chaplin's plans for divorce," he stated coldly, "but I am certain he would never ask his wife to sell her jewels and furs in order to make a community property settlement."

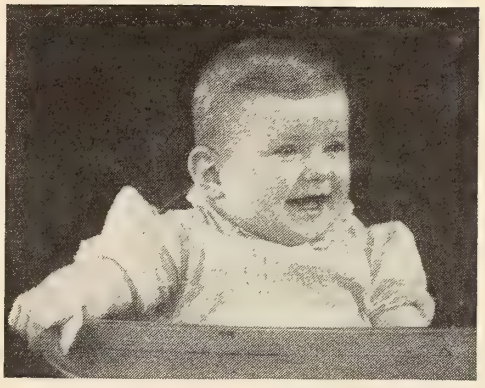
This chatter had started following the admission that she had put up the boat, "Panacea," for sale, although she is reputedly worth a quarter of a million dollars in her own right and Chaplin's wealth is estimated at more than ten millions. Who's right? The gossipers? Probably not, for they seldom are. What's ahead for this couple? Reconciliation or divorce?

Frances Corbett—aged 4 months



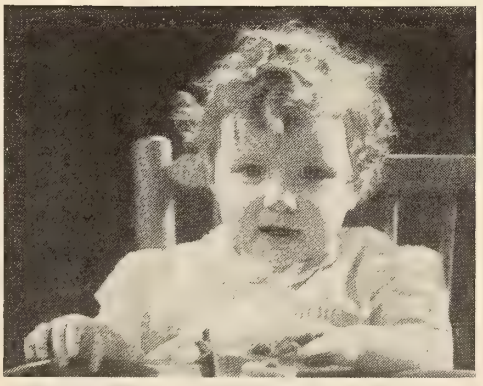
Ecstatic wiggling of fingers and toes marks the arrival of Frances' supper, which now includes Clapp's Baby Cereal. Like many of her young neighbors in Westfield, N. J., Frances is having pictures taken and growth records kept, as part of a study in infant feeding. Her meals will soon be further enlivened by Clapp's Strained Vegetables.

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Frances has had a birthday!



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Clapp's Strained Baby Foods

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 13)

★★ Algiers

Based on a foreign film hit ("Pepe Le Moko") "Algiers" is a cops-and-robber story in a new background. The plot is a thin fabrication about a section in Algiers known as The Caspah, hideout for criminals of all nations, and the more or less placid existence there belies the alleged viciousness of its inhabitants. The excellent camera work, however, manages to keep the story moving and actually makes it seem more exciting than it really is.

Charles Boyer is Pepe Le Moko, a French jewel thief, regarded as the most dangerous man in the Caspah. The police are unable to catch him because Pepe has his gang and his girl (Sigrid Gurie) and he's quite content not to emerge. One day, however, a beautiful Parisienne (Hedy Lamarr) comes to the Caspah on a slumming trip and Pepe falls in love with her. You know what happens. The police trick him with a message from her, he comes to town and walks into their trap.

Boyer plays Pepe in his usual sulky, dark-eyed manner. Hedy Lamarr causes a minor sensation and Sigrid Gurie does not fare quite so well. In the supporting cast, Gene Lockhart almost walks away with the picture with a well-defined and expert portrayal of an informer. Directed by John Cromwell.—*Walter Wanger.*

★★ Little Miss Broadway

Little Miss Temple, queen of 20th Century-Fox and America's answer to England's Princess Margaret, comes to her public once more in another of those sugary sweet offerings which send her admirers home happy and contented. Despite her advancing years, Shirley still manages to captivate the entire cast.

This time she is an orphan (what, again?) who is adopted by the kindly proprietor of a Broadway theatrical hotel. Her surroundings, of course, give Shirley ample reason to demonstrate her talent as a singing and dancing star. In the latter department she excels, and is fortunate in having George Murphy as her partner in two or three really entertaining routines. Her songs still run to the saccharine. However, Shirley's personality and general excellence will make audiences forget such relatively minor complaints. Suffice it to say that under Shirley's guidance the old proprietor pays off the mortgage, and the mean old rich lady next door winds up sweeter than Snow White.

It is, of course, Shirley's picture throughout, but credit must go to George Murphy, Jimmy Durante, Edna Mae Oliver, Edward Ellis, Donald Meek and others for keeping the thing amusing when Shirley has her stage waits. Directed by Irving Cummings.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ Love Finds Andy Hardy

When it's love in bloom for Andy Hardy there isn't a man, woman or child in these United States who couldn't get a chuckle out of it. This time he's torn between three charmers—Ann Rutherford, the old girl; Lana Turner, the town siren; and Judy Garland, an out-of-town visitor. Trying to purchase a twenty-dollar jallope on the installment plan doesn't add anything to his peace of mind either, particularly since father Lewis Stone, though pretty understanding about most things, is rabid on installment plans. Andy's plight is real and heart-rending as he becomes more deeply involved with every move. This role will add even more prestige to Mickey Rooney's record, while the picture is bound to make the Hardys, *en famille,* more popular than ever. It's their best story to date. Andy isn't the only Hardy with problems. Mother Fay Holden is called away from home, and daughter Cecilia Parker is left holding the reins. Between cooking, an absolute mystery to her, and kid brother Andy, a constant nuisance to her, Cecilia has her hands full. To make matters worse, it's the Christmas season, and things look pretty glum around the Hardy household for a time, though everything turns out for the best, of course. Judy Garland almost steals the honors from Mickey with her excellent characterization of the sympathetic girl friend. You won't want to miss this Hardy family picture. Directed by George P. Seitz.—*M-G-M.*

★★ The Texans

A glorified Western, this picture is full of strong men, strong language and daring adventures. The story centers about the trials and tribulations which befall a courageous group who attempts to drive a herd of 10,000 head of cattle from Texas to Kansas in the perilous days following the Civil War. The herds belong to Ivy Preston (Joan Bennett) and her grandmother (May Robson). They are the victims of an exorbitant tax levied on their cattle by the government and, in order to save their property, they resort to the 1,500 mile trip. With them go their trusty friends, the old cowhands on the Preston ranch, and Kirk Jordan (Randolph Scott) whom Gramma regards as a tried and true friend but who's just a pain in the neck to granddaughter Ivy. Romance, of course, blooms along the trail for the two, though the atmosphere is hardly conducive to sentiment. Isaiah Middlebrook (Robert Barrat) and his troupe of Yankee cavalry follow close at heel, determined to get the herds back in their hands. Indians descend upon them. They are the victims of blizzards, dust storms, droughts, and thunder-storms along the trail. In short, it's durned tough goin'. But you who like films where men are men and women full of courage will like "The Texans." The pictorial effects in many instances are breath-taking. Joan Bennett and Randolph Scott turn in satisfactory performances, but the honors go outright to May Robson for her characterization of the Southern lady who is all gentleness and charm in appearance but turns out to be the fiercest fighter of them all. Directed by James Hogan.—*Paramount.*



In "Algiers," Charles Boyer surprises his admirers with a very good singing voice. Nice work, Charles.

★★ Passport Husband

Stuart Erwin, true to form, is in for another terrific beating. This time two gangs of desperate characters are vying for the privilege of murdering him. It all started, of course, because of Stu's good heartedness, which has got him married to a glamorous creature, Joan Woodbury.

When Joan allows as how she'll die if Stu doesn't wed her, he doesn't know it's deportation and not death that's facing her. Nor does he realize that Joan isn't exactly the home type, but a moll at heart. Complicating matters even more is Douglas Fowley, a gentleman of unsavory reputation who would have Joan for his own, and Pauline Moore, an awfully nice girl who feels just that way about Stu.

It's all pretty innocuous stuff as far as the plot goes, but the laughs are good and plentiful. And the cast, though far from illustrious, do an excellent job within the script limitations. The climax is one of the rowdiest, lustiest and funniest ever, with Stu Erwin capturing both gangs of criminals single handed by the simple expedient of pushing them out of a supposedly burning building into the waiting firemen's net below.

You will find real entertainment in "Passport Husband," in which Stuart Erwin is at his best. Directed by James Tinling.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ Tropic Holiday

Paramount has taken Bob Burns, Martha Raye, Dorothy Lamour and a number of their friends down to Mexico for a musical show which has its moments. Said moments are confined, properly enough, mostly to the musical numbers, beautiful Mexican songs by Augustin Lara, the country's foremost ballad writer. In addition there are comedy moments, the best being a bull fight sequence featuring a ferocious bull and a very frightened Martha Raye.

Story has to do with a Hollywood scenario writer on a Mexican hegira trying to find peace and time in which to finish a script. He runs into everything, including romance with Dorothy Lamour, who is probably as surprised as anybody to show up in a picture without a sarong.

Martha Raye and Bob Burns furnish most of the comedy, agreeably aided by Roberto Soto, Mexico's Charlie Chaplin. Tito Guizar is handsome and pleasant to hear as he sings several Mexican love songs, and Miss Lamour tosses off a song or two of her own with good effect. Binnie Barnes is excellent as a Hollywood beauty jealous of Milland's romance with Miss Lamour, and there is nice work by a group of natives. "Tropic Holiday" is no great shakes, but it is entertaining and better than most run-of-the-mill song and dance films. Good for a frivolous mood. —Directed by Ted Reed.—*Paramount.*

MYRNA'S MAID TELLS ON MISS LOY

(*Continued from page 30*)

she was going out and she asked me to put some polish on her nails. "I never did," I said, "but I can try." It was ruby polish, and that's the worst kind, even if you're an expert manicurist. Well, what with my being so rattled, and my hands shaking like I had the palsy, I got more polish over her fingers than I did on her nails. I sat there so miserable I didn't know where to look, and she kept saying, "That's fine, Theresa. Just clean up this bit. Now that little dab in there—"

Well, I knew I'd made a hash of it and that she was just being nice. I started putting things away, thinking, "You certainly cooked your goose to a crisp that time, my girl." Miss Loy was at the door. Then suddenly she turned around. "Theresa," she said, "I like you very much and I'm very well pleased with your work. Would you like to stay?" Well! I just stood there with my jaws dropped and couldn't think of a thing to say. Imagine her doing it right then, just because she saw how badly I felt. She smiled and said, "Then that's settled. Good night, Theresa." And when she was gone, I did a little rhumba all by myself, right in the middle of the bedroom floor.

In all the time I've been with her, I've never seen Miss Loy angry except once in a great while, and that's when somebody tried to put something over on her. You have to know her very well to know when she's angry. She doesn't go popping off like a string of firecrackers. She just seems to get more quiet. Then, if she can, she goes and has it out with whoever's upset her, and that's the end of it.

Miss Loy loves to have jolly people around her. She gets bored with a lot of society talk—I mean the stiff kind. We have *more* fun on location. She likes to have pillow fights with the girls—there's Shirley, her stand-in, and Eleanor, who does her hair, and Margaret from the wardrobe department. They borrow her shirts and sweaters and shower-caps and go running back and forth, just like girls in a boarding school.

THEN I'll go in to wake her in the morning, and I'll grab a shawl from the piano and twist it round my shoulders, and stick a rose in my mouth. (Mr. Hornblow always sends her roses.) I clown around, pretending I'm a Spanish dancer or something crazy, till she laughs herself sick. There was one time, though, when she had us in hysterics. She was trying to peck. Miss Loy's no fancy pecker, but she looked so cute and funny with her head jerking up and down like a baby doll, that we laughed till our sides ached. But she kept right on, solemn as a judge. "I'm dishing it out," she said, "and you can take it."

Miss Loy loves to tease. She found out I was crazy about William Powell. Maybe it's kind of silly, but I guess we all have our favorite movie actors. Anyway, the first day she worked with him, I was all eyes and mouth. She was sitting there talking to him, when all of a sudden she called me over and introduced me. I almost fainted. But as if that wasn't enough, she got that little twinkle in her eye, and I knew she was up to something. "Bill," she said, "you're Theresa's favorite movie actor." Well, I wanted to crawl into a hole and hide. She saw I was fussed, so she patted my hand and said, "Sorry, Theresa. I didn't mean to embarrass you." Well, I mumbled something about not wanting Mr. Powell to think I was fresh. "Theresa," he said, "no actor thinks you're fresh when you pay him a compliment. He thinks you're smart." Wasn't that cute of him? He's like that.

When my baby was born and I named him Willard, Miss Loy wanted to know was it after Mr. Powell. I said, in a way it was and in a way it wasn't. So now, when she wants to tease me, she calls the baby Inaway. At first she couldn't come to the hospital, because she was working, but she sent ice cream and a beautiful cake. Then, as soon as she had a day off, she called up and said she was coming over. Well, the sweetest thing happened. The baby was half asleep. Miss Loy picked him up and he opened his eyes and just lay there looking at her for a minute. Then she held out her finger and he grabbed it tight, and next minute he was smiling up at her. I was so pleased, because it was the first time he'd ever smiled at anyone.

She's just crazy about children. She'll come home all excited. "Oh, Theresa, I saw the cutest baby today. He was just as homely as he could be, but oh, so sweet." She has a way with them too. If they're



kind of hard to make up with, she doesn't rush them. She waits until they make up with her, and they always do.

There's little Junior who comes to the studio to sell papers and magazines. She just loves that kid. Last Christmas she had everybody hunting a dog for Junior. Then she heard that somebody else had bought him one. She was dreadfully disappointed at first. Then she said, "No matter, so long as he gets a dog," and she bought him a leather jacket instead.

Then there was the time when one of the directors thought maybe he could use Junior in a picture. Miss Loy was testing for a picture at the same time. Every day, regular as clockwork, Junior'd ask, "Dja get the pitcha, Miss Loy?" That's just how he'd say it. And she'd say, "Not yet. Did you?" "Not yet," he'd say. And she'd say, "Got my fingers crossed." And he'd cross his fingers too and wave them at her.

Then finally one day he said, the same as always, "Dja get the pitcha, Miss Loy?" And she said, "Yes, did you?" "Nope," Junior said. Then he took one look at her face and said, "Gee, Miss Loy, you don't have to feel bad about it. I'd rather sell papers any day."

So you can imagine how she felt when there was talk about not letting Junior sell his papers any more at the studio. She went straight to the front office and got that fixed up. We were sitting here in the dressing-room one afternoon when Junior came in. Generally, nothing fazes him, but he was plenty bothered that day. He wiggled and kept shoving his feet around, and at last he came out with it. "Miss Loy, my mother said to give you something." He ran up and grabbed her and gave her the biggest kiss, then he ran out as if the cops were after him. Next minute he poked his head in at the door again. "No snitching now," he says. And she holds up her hand and says, serious as anything, "No snitching, Junior." But her eyes were just shining.

Miss Loy is forever talking about her grandchildren—kidding, you know. When she got that crown for being Queen of the Movies, she put it in a little nook in the library. "That's to show my grandchildren, when I'm old," she said.

SHE'S the happiest person for all she's so quiet. It's just grand to see two people as happy as she and Mr. Hornblow. I never shall forget the day they were married. She didn't say much, but goodness! You could see it written all over her. I helped her pack—or rather, I packed for her. She didn't know what to take. It was the only time I ever saw her fluttery. We told her she had to have something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue. Well, of course, there were lots of new things, so she wore a pair of old hose. Then she borrowed a handkerchief, and Miss Bond, her secretary, went out and bought her a pair of blue garters.

Her dress was a beige handprint, all over colors, and she wore a brown crêpe de chine hat, with brown patent shoes and bag. All of us were standing at the door, Sergei the cook, the butler, the chauffeur and I. I said, "I hope you'll be as happy as a queen, Mrs. Hornblow," and she smiled the sweetest smile, and bent over and kissed me. I was so thrilled.

Sergei baked a beautiful wedding cake and sent it down to surprise her at Palos Verde where they spent their honeymoon. She still has a piece of that cake and the little bride and groom Sergei put on top of it.

Then when the house was built, my, she was like a kid. It's not a fancy house—they don't like a lot of frills and feathers—just a beautiful home. And she'd rather fuss around that house and garden than—go to see the President, I guess.

Every morning, even when she's working, she plans the menu for dinner. She loves to cut recipes out of magazines and then do something different with them. For instance, the recipe might call for a certain kind of wine. Well, she'll talk it over with the cook and say, "Maybe that wine won't be so good. Let's try this kind and see what happens." Then she has a little book where she puts all the recipes that turn out good. And if Mr. Hornblow specially enthuses about anything, she puts a star next to it, to remember.

Between pictures and on days she's not working she has breakfast about ten. Then she puts on a blouse and slacks, and maybe ties a scarf round her head, and out she goes with her spade and basket till we call her for lunch. Sometimes we have to call her several times.

She doesn't just pick flowers, either. She gets out there and digs. She's not even afraid of slugs and lizards and things. She laughs at me because I'm petrified of anything that crawls. "Go 'way," she'll tell the lizard. "Theresa's afraid of you. Go on home to your babies." Then when she comes in, Johnny's generally trailing her. Johnny's the neighbor's little dog. "He needs a bone," she'll say. "He's been helping all morning and he's tuckered out."

Sometimes Mr. Hornblow runs home and has lunch with her. Then in the afternoon we might clean cupboards or straighten out the basement. And she doesn't watch while I do it. Don't you believe it. She gets down in that basement and helps me push things around. Or, if we are doing the cupboards, she'll wash down one side while I take the other. Then

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while I wash the dishes she'll dry and put them away. She likes putting them away, because it gives her a chance to arrange them differently.

Oh, and she's the cutest thing with her clothes. She has them sent home and if Mr. Hornblow doesn't like them, she generally doesn't take them—only once in a great while, if she happens to be set on a thing for some reason. He never tells her not to. He says, "Well, that doesn't appeal to me but if you like it, honey, you get it." So, when she buys something out of the ordinary, she keeps it for a big surprise and puts it on just before time for him to come home. Like she got a red hat and she said, "I'll bet this won't go over, Theresa." But one look at his face made me chuckle to myself, "Well, that's one bet you lost, Mrs. Hornblow."

Evenings, they might listen to the Capehart, or they might read. If he's interested in a book, he'll bring home two. He reads one and she reads the other, and then they compare notes. Or they might have a few friends to dinner. They don't go much for big parties. But there's one thing I noticed. Even when they have people in, it's always kind of peaceful, and even when just the two of them are alone, it's always kind of gay. That might sound funny to some people, but it's true.

Well, I guess that's all, except maybe this'll show why we feel like we do about Miss Loy. She never orders you around and she never bawls you out when you make a mistake. She might say, "Let's try to get this a little brighter," or, "Here's a scratch, maybe we could polish it off." She was having a tea-party and it was the butler's day off. She didn't even ask him to stay. She said it was his day and he had a right to it. Miss Loy just put on an apron and came out in the kitchen and started fixing some sandwiches and making her own tea. She didn't expect the maid to do everything by herself. She pitched right in and helped. A person like that has a good effect on you. You just want to do and do and do things for her.



Football days are here again and is Marjorie Weaver glad! She puts that college spirit into "Hold That Co-ed."

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Now such a complexion may be won from thorough care with Woodbury Cold Cream. For this cream contains two elements which inspire skin beauty.

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WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HEPBURN?

(*Continued from page 27*)

absolutely dying to catch a glimpse of Hepburn in overalls! So her policy of being the eccentric one wasn't a flop, either. They knew she wasn't just another one of those movie gals.

And so when Kate recently shook the dust of Hollywood from her feet and climbed onto the East-bound plane it was with the strangest feelings she'd ever had. Other studios wanted her, would give excellent roles. But is acting enough for her? For six years she's had Hollywood prestige. It's brought her a fortune—and Kate has never underestimated the power of money. She knows that a woman isn't independent until she can afford to be. Acting for the movies is a tremendous kick if your parts can be hand-picked, and if you can out-bluff the moguls. But outbluffing is a tiring sideline to a job? What did it all amount to?

When she and Laura Harding reached New York the spell of the city, its hum, its theatres, its splendid shops and big hotels, captured her imagination, restored her ambition. She was on the go from late morning until early morning. Then suddenly Kate was fed up with city whirling. She had to get home. She told Laura goodbye for a while and headed for Hartford, Connecticut.

When she first arrived home there was a bit of a stir. The papers duly reported her celebrated person materializing again. The front doorbell did double duty as eager fans, oblivious to Hepburn's Hollywood reputation for aloofness, politely dropped in for autographs. The family maid was in no end of a flurry conveying scraps of paper to wherever Kate was. One can't be an ambassadress every day!

In a day or two, though, it seemed as though Kate had been home for months and months. She isn't pampered by her parents or her brothers and sisters, you see. (There are four brothers and sisters, so she's only one of five children equally loved.) Naturally the family is thrilled over Kate's success. She wants to share her good experiences with them, and does. She's exceptionally thoughtful. But none of the family will chisel in on her earnings as a movie star. None of them are the helpful type. They say she followed her hunch and has been rewarded. They figure they'll do the same.

Consequently, it has been like old times for Kate. She usually plays golf these mornings. When she was in college she was runner-up for the Connecticut women's golf championship. She's kept up her golf out in California, even to making a hole-in-one. The family would like to have seen that!

At the home country club Kate is one of the crowd. She doesn't rig herself up in overalls, you may be positive, but appears in conventional, attractive slacks. After thirty-six holes, which gives you some idea of her endurance, she comes into the caddy house and chins with the "pro" about her game, and coaxes her caddy into coming clean on what he thinks of her strokes. Kate passes up the "nineteenth" hole and its jolly drinkers. She's fond of her cigarettes but not of tall cool ones.

BACK at home she races her partner of the morning, a brother or a sister, to the luncheon table. Dr. Hepburn, who idolizes her and has never been known to refuse a single thing she's asked for, hurries home from his office to enjoy every minute of her stay. Kate is intensely concerned with all of his current cases and wants to learn exactly what's happened to Mrs. Smith, and if George Barry is any better, and will that neighbor girl have to have an operation after all?

Following lunch she and her mother practically always find a conference in order, and Kate smiles discreet amusement as her mother practices a campaign speech on birth control. Kate realizes where her own soap-box tendency comes from. She is immensely proud that her mother has combined marriage, motherhood, and welfare work so intelligently. Every time she looks at her mother, Kate recalls the meaning of service to others. She admits how worthwhile being a good sport really is.



Sonja Henie and her troupe take us back to fairy-tale days in the Alice in Wonderland number from "My Lucky Star." Kids from six to sixty will love this one.

Her mother has built a life around the vital elements, and Kate approves.

It seems amazing not to have to rush to a set right after the noon hour. Kate lazily yields to the drowsiness which creeps up on her. That chaise lounge in her cretonned bedroom lures her. She picks up a new book—the house is chock-full of new books—and totes it upstairs with her. In half an hour she is yawning over it. When she wakes she hears noises down on the side porch. It's the collegians again. So she drops the book, runs a comb through her hair, and dashes down to get in on the argument. It's some world-shaking matter. She edges into a swing, grabs a glass of lemonade, and swears that when she went to Bryn Mawr no Harvard man ever dared to defy her with any such sheer nonsense!

This star who can confound Hollywood with idiosyncrasies, who won't be interviewed out there at all, is now part of an intensely real household, reveling in the kind of vacation few movie stars ever take. Kate has gone a long way up. She's acquired great acclaim. She certainly could be summering in grand style. But home sounds better to her. When faced with a dilemma, Kate has invariably come home.

WHAT to do about Hollywood and marriage seems far away on these long summer evenings, with the crickets chirping in the lawn and no one demanding that she Do Something Dramatic Immediately.

Kate is certainly earnestness itself when her adored older brother relates his progress. She doesn't have bossy words for her sisters either, but gives her opinion when they request it.

The family's conversation gets around to what she's going to do, eventually. But there is no sense of urgency here in Hartford, no feeling that Kate must rush into some bizarre schedule for fear of losing out in Hollywood. The Hepburns, anyway, have always seen to it that they don't have to rush crazily into ill-advised paths. Kate can afford to select because she's saved enough money to be independent.

In Hollywood it's the theory that Kate's never taken advice from anyone. Hollywood accuses her of egotism, because she persists in working on barred sets. However, those who actually work with her have found her as likeable as her family and close friends do. Cary Grant, who is in a position to speak authoritatively and who has nothing to gain by apple polishing, says, "Kate is more congenial than any actress I've ever worked with. She's my favorite!"

But Hollywood as a whole will never be able to reason out a star who'll talk seriously with mere studio employees and thereby lose a chance to broadcast sensationally via interviewers. Kate's views are numerous, logical, provocative. But she contends that Garbo had the truest inspiration about publicity and that what the public wants to imagine about an actress is unlimited. If any actress should talk freely to the press, it is evident that she'd not be as intriguing. So, why talk?

Because Kate is so analytical, and honest, she should reach the right conclusion about herself this summer. She knows that she wants to go on acting in important pictures. But she says one or two a year will be sufficient. Last year she earned $200,000 in Hollywood, so why not pick carefully now? She knows, too, that she wants to continue her stage climb, for she has much further to go in the theatre itself. She quit Broadway when she'd only begun, and her one return was severely panned. Last year she toured on the road, most successfully. She didn't take the play into New York because she had a suspicion she

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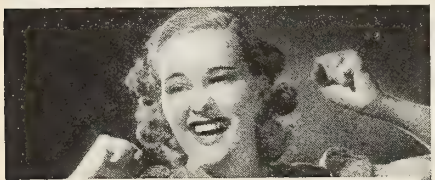
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wasn't quite good enough in it. This fall? The Theatre Guild already has Broadway designs for her.

"I still have to keep my fingers crossed," she confesses. She can grin now about her first onslaught on Broadway. Kate remembers how she started by making the rounds of the producers' offices, and it was as hot a summer as this one has been. Hotter, she maintains. She was far too nervous and bashful. Quite soon she was perspiring dreadfully, her clothes and hair sadly mussed. She was anxious to repair these damages of the heat, but ashamed to inquire for the ladies' rooms. That's the real reason why she was never chic! And because she wasn't chic, if you want to know all, she never once got to talk to a single solitary stage producer!

"But I had red hair, freckles and a temper, and the only solution was to live up to them!" Thoroughly ignored in the New York that now gossips about her plans, she heard that a stock company in Baltimore wanted an actress. Kate attempted her first bluff. Outstanding in campus dramatics, with no stage record in a theatre, but needing only a break, she talked so long and fast that down there they gave her the job that was open.

ONE of her self-imposed drawbacks has been her insistence upon interpreting all her roles absolutely as she herself visualizes them. She almost never got to Hollywood because of this trait. She was fired from a succession of Broadway shows, even losing a lead opposite Leslie Howard when she was still a nobody because she refused to change her mind about how his leading lady should be characterized. What if he was famous and she was a rank amateur? She didn't care! She knew, instinctively, what was best for her.

As a small child Katharine Hepburn was given to either crying until she got what she wanted, or she'd refuse to participate in the back-yard dramas until her rules were accepted. Luckily she became a star overnight in Hollywood, so she hasn't had to give in to any movie director on points of interpretation. She wouldn't have a director who'd subdue her slant on a role.

She thinks it's quite a coincidence that, exactly ten years ago, she understudied the original stage star of "Holiday." When Hope Williams was creating the role that Kate has recently clicked in, the fiery Hepburn gladly joined the troupe as stellar understudy. "Hope Williams was the healthiest star I ever met!" But standing in the wings every night, praying for a miracle so that she could go on, imprinted this particular drama in her mind. When she was offered a screen test she chose a sequence from this play to display her acting.

Kate has the talent and the desire to ultimately reign as one of Broadway's enduring queens. So she thinks she'll keep on with her stage yen. But now what of her as a woman?

She was married from the jolly house in Hartford ten years ago. She was all ecstatic hopes about love then. Hollywood wasn't even a glint. He was tall, gallant, and so sympathetic towards her stage leanings. He'd graduated from college and had put himself into the brokerage business in Philadelphia. But he moved his firm to New York so that she could go into the theatre and they could be modern and skyrocket in two careers together. It was young romance rampant.

As Mrs. Ludlow Smith in private life, she fixed up an apartment, and they were very determined to get ahead. But she grew more and more devoted to her career, and less and less devoted to Ludlow. When she went to Hollywood she denied her marriage. Later she secured a Mexican divorce, hoping for secrecy in the break-up.

In Hollywood she has managed her career battles herself, has never gone with any studio powers. Love's been out. George Cukor and Leland Hayward, her agent, have been her closest men friends. Laura Harding, her chum from Bryn Mawr days, has been her companion in her rented hilltop mansion in the West.

But Kate, of course, is very emotional. So when she met Howard Hughes, who is adventurous and a sophisticate and a millionaire besides, she remembered she could be just a woman after all. Now—should she be? He is fascinating, and being with him is so stimulating. But he'd never play second fiddle to any woman's career. He's



Loretta Young poses for us with one of her special friends. Who said something about a dog's life being hard?

used to having his own way with women, too. Kate doesn't mind giving in to his whims now. But could she—for always?

The gangling, timid, bright girl from Hartford is back home vacationing. She's a glamorous woman of the world now and, incredibly, she hasn't outgrown her "folks." But what lies ahead for her? Merely acting greatness, gained by concentrating on technique and devoting herself to self-improvement? That's going to be a very lonesome life.

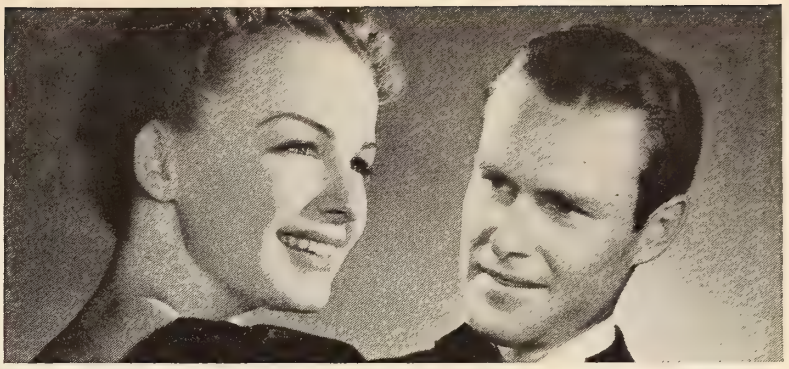
Suppose she allows herself to be a woman, concerned only with one man's wishes. We only live once. What's fame? They forget you in a few years! Being a wife like these others, with a home full of kids who'll be a comfort when age comes—Kate's thinking of this too. One marriage bust-up has taught her plenty. Holding onto love seems simpler now. An extremist? Too outspoken? Spoiled into demanding all or nothing in everything? It's not too late to change!

Now look at all of these college kids who flock around her home—why, before Kate went into the theatre she too was awarded a fancy degree. She was branded a bachelor of psychology! Why can't she practice her psychology now? Why can't she have an all-consuming love and also a brilliant, wonderful career? Why can't she become a great woman, understanding and tender, and also the American Bernhardt?

Such thoughts as these are running riot through Katharine Hepburn's head as the summer moon wanes and the family and their friends, who are her friends too, chatter on. What's the matter with Kate? She's undecided, for the first and only time she can ever recall. But, as I see her smiling, I know that inside she isn't smiling at all. Inside she's busily trying to determine her destiny. She is on the verge of her wonderful discovery. Conquest of self, conquest of divided impulses, that must be her answer! It will be brutal if she pulls a boner.



A bit of charm from yesteryear. Jim Ellison, Ruby Keeler and Anne Shirley in "Mother Carey's Chickens."



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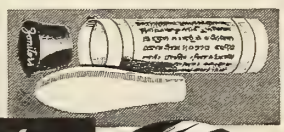
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"What do they do with all my nickels while I wait? Well, I'll just get comfortable."

HOW THEY WIN FRIENDS

(Continued from page 39)

floor show." Murphy had won a friend, and, through winning a friend, he had won a job. So, Rule 1: Take an interest in other people and their problems.

The most important thing to remember is that people are first, last and always interested in themselves, and that they will be flattered if you show that you are interested in them. In line with this, it is important to remember people's names, and to call them by name whenever you can.

Buddy Ebsen, long, angular laugh provoker, learned early in his days as a trouper that the more friends you can make in various one night stands the better. Realizing the value of incurring the favor of stage door and prop men, Buddy hit upon a plan.

EVERYONE is flattered, he figured, when someone remembers a first name. People are also flattered if, in addition to a name, one remembers the name and age of a wife or child or little details they may reveal as to their personal lives.

And so Buddy made out a book. At every new theatre he would list the town, theatre name, and the names and personal information about various employees. When scheduled to arrive at a certain town, Buddy would whip out this vest pocket volume and review the situation. As a result, there isn't one of these men who fails to respond to Ebsen's name on the screen. In him they recognize a friend.

Rule 2, then: Remember people's names, their likes and dislikes.

If Hollywood stars were entirely selfish, they might go out of their way only to befriend those who, in turn, can help them. But that has never been true of the finest stars in the profession.

Eleanor Powell, one of the best-liked girls in Hollywood, is just as friendly toward humble, unimportant people as she is toward big executives. That was recently proved when she traveled on the S. S. Santa Paula from California to New York. Although any Hollywood star could demand and get good service anywhere, she would undoubtedly arouse a good deal of resentment if she acted as if it were her prerogative to be served.

When Eleanor Powell casually mentioned that she liked cream soup and chow mein, every night after that they appeared on the ship's menu. Two Chinese stewards, Lee and Tom, vied with each other to serve Eleanor. One of them, Tom, was supposed to be the captain's own cabin boy, for he had been with the captain for years. The captain liked to boast of how faithful Tom was and of how Tom would never leave him for anyone else.

Towards the end of the trip, Tom went down to see Eleanor. "I want to work for you," he told her. "I like you. Please give me a job for always."

"But the captain—what of him?" Eleanor said helplessly.

"Never mind the captain," Tom told her. "I want to work for you."

Practically the same scene was repeated with Lee. Regretfully Eleanor told the two boys that she couldn't possibly make use of their services in either New York or Hollywood. But some time later she received a letter from the captain saying that Tom and Lee continually keep talking about her and hoping that some day they would have another chance to serve "the very pretty lady."

What made the two boys so eager to work for Eleanor? The answer is so simple that I can only hope you will believe it. Eleanor showed her frank, honest appreciation of every service they did for her and made them feel important. "You're so good to me," she kept telling them.

So, Rule 3. Show your appreciation for the services other people render you. Take a tip from Dale Carnegie and be "hearty in your approbation and lavish in your praise."

Not all Hollywood stars are always kind to other people, and to say that they are would be to stretch credulity to the breaking point. There are a number of girls who were once top-notch stars who have been very cruel to dressmakers, to the prop boys on their sets, to script girls and other people in badly-paid jobs who cannot very well defend themselves.

There was, for instance, one star who bought a dress at a department store for seventeen dollars, when the dress should have been priced much higher. When the salesgirl discovered her mistake, she pleaded with the star to return the dress or pay the difference, as she could not afford to do so out of her meagre salary. But the star only laughed at her predicament, saying she had brought it on herself.

Never has one of the stars who trample on other people's rights lasted very long as a top box-office attraction. A cameraman, whom a star has snubbed, can take a few unflattering pictures of her, so the fans find that she no longer looks attrac-



Not asleep after all! "Hello, Bill! This is Edward Horton. What are you doing tonight?"

tive. Possibly a story about the star's real characteristics gets printed in a magazine or newspaper, and there is so much evidence that the fans lose faith in her.

But nothing can defeat the Joan Crawfords, the Jeanette MacDonalds and the Irene Dunnes of Hollywood. They have too many friends.

There is an amazing but true story about Irene Dunne which explains why she will never be without friends. One night her bedside phone rang and a woman's voice, hoarse with desperation, said, "Oh, I thought I'd never reach you. Please come right away. —— is dying, and she's too proud to let herself be taken to the charity hospital. I don't know what to do, for she's absolutely penniless."

The name she mentioned was one with which Irene Dunne was familiar—the name of an actress who had once been a great star. Stopping only long enough to ascertain the address, Irene Dunne came to an unfamiliar house in one of the poorest sections of Hollywood.

The woman who opened the door gasped in astonishment when she saw Irene. "But," she said, "you're Irene Dunne."

"Yes," Irene said, "you sent for me, didn't you?"

In a daze the woman said, "I sent for my friend, Mrs. X. I never dreamed that it was someone else, least of all you, who answered the telephone."

THROUGH an accident, she had been connected with Irene's private number instead of her friend's number. Silently she led the way into the room of the woman who was ill, a fine, grand old woman who had once played in a picture with Irene. Irene helped her, as she has helped so many others, and because of her timely aid, the woman is alive and provided for today.

Rule 4, then: Be ready to go out of your way to help other people.

Claudette Colbert is adored in Hollywood, because she is always sympathetic and tolerant, and has never been known to be high-hat. She possesses the knack so few people have, of being able to put herself in the other person's place. One of the most amusing instances of this is that now one of her best friends is a girl who once did something for which another actress might have sued her.

The girl, a writer, read in one of the Broadway columns that Claudette Colbert was in New York, and asked her editor if she could have the day off to interview Claudette. This permission was readily granted. But the girl, instead of interviewing Claudette, drove out to the country and spent the day playing golf, believing that she could get the interview the next day by appealing to Miss Colbert's

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Sani-Flush

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sympathies and telling her that she would be fired if she didn't get the story.

The next day she told her editor that she had obtained a splendid story from Claudette, with lots of quotes on Claudette's long-distance marriage. (At the time Claudette was married to Norman Foster.) Then she called Claudette's apartment, but learned, to her horror, that the columnist had made an error, and that Claudette was still in Hollywood.

Afraid to tell her editor the truth, she wrote a story which purported to be an interview with Claudette, but which was entirely "dreamed up." When the story was printed, the writer shivered, fearing a possible libel suit.

Not long afterwards, Claudette came to New York and the writer met her at a cocktail party. Introduced to the girl, Claudette said coldly, "Oh, so you're the one who wrote that story about me? Are you in the habit of quoting people whom you've never met?"

Shaking with apprehension, the writer said, "Oh, but I can explain exactly how it happened." Then she told how much she had longed to take a day off to go tramping in the country. Before she got through Claudette was laughing heartily and agreeing that a game of golf was much more fun than interviewing stars.

So, Rule 5: Put yourself in the other person's place and be tolerant, sympathetic and understanding.

WHEN Sylvia Sidney first came to Hollywood, she was so anxious to get her own way that she got the reputation of being very temperamental. Recently she told me, "I have discovered that if you want to influence people, you can't afford to be temperamental. It's a waste of energy and emotion to go yip-yip-yipping about everything. When you make an issue of every little thing, no one will pay any attention to you when you make an issue of something that is really vital and important.

"When I am working on a picture, I am as good a trouper as possible, and generally do not complain about anything. Once, however, when I was loaned out for a picture, I was asked to shoot some special scenes at night when I was dead tired and not feeling very well. I said, 'Listen, I've been a good little girl and done everything else you've asked, but I don't feel right just now. Let's postpone these scenes till tomorrow.' They were lovely about it, but I doubt if they would have been if I'd been a pain in the neck all through the production."

Which gives us Rule 6: Give in to other people on issues that are not vital, taking a firm stand only on really important matters.

Most of us err in being too honest in our criticism of other people, though we seldom are willing to profit by criticism ourselves. Once Nelson Eddy almost made a mistake like this.

When Nelson was singing with the Philadelphia Opera Company, Dr. Edouard Lippe, a famous vocal instructor whom Eddy had never met, attended the rehearsal. When it was over, he said to Nelson, "You have a nice voice, my boy, but you don't know how to use it."

Nelson, not knowing who Lippe was, but furious because a stranger had dared to criticize him, turned and walked away. At home that evening the thought of the morning's event haunted him. He wondered who the stranger had been, and what he had meant by the criticism. Realizing that he had been inexcusably rude, Nelson called other members of the company, found out the name of the man and his address and, later that night, called to extend his apologies.

Naturally, the first meeting was a trifle strained, but more meetings followed, and at each one Nelson put forth more effort to win Lippe as a friend. He succeeded so well that Dr. Lippe has been Nelson's voice teacher ever since.

Rule 7, then: When you have made a mistake, be big enough to admit it.

There are certain qualities which are universally admired, and which are bound to make friends for us if we cultivate them. There is good sportsmanship, for example. One of the best-liked actors in Hollywood is Cesar Romero. Originally cast in inferior roles, he is rapidly forging ahead to stardom, principally, I think, because executives like Cesar and are eager to find roles in which he will be able to acquit himself well.

During the making of one picture Cesar was subjected to a series of practical jokes that would have infuriated most people. There was the moving van which arrived

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Jack Benny strums a tune for seven Cinderellas—all starlets in his new picture, "Artists and Models Abroad." Left to right: Joyce Mathews, Dolores Casey, Gwen Kenyon, Yvonne Duval, Sheila Darcy, Marie De Forrest and Punkins Parker.

at his house with orders to move Cesar and all his furniture, although his lease wasn't up and he had no intention of moving. There was the colored undertaker who arrived to pick up the body of Cesar's colored maid, who, the undertaker had been informed, had died in a tragic accident. (Actually Cesar has no colored maid.) There was the huge box of flowers Ethel Merman received, with Cesar's card inside it. Cesar protested that he had never sent them, but at the end of the month he got a bill for them, and when he called up the florist, he was told that his secretary, a Miss Rosenbloom, had ordered them. Though Cesar has no secretary named Miss Rosenbloom, he realized that the florist was not to blame, and paid the bill.

Though Cesar knew very well that the other actors on the set had ganged up against him, he took it all with a smile. Do you wonder a fellow like that makes friends?

So Rule 8: Be a good sport.

That doesn't mean that you must always take circumstances lying down, or that when you are trying to get a job or influence people you must be too humble and meek. If it is natural for you to fight for what you want, go ahead and fight.

CONRAD NAGEL had been starring in all sorts of productions when a new director, considering him for a tough role, insisted that Conrad must take a screen test before he could be considered. To Conrad this seemed pretty ridiculous, since he had played in dozens of picture at which this director could have looked. But he agreed to take the test.

Since Conrad could say and do anything he wanted to in that test, he decided to show the director just how tough he could be. He started in by telling him just what he thought of a man who didn't have sense enough to look at one of his regular films. Conrad said such a director didn't have enough discrimination to cast a travelogue, and that, as far as he was concerned, said director knew what he could do with his part, his screen play and his picture.

Conrad told me, "I used some language I couldn't repeat now, when I'm calmed down."

But it worked. When the director saw the test, he rolled on the floor and then when he could speak, he slapped Conrad on the back and said, "You're the man for the part. I didn't think you had it in you."

Rule 9, then. Don't be afraid to fight for what you want.

If you will start today to follow the movie stars' rules for popularity and success, they will work for you just as inevitably as they work for everyone else who has tried them.

If you want to make friends and influence people:

1. Take an interest in other people and their problems.

2. Remember people's names, their likes and dislikes.

3. Show appreciation for services rendered.

4. Be ready to go out of your way to help others.

5. Put yourself in the other person's place and be tolerant and understanding.

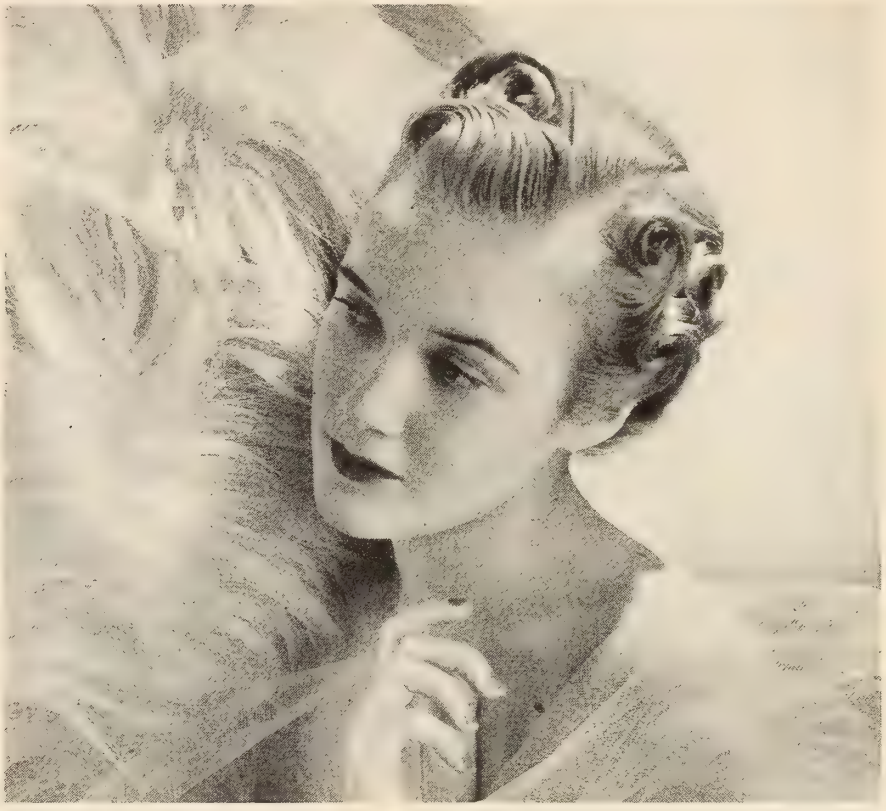
6. Give in on issues that are not vital, taking a firm stand only on important matters.

7. Admit your mistakes, and be big enough to apologize for them when you have offended.

8. Show good sportsmanship.

9. If you want something badly, fight for it.

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KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES

(*Continued from page 43*)

Grandma has a dry and crackling wit. A veteran trouper, the Jones series has given her film career a shot in the arm. She herself needs no stimulus beyond what she generates. You don't listen to Grandma as to a sweet old lady who ought to be humored. You listen because, while her speech is somewhat tart, it's never dull.

She has a house in the valley. Outdoors, she gardens. Indoors, she knits. "Of course I live alone. I've lived alone all my life. I don't see why I shouldn't a few days longer. There are always handmaidens, of course. But those you can get rid of. I've just got rid of my last one. She wouldn't let me have anything the way I wanted it. Her doctor only allowed her two things to eat, caviar and I forgot the other. So that was all she ever gave me to eat. One day she came in to fetch me, looking like a thundercloud. I'll admit her grievance was just. She'd missed Fannie Brice on the radio. Well, I don't pretend to pull any weight as against Fannie but, so far as I'd heard, Fannie wasn't paying her to listen. When I fired her, she turned the other cheek. 'You're erratic,' says she, 'but I like you.' Maybe it was my mistake. Maybe I should have exhibited her as a curio."

SPRING BYINGTON creates an impression closely akin to that of her screen characterization. She seems moved by a spirit, gayer than that of Mother Jones but equally serene. To her, Mrs. Jones is what a mother should be. "She holds the place every mother ought to hold in a family, letting others go their own way, being always there but not as a stumbling block, letting their excitement wash over her without upsetting her too much. It will all come out in the end. Eventually they'll remember to take their rubbers off before tracking mud into the house. They'll remember, to pick up their things. Johnny will break his arm, but eventually the arm will mend. That's mother's set-up in the household. That's the kind of mother I'd like to be.

"Of course, I've been a working woman all my life, so I haven't had so much of the day-by-day routine with my girls." (Her girls are Phyllis, twenty, who's learning to be a stage manager, and Lois, eighteen, who wants to design clothes.) "That may have led to my over-stressing things a little. I remember writing to them once, 'Do you ever get tired of my lectures by mail?' They wrote back, 'Since you're kind enough to ask, mother, it's a question of placement. A little lecture in the middle with a lot of sugar coating 'round it doesn't taste so bad.'"

Which brings us to Dad Prouty, who's blessed with more humor than Dad Jones. He and Mrs. Prouty have no children of their own, though from his way with the younger generation you'd never guess it. He's alternately sparring with them and lending a paternal ear to their various enthusiasms. He won't take them too seriously but, caught off guard, pride in them kindles his eye. "Look at them! Wise guys! Showing up father! When we started, June was up to here on me and George was up to here. Now I can't see over their heads. D'you like short men, mother?"

"Of course, dear. Better than anything else in the world."

From his years on the stage and in vaudeville, he has brought a wealth of trick songs and stunts with which he enlivens the set, and which make him young Billy's special joy and wonder. He is also supplied with innumerable sprightly anecdotes bound up with the old days. Between shots you're likely to find him with Miss Byington on one side, Grandma busily knitting on the other, and Kenny, a lover of all things theatrical, sprawled at his feet as he spins his tales.

When Dad Prouty first came to Hollywood, he played a comic stuttering role that proved his downfall. "We've nothing in the stuttering line today," they'd tell him, and though he proved a dozen times that he *could* stutter but didn't have to, it did him no good till the Jones pictures came along. Then the first picture hit, and the exhibitors began yelling, "We want big names." There was talk at the studio of a new father Jones. "No," said Sol Murtzel. "We're not playing for names, we're playing for the Joneses. Jed's the father of that bunch, and they're too nice a bunch to be saddled with a stepfather. Jed stays." The event proved his wisdom.

Shirley Deane is unique among the Joneses for two things. She was the only player under contract to the studio when the series was first started. And she's the only player who didn't start with it. Blue-eyed and golden-haired like June Lang, and sufficiently like her in type, she inherited the part when June's schedule grew too heavy for her to continue. As vivacious as Bonnie, she and Bonnie have something else in common. Each is in love with a man named Russell—Bonnie with Russell Gleason (Herbert to the Joneses), Shirley with Russell Bowditch, studio technician. When the family attended the première of "In Old Chicago" en masse, Shirley was escorted by her screen fiancé, while her own fiancé took Cynthia Hobart, engaged to Russell Gleason.

"But the funniest mixup," says Shirley, "came after 'Borrowing Trouble.' There was this old caretaker on the set who was sort of vague—"

"How kindly you put it," comments Grandma. "She was downright balmy. They've pensioned her off since."

"Well, anyway, I walked into my dressing-room the first day, and what had



Bob Hope suspects that this giant golf club from his enemy of the links, Bing Crosby, was not given in good faith.

she done but put Russell's things in with mine. When they asked her about it, she kept saying, 'Well, they were married in the last picture, weren't they? Married folks belong together.' "

Kenneth Howell is like Jack Jones in his open-heartedness, differs from him in being more fluent of tongue. He gave up a good insurance job "for the pleasure of trying to starve to death as an actor." "How do you get to be an actor?" he asked a friend. "Find an agent." "How do you find an agent?" "I wouldn't know." Kenny opened the phone book, closed his eyes and speared an agent. For reasons unknown, though something engaging in Kenny's makeup was probably involved, the agent agreed to handle him. Kenny knew George Ernest's elder brother. He discovered that George was trying out for the younger Jones boy. They got together and rehearsed the miser scene.

Said George, with ten years of screen experience behind him, "Now we'll make them test us together or put up a kick." The kick wasn't necessary. They were tested together and signed together.

A warm friendship has grown up between Kenny and Miss Byington. "I've taken him under my wing," she says.

"Wing, nothing," he scoffs. "She's my best girl."

Kenny pays fifteen dollars a month for his house at Manhattan Beach and lives on twenty-five dollars a week. "That's what I'd get in a bank or store, and I'd have to live on it. Now I make myself live on it, so I can save to do things I want—learn to be a good actor, and travel."

GRANDMA grew weary not long ago of listening to Kenny yearn for far off places. "Don't talk about it," she snapped. "Don't think about it. Go."

The following week he was off for two months in Europe.

About ten years ago Sid Graumann was lunching at a restaurant owned by a Scandinavian couple. A small boy entered, closed the door behind him, and as he started up the aisle between the tables, broke into this singular chant. "I'm George Ernest. I'm three years old. I'm fine, thank you. I'm George Ernest. I'm three years old. I'm fine, thank you—" keeping it up till he ducked through the back door.

"What's it all about?" Graumann asked the proprietor.

"That's my kid. The customers kept calling him over and asking his name, so he does it that way."

Graumann whooped. "He ought to be in the movies." George Ernest, three, was registered at Central Casting and has been in the movies ever since.

No Shylock, he's still a better business man than Kenny. Kenny goes on a budget to protect himself from spending. George is protected by a sound sense of business values and the courage of his stout convictions. "For instance, I spend most of my allowance on camera equipment. I won't save when it comes to cameras. But I won't just get anything either. I look it over. I read the magazines. I ask questions. Then, if it's good, I buy it." At school he majors in mathematics. "I might go in for aeronautical designing. Sure, I'd like to be an actor, but not just an actor. Suppose something goes wrong, or you have an accident and get a scar on your face. Then where are you? I'd just as soon work in a camera store. You could have all the scars you want and it wouldn't matter. Say, could I show you this picture of Patricia?" His eyes softened as the eyes of small boys rarely do. "She's my niece, she's five. I'm proud of her. Isn't she a cute one, Miss Byington?"



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Unlike Lucy, June is a little shy. Her smile comes readily, her words less so. Her transplantation to the film world has left her quite calm. "I was taking tap with Fanchon and Marco, then I was in a play. The scout saw me, told me to come over, so I did. I just sat there and they looked at me, and that night they called and told me I had the part. My daddy's always been kind of the excited type. He got all fussed, but mother and I never get excited. We were just happy about it. The girls at school thought it was good luck, that's all—and it was. The only difference is, I go to school at the studio now. It's nice, because you get the afternoon off." Still, Lucy's impishness lurks behind June's demureness. "Isn't it, Geo-orge-ee?" she drawled.

Plucked from the radio to play Bobby Jones, Billy Mahan is a normal youngster, squirmy, mischievous and lovable. He has two passions, airplanes and Brian Donlevy. He can no more help yelling to climb aboard an airplane on sight than he can help breathing. Why he should have picked on Donlevy as an object of veneration is a greater mystery. He stalks the actor like a shadow at every opportunity, his chattering tongue stilled, his heart in his eyes. Recently they were photographed together. When the picture was brought for Billy's inspection, he screwed his eyes tight and refused to look at it at all.

"Why won't you look, Billy?" his mother asked him.

"Maybe it's not so nice," he murmured.

Luncheon was over by the time all these gleanings were gathered. The Joneses were bidding each other casual farewells. No need for ceremony. They'd be seeing each other again tonight or tomorrow or after the week-end.

Dad stood with his arm around Mother's shoulder. "Hear you're going to have a baby in the next picture, Bonnie. That means you and I'll have to retire, Mother."

"Not at all," protests Mother. "Not until Bonnie's baby has a baby."

"Why then?" Kenny wanted to know. "What's wrong with great grandpa and grandma Jones?"

"What's wrong with all the Joneses?" piped young Billy suddenly, and answered himself, "Nothin'."

Which answer is good enough for you and me and several hundred thousand other Jones family fans.

HE'S GOOFY AND HE LIKES IT

(*Continued from page 46*)

boiling a passionate brew. Books are not silent. I hear them talking aloud, in many tongues. I read a script and the lines mean nothing to me. The character I am to play means nothing, as written. I am a bad 'study' because of this. Then, suddenly, some oblique angle of the character's personality will leap out at me, a twist, a goat-like angle and—I play him so." (Which is, of course, what makes Reginald Owen's "characters" bite into the mind as they do. One would not be surprised, watching Mr. Owen, to perceive that he has goats' feet, a pair of horns, a nimbus round his head or almost any curious addenda.)

"I look at love abnormally. The same is true of world conditions, public personalities. I am cynical to the point of being a touch mad. When famous men speak, for example, I don't think that they always believe what they are saying. I find myself digging, quarrying, mining for what they do mean back of their camouflaging words. I cannot take any thing or any one at face value. I feel an itching to tear off the mask from every face.

"As for love, I have an acquaintance, a very well-known actor. He has been married for a quarter of a century or more. He tells—and the world believes—that theirs has been a 'great love,' an idyl of connubial felicity. Whenever his wife enters a room he rises and says, 'How are you, my love?' though he knows perfectly well just how she is. Or he sits, invariably at her side, patting her hand, her shoulder. His face never changes, no matter what role he plays, saint or satyr, priest or passionate poet. The expression in his eyes never changes, and hasn't for forty years. Therefore, he can feel any emotion and no one be the wiser. I look at him and suspect him of having little salacious question marks in his eyes, just tiny little ones, you know, when a tidy Miss in her teens passes him by.

"I sort of don't believe that things are as they seem. No, it doesn't make me uncomfortable or unhappy, because I don't care. Not that I am happy. I am not, of course. I don't know why, I'm sure. I am happily married. I adore my work. But there it is. Is anybody altogether happy?

"I regard love with laughter, not as the be-all and end-all of existence. I suspect it of being a pleasant trap charmingly decorated and sprung—not once, but often—by wily Nature. I may be abnormal in this, too," smiled Reginald Owen, his blue eyes frank and honest, his smile subtle and somehow secretive, "but I regard us mortals as lamentably stupid, all of us. Poor stupid animals still floundering in archaic morasses, living the legends of the Dark Ages, not living life as it really is today. We're beginning to fumble a little with the bandages over our eyes, the hypocrisies that are on our lips. But what strides remain to be taken!"

ALL of which oration, on the part of Mr. Owen, sprang, full-fledged, from a question I had asked. For I had said to this tall Englishman who has so often played sadists dealing out creeps and crawls and spinal shudders—I had asked him, "Which are you? Who are you?" My question was prompted not only by the sadist in Reginald Owen's portrayals. I'd been thinking of the gamut this man has run, scoring every time whether as sadist, fool, charlatan, diplomat, lover, or rogue. What wonder then that I asked, "Which are you?"

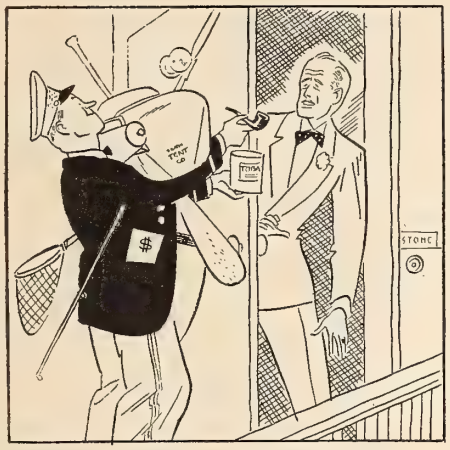
Reginald Owen seldom plays without make-up, but seldom does anyone realize that he is in make-up. With such cruel verisimilitude does he etch his characters that one doesn't pause to consider whether he is "made up" or not. Behind whiskers and scars, eye glasses and grease paint trickeries he has given us a never to be forgotten gallery, all the more remarkable because no one has ever realized his amazing make-ups.

So I asked, legitimately, "Which are you, Mr. Owen? Madman? Fool? Kindly English gentleman? Clever prestidigitator, "playing parts?" Every man has a major chord in his nature. What is yours?"

Mr. Owen, looking younger than he appears on the screen, kindly, with bright blue eyes, tanned skin, easy, delightful manner, only his mouth twisted now and again into a tolerant cynicism, answered

'N' ME

Try your luck at winning a cash prize. What do you have to say about the stars and the movies you see?



Lewis Stone deserves to be showered with everything good says a devoted admirer from Tennessee.

Lewis Stone for the continued excellence of his screen portrayals.

For fully a dozen years (perhaps longer), Lewis Stone has been portraying fine old gray-haired gentlemen—lawyers, doctors, judges—and each portrayal has been a masterpiece. But do you ever hear of his being nominated for an Academy supporting role award? No. Yet, this fine actor goes right along giving the same fine, competent performances that he has given for years.

Perhaps Mr. Stone may never have an "Oscar" to stand upon his mantelpiece, but in the hearts of the movie audience there is an "Oscar" that is not made of cold, hard gold, but of warm, tender affection.—T. N. Pappas, Memphis, Tenn.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Realism

I went to the show the other night to enjoy a pleasant evening. Did I say pleasant? Pardon me, I meant unpleasant. I entered the show with a good bar of candy, the usher found me a comfortable seat, and I relaxed. After a hectic day catering to the whims of fussy customers, I had, at last, found complete relaxation. But just a minute—wasn't that my handsome Robert Young dying up there on the screen. Oh well, Robert Taylor and Margaret Sullavan were the stars and they were still alive. The show continued. The end came. Alas, fatal climax, and Maggie was drooping nobly out of the picture. The show was finished. I sauntered homeward. Happy? No! Were any of the others in the audience. No!

We insignificant proletariats work all day in the humid heat of city buildings, in crowded department stores, everywhere. We, in this category must live in dreams with our heads in the clouds to live through

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WIN A PRIZE

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, $5; two second prizes of $2 each; six prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You 'n' Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.

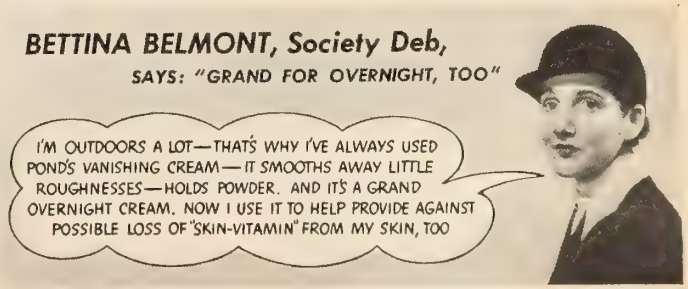
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these days of depression. We are not all intelligentsia acquainted with the classic romances of the centuries, nor do we find consolation in the beauty of Milton's and Wordsworth's works. Ours is a dull existence but for the Cinderella stories that flash on the screen. We walk home from a theatre completely ecstatic in the thought that what has happened to Joan Crawford in that film might happen to us, and so we starved romanticists pray and live.

A show like "Three Comrades," where the protagonist has been dealt an unkindly blow from life—this is wrong. We who attend the shows may not need jobs, but we do need dreams. What America needs today is not the proverbial good five-cent cigar, but more fairy tales from Hollywood with the popular "they lived happily ever after" ending.—V. Kougias, New Bedford, Mass.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Then, Again—

Let us have more pictures like "Three Comrades." The superior acting, the touching story, the excellent photography all help to create one of the most human and pathetic stories of the year. Three cheers to Miss Sullavan for her perfect portrayal of the tragic wife of one of the comrades.

I, for one, hope that pictures produced in the future will measure up to the standard set by "Three Comrades".—B. Wellmann, Sparks, Nev.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Teen-age Stars

A few years ago, child stars faced the future with dread because of the abrupt endings which had always come to the careers of child stars when they reached the teen-age. And for what reason? No one seems to know—unless some past movie-mogul decided that they would not appeal to the public as they passed through adolescence.

Lucky for Rooney, Durbin, etc., and lucky for the movie-goers that Hollywood has at last allowed these stars to stay on the screen during the transition from child to adult. What a world of entertainment has been found for the movie-going public.

What would the screen be without Judy Garland, Freddy Bartholomew and the afore-mentioned Durbin and Rooney? Look what a come-back Jackie Cooper has made since "Boy of the Streets!"

I for one, am happy that Hollywood has finally discovered this new field of entertainment for us to enjoy. I am sure there are many others who are with me on that. —J. C. Treuden, Milwaukee, Wis.

$1.00 Prize Poem
To Wallace Beery

You haven't got glamor
Nor "looks" (It's the truth).
You haven't a figure,
You haven't got youth.
But, boy, can you act?
You're the best of the lot,
What any part calls for
Is just what you've got.

Your grin brings a laugh
Or it makes the tears come.
You bleary-eyed, no-account,
Lovable bum.
Years come and years go,
New stars rise and fall
But still you continue
"The Champ" of them all.

—L. P. Roberts, Salt Lake City, Utah.

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 66*)

Hearts and Flowers: Last month's new romance involving George Brent and Merle Oberon is still in full bloom, with indications that it will continue. And now the newest twosome around town is Tyrone Power and Annabella. He squired her to the "Marie Antoinette" première, and they've been out together several times since.

●

Joan Bennett is taking singing lessons from Al Siegel, who once coached Ethel Merman and Gertrude Niesen. So far no one knows whether she plans to sing the blues in some future film or whether, à la Joan Crawford, she hopes one day to be an opera singer. If this sort of thing keeps on, some of the opera stars now in pictures will have to reverse the process—and spend some time learning to act.

●

The other day we ran across a list of the Big Ten Western Stars—a poll taken by motion picture exhibitors—which names the top ten cowboy stars in the order of their popularity with the men who sell the tickets. The list, according to their ranking, is: Gene Autry, Bill Boyd, Buck Jones, Dick Foran, George O'Brien, Tex Ritter, Bob Steele, The Three Mesquiteers, Charles Starrett and Ken Maynard.

●

Unknowns in Hollywood We'd Hate to Be: The guy who fired Deanna Durbin because she had no future. . . . The man who mixes the cement the celebrities plant their footprints in at Grauman's Chinese. . . . The Ritz sisters, if any. . . . Sigrid Gurie's ex-husband. . . . The Count di Frasso.

●

Lionel Stander lives in style with a colored maid and man to serve him in his Hollywood apartment. The colored maid and man also live in style, she wearing evening dresses with aprons tied on around the house and the boy wearing golf knickers and Lionel's cast-off sweaters.

●

When Tyrone Power was doing the Little Theatre circuit around here several years ago, before he broke into pictures, he made a lot of friends. Some of them are now at the University of California at Los Angeles, where they are members of Delta Key, men's dramatic society. Tyrone hasn't forgotten his old friendships, for he belongs to the society, attends as many meetings as possible, and helps sponsor their shows. All of which is unusual in Hollywood, where old friends generally become former friends.

●

Winning the Academy Award may have added to his prestige in other locales, but out in San Fernando Valley, Spencer Tracy has always rated tops with the press. The tip-off is that the drama editor of the "San Fernando News" is a young journalist named John Tracy, who is Spence's son. (*Continued on page 114*)

HE WHO GOT SLAPPED

(*Continued from page 41*)

success and lets that success speak for itself. He wears a coat of many colors and wears it modestly. "Jekyll and Hyde," "Death Takes a Holiday," "Anthony Adverse," "A Star Is Born," "The Buccaneers," "Nothing Sacred"—he weaves the splendid stripes of his versatility into a pattern of colors which do not fade.

So many successes might have made for spoiling. But no. When his dream took a floppo he and Florence and Director John Cromwell took page ads in various newspapers and in Time magazine. And that little cartoon, with one aerialist figure catapulting to the ground, the single caption, "Ooops—sorry!" signed Florence Eldridge, Fredric March and John Cromwell did more to win admiration for Freddie et al than even a year's run on Broadway could have done.

So many letters came to them after that gallant gesture that they could not possibly answer them all. So, Freddie told me, they had black bordered cards printed, mourning cards, bearing some such inscription as "Florence and Fredric March wish to express appreciation for your sympathy"—and that was that. The Marches stole a march on admiration. And failure was success.

He could have made sensational copy of his illness. He could have laid the blame for the play's failure to the fact that he was, on that stage, nearer to death than to the footlights. For when Freddie walked onto the stage that opening night he was the sickest man outside any hospital. He had, in fact, just come out of a hospital—and many days too soon. But he didn't make capital of it. He didn't use it as an alibi. He told me "people were paying their money to see an actor, not a clinical exhibit of hemolytic streptococcus."

If you will check on hemolytic strep you will realize that Freddie was taking a holiday with Death.

YES, folks, hand it to the contenders who can take the count of nine, get up, a grin on their faces and go after it again. And that is exactly what Florence and Freddie intend to do, go after it again. Every year they will return to New York, to do a play, no matter how long it takes before the critics bring laurels instead of thorns.

Freddie and Florence and I were sitting in the green Venetian-blind-shaded living-room of their French Provincial house in Holmby Hills. When I had first come in, at tea-time, I'd heard the tentative tinkling of piano keys. A child's hand, I'd thought, practising the good old scales. But no. For presently Florence had appeared from the next room, greeted me with a sheepish smile and said, "I was practising. Penny and I are taking piano lessons."

Freddie had come in at that moment (from the dentist) and said, as he pulled Florence onto his lap, "D'you know why Florence has gone back to practising scales? Because our young daughter said to her the other day 'Mommie, when I grow up I'm going to be the kind of a Mommie who can play the piano for her little girl!' Florence couldn't bear the implicit reproach in this remark, so she has started taking pianny lessons again. Soon now we will be able to gather around the piano, Penny, Tony and I singing 'Old Black Joe' and 'Oh, Susannah!' while Mommie plays for us."

"And don't think we won't," laughed Florence. "Now I *am* going to take a nap. Unhand me, villain. But don't say anything interesting until I get out of the room. I might not be able to tear myself away." And she fled.

Freddie called after her, "Hold up the prayers until I come upstairs, huh?" He explained to me, "I always have to hear the kids say their prayers. I've cut many a picture scene short so I'd get home in time. But now that the babies and Florence have all gone to bed, as it were, I'll tell you what little Fredric has learned since they buried him.

"You asked whether Hollywood spoils us, softens us with too much easy success. I don't think so. Because the minute you get out of Hollywood, try some other medium, you are face to face with a startling fact: They resent us. The instant we step off the screen they say, 'I dare you!' and 'Who the hell do you think you are?' So if you've been thinking that you were pretty much the tops you are immediately and ferociously disabused of that pretty notion.

MARCHAND'S *tonight* NEW GLAMOUR *tomorrow!*



BEFORE Mary X. discovered Marchand's—her hair was dull, drab and mousey looking which, contrasting against her light complexion, did much to age and destroy her beauty and charm.

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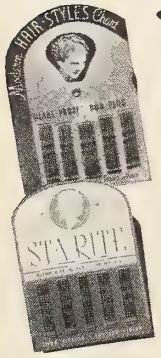
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"I realize now that success in Hollywood doesn't mean success anywhere else, in any other medium. Quite the contrary. Hollywood handicaps you. It's a funny thing, too, when you think of the fan letters we all get, the autograph seekers, the seemingly irrefutable evidence that we are gelatine gods of heroic proportions. It's a funny thing to find that god, you thought you were, torn down from his pedestal and trampled in the mud.

"They resent us," said Freddie, his dark eyes still slightly incredulous, "especially in the big cities. Of course in the cities, even in New York, the theatre balconies are usually filled with fans who want to see a movie actor in the flesh. But with the orchestra, the intelligentsia, for want of a better word, it's not so easy.

"You can't blame them. You can't blame a writer getting, say, fifty dollars a week for stuff that it takes brains to do, looking at a movie actor fresh out of Hollywood, and saying, 'Who does that smart guy think he is? Maybe he does make a lot of dough in Hollywood, but he needn't think that means he will make the grade with us.'"

"The kind of criticism we got," said Freddie, completely without rancor, "proved to us that we were facing a complex problem. The critics said that I 'roistered about' in the play so as to appeal to my fan audience. They then said that I 'dragged in' Addison and Steele to demonstrate to the intelligentsia how intellectual I can be. When I wore a wig, as I did in the play, the fans didn't like it. When, in one scene, I tried the experiment of taking the wig off and appearing as I am, the fans cheered, but those in the orchestra raised slightly scornful eyebrows. 'Showing off, eh?' they seemed to say. When I'd stop and sign autographs in New York, part of the crowd would be muttering, 'Doing your movie actor stuff for us, are you?' When I ducked out of back doors to avoid signing autographs, John Public said that I was ritzing him. Either way, I was wrong.

"It's a funny prejudice, because it isn't consistent with the reactions we get from our screen work. Before I did the play I didn't know that this prejudice existed. Now I know what I've got to fight.

"We can do fine things in the theatre, we who come from Hollywood. But I realize now that it will take much longer than if we did not come from Hollywood. That is what I meant when I said that success can be failure. For I have learned that Hollywood success, the most sensational kind in the world, can be failure elsewhere. Picture people are resented. That's one of the lessons I've learned."

I said, "Did it disillusion you?"

"In a way," admitted Freddie, with the customary March candor. "Not because they panned the play, or me, or Florence (though they were kinder to her) or John Cromwell who directed us. It wasn't a very good play, granted. It was a mistake to do a costume play. But it was the *way* they panned us. For instance," laughed Freddie, "they said that Cromwell had directed Dietrich's legs, Temple's curls, Gable's ears, Mae West's figure, and was now directing the Marches! That kind of thing. Funny, I know, but the barbs were certainly poisoned.

BUT what I mean is that, while they were justified in panning the play, they might have given us credit for loving the theatre. They might have recognized that we do love the theatre or we wouldn't have put our own money into a play.

"People say to me, 'Why do you want to go back to the theatre? Why don't you stay in Hollywood? Why aren't you satisfied where you are?'

"I can only answer by saying, 'Because I love the theatre.' We also enjoy being in New York for part of each year. We love the music we hear there. We love the people there. We like the children to go to an Eastern school. Besides, I get tired of seeing myself on the screen too often. I should think that other people would get tired too. I feel that two pictures a year are enough. I am free lancing, you know. I don't even have commitments ahead. Two pictures a year ought to be the solution.

"I'm doing 'There Goes My Heart' now. The studio wired me about it when we were East. I liked the story. I liked the idea of being directed by Norman McLeod who did 'Topper' and 'Merrily We Live.' I liked the idea of working again with Carole Lombard, as was originally planned. That plan didn't work



Five pretty gals from "Girls' School." Left to right, Martha O'Driscoll, Peggy Moran, Marjorie Deane, Marjorie Lord and Jean Lucius.

out and now Virginia Bruce and I are playing together. I like that, too.

"I am not 'tired of Hollywood,' as I read in the papers. I am not planning to sell our home here so that we can shake the last mote of Hollywood dust from our feet. We may sell this house so that we can buy a ranch in the San Fernando Valley, because we do intend to spend part of each year in the East, to do a play there whenever possible. Such being the plan, we feel that it would be better for the children to live on a ranch in the summers, a place where they can have cows and pigs and things.

"I want to do something different now and then. I want Florence to have her job again. But wanting the theatre has nothing to do with a dislike of Hollywood. The two have nothing in common. I believe that the slogan "Stage versus Screen" has been misleading. It isn't Stage versus Screen. It is Stage *and* Screen. The two are diametrically opposed. They have nothing in common except some of the actors. The Rocky Mountains divides them geographically. Great mountains and chasms divide them spiritually, too, and physically.

HOLLYWOOD is kinder than Broadway," said Freddie. "I'll certainly say that for it. Out here we receive a Helen Hayes, a Katharine Cornell with open arms. We don't say, 'Who the hell does she think she is?'"

"I know," I said. "Look what they did to Walter Huston in New York, to Leslie Howard, Katharine Hepburn. And Miriam Hopkins wasn't exactly acclaimed as a new Bernhardt."

"The inference seems to be," said Freddie, "that if you 'come from' Hollywood nothing but Hollywood can be expected of you. But great scott, Huston isn't originally a screen actor. He is of and from the theatre. Ditto, Leslie Howard. And if you want screen actors who have scored on Broadway look at Frances Farmer, Zorina, Paul Lukas, all having made very definite hits on the New York stage. It can be done. But Hollywood doesn't pave the way for you."

The shades of night were falling fast. Over our heads came the suggestive patter of little feet. Soon, now, Penny and Tony would be saying their prayers, Mommie's sleek head bowed on one side of the bed, Freddie's dark head on the other. Freddie offered to drive me home. On the way out he paused at the hall table to show me the contents of some little packages.

"Next week," he explained, "we celebrate our eleventh wedding anniversary. Among other things I always give Florence a charm for her bracelet. Each charm is supposed to represent one of my pictures. For instance, for 'The Royal Family' I gave her a tiny gold English crown. For 'The Buccaneer' a tiny gold treasure chest. When I made 'A Star Is Born' I couldn't think of anything better than a miniature gold trailer, so I got that. For 'Nothing Sacred' well, I'd rather not tell you what I got for that! This is for 'There Goes My Heart.'" Freddie held up a tiny gold heart with running legs spouting from it, the inscription on it, "Home, James." "Then," he said, "I just bought these squirrelly things." And he spread out before me an array of ornate anniversary cards bearing such inscriptions as "Anniversary Congratulations To A Mighty Fine Couple," and "Good Wishes To You On Your Golden Anniversary."

"It's a lot of fun," laughed Freddie. "It's all a lot of fun—marriage and kids, home and books, music and games and people. Hollywood, the theatre, a lollipop now and then for being good—even a spanking where it hurts the most."





Hi, ranger! In "The Lady and the Cowboy" Gary Cooper returns at last to the type of role which first brought him fame.







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SHE COULDN'T SAY "NO"

(Continued from page 47)

the *mañana* atmosphere of California."

Then her New York agent's western office suggested that Gale see the director about playing the evil wife in "Anthony Adverse." All that is history now. Gale saw the director, got the rôle, and won the Academy Award on her very excellent performance.

After that Hollywood was a paper-shell nut for Gale Sondergaard to crack. But the road to fame had not always been rose strewn. At the beginning Gale's path was rough and rocky. Her first disappointment came when she tried out for the lead in "A Thousand Years Ago" in high school, only to lose it to a girl who was the leading man's sweetheart. But she appeared in other school plays, went on to a dramatic school, and soon felt that she was ready for the theatre.

TO a Minneapolis fledgling Chicago seemed the ideal metropolis in which to launch a theatrical career. But during three months of stage door knocking Gale heard "no" said a dozen different ways. It was during those days that she determined to accept anything she was offered in the theatre. Never would she turn down a part, even if it was the most miserable walk-on.

"Finally," says Gale, "I heard about a shoe-string troupe, Chautauqua circuit, you know, that did plays wherever there was a shelter—even under canvas. There was no salary attached to the undertaking, just coffee and cakes. But it was experience! When we stranded on the coast I hooked up with a Shakespearean repertory company, just about a step above the tent show. I played everything from Desdemona to all three witches in 'Macbeth'."

A year in stock with Jessie Bonstelle prepared Gale for the lead in "Strange Interlude" with the Guild's touring company. Following this her talents were employed in various strays which for one reason or another folded up almost as soon as they opened.

The only advice Miss Sondergaard would venture to stage and movie-struck youth is this: get a job in the theatre anywhere, doing anything, from scene-shifting to off-stage noises. Some day someone will fail to appear and you'll get your chance. If you're good you'll go on finding more important things, gradually working up to real parts. But you will require lots of stamina, she warns. You will need a stout order of perseverence, and luck too.

While breaking into the theatre Gale wrote home for money only once, she told me proudly. Between engagements in New York she served as a typist, sold hats in a department store, and acted as receptionist in an advertising agency. And in all her buffeting to and fro from casting office to stage door and back to agent, seeking parts or bits or even walk-ons, she never encountered the sinister figure, so often portrayed in fiction, who wanted her to barter her soul for a big part.

In making the transition from stage to screen many actors have registered complaints about the difficulty of stepping into a scene "cold" and doing it justice, acting the climax first, perhaps, and then performing such piecemeal histrionics as the screen requires.

"These things don't bother me at all," said Gale. "When I am assigned a part, the first thing I do is to read the whole script in order to determine just what sort of a person I'm supposed to be in relation to the other people in the story. Then I plan the whole part in my mind, scene by scene. When I'm through laying the groundwork I have it so definitely set that when I'm called on to do any part of it, it all seems natural and easy.

"After all, rehearsals on the stage amount to the same thing. You go over and over the play until you have it pat. It would be simple to play any scene by itself. Acting is not inspiration, it's technique. You need experience, intelligence and an overwhelming desire to get the most you can out of what the author has given you."

Sondergaard looks highly explosive, but she claims that her only concession to temperament is when a carefully rehearsed scene goes askew before the cameras. When lights flicker, sound falters, film buckles or some evil spirit causes her to blow up in her lines, then Gale explodes dramatically. She thinks that in such cases temper is a very good safety valve for the nerves.

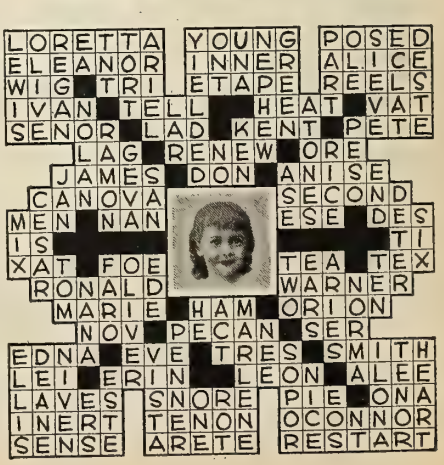
She talks in a positive manner, expressing herself intelligently and at the same time forcefully, without recourse to slang or even polite profanity. She permits herself no half-baked sentences, no false starts ending in the air. It is apparent that before Gale ventures a statement she has formulated it in her mind, decided upon a complete opinion.

"I've been lucky in appearing in only grade A productions that haven't been hurried or skimped in any way," she said. "Then, too, I've been fortunate in my directors. Frank Lloyd is a fine scholar. Mervyn Leroy is original and dynamic. Dieterle is one of the most artistic souls in Hollywood, a careful, painstaking worker, as conscientious as a monk. And Sam Wood is another artist."

Gale Sondergaard is arresting in her poise, intense in her reactions. She lives at high tension. Her enthusiasm is contagious. And when she sets her mind on anything she has the force to sweep you along with her. Miss Sondergaard is sold on California, and pictures, and has no thought of returning to Broadway. She has a quiet, pleasant home, away from the harried social rush, and she is content.

Gale has hit her stride, and enjoys her work. It's a demanding medium, the screen, but a challenging one. To Gale Sondergaard each part is a fascinating new problem. She doesn't know what her next picture-problem will be, but she's eager to start solving it!

Solution to Puzzle on Page 74



COOL WEATHER BEAUTY FORECAST

(Continued from page 49)

fure (worn by Mrs. Gotrocks) that would take a million hairpins and two hours' time to arrange, and stick to the becoming bob, swirled across the back and just one flat curl here and here, please. You've got something there when you stick to your exercises and eat sensibly, and anoint your face and neck with tissue cream at night, when the first cold winds come, and give your nails a thorough manicure once a week and two minutes' attention every day. And what else can you do to get the most fun out of life this winter? Let's see.

A lot of clothes chatter is going to creep into this opus, but never mind. It's all part of the good looks game, isn't it? In a way, fall can make one feel awfully poor. If you haven't a generous clothes budget, the annual problem of what to do about good looking cold weather attire can be depressing. But again, take cheer, for cold weather clothes are lots easier to wear, much kinder to figure faults than chiffons, shorts and bathing suits.

None of us can afford such luxury as the ermine pelts which wrap up Danielle Darrieux on page forty-nine. Said picture was chosen purely because it was so pretty, girls, and not to put ideas into anybody's head. But lapin can be flattering as ermine, and kidskin, pony and a dozen of what I call the "make believe" furs are smart, warm and they wear well.

While we're on the subject, don't discard or give to the poor any small pieces of good fur. Have yourself a tippet made, or put a strip of fur on a velvet toque type of hat, or band the sleeves of a dark velvet afternoon dress or hostess gown with it. Have a muff, or even cuffs of fur on a good looking pair of gauntlet gloves.

A perennially clever idea when it comes to that awfully expensive item, the winter coat, is to get a plain, collarless affair—very plain but meticulously fitted, preferably black. Then dress it up with various tricks as long as your money holds out. Gay home-spun scarves. Vivid silk ones. Buy one and a half yards of that very wide, quite expensive silk ribbon which you always see on display on the first floors of department stores and which nobody ever seems to be buying. Hand-roll or fringe the ends and tie it in one loop or in Ascot fashion.

Then, other times, use the made-over fur tippet or your good fur piece, if you're lucky enough to own one. Perhaps there are enough good pieces in that old fur coat to make a cape to wear over the plain, good coat. But remember, no fur is better than cheap fur. If you can't squeeze out enough cash for something good, stick to gay silk and wool dresser-uppers.

Make your clever brains and the wonderful art of taking pains compensate for a limited amount of dough.

Still more about clothes is coming, I fear me, but let me follow up my little tip on coats with a sound, sensible beauty tip: Keep warm enough. "Huh," says you, "what's that got to do with beauty?" Puh-lenty. Young things the world over sacrifice warmth to pride. Doncha do it. And you needn't bundle up in red flannels as they did in grandma's day, either. But you can wear woolen pants. And take vitamin pills if you suffer from the cold. And wear those extra feet under your stockings if your feet get cold. Furthermore, wear lisle or silk and wool stockings for daytime—they're smart and save the silk stocking bill. And keep up your pep and coax roses into your cheeks by making sure there's enough iron and protein in your diet.

FOR example, if you include the following items in each day's diet, you're safe on the iron and protein side. A medium serving of a green vegetable—the canned are as good as the fresh. A medium serving of meat. One egg. Two slices of wholewheat bread (toasted very crisp for the overweights). Four ounces (about half a water glass) of tomato juice or orange juice. And, for the underweight, a dish of cooked cereal.

Stewed prunes and stewed apricots are dandy iron-givers, too. Aside from the cereal, the above foods should be in the average overweight's diet, while the underweights should tuck in, also, milk, cream, butter, cheese, and enough sugar to make things taste good, as well as light, nourishing desserts.

Another cold weather beauty tip—about hands, which should be a mark of beauty and often are not. Do your hands get red? Make you self-conscious? Enough daily exercise will improve your circulation and help check the coldness and redness of hands. Don't wear tight gloves or tight sleeves. And give your hands lavish slatherings of cream.

By the way, one of the old-fashioned remedies which is supposed to be so fine, and which really isn't much good at all, is rose water and glycerin for the hands and skin generally. It does feel good, but if your skin is badly roughened and reddened, it won't help. You need a rich, oily cream. Do your hands up in the cream at night and wear a pair of old fabric gloves to bed.

And if, after doing all these things, your hands get red from nervousness just when you want to look your best, try the stunt of holding them up—rest your elbows on something and hold the hands up for a while. It helps. I used to suffer from this embarrassing business when I was a young thing. And somebody told me about that.

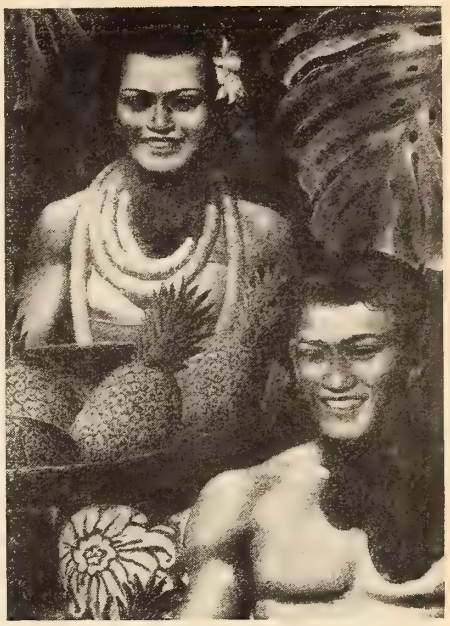
And then, to add a little zest and zip to life for a small financial outlay, have all the shades of nail polish on the market. Change your nail polish often. The advertisements, dished up by experts, tell you just exactly as well as I could, probably better, what shades look best with what colors. Have all those luscious shades, from the very palest, thru the shrimps and the dusty roses, on to the deep reds, and have fun keeping your nails in the most exquisitely groomed manner all winter.

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Virginia Bruce and hubby, J. Walter Ruben, said they'd think it over, but the cameraman went ahead and clicked, regardless.

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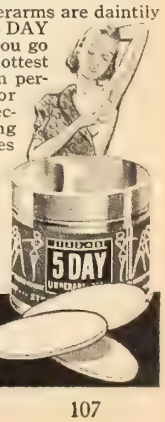
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win your share of laurels for beauty and chic, even though you can't dash out and buy everything you want, learn to be an individualist—to be different. This takes taste and time and study, sure, or you may end up merely being odd or arty or freakish. But I was mulling over in the mind about all these Up hairdos and thinking, dawgunnit, if the good old long bob wasn't about the easiest, most becoming affair to almost everybody. Not the page boy, dear no. That was just extreme enough for us all to get a little tired of it.

But take Connie Bennett, now. She may have altered her disposition lately, but nobody has been able to change her hair style. Connie knows she looks best with a long bob, because she has a wide jaw—very character-ful and all that, but not the kind of jaw to top with a high coiffure. Hers is a little overlong for everyday folks, but you could take off an inch or maybe a little more than that and have your practical long bob this winter, if such a style is the most becoming to you.

Or, if you're real smart, get a haircut and a permanent which can be either up or down, as suits the occasion. If you have access to a good hair artist, this is a fine solution of the hair problem. Do remember, though, when it is down, it mustn't be too much becurled and flopping around. Just soft and flattering. And don't let it get too thick and bunchy. Make it shine, every hair of it, with plenty of brushwork.

A word about hats here. They tell me hats are going to be more sensible. Swell. But please don't rush out and buy one of the first fall or winter models. I'll tell you why. Manufacturers purposely put "freaks" on the market for the early trade. These freaks are designed to trip the girl who simply can't wait to throw her money away on something new.

The classic example of this was the Eugenie hat which, you'll remember, flooded the market in late summer. By Labor Day, nobody who was anybody would be caught dead in one. If you must have a new bonnet right away, buy a conservative felt sports model and wait a good solid month before you waste your allowance or salary on anything else.

ONE more word about clothes, and then I'll stick to my beauty business. How are you going to get nice winter dresses for a reasonable sum when, as I say, the shops and advertisements are going to be full of pitfalls, cheap copies of really beautiful original models which cost plenty and which can't be copied for the average trade. These are skimpy as to seam, shoddy as to material, with stitching that would be all right on a tent and fasteners that fall off the minute you look at them.

Yuh gotta learn to be your own fashion expert. Learn to know values. (1) Look for a label with a nationally advertised name on it. (2) On sheer materials, look for French seams or bound seams. On heavy materials, look for pinked seams. (3) If you have no access to good stores, get a couple of good fashion magazines and go thru the ads. You'll see a dress you like—simple, but nice, with a little touch of detail that pleases you. Very often, at the bottom of the page, you'll find a list of stores which carry this model. Order by size from the store in the city nearest to you.

(4) It is awfully hard to make a good choice sometimes. You can't find what you want for the money, or some smart sales gal gets hold of you and you find yourself with some awful thing, and you've simply got to wear it. Well, try cutting pictures out of magazines. If you like the two piece outfit Phyllis Brooks has on, for example, snip it out and go off on a shopping tour until you find its near-duplicate. (Don't wear a chin strap on ye hat, by the way, unless you're as pretty as Phyllis, and you really should be under twenty-two.)

(5) Don't wear knits if you're heavy in any spot, and particularly if you're large in the buzzom. Remember in buying sweaters and knit goods generally that it's well to buy a size larger than you usually wear. If you're a big girl, several sizes larger. I wear an eighteen—I buy sweaters size forty and do I have a time finding them!

(6) When it comes to formal and semi-formal things, be uffly, uffly careful. You'll be tempted by the dream dresses, yards and yards of skirt, daring decolletages, and so on. Or the very, very sculptured, slinky numbers. Maybe you will be able to find a good buy in one of these more glamorous styles. If so, fine. But if not, remember that the simple, well fitted black dinner dress can't be beat and *can* be found for a rizzonable sum. Remember also that the simple evening gown, in a color that does the most for you, won't bore you and everybody else if you have to wear it more than once.

SINCE styles remain pretty form-fitting, it will make you all happier if your figures are better than passable. Concentrate on the waistline. The firm waistline is the mark of youth. You "older" girls and you women who no longer count the birthdays—try this limberer and slimmer-down of waistlines: sit on the floor, your legs straight out, feet about ten inches apart. Twist your body to the left and bend over as far as you can toward the floor. Up, turn to the right and bend again. It isn't strenuous and you can do it as many times as you like right at the start. As you gain proficiency, twist your body more and more, without letting hip or leg up off the floor. It will do the trick.

It's so much easier to exercise in cold weather—why don't you start today and really keep it up faithfully this time? Sometimes a cute special costume will help you get into the proper frame of mind. Or how about going to a gym? Or if there just ain't any gym, get a girl friend to do exercises with you every day. See how much fun it is for Ann Rutherford and Virginia Grey when they do their daily dozen together. Anyhoo, exercise—the fat to get slim, the thin to relax, the good figures to keep their beauty.

And now, how about achieving one of those "Grande Toilette" affairs for yourself, in a simple sort of way, for your next important date or party? Sure, you can do it. You may need a little help, but it can be done. It begins with a bath—a really de luxe bath. Perfume, toilet water, one of those delicately scented packages of starch, bath salts, or some of that essence that bubbles and foams and makes you feel so very, very something-or-other—put one or the other of these into your tub. Cleanse your face and neck first, put tissue cream on it, and then you sit. And sit.

If you have one of those little bath trays, arrange your manicure things on it. If not, the old chair or stool alongside the tub will do. Then putter with your nails, being particularly solicitous of the cuticle. Leave the polish until later. Your hair is tied up in a net or something. When you get darn good and ready, you get up out of the tub. You'll be very careful about drying, giving particular attention to upper arms and elbows, so they'll be soft and alluring. You spray on toilet water. You go and lie down, with pads of cotton soaked in witch hazel or eye bath over your eyes. You relax, with your feet on a pillow to rest them.

In fifteen minutes, get into your foundation, pants, stockings and bra and call someone to come help you. Sister. Mama. Husband—if he's nice about such things. Girl friend. You have a bottle of really good foundation cream in the shade that does the most for your skin. This is going, not only on the face, but on the neck, the arms, and as far down the back and the front as is is going to show. It is going on

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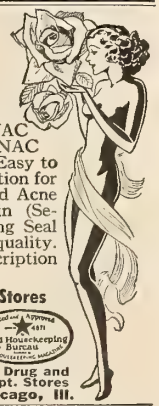
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smoothly, blended carefully, and when it dries, powder is patted over it. Surplus is dusted away, so that you don't "come off" on somebody's dinner jacket.

Then go on making up as usual, but with particular pains. A bit of cream, vaseline or oil is rubbed into your eyelids to give that glamor look. A bit, too, into your lips before and after the lipstick goes on, for extra sex appeal. Maybe two coats of mascara, with careful brushing with a dry brush afterwards, will do a lot for you.

After you're all dolled up, get away from the mirror and stop fussing, and smoke a cigarette or have a cup of tea, or read a little. Let that make-up "set" in other words. Then go back and look at it carefully and see if you're all right, or have put on too much or too little. Get into your gown and put a towel or something around your shoulders and untie the net from your hair and give it the attention it needs. Don't try any last minute inspirations on the hair. You've had it "done". Now leave it alone, except for a little pushing and softening of the wave, perhaps, and an artful pin here and there. Put a little perfume behind your ears, along your hairline, and in the hollow of your neck—and if your hair is up, in the nape of your neck. Be ready when he calls. Be ready five minutes ahead of time so that you can just sit again and feel all wonderfully clean and dainty and exquisitely coiffed and gowned and groomed. You're going to have a wonderful time tonight.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

(Continued from page 50)

body claps politely and then forgets it.

But Freddie began on that immortal speech of Portia's, "The quality of mercy is not strained . . ." The gathering, many of them actors of note in Hollywood, sat up at the first few words. Here was no child stringing words together by rote. Beneath the words, they sensed at once an adult understanding of the words as well as the thought.

"It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven . . ." Freddie went on. His voice thickened. And suddenly, in the midst of it, he began to cry! Tears rolled down his cheeks. He couldn't go on. He couldn't finish! There was no kindly applause for him as he hurried to a corner seat and wept. There was a hushed silence, as though every one there had seen and sensed something too deep for superficial applause or chatter. They had realized that here, in the mind of this fourteen-year-old child, lay a fully-developed, ultra-adult understanding of Shakespeare's depth that was beyond the capacity of many a grown-up! In short, Freddie was not reciting words strung together by rote and repetition. He was *being* Portia in those brief but intensely real moments.

And there, probably, is the fundamental explanation of Freddie's sensational screen success. Other child actors are told what to do and say, and how, and like nice little automatons, they do it. But Freddie is like a grown-up actor. He does it from deep inside.

"On exhibition," Freddie carries this same trait into his off-stage activities. By "on exhibition," I mean those times when Freddie is being interviewed, or is being watched by a group of studio visitors, or even when he's out socially with grown-up people in Hollywood. At those times, Freddie is the pluperfect little English gentleman. He parades a vocabulary and a nicety of diction that makes people marvel and then wonder if he isn't perhaps a con-



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ceited, insufferable little prig!

When you see him putting on that grown-up act of his, you rather imagine that Freddie must be a boresome little lad, full of his own importance and with a nose turned skyward.

But that's because you're only watching the professional Freddie. Now let me tell you a few stories about the real Freddie, who comes out from behind his grown-up front when all's clear, and who is really a fascinatingly likable kid.

ALL that varnished dignity drops. Even a great deal of his extreme British-ness rubs off. They're trying to preserve it, heaven knows, and they've even gone to the length of hiring an ultra-British teacher to keep him talking in the British fashion. But inevitably, Americanisms have crept into his speech. He can say "scram" and "gimme" and "nuts" with the same explosive effect as Mickey Rooney. Mickey, in fact, is one of his best pals. You can draw your own conclusions.

Even the star-spangled American term "chisel" has become part of his vocabulary. Not only that, but part of his philosophy as well! He demonstrated that to perfection recently. It was on the set between scenes. He was pushing those rubber-tired dollies around, with his stand-in. His aunt Mylli-cent Bartholomew, who is his guardian in America while his father and mother stay in London, called him over.

"Freddie," she said, "here are some very complimentary clippings about your work in 'Lord Jeff.'"

Freddie looked at her. "Thanks, Cissie," he said. That was all. Incidentally, he always calls her Cissie, never "Aunt Mylli-cent." He ran off to resume his play. That was characteristic of him. It's a fact that clippings about himself, word-of-mouth praise, or even the picture's he's made do not interest him. He is bored to death watching himself on the screen. He likes acting, but when he's done he loses interest.

But this time, after a minute's huddle with his stand-in, Freddie came back to his aunt. Something was on his mind.

"Say, Cissie," he began, "about that 'Lord Jeff' thing, now . . ."

"Don't you think it was nice, Freddie?" asked Cissie.

"Uh huh." Then, "But say, look, don't I get anything out of that?"

Cissie's eyebrows went up.

"What should you get, besides the honor?" she asked.

"Well—ah—uh—y'know, I did a lot of hard work in that . . ."

"H'm," said Cissie. She "got it." This was a bit of chiseling.

"Well, do you think a dime would cover it?" she asked.

Freddie's eyes brightened. "Why, yes, that'd be fine," he conceded. Cissie shelled out a dime, and considered the matter closed. In another minute Freddie came back.

"Say, Cissie," he began, "y'know, my stand-in did a lot of hard work on that picture, too!"

"This," protested Cissie, "is blackmail!" Freddie merely grinned a very un-British but colossally American grin. And Cissie shelled out another dime for the youthful stand-in. The two kids, with loud whoops of delight, ran to the studio café and gorged themselves on twenty cents' worth of chocolate bars.

Freddie's salary check is undeniably up in the four-figure-a-week class. (Aunt Cissie, as his guardian, also gets a tidy little fee from the studio.) But all that means nothing at all to Freddie. For Freddie's actual pay each week, cash-in-hand, spendable money, is exactly thirty-five cents!

What's more, he gets it, not in one lump sum each Saturday, but doled out to him by Aunt Cissie at the rate of a nickel a day.

It's hard for even a fourteen-year-old kid to get along on that. So Freddie some days manages to chisel an extra nickel or two. But in this, Aunt Cissie is firm. If he draws ahead like that, she makes it up before the end of the week with a nickel-less day or two. So that each week Freddie gets no more than thirty-five cents for himself, except in a very exceptional case such as the twenty-cent-chiselling on his good picture review.

When Freddie gets to that inevitable age and stage when he's no longer a screen bet, he hopes to be able to go back to England and be a little Lord Fauntleroy grown up.

And going back to England is the one big thing that Freddie is looking forward to. Despite his Americanization, and his delight in many things American, Freddie Bartholomew is a perfect living example of every Briton's unshakable conviction that to be an Englishman is the supreme essence of everything desirable or worth attaining on this earth. No matter where Freddie goes or what he may turn out to be there will always be a part of him that is "forever England."

He hopes to go back to finish his education in English schools. His dad is a British civil service employe; his mother a solid, fundamental English housewife. Maybe Fred will go on in his father's course, and serve his Empire. Maybe he'll continue to be an actor. But certain it is that he'll remain British.

OH, he has grandiose ideas about internationalism. He gets them from reading. Internationalism in this sense: "I think a union of the English-speaking peoples of the world would be a great step toward everlasting world peace," he spouts. He concedes America a reasonable place in this English-speaking Union. It's tremendous, really, to hear this fourteen-year-old youngster talking international politics and economics! But when he's saying things like that, he's more or less putting on his "exhibition" accent and manner.

His Aunt Cissie will tell you how, even as a three-year-old, he used to stand erect and salute whenever he was taken past



Janet Chapman grins and romps with her kittens between scenes of "Broadway Musketeers."



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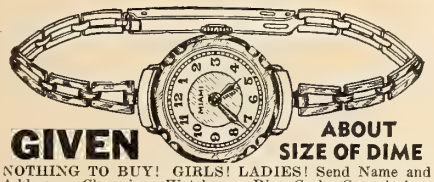
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Buckingham Palace for a ride or walk.

"But the King might not be there," someone once told the tot.

"I know. But I'm doing this just in case he is!" replied Freddie.

Freddie's day-in-day-out life in Hollywood is a matter almost entirely of studio routine. That consists of four hours of acting, three hours of schooling on the set, and one hour for lunch out of each eight-hour work day. The rest of the time, he learns his next day's lines at home, goes to some social affair, or squeezes in an hour or two of play.

Those play hours are his real fun. He loves to wrestle and fight. Freddie's taking boxing lessons, and he likes to practice on his friends. His stand-in gets a bit tired of being a punching bag, and pretty soon, they're at it hammer-and-tongs, all boxing niceties forgotten. They're on the floor, clothes all mussed, and the director is always afraid there'll be a black eye to endanger production. But pretty soon the kids are up again, laughing and shaking hands, and there's no black eye. Freddie is very careful about that. He knows he mustn't endanger production. That's his god, at present. One night, a studio attaché was protecting him from the crowds at a public appearance.

"If I weren't here, you might get killed," the studio man wisecracked.

Freddie wisecracked right back, "Yes, and that'd hold up production, and we mustn't do that, must we?"

NIGHTS, before bed, Freddie likes to read. He really enjoys Shakespeare, Dickens, and Sir Walter Scott! Days, when he has some time to himself, he likes most of all to ride. Victor McLaglen, with whom Freddie became buddies during one of his early pictures, has taken Freddie under his wing. Two rabid Englishmen together! Knowing Freddie's delight in horseflesh, and his proficiency as a rider, McLaglen gave him a splendid blooded steed for his very own, and commissioned Freddie an officer in the famous McLaglen Light Horse Cavalry, that independent semi-military organization of horsemen which Victor maintains. If England goes to war again after Freddie's come of fighting age, the young star thinks he might like to lead a light brigade of British cavalry. He is really a splendid rider. And indefatigable. He sometimes spends an entire day in the saddle.

Socially, he's the perfect gentleman and conversationalist. His real friends are such persons as McLaglen, Basil Rathbone, Herbert Marshall and others of the British actor colony in Hollywood. Among them he's accepted as an equal, and the conversation is adult in tone. Freddie's never at a loss for words, never loses poise. There's only one exception on record.

It was in the Vendome café. Freddie and Aunt Cissie were at tea. In came Charlie Chaplin and H. G. Wells. Cissie pointed them out. Freddie's eyes glowed. He'd never met either and he worships both Chaplin and Wells as great Englishmen, though in different spheres. "I'd love to know them," he confessed to his aunt, shyly.

Then, suddenly, Chaplin stood beside their table. "I recognized you, Master Bartholomew," he said, "and so did Mr. Wells. We wish you'd come and say hello!"

Freddie, all hollow inside with hero-worship, went over and shook hands gravely with Chaplin and Wells. "I've always wanted to meet you," said Wells. Freddie didn't get over that thrill for days, his Aunt Cissie later confided to friends.

Now, he's looking forward to some day shaking hands with his new King. That, to this young dyed-in-the-wool Briton, would be life's greatest moment.

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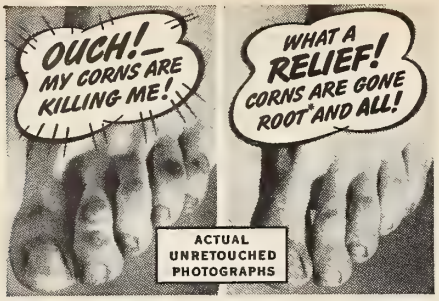
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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Accidents Will Happen (Warners)	2★
Adventure's End (Universal)	2★
Adventures of Marco Polo (Samuel Goldwyn)	3★
Adventures of Robin Hood (Warners)	4★
Adventures of Tom Sawyer (Selznick-International)	3½★
Adventurous Blonde (Warners)	2½★
Alcatraz Island (Warners)	2½★
*Alexander's Ragtime Band (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Ali Baba Goes to Town (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Annapolis Salute (RKO)	2★
Arsene Lupin Returns (M-G-M)	2½★
Back in Circulation (Warners)	2★
Bad Man of Brimstone (M-G-M)	2½★
Battle of Broadway (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Baroness and the Butler (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Barrier, The (Paramount)	1★
Beg, Borrow or Steal (M-G-M)	2½★
Big Broadcast of 1938 (Paramount)	2★
Big City (M-G-M)	2½★
Big Town Girl (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Blockade (Walter Wanger)	3½★
Blondes at Work (Warners)	2★
Blossoms on Broadway (Paramount)	1★
Bluebeard's Eighth Wife (Paramount)	3½★
Boots and Saddles (Republic)	2½★
Breakfast for Two (RKO)	2★
Bride Wore Red, The (M-G-M)	1★
Bringing Up Baby (RKO)	3★
Buccaneer, The (Paramount)	3½★
Bulldog Drummond's Peril (Paramount)	2½★
Bulldog Drummond's Revenge (Paramount)	2½★
Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Checkers (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Cocoanut Grove (Paramount)	2½★
Colorado Kid (Republic)	2★
Condemned Women (RKO)	2★
Conquest (M-G-M)	4★
Cowboy From Brooklyn (Warners)	2½★
Crashing Hollywood (RKO)	2½★
Crime of Dr. Hallet (Universal)	2½★
Crime School (Warners)	2½★
Damsel in Distress, A (RKO)	3★
Danger, Love at Work (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Dangerously Yours (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Danger Patrol (RKO)	2★
Daughter of Shanghai (Paramount)	2½★
Divorce of Lady X, The (London)	3½★
Dr. Rhythm (Paramount)	3★
Double Wedding (M-G-M)	2★
Ebb Tide (Paramount)	3★
Every Day's Holiday (Paramount)	3★
Everybody Sing (M-G-M)	3★
Fast Company (M-G-M)	2½★
52nd Street (Walter Wanger)	2★
Fight For Your Lady (RKO)	2★
Firefly, The (M-G-M)	3★
First Hundred Years, The (M-G-M)	2★
Fit For a King (RKO)	2★
Fools For Scandal (Warners)	2½★
Forty-five Fathers (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Forty Naughty Girls (RKO)	2★
Four Men and a Prayer (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Gaiety Girls, The (London)	3★
Girl of the Golden West (M-G-M)	3★
Go Chase Yourself (RKO)	2★
Gold Diggers in Paris (Warners)	2★
Gold Is Where You Find It (Warners)	2★
Goldwyn Follies, The (Sam Goldwyn)	3★
Great Garrick, The (Warners)	3★
Happy Landing (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Having Wonderful Time (RKO)	2½★
Headin' East (Columbia)	2★
Heidi (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Here's Flash Casey (Grand National)	2★
Heroes of the Alamo (Columbia)	2★
High, Wide, and Handsome (Paramount)	3½★
Hold 'em Navy (Paramount)	2★
Hold That Kiss (M-G-M)	3★
Holiday (Columbia)	3½★
Hollywood Hotel (Warners)	3★
Hollywood Round-up (Columbia)	2½★
Hurricane (Sam Goldwyn)	3½★
I'll Take Romance (Columbia)	3★
I Met My Love Again (Walter Wanger)	3★
In Old Chicago (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
It's Love I'm After (Warners)	4★
Jezebel (Warners)	3★
Josette (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Joy of Living (RKO)	3★
Judge Hardy's Children (M-G-M)	3★
Keep Smiling (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Kentucky Moonshine (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Kidnapped (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Lady, Behave (Republic)	2★
Lancer Spy (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Last Gangster, The (M-G-M)	3★
Life Begins in College (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Life of Emile Zola, The (Warners)	4★
Life of the Party (RKO)	†★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Live, Love and Learn (M-G-M)	3★
Lone Wolf in Paris (Columbia)	2½★
Lord Jeff (M-G-M)	2½★
Lost Horizon (Columbia)	4★
Love and Hisses (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Love, Honor and Behave (Warners)	2½★
Love Is a Headache (M-G-M)	2½★
Love on a Budget (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Love on Toast (Paramount)	2★
Mad About Music (Universal)	4★
Madame X (M-G-M)	1½★
Making the Headlines (Columbia)	2★
Mannequin (M-G-M)	3★
Man-Proof (M-G-M)	2½★
Men Are Such Fools (Warners)	2★
Merrily We Live (Hal Roach)	3★
Merry-Go-Round of 1938 (Universal)	2★
Midnight Intruder (Universal)	2½★
Mr. Moto's Gamble (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Mr. Moto Takes a Chance (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Music For Madame (RKO)	2★
Navy Blue and Gold (M-G-M)	3★
Night Club Scandal (Paramount)	2★
Nothing Sacred (Selznick-International)	3★
No Time To Marry (Columbia)	2★
Of Human Hearts (M-G-M)	2½★
Over the Goal (Warners)	1★
Over the Wall (Warners)	3★
Paradise For Three (M-G-M)	2★
Patient in Room 18, The (Warners)	2★
Penrod and His Twin Brother (Warners)	2½★
Penrod's Double Trouble (Warners)	2★
Perfect Specimen, The (Warners)	3★
Port of Seven Seas (M-G-M)	3★
Portia on Trial (Republic)	3★
Prescription for Romance (Universal)	1★
Prison Break (Universal)	2★
Radio City Revels (RKO)	2½★
Rage of Paris, The (Universal)	3★
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel (London)	2½★
Romance in the Dark (Paramount)	2½★
Rosalie (M-G-M)	3★
Sailing Along (Gaumont British)	3★
Saint in New York, The (RKO)	2½★
Sally, Irene and Mary (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Saturday's Heroes (RKO)	2½★
She Asked For It (Paramount)	2★
Sheik Steps Out, The (Republic)	2★
She's Got Everything (RKO)	2★
Sh! The Octopus (Warners)	2★
Slight Case of Murder, A (First National)	2½★
Snow White and the 7 Dwarfs (Walter Disney)	4★
Something to Sing About (Grand National)	2½★
Spy Ring (Universal)	2★
Stage Door (RKO)	4★
Stand-In (Walter Wanger)	3★
Start Cheering (Columbia)	2★
Swiss Miss (Hal Roach)	2½★
Stolen Heaven (Paramount)	3★
Storm in a Teacup (Korda)	3½★
Swing It Sailor (Grand National)	1★
Swing Your Lady (Warners)	2½★
Tarzan's Revenge (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Test Pilot (M-G-M)	4★
Tip-Off Girls (Paramount)	3★
There Goes the Groom (RKO)	2★
There's Always a Woman (Columbia)	3★
They Won't Forget (Warners)	3★
This Way, Please (Paramount)	1★
Thoroughbreds Don't Cry (M-G-M)	2½★
Three Comrades (M-G-M)	3½★
Three Blind Mice (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Thrill of a Lifetime (Paramount)	1★
Thin Ice (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Torchy Blane in Panama (Warners)	2½★
To the Victor (Gaumont-British)	3½★
Tovarich (Warners)	3★
Trip to Paris, A (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Troopship (Gaumont-British)	2½★
True Confession (Paramount)	4★
Varsity Show (Warners)	3★
Victoria the Great (RKO)	4★
Vivacious Lady (RKO)	4★
Walking Down Broadway (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Wells Fargo (Paramount)	3★
Westland Case, The (Universal)	2★
White Banners (Warners)	3★
Who Killed Gail Preston? (Columbia)	2★
Wide Open Faces (Columbia)	2★
Wild and Woolly (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Wise Girl (RKO)	3★
Women Are Like That (Warners)	2★
Women in Prison (Columbia)	2★
Yank at Oxford, A (M-G-M)	3★
Yellow Jack (M-G-M)	3★
You and Me (Paramount)	2½★
You're a Sweetheart (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
You're Only Young Once (M-G-M)	2★

Turn to our Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. It's a valuable guide in choosing entertainment. Instead of giving the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

WHITE ELEPHANTS

(*Continued from page 10*)

and a growing stable of carefully chosen horses. Baseball used to be his principal outside interest but lately the ponies have been edging in on his spare time.

And, with all these things, as Mr. Brown says, "What more can a fellow ask?" Particularly a fellow who still remembers when he ran away from Holgate, Ohio at the age of nine, started to take the world in his stride and to cover all he could of it on the upgrade. That was all of thirty-eight years ago and if, in the ensuing years, he has had to take the knocks with the good luck, the lean months with the seasons of plenty, the golden horn is certainly pouring out its contents for him now. And he's meeting the avalanche with saneness and rare good judgment—the way he took Brown's white elephants.

A travelling circus, stopping over outside Toledo one spring afternoon just before the turn of the century, was what started Joe going places. The big tent, the performers, the animals, the thrilling music were a magic land to him, the sawdust ring was his dream of far green pastures. He was a sparse little tike with freckles on his nose, hair that got in his eyes, and that same big mouth, when he dared to smile. It was because of that smile that he was allowed to remain with the troupe when he was discovered toting pails full of water that nobody apparently had hired this particular little boy to carry.

His lot was cast among the youngsters who ministered to the elephants but, while Joe labored in behalf of the big gray beasts, his ambitions centered around the cages on wheels. He wanted to be an animal trainer and tame those beautiful tigers.

But it was his penchant for nimble turns in mid-air that got Joe a spot with the Five Marvelous Ashtons. "Imagine me as a marvel!"

Early in his variety career, comedian Brown discovered that his forte was being funny. He could allez-oop with the best of them and win moderate applause but, when he opened his mouth to its widest stretch and made strange noises as he deliberately missed a turn, the audience "rolled in the aisles," and so he concentrated on clowning.

In early life he was a serious young man, with an eye on Broadway. He was naturally shy and a little self-conscious about his looks. Romance was a minor key until he met a home-type girl who was as beautiful as she was sincere. Kathryn Frances McGrau had plenty of beaux who admired her peaches and cream complexion, her Irish eyes and her ever-present smile, but the big-mouthed comedian won her, and they've been happily married ever since. One son, Don, was a football player at the University of California in Los Angeles. The second, Joe, Jr., has been a student at Mercersburg Academy in Pennsylvania, and there are two beautiful little daughters of whom Joe is very proud.

Joe's first big chance came when he signed for The Greenwich Village Follies in a comedy role fifteen years ago. From that success he went into several other New York shows. Joe, at last, was doing all right for the Browns. He joined the Lambs Club and met all the other actors, became an Elk (on lodge nights) and was maintaining a pleasant menage in the vicinity of Manhattan when Joseph P. Kennedy, then president of a movie company, sent for him in 1928.

That's one time Joe was really scared. He and Kathryn talked it over and finally decided on the big gamble. His introduction into the cinema circles of the east had somewhat the cast of the old white elephant business. The company gave a party for him at the Astor Hotel to observe his entrance into the flicker fold, and Joe arrived all dressed up in a nautical outfit, because he heard the festivities were to take place in the Yacht Room.

Shortly after the party started Joe had a message to meet Mr. Kennedy immediately. That executive was leaving for Europe in an hour and there were some last minute contract details to be settled. Joe slipped away and the press thought he was high-hatting them. They didn't like his admiral's uniform, either, and rode him considerably in their columns the next day. That doubled Joe's fears about himself and Hollywood as a combination.

Though, so far as he knew, there would be no elephants in the movie studios out West—and that helped at least. One of his first assignments was to play a clown in "A Circus Kid." Always looking for a story, we asked hopefully, "Wasn't the elephant that once tried to trample you in that picture?"

But Joe had to admit he never saw his old enemy again, agreeing that it would have made a good story—unless the elephant had remembered too suddenly.

JOE'S first season in the celluloid town wasn't "so hot," as he remembers. It took him longer than that to acclimate himself, for his reticence was a drawback in a colony where a man has to take care of himself, but with vehemence, because nobody else does.

"Gosh, I guess I wasn't so hot among those glamor boys," he reminisces. But many of the "glamor boys" of 1929 aren't so hot themselves right now, and Joe is doing all right. Studio executives soon discovered that Brown was good business at the ticket-sellers' windows. With every picture Joe's popularity grew, until his company was using Brown vehicles as sure-fire box office appeal to sell other program offerings of less certain grosses. Not long ago he achieved the enviable distinction of having his own production unit to make three pictures a year, with Brown having plenty to say about stories, directors and supporting casts.

Once in a while Joe E. Brown's memory plays a trick on him with pleasant pictures of theater audiences to watch his work. But when British interests recently beckoned him across the Atlantic for a variety engagement at the Palladium in London he had a terrible attack of stage fright—several weeks in advance.

"Maybe the white elephants are coming back," Joe remarked. But his fears were needless because in the English capital he was an outstanding success.

Certainly, when Mr. Brown views his San Fernando farm and looks with pride on his family, he must feel that keeping to the main road of life, despite the alluring detour signs he used to meet up with, has paid him generous premiums. As he says, he isn't a glamor boy, but his feet have been planted deep in reality, and success hasn't changed him.

The younger generation of the Browns is growing up but Joe Senior has remained amazingly young—maybe the laughter does it. "Eventually I want to be a director-producer. I ought to know enough about the business by now," Joe confides. But for the present he goes on acting and remains the enviable person who can say honestly, "I've got everything I want."

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Don Ameche and his wife snapped as they arrived in New York en-route to a belated European vacation.



Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland enjoying the fights—one of Hollywood's pet diversions, by the way.

A Hollywood columnist caused Bill Powell considerable anguish when he reported recently that a star sapphire being worn by Azadia Newman, the portrait painter, was a gift from Powell. The ring was actually a gift from Scott Colton. Miss Newman's fiancé. The star sapphire which Powell gave Jean Harlow was given back to him as a keepsake by Jean shortly before her death, and the columnist's implication that he had given it away hurt William Powell tremendously.

●

Add Michael Curtiz stories: Despite the fact that he's one of the best directors in the business, Mike has trouble remembering the names of the stars with whom he's working. On the set of "Four Daughters" recently he was doing a scene with Priscilla Lane and Dick Foran. He wanted Foran to move a few steps away from Miss Lane, but he couldn't remember Foran's name. Closest he could come was the fact that Foran was a cowboy star, so he yelled: "You—lonely ranger—move over, please!"

●

Hollywood oddities: Joan Bennett's swimming pool has a cut-glass bottom. . . . Johnny Weissmuller, who has never uttered a word of dialogue in pictures, makes $40,000 a year. . . . Garbo, who has never—they say—uttered a word of dialogue outside of pictures, makes $400,000. . . . On the first of every month, Carole Lombard writes a check for $1500 for her family . . . and Jack Oakie, who was once one of the town's most convivial tipplers, now drinks nothing but cokes.

●



Ilona Massey, left, and Eleanor Powell waiting for their best beaus.

Battle of the moment is the one going on between Bing Crosby and his studio. A Crosby picture called "Sing You Sinners" during production was suddenly changed to "The Unholy Beebes." Bing registered immediate disapproval because the picture's story is parallel to his own life story, and he doesn't think the Crosbys were particularly unholy, as families go. The studio stood firm. A week later Bing sang three songs from the picture on his radio show. The songs, he announced, were from "Sing You Sinners." You can place your bets now on the ultimate title of the picture, but we'll put our money on Bing any day.

The "Hollywood Reporter" records Shirley Temple's newest joke, pulled on eleven-year-old Walda Winchell at a recent luncheon in New York. Shirley asked Walda to spell the numeral "two" and the word "too" and Walda complied. "Now," said Shirley, "what's the last name of the man who wrote 'Tom Sawyer'?" "Twain," said Walda. "Okay," said Shirley. "Now repeat all three words." "Two too Twain," Walda responded. "That's fine," said little Miss T. "Now when you're a little older I'll teach you how to say 'locomotive'."

●

Question Box: What well-known singing star can't go before the cameras unless she has had ten hours of sleep the night before? Reason is that the gal is older than she cares to tell, and a night without much sleep brings those tell-tale circles under her lovely eyes.

●

The Flynn-Damita Sweepstakes: During the space of one recent week, the course of their love ran anything but smooth. They each spent a week-end in Mexico, but at resorts thirty miles apart. On Wednesday of the following week they entertained the customers at the House of Murphy with one of their best battles, and on Thursday the same startled customers could have seen them billing and cooing at the Cocoanut Grove. Miss Damita, we learn, will soon do a solo trip to Europe, and there are indications of a divorce suit while she's there.

●

Another member of the Power family has come to Hollywood to live, but she doesn't want to be in pictures. She is Tyrone's sister, Anne, who recently left New York to make her home here with Tyrone and her mother. A year younger than Tyrone, she played in stock in New England during the time her brother was getting his start with the Katherine Cornell company back on Broadway.

●

Watched Virginia Bruce and Fredric March do an ice skating sequence for "There Goes My Heart," and when it was over Miss B. confided that skating is a great hip reducer. "In the past two hours," she said, "I've landed on my—well, hips, twelve times. I'm sure I've taken off at least a pound or two."

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MODERN SCREEN

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Mr. D. catches up on his practicing.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

By MACK HUGHES

Johnny Davis loves tootin' a horn, but then a farm has its points, too

SOME FOLKS dream of the day they can own a yacht, a Rolls Royce or a mansion complete with swimming pool and tennis courts. But not Johnny Davis. This render of swingy songs wants nothing of the sort. In fact, Johnny admits that all he's after is a small house, sufficient land to plant a vegetable patch and room enough for his chickens and dogs. Of course this is a pretty elastic order, since Mr. D.'s younger pup is a St. Bernard, and chickens have been known to raise families!

Johnny Davis' face wrinkled into one of his famous grins as we looked questioningly in the direction of some strange sounds. "That's my chickens," he informed us. "I've got about twenty-four out there now. You didn't know I was a country boy at heart? Oh, yes. I'm from the farmin' section of Indiana. Y'know that ole saying, 'You can take the boy from the country, but—' I raise vegetables and gather my own eggs each day. Which reminds me, things slacked up a bit today. I only got eleven. Gotta give those chickens a little pep talk. They can do better than that. But, then they've got the afternoon ahead, so I'm looking for results."

Sitting in his modernistic living-room, Johnny Davis looked anything but a farm boy. More, indeed, like a sophomore home for the weekend. But then, college attire was more or less what we had expected as Johnny was in the throes of making "Brother Rat," a tale of collegiate capers.

"You see, I've always liked the country," Johnny confided. "Even when I was in New York playing with orchestras, I had a little house up on a lake where I could go every so often. I said then if I ever worked in one place long enough, say a year, I'd get a home and do a little farming. That's why I'm so crazy about it here in California. Now, back in New York they build up in the air, so you can't afford much in the way of land. But, here they spread it out in all directions, so you gotta better chance.

"This place is nice, but it's not exactly what we want. The house is big enough, but when it rains the darn thing leaks. I called the owner about it, after one of our heavy rains and what d'ya think he did? Came running out here with a handful of putty and began sticking it around the leaky spots! Heck, I could've done that myself! Somehow they don't seem to understand you want things fixed permanently.



Here is Johnny doing the work he really loves. Yes, raising vegetables, and not Cain, is his idea of a good time.

"In case you're wondering why there's no grass in the garden," Johnny continued as he showed us around his place, "just look at that pup. He's the responsible party. We've only had him four weeks, so you can see what a thorough job he's done! And, after all my work planting grass and flowers! I even got special potted plants which I put out by hand. Then along comes this young fella and in a couple of days even the grass is trampled down. When I get my own place I'll have a patch of ground fenced in for him; otherwise he's liable to flatten *us* in a few months!"

As we moved from this scene of desolation, Johnny proudly led us to his "eatin' patch."

"This is where we grow our vegetables," he announced. "There's corn, beans, radishes; in fact, anything we want, right here! I call it Option Acre. Y'know, it's sympathetic with my contract. Long about option time, it gets sorta low, then when my time is extended, I run home and plant another row of corn and throw in some beans for good measure. And now my pride and joy! See this plow? It's motor-driven. The folks next door owned it, but I had my eye on it every time I went over to buy eggs. When we got

(*Continued on page* 16)



The Man Who Made The Picture

Talks to the people who are going to see it!

★ It is my business to make pictures, not to advertise them. But I have seen "Four Daughters," one of those rare and perfect things that happen once or twice in a lifetime. Now I want the whole world to see the finest picture that ever came out of the Warner Bros. Studios.

★ I sat at the preview with Fannie Hurst, its author,—the woman who gave you "Humoresque," "Back Street" and "Imitation of Life"—the woman who knows how to reach human hearts and bring life's joys and sorrows to countless millions of readers. She shared with me the thrilled delight of watching "Four Daughters." Now, after seeing her grandest story quicken to life on the screen, she joins me in the enthusiasm I'm trying to pass on to you.

★ Warner Bros. have made many other great pictures. Among them — "Robin Hood," "Pasteur," "Anthony Adverse," "The Life of Emile Zola." But here is a picture entirely different. A simple story of today and of people close to you and yours. An intimate story of four young girls in love and of youth's laughter, dreams and heartbreak.

★ Once in a blue moon comes a picture where everything seems to click just right. "Four Daughters" is such a picture. Action, story, direction blend, as if under kindly smiles of the gods, into a natural masterpiece. Especially, the truly inspired acting of three young players — Priscilla Lane, John Garfield and Jeffrey Lynn —is sure to raise these three to the topmost heights of stardom.

★ If you could attend but one picture this year, I think "Four Daughters" would give you your happiest hour in the theatre. See it! I sincerely believe it's the best picture Warner Bros. ever made.

JACK L. WARNER, *Vice-President*
In Charge of Production,
Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

WARNER BROS. Presents FANNIE HURST'S Great Story

"FOUR DAUGHTERS"

with

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Directed by
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From the Cosmopolitan Magazine Story

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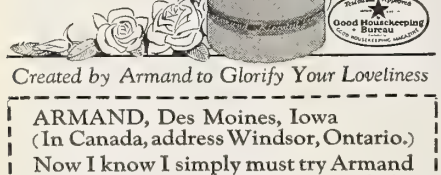
A dashing new personality — Jeffrey Lynn brings the gay romantic glamour that wins all hearts.



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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Accidents Will Happen (Warners)	2★
Adventure's End (Universal)	2★
Adventures of Marco Polo (Samuel Goldwyn)	3★
Adventures of Robin Hood (Warners)	4★
Adventures of Tom Sawyer (Selznick-International)	3½★
Adventurous Blonde (Warners)	2½★
Alcatraz Island (Warners)	2½★
Alexander's Ragtime Band (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Algiers (Walter Wanger)	2½★
The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse (Warners)	3½★
Army Girl (Republic)	2½★
Arsene Lupin Returns (M-G-M)	2½★
Bad Man of Brimstone (M-G-M)	2½★
Battle of Broadway (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Baroness and the Butler (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Barrier, The (Paramount)	1★
Beg, Borrow or Steal (M-G-M)	2½★
Big Broadcast of 1938 (Paramount)	2★
Big Town Girl (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Blockade (Walter Wanger)	3½★
Blondes at Work (Warners)	2★
Blossoms on Broadway (Paramount	1★
Bluebeard's Eighth Wife (Paramount)	3½★
*Boy Meets Girl (Warners)	2★
Bringing Up Baby (RKO)	3★
Buccaneer, The (Paramount)	3½★
Blulldog Drummond's Peril (Paramount)	2½★
Bulldog Drummond's Revenge (Paramount)	2½★
Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Chaser, The (M-G-M)	2½★
Checkers (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Cocoanut Grove (Paramount)	2½★
Colorado Kid (Republic)	2★
Condemned Women (RKO)	2★
Cowboy From Brooklyn (Warners)	2½★
Crashing Hollywood (RKO)	2½★
Crime of Dr. Hallet (Universal)	2½★
Crime School (Warners)	2½★
Damsel in Distress A (RKO)	3★
Danger, Love at Work (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Dangerously Yours (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Danger Patrol (RKO)	2★
Daughter of Shanghai (Paramount)	2½★
Divorce of Lady X, The (London)	3½★
Dr. Rhythm (Paramount)	3★
Ebb Tide (Paramount)	3★
Every Day's a Holiday (Paramount)	3★
Everybody Sing (M-G-M)	3★
Fast Company (M-G-M)	2½★
52nd Street (Walter Wanger)	2★
Fight For Your Lady (RKO)	2★
Firefly, The (M-G-M)	3★
First Hundred Years, The (M-G-M)	2★
Fools For Scandal (Warners)	2½★
Forty-five Fathers (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Four Men and a Prayer (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Four's a Crowd (Warners)	3★
Gaiety Firls, The (London)	3★
Gateway (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Girl of the Golden West (M-G-M)	3★
Give Me a Sailor (Paramount)	2½★
Go Chase Yourself (RKO)	2★
Gold Diggers in Paris (Warners)	2★
Gold is Where You Find It (Warners)	2★
Goldwyn Follies, The (Sam Goldwyn)	3★
Happy Landing (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Having Wonderful Time (RKO)	2½★
Headin' East (Columbia)	2★
Heidi (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Here's Flash Casey (Grand National)	2★
Heroes of the Alamo (Columbia)	2★
High, Wide, and Handsome (Paramount)	3½★
Hold 'em Navy (Paramount)	2★
Hold That Kiss (M-G-M)	3★
Holiday (Columbia)	3½★
Hollywood Hotel (Warners)	3★
Hollywood Round-up (Columbia)	2½★
Hurricane (Sam Goldwyn)	3½★
I'll Take Romance (Columbia)	3★
I Met My Love Again (Walter Wanger)	3★
In Old Chicago (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
It's Love I'm After (Warners)	4★
Jezebel (Warners)	3★
Josette (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Joy of Living (RKO)	3★
Judge Hardy's Children (M-G-M)	3★
Keep Smiling (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Kentucky Moonshine (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Kidnapped (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Last Gangster, The (M-G-M)	3★
Life of Emile Zola, The (Warners)	4★
Little Miss Broadway (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Lone Wolf in Paris (Columbia)	2½★
Lord Jeff (M-G-M)	2½★
Lost Horizon (Columbia)	4★
Love and Hisses (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Love Finds Andy Hardy (M-G-M)	3★
Love, Honor and Behave (Warners)	2½★
Love Is a Headache (M-G-M)	2½★
Love on a Budget (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Love on Toast (Paramount)	2★
Mad About Music (Universal)	4★
Making the Headlines (Columbia)	2★
Mannequin (M-G-M)	3★
Man-Proof (M-G-M)	2½★
Marie Antoinette (M-G-M)	4★
Men Are Such Fools (Warners)	2★
Merrily We Live (Hal Roach)	3★
Merry-Go-Round of 1938 (Universal)	2★
Midnight Intruder (Universal)	2½★
Mr. Moto's Gamble (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Mr. Moto Takes a Chance (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Mother Carey's Chickens (RKO)	3★
Navy Blue and Gold (M-G-M)	3★
Night Club Scandal (Paramount)	2★
Nothing Sacred (Selznick-International)	3★
No Time To Marry (Columbia)	2★
Of Human Hearts (M-G-M)	2½★
Over the Goal (Warners)	1★
Over the Wall (Warners)	3★
Paradise For Three (M-G-M)	2★
Passport Husband (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Patient in Room 18, The (Warners)	2★
Penrod and His Twin Brother (Warners)	2½★
Penrod's Double Trouble (Warners)	2★
Perfect Specimen, The (Warners)	3★
Port of Seven Seas (M-G-M)	3★
Portia on Trial (Republic)	3★
Prescription for Romance (Universal)	1★
Prison Break (Universal)	2★
Racket Busters (Warners)	3★
Radio City Revels (RKO)	2½★
Rage of Paris, The (Universal)	3★
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel (London)	2½★
Romance in the Dark (Paramount)	2½★
Rosalie (M-G-M)	3★
Sailing Along (Gaumont British)	3★
Saint in New York, The (RKO)	2½★
Sally, Irene and Mary (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Saturday's Heroes (RKO)	2½★
She Asked For It (Paramount)	2★
Sheik Steps Out, The (Republic)	2★
She's Got Everything (RKO)	2★
Sh! The Octopus (Warners)	2★
Sky Giant (RKO)	2½★
Slight Case of Murder, A (First National)	2½★
Snow White and the 7 Dwarfs (Walter Disney)	4★
Something to Sing About (Grand National)	2½★
Spy Ring (Universal)	2★
Stage Door (RKO)	4★
Stand-In (Walter Wagner)	3★
Start Cheering (Columbia)	2★
Swiss Miss (Hal Roach)	2½★
Stolen Heaven (Paramount)	3★
Storm in a Teacup (Korda)	3½★
Swing It Sailor (Grand National)	1★
Swing Your Lady (Warners)	2½★
Tarzan's Revenge (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Test Pilot (M-G-M)	4★
The Texans (Paramount)	3★
Tip-Off Girls (Paramount)	3★
There Goes the Groom (RKO)	2★
There's Always a Woman (Columbia)	3★
They Won't Forget (Warners)	3★
This Way, Please (Paramount)	1★
Thoroughbreds Don't Cry (M-G-M)	2½★
Three Comrades (M-G-M)	3½★
Three Blind Mice (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Thrill of a Lifetime (Paramount)	1★
Thin Ice (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Torchy Blane in Panama (Warners)	2½★
To the Victor (Gaumont-British)	3½★
Tovarich (Warners)	3★
Trip to Paris, A (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Troopship (Gaumont-British)	2½★
*Tropic Holiday (Paramount)	2★
True Confession (Paramount)	4★
Varsity Show (Warners)	3★
Victoria the Great (RKO)	4★
Vivacious Lady (RKO)	4★
Walking Down Broadway (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Wells Fargo (Paramount)	3★
Westland Case, The (Universal)	2★
White Banners (Warners)	3★
Who Killed Gail Preston? (Columbia)	2★
Wide Open Faces (Columbia)	2★
Wild and Woolly (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Wise Girl (RKO)	3★
Women Are Like That (Warners)	2★
Women in Prison (Columbia)	2★
Yank at Oxford, A (M-G-M)	3★
Yellow Jack (M-G-M)	3★
You and Me (Paramount)	2½★
You're a Sweetheart (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
You're Only Young Once (M-G-M)	2★

Turn to our Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. It's a valuable guide in choosing entertainment. Instead of giving the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

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RKO RADIO PICTURES

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DIRECTED BY WILLIAM A. SEITER
Screen Play by Morrie Ryskind

LET US HELP YOU WIN

Here is the complete guide to the answers which can make you a lucky

EXPLANATION

Here is a chance at fame and fortune! To enter this contest, simply secure a movie quiz booklet at your neighborhood theatre. Answer one question about any 30 pictures included in the booklet, and then write a statement of not more than 50 words, telling which one of the 30 pictures you like best, and why.

Our sample letter will help you in writing your statement. Remember, it must be original. Just write as if you were telling a friend why the picture appealed to you.

As a further guide, read our synopses carefully. They'll assist you in selecting the correct answers.

After you have completed your entry, mail the booklet containing your answers and the 50 word statement to

Motion Picture Contest
480 Lexington Avenue, New York City
Postmarked not later than December 31, 1938

FOUR DAUGHTERS



I enjoyed "Four Daughters" primarily because it gave a true picture of a happy home life. The girls, though different in character, were very human and appealing. Their spirit of "one for all" taught a valuable lesson and the things that happened to them come into the lives of all of us. Therefore, the story rang true.

MARIE ANTOINETTE



"Marie Antoinette" is one of the most beautiful pictures ever made. I enjoyed every moment of it, from the fine characterizations of its players to the colorful, historical pageant. The direction was truly expert and the acting of Robert Morley, Norma Shearer and Tyrone Power, something I shall never forget. Here is everything in the way of entertainment.

FOUR DAUGHTERS

There is much excitement at the Lemp household because of Thea's new beau, wealthy Ben Crowley, and the arrival of the young musician, Felix. Though impressed with Ben's beautiful car, the orchids he sends to Thea—all four daughters (Thea, Kay, Ann, Emma) fall in love with debonair Felix. The announcement of his engagement to Ann is a blow to everyone including Mickey, Felix's cynical orchestrator, who also loves Ann. When Ann discovers how much Emma loves Felix and Mickey loves her, she marries Mickey. Later, Felix and Ann find reunion after Mickey's tragic death.

MARIE ANTOINETTE

From Austria to France comes the lovely Marie Antoinette, to be the bride of the weakling, Louis, grandson of the King. Unable to find happiness, she turns to Count Axel de Ferson. When Antoinette becomes Queen she realizes she must give up her lover. They are separated until the outbreak of the Revolution when Ferson, learning of Antoinette's danger, reappears to arrange the escape of the Royal Family. His plan fails when a priest recognizes the King, and the unhappy pair are returned to Paris, and death. The courage of the king and queen lives after them.

THE GREAT WALTZ

When the Commercial Bank of Vienna dismisses him, Johann Strauss gets a job as musician in Dommayer's Cafe. His inspired performance there impresses Carla Donner, a member of the Imperial Opera, who invites him to play for her friends. Strauss is deeply infatuated by Carla, but after she ridicules him, he marries his first sweetheart, Poldi. Years later, he and Carla meet again, and realizing their love, plan an elopement. Poldi unselfishly gives them her blessings but, at the last moment, the lovers separate and Strauss returns to his faithful wife.

* * *

BOYS TOWN

With the aid of a pawn-broker friend, Father Flanagan founds a happy, self-governing community of boys who might have ended as criminals. The most disrupting influence among his charges is hard-bitten young Whitey Marsh who, after earning the enmity of the other youngsters, runs away. Through his bandit brother, Whitey accidently becomes involved in a bank robbery and almost ruins the good reputation of Father Flanagan's school. However, when his innocence and unsuspecting love for Boys Town are revealed, he returns with the priest, and is unanimously elected Mayor by the enthusiastic boys.

* * *

MEET THE GIRLS

Homer Watson, the owner of a valuable diamond, is travelling from Honolulu to San Francisco with his wife, Daisy. Also on the boat are Judy and Terry, two penniless girls whom the Captain has put to work, and Maurice Leon, a famous jewel thief. When the diamond disappears, due to Mrs. Watson's negligence, Judy and Terry become involved and, in clearing themselves, prove that Leon is the real crook. The grateful Daisy rewards them liberally.

* * *

PROFESSOR, BEWARE!

Dean Lambert, a bespectacled young college professor, owns an incomplete set of tablets which tell the tale of two ancient lovers. Lambert believes he is the story's hero reincarnated, and wants the last tablet which will reveal his ultimate fate. When he is invited to join an expedition leaving New York for Egypt, he begins a crazy cross-country dash, pursued by Jane, a beautiful heiress who makes him marry her. Jane's irate father separates the newlyweds, but they finally win his approval and travel to Egypt together, which proves that love will find a way.

$250,000.00 MOVIE QUIZ

winner! Read this carefully, for your chance to click is excellent

P R I Z E S

1st Prize	$50,000	40 of $500 each	20,000
2nd Prize	25,000	40 of $250 each	10,000
2 of $10,000 each	20,000	300 of $100 each	30,000
5 of $5,000 each	25,000	5000 of $10 each	50,000
5 of $2,000 each	10,000		
10 of $1,000 each	10,000	Total -	$250,000

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND



"Alexander's Ragtime Band" was especially enjoyable to me as its gay and sad songs brought back many memories. I recalled the happy times associated with the beginning of jazz and the tragic occurrences of the World War. Somehow, there's nothing so satisfying as reminiscing, and besides the opportunity for this, the film offers splendid acting and settings.

BOY MEETS GIRL



Everyone wonders what makes "the wheels go 'round" in a big studio and even though the answer in "Boy Meets Girl" is probably exaggerated, I loved the picture because it gave an inside, intimate picture of a "film factory." I'd rather laugh than eat, too, and there's a laugh a movie minute in this riotous story. Fun is the thing—and here it is aplenty!

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND

Alice Faye, Tyrone Power and Don Ameche are all members of "Alexander's Ragtime Band." While Don had fallen in love with Alice at their very first meeting, unknown even to themselves, Alice and Tyrone are in love with each other. When Don sings a song he has composed especially for Alice, she and Tyrone realize their love. With Alice's withdrawal from the band, Tyrone leaves for war. Hurt by his attitude, she marries Don. Years later, when Tyrone's orchestra has made him famous, he and Alice are happily reunited. It is Don who really brings them together.

BOY MEETS GIRL

Two Hollywood scenarists, who look more like collegians than writers in their little round caps, have a great idea. They plan to make a star of an infant, and before it is born, become its godfathers, with power of attorney. When the baby becomes famous, they forget to renew this power which makes their own jobs insecure, and they resort to a wild plan in order to retain their hold. They are joyous when they outwit their scheming rivals, but are really doomed to disappointment, for Susie, the mother, suddenly ends her baby's career by taking him to England.

THAT CERTAIN AGE

Deanna Durbin is a fifteen-year-old who thinks she has just found love. The object of her affections is Melvyn Douglas, a war-weary newspaper correspondent. When she puts her whole heart into the singing of the Waltz Aria from "Romeo and Juliet," and addresses her song to Melvyn, Jackie Cooper, her youthful boy friend, is deeply hurt and turns to another girl to get even. Deanna's parents, learning of her infatuation, conspire with Melvyn and produce a woman whom Melvyn introduces as his wife. Deanna's heart is broken, but she recovers quickly and wins back the still devoted Jackie.

* * *

HOLD THAT CO-ED

When George Murphy arrives at State College, where he has taken a job as football coach, he discovers that the college is just a jerk-water school in the final stages of dilapidation. John Barrymore, chief executive of the state, has just taken another fat slice out of the college budget, and there are not sufficient funds to pay the new coach. George Murphy consents to coach the team for nothing, however, when he sees the anxious faces of the students—and, realizing that it will help his fight for U. S. Senator, John Barrymore gives a certain sum to support State's team. They win their final big game, and the governor turns out to be not such a bad sort, after all.

* * *

BLOCKHEADS

Oliver Hardy takes Stan Laurel home to meet his wife. Mrs. Hardy cold-shoulders Stan and angrily leaves the house. The boys are preparing their own dinner when the stove explodes and Patricia Ellis, a neighbor, comes in to see what has happened. Mrs. Hardy returns unexpectedly and Stan and Oliver, terrified, conceal their guest in a trunk. When they try to get the trunk out of the apartment, the noise brings Billy Gilbert from across the hall and, Patricia, hearing her husband's voice, bobs out of the trunk. The boys begin to run, with the furious husband after them.

* * *

CAMPUS CONFESSIONS

Middleton College is in the doldrums because Atterbury, Sr., their one man money bag, clamps the lid on all athletics. This makes Wayne Atterbury, Jr., poison on the campus, particularly with Joyce, the campus reporter—until he lands a straight right to the jaw of his worst heckler, and then, when he shows he is a whizz with a basketball, (*Continued on page* 17)

WHY DOES THE BRIDE *Wear a Veil?*



• In olden days the bridal veil was supposed to protect the bride from the "evil eye" of some invisible "evil spirit."

Today, women know that they don't need protection from unseen "evil spirits"—but they *do* need protection for their skin.

Did you know that more women in America use Italian Balm, the famous Skin Softener, than any other preparation of its kind?

This famous skin protector — for warding off chapping, dryness, and work-or-weather skin coarseness — contains the costliest ingredients of any of the largest-selling brands. Yet it costs far less than a small fraction of a cent to use liberally each day. It "goes so far." Test it on your skin. Try it *before* you buy—at Campana's expense. Use FREE coupon below.

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BETWEEN YOU



Why turn a romantic lover like Taylor into a he-man, asks one fan.

$5.00 Prize Letter
Family Pictures

Are Hollywood producers coming down to earth? The answer is, "Yes, and it's about time." For years the major studios have been grinding out star-studded spectacles and flickers saturated with phoney sophistication. Now they're giving us such down-to-earth and lovable pictures as "White Banners," the Jones family pictures, and the Judge Hardy series.

They are giving us people who can act—actors and actresses who can act humanly and with genuine warmth. Already we have stellar performers such as Fay Bainter, Claude Rains, Lewis Stone, Fay Holden, Spring Byington, Jed Prouty, Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper, Virginia Wiedler and Donnie Dunagan. These players have shown us that pictures about the home and the family can be made much more interesting than pictures about phoney counts and runaway heiresses.

What theatre-goer is not touched when he sees Mother Carey worrying over one of her brood, or amused when he sees Mickey Rooney in his first tuxedo? Why not drag the movies out of the thin air of fantasy and put them down right in our own living-rooms?

We are getting a new type of picture and a new type of star. We are getting films and stars as down-to-earth and warm as fresh baked apple pie. Hollywood, you've a fine start for providing us with real honest-to-goodness moving pictures. More power to you!—Russell S. Burg, Denver, Col.

$2.00 Prize Letter
Thanks for the Memory

These are the ten most memorable moments moving pictures have given me. Do you remember them?

For thrills: In "San Francisco," a ragged crowd marching over the hill into the dawn of a new day for their loved city. Hatless, courageous, united, triumphant, they sang together the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The mile-a-minute, breath-taking, heart-rending power dive of Clark Gable and his plane in "Test Pilot."

For pathos: Luise Rainier's beautifully restrained heart-break in the wistful telephone scene of "The Great Ziegfeld." The fade-out in "A Star is Born" with Janet Gaynor's gallant cry, "This is—Mrs. Norman Maine!"

For high comedy: The immortal hitch-hiking sequence in "It Happened One Night." The halting progress of Loy, Powell, and Asta in the hilarious dog-walking scene in "The Thin Man."

For tragedy: The tender death of Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Thru" and the courageous death of Margaret Sullavan in "Three Comrades."

For romance: The marriage of the "star-crossed" lovers in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." In "Naughty Marietta," Nelson Eddy's singing "I'm Falling in Love With Someone" to Jeanette MacDonald in a lazily floating canoe.

Ah me!—Mrs. J. R. Zimmerman, Indianapolis, Ind.

$2.00 Prize Letter
Bob Taylor

Why all the fuss about cinematizing Robert Taylor as a virile, he-man sort of chap? Just because a few people (and they were probably envious males and frustrated females) had the idea that he was nothing but a pretty boy whose job was to make love to glamorous gals isn't any true reason to think he is a "panty-waist." It isn't his fault that women hid under his bed, even swiped his vest buttons. Certainly it isn't his fault that he's good-looking.

One has only to consider Bob Taylor to know that he's a regular guy, a man's man. Of course, "A Yank at Oxford" gave a couple of wallops to the pretty boy legend, and in "The Crowd Roars" Taylor finished the job by knocking the legend to the canvas for a count.

The point is this: A lot of us gals go thru life sans romance, or being contented with just any ordinary sort of man who takes a shine to us. Seeing a handsome lover on the screen satisfies that secret desire of ours to be loved by someone whom all the world admires. After all, any brawny pug can fight or become involved in a brawl, but not every man can be the personification of woman's dream-lover. Valentino was that; so is Robert Taylor. Yet, you have only to see them to know they're masculine to the ninth degree.

Is it so wrong to bring happiness to us old maids and plain ugly ducklings who get our romance only via the silver-screen with its Valentinos and Robert Taylors?—M. F. Doner, Seattle, Washington.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Gary Cooper

Gary Cooper is making another cowboy picture, and I call that good news for fans who like class A Westerns. Gary is an old hand at this sort of thing. He was doing puncher parts when some of our modern day screen cowlads were campus cutups.

Cooper really looks like a cowboy. He is lean and tanned, with a slow and quiet way of talking like one who has lived under the stars. He even has the characteristic squint. Furthermore, he can be depended upon to dress the part. No silk shirts and fluffy-haired chaps for him. Instead it will be blue denim pants and dark flannel shirts.

I read that the film, tentatively titled, "The Lady and the Cowboy," will have no villain. That suits me swell. Not even on the screen have I any use for mean critters who use knifing tactics.—J. C. Allen, Emeryville, Cal.

'N' ME

Frank, lively letters from fans to interest everyone. Lucky winners get cash prizes, too



An admirer of Rudy's wondered how her daughter would react to a Valentino revival.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Mother Won

My seventeen-year-old daughter sat awed and breathless in the hushed darkened movie theatre. She was seeing the immortal Rudolph Valentino!

As I watched her, I felt a little glow of pride. I had always told her stories of the great Valentino, and she had listened with a sort of amused patience, as though thinking, "Let Mom have her memories, but no one could ever compare with Gable, Taylor, Power, or MacMurray."

And so, when the revival of one of Rudy's greatest pictures, "The Son of the Sheik," was showing at our theatre, I took my daughter to see it, secretly praying that the present-day screen-fare would not altogether influence her against the different charm of Valentino.

I need not have feared. As the picture unreeled itself before our eyes, my daughter sat eagerly watching and admiring the great Valentino. I felt a lump in my throat, and a tear in my eye as I, too, watched Rudy as I had watched him fifteen years ago.

When the lights were turned up, and we slowly left the theatre in silence, my daughter pressed my hand and whispered, "You were right, Mom, he's swell."—Ada Springer, Revere, Mass.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Ronald Colman

I want to say just a word in praise of the most charming and talented actor on the screen today—Mr. Ronald Colman. Seldom photographed, infrequently interviewed, and never built up by publicity, this fine actor has remained on "top of the heap" for several years now, thus proving that the public still appreciates his fine acting ability. (*Continued on page* 81)

WRITE A LETTER—
WIN A PRIZE

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, $5; two second prizes of $2 each; six prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You 'n' Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.

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Pond's "Glare-Proof" Rose Shades reflect only the softer rays—add thrilling glow.



Avoid This→
Brilliant lights drain the color from your face—kill your make-up!



Here's your Big Chance to get POND'S GLARE PROOF *Rose Shades*

FOR a limited time only, you can test any of four flattering Pond's "glare-proof" shades with your regular purchase of Pond's Cold Cream. Rose Cream (Natural) and Rose Brunette for the rosy-pink coloring fashion demands. Also Light Natural and Brunette.

Don't delay—go to your store at once! Ask for your Pond's Combination Package!

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Now—with purchase of large jar of Pond's Cold Cream get a generous box of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder—

BOTH for the Price of the Cold Cream

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY—GET YOUR COMBINATION PACKAGE TODAY

Say it with a Clear Skin



NO MAN or woman wants to have a finger poked at them or receive sympathy because of an unhealthy skin appearance.

Some skin troubles are tough to correct, but we do know this—skin tissues like the body itself must be fed from *within*.

To make the food we eat available for strength and energy, there must be an abundance of red-blood-cells.

Worry, overwork, undue strain, unbalanced diet, a cold, perhaps, as well as other causes, "burn-up" your red-blood-cells faster than the body renews.

S.S.S. Tonic builds these precious red cells. It is a simple, internal remedy, tested for generations and also proven by scientific research.

It is worthy of a thorough trial by taking a course of several bottles . . . the first bottle usually demonstrates a marked improvement.

Moreover, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite and improve digestion . . . a very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . to strengthen nerves . . . and to give to your skin that *natural* health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel . . . and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The larger size represents a price saving. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good." © The S.S.S. Co.

S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the appetite and helps change weak blood cells to strong ones

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

(*Continued from page 8*)

acquainted I asked all about it and admired his chickens each time I made a purchase. I even went into town and priced plows, but they were so expensive I went right on growin' my produce by hand. Then one day I heard they'd sold their home and were moving. My business head came to the fore and over I went to strike a bargain."

Johnny chuckled, almost going into one of his "scat-tee-scats," as he explained, "I came home with the plow, twenty-two chickens and a sack of feed, all for a hundred and seventy bucks. Less than half the price of a new plow! With my new equipment, I figured to ease into this farming racket sort of quietly. All I need now is a cow and we'll have all the comforts of Indiana!"

We agreed it was certainly a start, considering the amount of space Mr. D. has to work with. However, after seeing an example of his carpentry it wasn't hard to believe that he could do even more!

WHAT I'm trying to do now," Johnny explained as we turned toward the house, is trade my place back east for something out here. You can get more on a trade than a straight sale. If I can find a house with enough land, I'll let that go as a down payment, then the rest I can pay in installments. One month I can fix the lawn or build a room and so on until I've got everything finished. It will be like rent and we'll never miss it that way. But, I don't want enough room so's I'll be getting a swimming pool or a tennis court. Once you get them you're finished—and it's goodbye to any savings then.

"I took a look at my bank book after my first year here and got an awful shock. I wasn't crying over spilled milk, but down I went and hired a business manager. He collects my salary and banks it, allowing me just so much for expenses each month. This next year will end up with a different tale or I'll know the reason why! I feel better already, now that I've settled down. As a matter of fact, I've taken to it so rapidly that the other night when we stayed out until eleven I really suffered the next day! Can't take it any more, I guess.

"It's not like in New York when I worked with orchestras. I worked nights and slept days and got used to the grind. Since coming here, I work by daylight and sleep by moonlight. But, I haven't forgotten my ole trumpet. No sir! There it is and I keep it well oiled and do a bit of practicing now and then—just to play safe. You can never tell when they'll get tired of me, so I'm pounding my A's often in case I have to go back to work!

"Fact is, not long ago, before they took up my option, I thought my time had come. I hadn't heard from the studio and got a little worried. Then I got a call from M.C.A. and they wanted me to take out an orchestra, at more money than I had any right to collect. I went down and heard the boys and they were pretty good, too. With a couple of weeks' rehearsal we could have whipped up something darn nice. I even had the itinerary set when they called me back to work, saying to skip any idea of a vacation. So, I climbed out of the orchestra pit and into some grease paint to scat-tee-scat a little. At that, guess I'd be kinda lost without my trumpet and shoutin'. I did one picture that was a straight part and I was running around in circles. It was a 'B' and they shoot, cut and show them in seventeen days! Well, I'll admit I don't want to do any more like that. They're too hard. Guess I don't know enough about acting and should stick to my music, eh?

"You know, it seems kinda funny I should be making my living playing and singing the hot stuff—swingy songs," Mr. Scat Davis reflected, serious for the moment. "My Dad had me playing a horn when I was three, but didn't allow me to play anything except good stuff. No jazz for him. But, I sorta slipped in a little every now and then on the side. He was instructor of music and conducted the Brazil (Indiana) Concert Band. I remember when I was about twelve and my uncle came from Terre Haute to ask Dad if I could come up and play in an orchestra. There was a shortage of trumpet players and the job paid twenty-five a week. Dad said, 'No!' most emphatically. But, by the next time he came, Dad decided that twenty-five bucks was good money, even though you had to play jazz for it. So, up I went and from then on I've been working steadily. You see, my studies were arranged so I went to school mornings and had the rest of the day free. I'm crazy about orchestra work. I even had my own once in St. Paul. I was with Fred Waring longer than any other person. That's how I came to the coast. Fred made a picture. Then when I got the chance to stay, I jumped at it, for it meant my dream come true. At last I would be in one spot long enough to have a place of my own."

Hearing Mr. D.'s thumbnail description of his past left little wonder that he could woo, and win, the daughter of the opposing movie theatre chain. Fact is, Mrs. D.'s Dad operated all picture palaces in the town except the one that Johnny was packing in the cash customers. I'm afraid that our hero is the "impulsive" type, for he courted his gal seven years before tripping to the altar!

So, if you read, in the near future, that Johnny Davis has become one of southern California's successful farmers, be sure that he's fallen heir to a nice long-term contract, minus, of course, too many of the usual options. They are Mr. D.'s boogy-boo and as Johnny says, "Give me a house, a dog and some land—with no options—then I'll live a happy life—whoa-ho-de-h-ho and scat-dee-sca-at!"



Jane Wyman is Johnny Davis' big moment in "Brother Rat." You'll admit she's cute.

(*Continued from page 13*)
he is actually "in" at last. That year Wayne makes the team and Middleton soars into athletic prominence. Joyce at last realizes she is in love with Wayne, and when Atterbury, Sr., tries to stop the big game, they convince him that love and basketball are too important to be trifled with.

* * *

LITTLE MISS BROADWAY

Betsy leaves the Madrey Orphanage to live with Pop Shea and his daughter, Barbara, who have adopted her. Pop is the proprietor of the Hotel Variety, home of vaudeville stars since the turn of the century, but now in its seedy days. Betsy makes many friends in her new home, including Roger, the nephew of crochety Sarah Wendling, who turns out to be the owner of the hotel. When Mrs. Wendling threatens to cut Roger off from his share of the Wendling estate, because he has fallen in love with Barbara, he brings suit against his aunt. It is Betsy, finally, who wins both the suit for Roger and Mrs. Wendling's heart.

* * *

BREAKING THE ICE

Because he is anxious to make money to take his mother to Indiana, Willy sells some very old newspapers to an antique dealer named Terwilliger. But the money, he realizes, is not sufficient and he decides to try his luck in the city. He hides in Terwilliger's wagon, drawn by a mule named Chippendale, and arrives in Philadelphia. Pinch-hitting for a five-year-old skating star, he becomes famous overnight. He returns home, however, because Terwilliger has cheated him, and finds that he is suspected of stealing a twenty-dollar bill belonging to his uncle. He concludes the bill must have been mixed with the newspapers be sold Terwilliger. After a mad search, they find the money, and Willy realizes his dream. He takes his mother to Indiana.

* * *

MR. DOODLE KICKS OFF

Ellory Bugs offers a huge donation to his alma mater, payable only in the event his son, Jimmie "Doodle" Bugs becomes a football hero. Doodle refuses to have anything to do with football until the President persuades his daughter to use her charms to get him to play. The ruse works and in his first game, his unorthodox submarine play followed by his parachute play are the high spots of the game. The final game of the season arrives and Doodle once again comes through for his team and they win by a single point.

* * *

IN OLD MEXICO

An escaped prisoner, The Fox, swears revenge on Colonel Gonzales and Hopalong Cassidy, who has brought about his capture. He is aided by his sister, Janet, and causes the death of the Colonel. Hopalong, with the help of Anita, the dead man's grand-daughter, and his friend, Windy, outwits the Fox and his men, and, in an attempt to shoot Cassidy, the bandit kills his own sister.

* * *

SAFETY IN NUMBERS

After a guest appearance on the radio as the "world's best mother," Mrs. Jones agrees to go on the air in a series of broadcasts on domestic problems. The program is sponsored by Mr. Edmonds, President of the company controlling the Barton Springs, site of a new mineral water discovery. Mr. Jones becomes very much interested in the new mineral, and persuades Mr. Emmons to allow the citizens of Maryville to invest in the "good thing." The spring is discovered to be a phoney and the swindlers, having made a quick getaway, are tricked into returning by Mrs. Jones. The money is finally returned and the crooks are arrested.

* * *

THREE LOVES HAS NANCY

Bob Montgomery, a successful novelist, goes to a little southern town to elude a designing actress, and meets Janet Gaynor, who is about to be married. When Janet's bridegroom fails to appear, she leaves for New York to find him. She visits the apartment of Montgomery who, having been advised that the actress is gone, has also returned to New York. Without realizing it, Bob has fallen in love with Janet, as has his best friend. Their argument over her is complicated by the arrival of Janet's fiancee, but Bob proves the most successful of Janet's three loves.

* * *

GIVE ME A SAILOR

Letty is the ugly duckling sister of Nancy Larkin. Walter, the man they both love, gets shore leave. Also, he is marriage-minded. Each sister determines to land him. Through a mix-up, when Letty enters her home-made cookies in a contest, a shot of her lovely legs are included and so she suddenly finds herself a winner. She wins a man, too. Not the one she planned on, but one equally good.

(*Continued on page 113*)

How Dull, Dry-Looking Hair Reveals Glamorous, Natural Beauty



Millions Thrilled by Beauty Miracle of Special Drene for Dry Hair

WOMEN with dull, dry-looking, unruly hair need no longer despair. Here is an amazingly easy way to reveal all the glamorous natural beauty that is hidden away in your hair. A way that leaves your hair without a trace of ugly film to cloud its charm and beauty—leaves it radiating with its full natural sparkle and gleam—brilliant beyond your fondest dreams.

Special Drene Shampoo for Dry Hair leaves unruly hair thrillingly soft and manageable, so that it sets beautifully after washing. A single sudsing and thorough rinsing in plain water leaves hair gleaming and glistening in all its radiant natural brilliance and lustre.

Drene works these wonders because it is an entirely different type of shampoo. So different, that the process by which it is made has been patented. It is not a soap—not an oil. Its whole beautifying action is the result of its amazing lather. For Drene actually makes five times more lather than soap in hardest water. Lather so gentle and cleansing that it washes away dirt, grime, perspiration—even loose dandruff flakes. It cannot leave a dulling film on hair to dim and hide its natural brilliance, nor a greasy oil film to catch dust. Instead, Drene removes ugly film often left by other types of shampoo. So vinegar, lemon and special after-rinses are totally unnecessary. And, because Drene contains no harmful chemicals, it is safe for any kind of hair. Special Drene for Dry Hair is made and guaranteed by Procter & Gamble. It is approved by Good Housekeeping.

So—for thrilling, natural beauty of dull, unruly, dry-looking hair, ask for Special Drene for Dry Hair at drug, department or 10c stores. Or—at your beauty shop. Whether you shampoo your hair at home or have it done by a professional beautician, you'll be amazed and delighted to see your hair manageable and sparkling. How glorious a Drene shampoo really is!

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Special drene Shampoo for Dry Hair

also Regular **drene** *for Normal or Oily Hair*

Youth...EAGER, VITAL...OFFERS ITS LIFE...GLORIFIES ITS ARDENT LOVE . . . IN THE GREATEST ADVENTURE OF THE GREAT WAR!

A picture dramatically presenting two young stars destined for instant fame ...in the heroic story of the wooden cockleshells that won the Navy's greatest honors! Produced on a spectacular scale by Darryl F. Zanuck! Masterfully directed by John Ford!



SUBMARINE PATROL

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

RICHARD GREENE • NANCY KELLY
PRESTON FOSTER • GEORGE BANCROFT
and
SLIM SUMMERVILLE • JOHN CARRADINE
JOAN VALERIE • HENRY ARMETTA
DOUGLAS FOWLEY • WARREN HYMER
MAXIE ROSENBLOOM • ELISHA COOK, JR.
J. FARRELL MacDONALD • ROBERT LOWERY

Directed by John Ford

Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Rian James, Darrell Ware and Jack Yellen • From a story by Ray Milholland and Charles B. Milholland

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production



Joan Bennett



John Howard



Deanna Durbin

DREAMERS WHO DARE TO MAKE THEIR



PAT (Fred MacMurray)

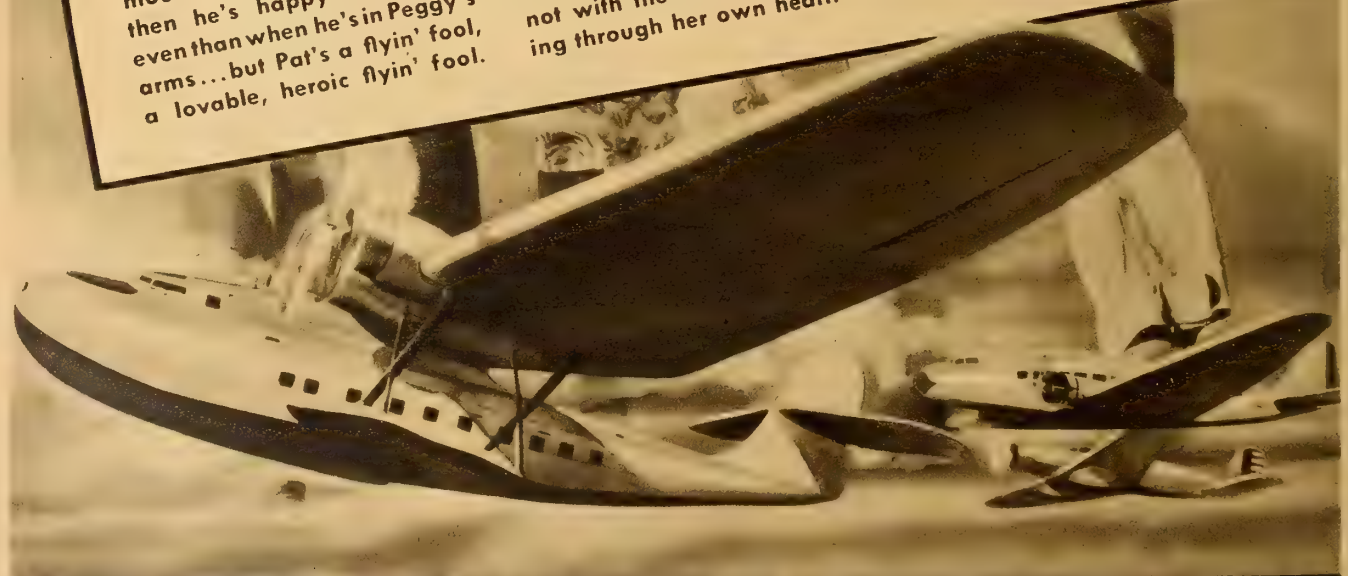
When the motor is making him deaf again . . . and the propeller is blowing the hair off his head . . . and he can smell the funny stink of burning castor oil . . . and see some blue mountains to climb over . . . then he's happy . . . happier even than when he's in Peggy's arms . . . but Pat's a flyin' fool, a lovable, heroic flyin' fool.

PEGGY (Louise Campbell)

She's been looking at the sky so long her eyes have stars in them . . . this girl who's had the luck, call it good, call it bad, to love a lad with flying blood in his veins and no use for the good earth at all except to leave it . . . and yet she wouldn't have him different, not with the love of it winging through her own heart.

SCOTTY (Ray Milland)

It's out of the dreams and the sweat and the heart-break of earnest, serious-minded men like Scotty that aviation was born, yes, and lives, and grows greater and greater, year by year, day by day, moment by moment . . . and what is Scotty's reward for all of this, not even the love of the girl whom he adores . . .



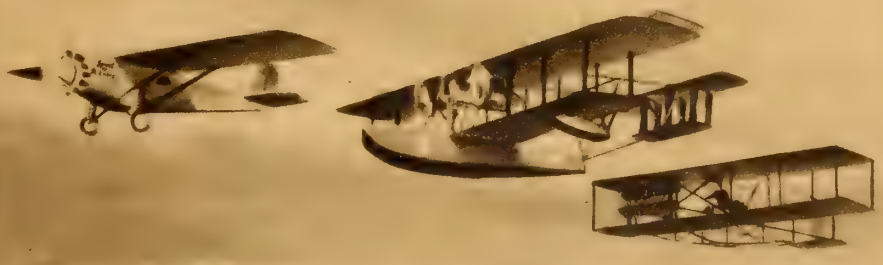
"MEN WITH WINGS"

PARAMOUNT'S ALL TECHNICOLOR CAVALCADE OF AVIATION

A MOVIE QUIZ $250,000.00 CONTEST PICTURE

DREAMS COME TRUE . . .

FOR the first time on any screen and in the glorious, heart-throbbing power of Technicolor, Paramount tells the mighty story of America's favorite heroes, "Men With Wings." Before your eyes, in flaming sequence after flaming sequence, moves that thrilling cavalcade of courage, the march of American aviation, told in the living, human story of two boys and a girl whose romance is the romance of aviation itself, with all its heart-leaping excitement, its clutch of fear at the throat, its soul-rending disappointments, its hysterical, all-conquering triumphs.



with

FRED MacMURRAY · RAY MILLAND

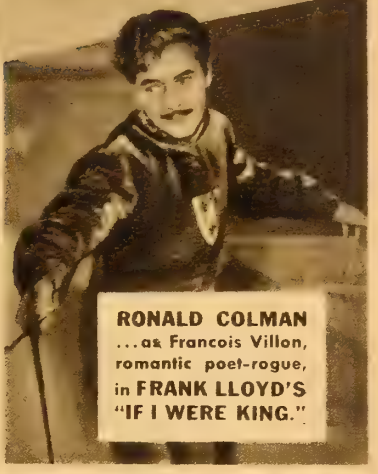
Produced and Directed by William A. Wellman, creator of "Wings"

LOUISE CAMPBELL

Screen Play by Robert Carson

Andy Devine · Lynne Overman · Porter Hall · Walter Abel
Kitty Kelly · Virginia Weidler · Donald O'Connor

COMING SOON
THE YEAR'S GRANDEST LOVE STORY . . .
"IF I WERE KING"



RONALD COLMAN . . . as Francois Villon, romantic poet-rogue, in FRANK LLOYD'S "IF I WERE KING."



FRANCES DEE . . . as the lady fair, whom Villon loves.



ELLEN DREW . . . as the tavern girl who loves Francois.





Gary Cooper

EXTRA GOOD-WILL BOTTLE OF HINDS

just when your chapped hands need it most!



MONEY BACK ON THIS

IF NOT SATISFIED WITH THIS



Try Hinds at our expense! Extra Good-Will Bottle comes as a gift when you buy the medium size. No extra cost! A get-acquainted gift to new users! A bonus to regular Hinds users!

Money Back if Hinds fails to soothe and soften your rough, chapped skin. If the Good-Will Bottle doesn't make your hands feel softer, look nicer, you can get MONEY BACK on large bottle. More lotion for your money—if you are pleased. You win—either way. This offer good for limited time only. Hurry!

You've never used Hinds? Try it now. *Money Back* (where you bought it) if Hinds fails to soothe and soften your rough, chapped skin. It's extra-creamy, extra-softening. Even 1 application proves—*Hinds makes chapped hands feel smoother!* No matter how hard you work—doing dishes, dusting—Hinds gives you soft "Honeymoon Hands."

You've always used Hinds? Then this 2-bottle Good-Will bargain brings you a bonus! Nearly 20% *more lotion!* MORE HINDS—for the price of the medium size—than ever before! The Good-Will Bottle is handy for kitchen use, office desk. Hinds tones down redness . . . smooths away chapping. Also comes in 10c, 25c, and $1 sizes.

LOOK FOR THIS **HINDS GOOD-WILL BARGAIN** AT ALL TOILET GOODS COUNTERS



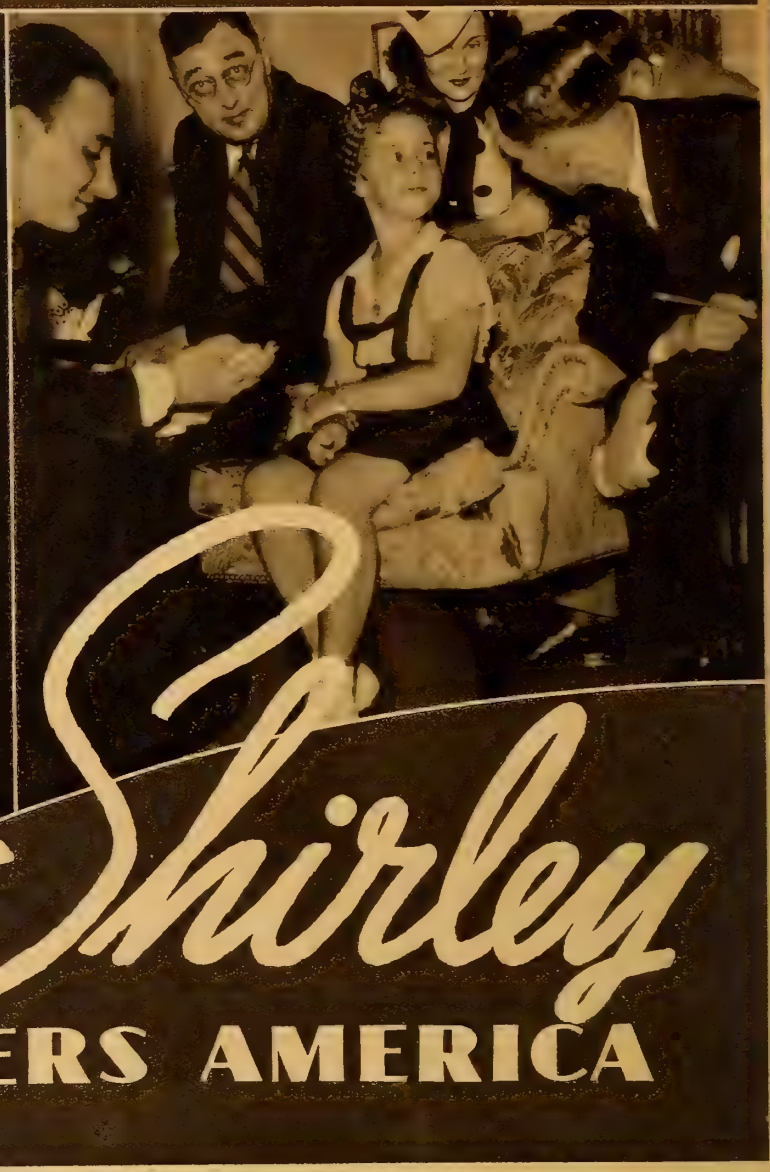
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HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

FOR HONEYMOON HANDS



Mr. and Mrs. Temple and their famous little daughter, Shirley, start out on one of their many sightseeing tours.



Reporters to right of her, cameramen to left of her —but none phase La Temple. She is mistress of every situation.

Shirley DISCOVERS AMERICA

A HOLLYWOOD radio columnist was on the air, reading an open letter, and in millions of homes Shirley Temple fans heard him hurl a serious charge at the mother of America's most famous child.

Before Mrs. Temple left Hollywood, he said, he had had a heart-to-heart talk with her and she had told him that she was planning a real vacation for Shirley, one that would take her out of the spotlight and into the sunlight. Naturally he had been delighted when he heard that, but since then he had been thoroughly disillusioned when he learned that elaborate preparations had been made for the trip, that a press agent had accompanied Shirley and had arranged all sorts of publicity stunts, such as having her crowned princess of an Indian tribe, made a Shriner, and elected a member of the Junior League at the north rim of the Grand Canyon.

All of those things, the columnist asserted, might seem amusing to adult members of the party, but had they stopped to think what they meant to Shirley? To Shirley, taking part in all those stunts was depriving her of the vacation she had been promised.

At the very moment this speech was being made, a party of eight tired travelers landed in Craig, Colorado, in two cars, in one of which Shirley Temple, her mother and father traveled. In the other was Jack Mulcahy, the press agent who had been criticized, a maid and chauffeur and two bodyguards. As night was falling and the Temples did not wish to do any traveling after dark, Jack Mulcahy stopped a passerby and said, "What's the leading hotel in this town?"

"There ain't no hotel," said the passerby, "but there's a tourist camp a little way up."

"We stayed at the tourist camp," Jack Mulcahy told me. "When we arrived there, I told the proprietor that I wanted accommodations for eight people. 'That'll be $13.50,' he said, 'payable in advance.'

"One of the members of the party is a child, I told him, as Shirley came out of the car. 'Okay, that's seventy-five cents less.'

"As Shirley stepped out of that car, the proprietor yawned, not realizing that the most famous child in the world was a few inches from him. There were eight other people at the tourist camp, but, weary from

New York's Governor Lehman entertained for Shirley at his country estate. Now she has a new fan—Spook, a Great Dane.



Shirley's tour included every experience from a night in a tourists' camp to a day at the White House, and she'll never forget it.



BY DORA ALBERT

Where did you spend your vacation? Little Miss Temple took in the whole U. S. A. and, what's more, had the time of her young life doing it

traveling, they didn't notice Shirley. They went to bed early and left the next morning before we were awake, never realizing that they had slept in the same camp with the famous child star.

"Does all that sound as if we had made elaborate preparations for the trip? We hadn't. When the Temples liked a place, we stayed for several days. When they were bored or it was very hot, as it was in St. Louis the day we were there, we left the same day.

"The heart-to-heart talk the columnist said he had had with Mrs. Temple never took place, as he has not seen her in two years. And all the publicity stunts to which he said we had subjected Shirley were figments of the imagination. She was not crowned princess of an Indian tribe; in fact, the only Indians she saw during her entire trip across the continent were the silversmiths in Bryce and Zion Canyons. She was not made a Shriner. Since only men are admitted to the Shrine, she would not have been eligible, and she was not elected a member of the Junior League at the north rim of the Grand Canyon. The truth is there is no such organization there."

"And so, let me tell you the first true story of Shirley Temple's vacation trip.

"Determined not to commercialize it, Mrs. Temple turned down an offer of $350,000 for personal appearances by Shirley, and also an offer by a famous syndicate of $15,000 for a day-by-day account of Shirley's progress across America.

"We left Hollywood on May 31st, and one of our first stops was Boulder Dam. With awe Shirley looked up at the eight giant electric generators, one of which gives enough power to light a city of 300,000, and exclaimed, 'What a wonderful movie set that would make, wouldn't it!'

"Because she had never been inside any school save the schoolhouse on the studio lot," Mr. Mulcahy continued, "Shirley was anxious to see the kind of school to which other little girls go, and the principal of the Government School at Las Vegas, Nevada, offered to take her into all the classes. With interest, Shirley stared at the blackboards, and at the crayon drawings done by students. 'I do that kind of work, too,' she confided to one of the teachers. (*Continued on page 88*)





THE *Lure*

BY KAY PROCTOR

HEDY LAMARR is the name. You pronounce the Hedy to rhyme with lady.

She owns a chinchilla wrap and an eleven carat pure white diamond, among other little trifles. In case you measure your diamonds by the carat or half carat, an eleven carat stone is about the size of a dime and as thick as the tip of your little finger. She lives in an extremely modest little six-room bungalow which she rents furnished. She has made one American picture to date, "Algiers," and has set Hollywood on its ear as it hasn't been tilted in many a moon.

There was a time when the word glamor meant something. It meant mystery, allure, exciting beauty, and that certain indefinable something that set men half crazy with desire and women with envy. It meant the late Barbara LaMarr, Pola Negri, Nita Naldi, and Gloria Swanson in her hey-day. It meant flame.

Then everybody began kicking the word around. Every pretty little newcomer with a passable figure was a glamor girl. Every gal who had more than one beau had glamor. You could buy it by the box in any drug store, according to the ads, and find it on every movie lot in town, according to the publicity departments. Absolute tops was reached when buxom, pumpkin-mouthed Martha Raye made the serious pronunciamento that henceforth she was through with plebeian pratt falls and would the world please realize she not only was a great *artiste* but also one big bundle of glamor! Yes, believe it or not!



What of the Gardiner-Lamarr romance rumors? Hedy answers here.

Hedy was the spoiled only child of a wealthy Viennese family.



One moment Lamarr is all guile—the next she's artless as a child.

THAT'S LAMARR

She's "Hedy" stuff, with that indefinable something that spells glamor

Then along came Hedy just to remind us what glamor really is. It all happened so suddenly that everyone is still more or less in a state of shock, including the beauteous Hedy herself, who is sure she must be dreaming.

"What is this all about?" she asked. "I do not understand it. For seven months I am here, a nobody. Suddenly everybody gets excited and I am important. This I do not understand."

"Algiers" is the answer. Nobody had had a chance to see her before that picture opened. And there's quite a story back of that. But once her exciting beauty was flashed on the screen, once people saw her play her torrid love scenes with Charles Boyer, the whole thing was burst wide open.

She was loaned to Walter Wanger for that picture by her home studio. Wanger was introduced to her by Charles Boyer at a private party and, after seeing her, he tested no more aspirants for the role of the exotic Parisienne who lures Boyer to his death. Her studio maintains that it had her in mind for the role when it owned the rights to the picture and that, after selling the story to Wanger, merely was waiting for another suitable role for Hedy. There are those who maintain the studio was afraid to gamble with an unknown, and that Hedy got lost in the shuffle of European actresses.

Hedy is one of the most provocative women in Hollywood. I spent an entire afternoon with her at her home, where she lives with Ericka Manthey, a middle-aged Viennese who is a combination maid, secretary and companion. She is one of the most unaffected of all the lovely women here. There is a natural charm about her that wins your heart immediately.

But she is provocative. One moment she is every inch the sophisticate, the next unbelievably naïve. One moment she is thoroughly a woman of the world, for all her youth of twenty-three years, and the next she is almost sub-deb in her girlishness. One moment you are sure she is a clever and shrewd little person who knows all the answers, and then she will confound you by some utterly ingenuous remark.

We were talking about the current separation of a prominent Hollywood couple, for instance, and she said, "I cannot understand this American psychology of separation without divorce. Either you love a man and live with him in complete marriage, or you do not love him and that is the end of everything. That is the way I see it."

Fifteen minutes later she was telling why she herself had married at the astonishing age of seventeen.

"I thought it would be wonderful to wear the gold ring and to have waiters address me as *Frau* instead of *Fraulein*," she candidly admitted. "When I got it, I used to fuss with my hair, pose my hand on my cheeks, anything to make sure everyone would see it."

A child playing grown-up! And yet at that time, as the wife of the fabulously wealthy Viennese munitions maker, Fritz Mandl, she was an acknowledged leader of Austria's smart social set and already a famous Continental hostess. (*Continued on page 70*)

BY MARY PARKES

HE'S

Tracy has no tricks, he doesn't work for effects, he isn't even handsome in the ordinary sense—yet he "gets" you. Just why?



Fisherman

Priest

NEVER OUT OF *Character*

HE WAS just a little kid, maybe eight years old, maybe nine. He'd hitch-hiked all the way from Connecticut to Boys Town, which is twelve miles out of Omaha. I was there when he came in," said Spencer Tracy. "There were sores on his feet and hollows under his eyes and he had an old, mangy, moth-eaten cat clutched to his skinny front. He hadn't washed for days. Nor eaten either. Nor laughed. Father Flanagan didn't have any room for him. Boys Town can only take care of 200 boys at a time and it was full-up. But he took him in. There's one place on earth, I guess, where there's always room where there isn't any room—and that's in the heart of a man who cares about kids.

"Well, Father Flanagan took the kid in. And the kid said, 'I have a confession to make to you, Father. I haven't had anything to eat for forty-eight hours. But I stole six quarts of milk on the way out—for the cat.' "

There was a silence in the portable dressing-room on the Boys Town set where we were talking. The silence was broken by Spencer, sitting there in the black vestments of Father Flanagan. He said, "Certainly makes you appreciate your rations, things like that. . . ."

I didn't have to be told what Spencer was thinking. It was all there in his eyes . . . he was thinking of the kids out here in Hollywood, in California and other over-privileged places, his kids and the kids his kids play with . . . sun-tanned and well-fed, with ponies and swimming pools and all the vitamins in their diets and love as generous as the California sunshine to warm them. He was thinking of those other children, too—the underprivileged ones whom he had seen while on location at Boys Town.

And I was thinking that I was on the track of that much-discussed question of what makes Spencer Tracy the great actor he is.

"I wonder," Spencer was saying, "that any one of us out here dares to open our traps to use the word 'hardship.' What do we know about hardships? There can't be any more stories written about the 'Hardships of the Stars'. Who would give one? Not me. We moan we have no 'private lives', no privacy. But wouldn't we moan louder if any one of us could walk, footsore and starving, from Connecticut to Nebraska, with no one to give us so much as the eye?

"What we've really got to complain about," said Spencer, "is that we don't get out of our cotton wadding often enough to realize how soft it is, what rags and straw and outhouses the 'other half' live in."

In Hollywood it is a favorite form of research on the part of directors, players, writers, to try to divine just what quality in Tracy makes his greatness. He has said of himself, "I've never seen an actor who looks like *me*." So it isn't his looks. He doesn't seem to "do" anything, folks say. He has no tricks. He doesn't work for effects. Then why is it that he can stick a wad of chewing gum on the tail of a plane and break your heart?

"It's the look in his eyes," Fredric March will tell you. "Such a look, nameless but inescapable, so that you can't keep your eyes off him no matter who else is playing a scene with him."

"I've never seen Tracy when he wasn't magnificent," said John Barrymore. "It's because he knows *in his blood* what he's doing."

"I wish I could be exactly like Spencer Tracy," carolled Freddie Bartholomew, Mickey Rooney and Jackie Cooper when, separately, I asked each one what screen actor he'd rather be like when he grows up.

"I think it's because he cares about people," vouchsafed Mickey Rooney when I asked him how he would define Tracy's greatness. "And the way he cares shows through."

"It's that look in his eyes," said Bob Taylor. "I have sat on the sidelines by the hour (*Continued on page 94*)



There's a deep, dark secret behind Spencer Tracy's success and—here at last it is revealed



Mrs. Rogers models while her talented daughter sketches.

GINGER'S *Mama*

And when Mrs. Rogers takes the

BY MARTHA KERR

I'VE BEEN learning about Ginger Rogers. I've learned that in the last six months she has been out only twice for dinner. I've learned what it is she wants out of life. I've even learned about her faults and her fears and her boy friends, and a little about the type of man she may marry. I've learned these things from the one person who knows her best, Lela Rogers, her mother.

Ginger was in California, finishing "Carefree" with Fred Astaire. Three thousand miles away, in New York City, Lela had set up housekeeping. It was their first separation. The rumors flew. They said Lela had leased that apartment so Ginger, overworked, could have a normal life between pictures. They also said Lela and Ginger had broken for good.



Jimmy Stewart squires Ginger on one of the few dates she's had time for.



Ginger adores sodas, so mother gave her this de luxe home fountain.

SPEAKS HER PIECE

stand, there isn't one in the jury who isn't convinced and converted

Neither report is true. Both hurt the Rogers women.

"My job with Ginger is finished," Lela Rogers said to me. "Until a couple of years ago we discussed every problem, personal and business, together. Sometimes we differed, but in the end we always saw alike. Two years ago I realized Ginger was grown-up. She had to make her own decisions, her own mistakes. I had to be honest with myself. I've never regretted any of my experiences. To me the greatest sins are those of omission . . . so I let Ginger alone . . . to learn. "And," Lela heroically admitted, "it is in those last two years that Ginger has made the most strides, become a woman. Certainly her acting shows it very clearly.

"However, you laid the foundation," I interrupted.

"You might call it that," she said. "To me Ginger is like a diamond on which a cutter has labored for years, bringing out every facet by careful work. But she was a good diamond to begin with. She had to be, or the work would have failed.

"I came East to take up my own life, to pick up the threads of my original writing career—to get away from the label 'Stage Mother.' As for breaking with Ginger, that, of course, is utterly ridiculous—plain idle chatter!"

Then she told me. Ginger telephones her every other night. And there are innumerable wires and letters in the inimitable Gingerish manner. One morning Lela received a brief telegram containing the simple single statement, "Time to get up."

Before Lela left, Ginger had started a new hobby, modeling. She had begun Lela's head in clay. All the time Lela packed, Ginger sat on the bed, staring with the intentness of the artist, trying to memorize her mother's features. After Lela arrived in New York, there came a cryptic wire: "Am glad you are going to have a good time but why did you have to take your head along?"

Also, the week of her mother's departure, Ginger had been invited to take part in a tennis tournament. She is a superb athlete, but of late has been working so hard at the studio that there was no time for tennis practice. So, accepting the invitation, Ginger called her pals with. "Listen, kids, you've got to practice tennis with me every night this week." The result was she won all games until the semi-finals.

(*Continued on page 99*)

SHE'S A *Smartie*

This intimate character study of Sonja Henie reveals a side you never knew



Sonja may look like a doll but there's nothing helpless about little Miss Henie.

BY NANETTE KUTNER

WHEN I questioned about Sonja. Henie, the press agent said, "Romance is cold."

And the fans outside her stateroom door had demanded that I ask Miss Henie about Richard Greene. "That new partner of hers," they called him.

The ship news reporters asked it first. There were two of them, a man and a woman. The woman took the lead. "What about Richard Greene?" she asked. The man echoed the question, "Yeah, tell us, what about him?"

Sonja turned a cold cheek. She said, "I am only with him in the picture."

"And in the gossip columns," snapped the woman reporter right back at her.

Sonja tried to laugh this off. She has learned in America. She knows all the "I tank I go home" answers. So she said, "We are very good friends." That went for Tyrone Power, too.

Later, she gave herself away. We were seated in the bedroom of her suite on the "Normandie." "We" were her mother, Sonja and I. Outside, in the living room, swarmed a crowd, assorted executives, press agents, a man from Madison Square Garden and a man delivering a new fur coat.

Sonja perched on the edge of one twin bed. She swung her sheer silk-stockinged legs, their feet in size three extra high heeled opera pumps. I remarked on the heels. Most athletes wear oxfords.

"High heels never bother me," she said.

But then, nothing bothers her. Sonja Henie is a healthy person with nerves of steel. She gives that impression. She wore a pin-striped navy blue tailored coat trimmed with a crisp white piqué collar. The coat fitted perfectly. The up-turned felt hat matched and was decorated with a pin, a diamond reproduction of Sonja, skating, with one leg in mid-air. It was a cute pin. It would have looked smart on a black afternoon dress. Now it spoiled the tailored effect. It was just a little too much. So was the strap under her chin.



On-screen Sonja's clinging, feminine and fragile—off, she's as substantial as pretzels and beer.



Sonja on the set with Richard Greene and Cesar Romero whom she dates for publicity.

Sonja Henie loves clothes. She knows values. Yet she will never be rated as one of the best dressed women in Hollywood. She has so much yet to learn about the subtle art of sartorial simplicity.

She started toward the small living-room. The crowd was chattering away, anxious to reach her. She looked at me and smiled and said, with that faint trace of accent, that slight misplacing of words, "It's not nice for an interview, is it?"

I was just about to say no, it wasn't, when a side door burst open and a tall girl came rushing at Sonja.

There were delighted shrieks on both sides. Even Sonja's mother shrieked and babbled something in Norwegian. The girl was the wife of one of Sonja's business associates. They hadn't seen each other in months, not since Sonja had started something new by ice skating in normally snowless Florida.

It was when she met this girl that Sonja gave herself away. Just like anyone talking to her chum, she wanted to tell about her boy friend. The very first thing she said was, "What do you think of my new leading man?" She added a few words about red hair and dimples, and seemed more than pleased when her friend said she thought Greene and Sonja look alike.

Then she remembered me. She turned quickly, smiled and glanced down at her corsage of orchids.

"Do you like orchids?" she asked.

"I love them," I said.

"Every woman looks well with them," said Sonja. Then she added slyly, "I have twelve orchids . . . sent me." She paused significantly.

It was my turn to exhibit the cold cheek. I would not be bribed. The Richard Greene paragraph was in this story to stay. So Miss Henie talked about her home in Hollywood. "It is very nice," she said. "It has a swimming pool, you know. I like living in California."

At ten o'clock that morning Sonja had telephoned, suggesting I meet her within fifteen minutes at the boat, in cabin one twenty-four, so we could have some time alone. I got there on the dot. Miss Henie showed up at half-past eleven. She'd been detained by photographers.

IN THE meanwhile I waited. I talked to the fans who clustered outside the cabin door, a matron from Jersey, a skinny girl with glasses, three school girls from Brooklyn, a candid camera fiend and a middle-aged woman who, from the knowledge she graciously imparted to me, must have read every press clipping ever sent out about Miss Henie. Because these were her fans I inquired of them just what I should ask, and it was they who suggested Mr. Greene.

For ten cents the "Normandie" lets you buy a ticket to see the boat. They had bought their tickets. But they had come to see Sonja Henie. "We read that she was sailing," they said.

"The 'Normandie' is one of the greatest boats ever built. You ought to see it," I hinted, fearing for the privacy of my interview.

"We want to see Miss Henie," they chanted.

And they did. First came three hat boxes, twelve suit cases and Mrs. Henie, carrying a blue fox cape and a mink coat, then Sonja, who turned on that smile and said that if they would send in the pictures she would autograph them. After that, she expertly whisked me into the cabin.

Meeting her is a shock—and a pleasant one. Here is none of that dainty, fragile pink-and-white-frosting-on-a-cake beauty which is hers on (*Continued on page 91*)





AND Father IS DOING

BY KATHARINE HARTLEY

SEE THAT man over there?" said Dick, nodding across the room. "He has a new baby, too. At the hospital he had the room across from ours."

The room across from ours! Well, in a way, that foolish-sounding statement was true, for when one Joan Blondell Powell gave birth to one Ellen Powell, weighing eight pounds six ounces, on June 30th, Papa Powell just about moved into the hospital, too.

It was eight o'clock in the morning when Dick bundled Joan into the car, and set off on that long awaited trip to the Cedars of Lebanon. A few minutes before he had phoned the studio to say that he wouldn't be coming to work. "It's here!" he had announced ecstatically and prematurely, and that was what threw the studio into so much confusion. The word spread that the baby had been born at eight, and yet no one could discover during the next few hours exactly what it had been, a boy or a girl. The baby didn't arrive until after four in the afternoon, but Dick was too jittery between the hours of eight and four to even be reached on the phone.

"I had only one disappointment about the whole thing," he admitted at lunch, smiling ruefully. "For months I had been planning that automobile trip to the hospital with Joan. I had it all worked out in my mind. I would break every speed law, ignore every stop sign, go through every red light on the way. Then when I heard a siren screeching, I would give it even more gas. Finally, of course, the law would catch up with me, then I would say my little piece, 'Sorry, old pal, but the lady has to get to the hospital!'

"Then, just like I had always seen it in the movies, a glow of sympathy would come into the copper's eyes. More sirens and more speed, only this time the cop would be ahead of us, an escort all the way there! You see," explained Dick, "I've known what it is to get a ticket in my time! I've tried all the excuses I could ever think of, but I always got the ticket anyway. For once I was going to have the pleasure of a real excuse, and for once a cop was going to grin and not yell at me.

"Now that fellow over there," again Dick indicated the other new papa in the room, "he really did have that kind of luck. On his way to the hospital that same morning they did try to pinch him. But nobody even looked at us twice! I went through a stop sign and almost brushed a state patrolman off his motorcycle seat, but he was parked there talking to another patrolman and they were too engrossed to even notice that it was a car instead of the wind that went by. We didn't even get a tumble!" Again Dick regarded the other papa, envy in his eyes. "But he's a nice fellow, very nice. (*Continued on page 86*)

Yes, Dick Powell is holding his own in spite of a new star in the family! In fact, he's taking bows



WELL

Young Paderewski (Norman Scott Powell to you) has a new baby sister and is her papa proud! Of course Mama Joan Blondell isn't! Oh, no!



Olivia with Patric Knowles in "Four's a Crowd."



"When Errol Flynn and I are doing a romantic scene, our minds are on our lines, not on each other," says Olivia.

She's LOOKING FOR LOVE

I KNOW it will happen to me some day," says Olivia, "for, after all, I am only a woman."

By which Olivia means that, being a woman, she knows that she will fall in love some day.

We were talking about "lerve," Livvy and I. Any man would say, "Well, what else would you talk to Olivia De Havilland about?" The way men feel about that girl! As Jimmy Fidler said on the radio one time, "No mortal woman has a right to be as beautiful as Olivia." But Livvy doesn't let her loveliness throw her nor even occupy much of her time and thought. In fact, when I met Olivia the other day for tea I was that taken aback. For she was clad in a smart black frock with a vivid floral design of scarlet, and a wide black hat tied under her chin. She wore a dash of lipstick, carried a smart purse, wore sheer hose and good-looking sandals. I was taken aback be-

Olivia De Havilland, who has fame, fortune and beauty, hasn't been able to snare Dan Cupid! Why?



"When I fall in love I want something honest and substantial," says Olivia. "I want to know I'm not dreaming."

BY FAITH SERVICE

cause Olivia is generally in a skirt called shapeless, a sweater which has dropped many stitches in the course of wear and tear, a purse that doesn't match anything and no more make-up on her face than a mermaid.

Maybe, I thought, maybe Livvy has met her "Dream Prince." That would account for the change.

So I brought up the good old themes of love and romance. Livvy never would, let men think as they will. I was curious, anyway, about all the rumors printed in the papers when Olivia went abroad a few months ago. One story regaled us with how Olivia was going to England for the express romantic purpose of wedding one Lord Mitchelham. Another story gave us to understand that Olivia was bound for Budapest, because she'd "had a premonition" that there she would find her "Dream Prince." So I asked her. And when I said the words "Dream Prince" Olivia screamed. Olivia screamed right out loud, with her mouth roundly open. And when Olivia screams it's no lamb's bleat, either. She said, "Isn't that Too revolting! I can't imagine anything more silly. I'm proud to say that I've never thought of such a thing as a 'Dream Prince.' As for the story about my wedding one Lord Mitchelham, I read it and was floored. It didn't cause me any acute suffering because it was so silly. But I wasn't amused, either, because I don't like untrue things to be printed about me. Especially stupidly untrue things.

"When mother and I got to England we ignored the thing, but a friend of ours consulted 'Burke's Peerage' just to find out whether there is any such person as Lord Mitchelham. There is. He does exist. And he is over forty—and married. I'd never met him in my life. I haven't met him yet. When we got back to New York the reporters met us. They asked me about 'my peer.' I said that I'd never heard of the man until I read about him in the papers. They said, 'So you won't talk, huh?' And then I read little pieces about how I'd been overheard crying in my cabin on the way home, the inference being that I'd been 'stood up' at the altar.

"Now, I've never been stood up at the altar in my life. And if I was overheard crying in my stateroom it must have been on the trip to England, not on the trip home. For when I went over I was nervously exhausted, feeling simply horrible. I was feeling low in my mind and unhappy for no reason whatsoever. I felt so miserable that I hate to think about it now. I went away to get a rest, to check up on myself. I even used assumed names to escape attention over there. I came back feeling pretty fit. I also came back with my heart doing a normal beat and, I might add, completely whole.

"I am not," continued Olivia disdainfully, "in quest of romance. I am not looking for love nor expecting it nor even thinking about it. I hate to talk about love. How can anyone talk about love? What is there to say about it? I am neither looking for romance nor am I running away from it. When it comes, as it undoubtedly will, I just hope that I'll have the intelligence and wisdom to handle it wisely.

"I don't dream about 'him.' When I am talking with girl friends we do not discuss our 'Dream Prince.' That term revolts me. I don't romanticize every man I meet. When I go to parties I never think, 'Maybe . . . tonight . . . I will meet my Fate!' I think that the women of a generation ago did just this. But I am of this generation and—we don't.

"I think that the women of the last generation lived in a world of half-reality. They never really grew up. They sat around romancing about Galahad or Prince Charming or the elder Barrymore and so they didn't recognize good old Joe Doakes when he came awooing. I think that's why there were so many frustrated old maids, so many girls going into 'declines.' They were always waiting for the shadow. They were dreaming instead of up-and-doing. They starved to death emotionally because they waited for Sir Galahad and (*Continued on page 106*)



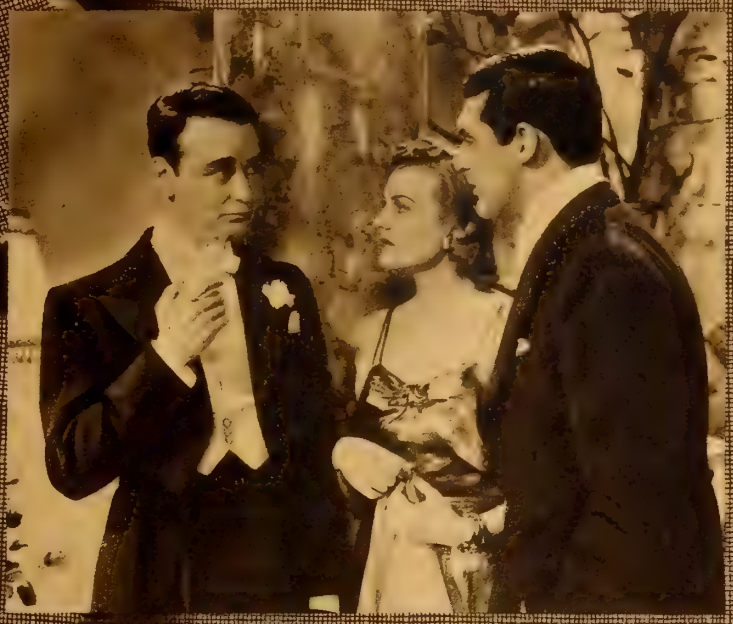
"I was sitting on top without having had to climb," says Lew Ayres, "and it can't be done."

BY GLADYS HALL

LEW AYRES' "resurrection" from B, C and D pictures has stirred Hollywood, appealed to it as no other resurrection has done since Elaine gave us John Barrymore again, all done over and good as new.

When George Cukor's "Holiday" flashed across the screen, people answered the question, "Is it true what they say about Hepburn?" by heaping laurels upon her. But the big surprise of the picture was not Hepburn's tender performance. It was not the depth and finish of the production, nor was it the ace anticking of Cary Grant.

No, the big surprise of the picture



Lew won loud applause for his performance in "Holiday." Here he's with Doris Nolan and Cary Grant.

Ginger Rogers' and Lew Ayres' wedding picture. They're still good friends and though separated are not divorced.



A MAN WHO CAME *Back*

Lew Ayres, who has been in Movieдom's No Man's Land, returns to the Hollywood front—with a bang

was the "come-back" of Lew Ayres. Everyone was carolling, "It *is* true what they say about Lew Ayres—he has come back."

Not a critic, not a fan, not an actor, director or producer but what mentions "Holiday" and then says, "A grand picture, and boy, what a comeback Lew Ayres has staged!"

For the young man who, nine years ago, scored so spectacularly in "All Quiet On The Western Front," the handsome young man who was constantly intriguing public interest by his performances off and on the screen, by his marriages, first to Lola Lane, then to Ginger Rogers, by his talking to Einstein, by his interest in astronomy, in music, in sculpture . . . that young man seemed to be sucked, gradually, into the morass of B, C and D pictures from which so few are ever able to return.

In short, the name of Lew Ayres, once a name to be reckoned with, became, why, no one could explain, a name to reckon with no more. Young Lew Ayres was becoming too quiet on the western front.

There seemed to be no sufficient reason for this comparative fade-out. Everyone was aware that Lew was working. Now and again he would rise above the surface, playing rather unimportant roles in rather unimportant pictures. You would see him about town, though infrequently, and his grave good looks were as dark as ever. You would read that he had turned director. Then nothing would happen for a long time.

You knew that Lew Ayres directed a picture called "Hearts in Bondage." That stirred a ripple of interest. Occasionally, you were reminded that Ginger Rogers and Lew are still married, at least not yet divorced. Now and then the (*Continued on page 97*)



Binnie Barnes says she still loves her ex-husband, but—



Binnie and Sam Joseph fell in love, married and were happy.

DIVORCED

BINNIE BARNES' best friend is, believe it or not, the man she divorced.

You've heard that line before. This time it happens to be true. No one is closer to Binnie than Samuel Joseph, and one can judge from Samuel Joseph's actions that no one is closer to him than Binnie. Some day they may re-marry. Time will tell.

Their case is unique in this, that if any other Hollywood actress ever left her husband for similar reasons none has so frankly acknowledged it. Binnie is that rare bird who says "nuts" to Hollywood taboo. She can't be bothered with tricks and evasions. She lives her life according to her own honest lights, let the chips fall where they may. The screen is her job, and she loves it. But if she's got to pull a line of boloney to keep her place there, then nuts to the screen too. It's not worth the price.

She's that modern girl you meet in magazines and movies, the girl who's been faced with the necessity of choosing



Binnie with David Niven in "Three Blind Mice."

If you're sentimental don't read this — for Binnie Barnes is a realist

by

CAROLINE S. HOYT

Because OF TAXES

between husband and career. She made her choice as she felt she had to make it. There's no issue of right or wrong involved. What might have been right for you or me or Sally Doakes would have been wrong for Binnie.

She's been on her own from the time she was fifteen. Untrained, unbacked, she set out to find her place in the world. From factory drudge she progressed through clerking and rope-twirling to night club dancing, from slapstick comedies with Lupino Lane to revues with Cochrane. The salient point, however, is this, that she took joy in the battle, for its own sake. She loved the sense of striking out for herself, of discovering new fields and the capacity to conquer them. Obstacles didn't daunt, they stimulated her. And though the rewards in money and position were sweet, the sweetest was the feeling that she'd done it all by herself.

She was dancing in a night club when she met Samuel Joseph, dealer in rare books, art connoisseur, owner of a business that was a tradition as well. The Joseph fathers had handed it on to their sons for generations, and Samuel Joseph had it in his blood.

Two people could hardly have been more different. Sam had indeed been born to solidity under his feet, Binnie to quicksands. Sam was quiet, a student, a rock of dependability. Binnie bubbled like a geyser and, less than anything else, did she want a rock to lean on. She was her own rock, and fiercely jealous of her independence. Yet they fell in love, they married, they were happy.

It was after the first delicious embrace that Binnie looked up at him, half fearful, wholly determined. "You know, I'll never give up this work of mine."

"Perish the thought," he grinned. "If you did, I couldn't go around bragging about my wife in the show business."

Each was enchanted with the other's world and eager to learn more of it. Night after night Sam would call for her, watch her final routine and applaud with the rest, hugging to his heart the knowledge that he alone had the right to take her home. Later, when she was appearing in Cochrane revues he never missed an opening, however far out of town (*Continued on page 96*)





Making

THE MOST OF THINGS

You will find your type here. Her corrected faults should solve your problems



Learn to smoke gracefully—or don't smoke.



1. Slide-away chin.





By MARY MARSHALL

WHO ARE all these people? Well, they're just girls, just folks, like you and you and you. The six small pictures show a group of average girls—girls who neglect their potentialities for beauty, girls who do something all wrong, or who fail to do something just right. One is rather lovely, but she has her problem, too. One has that nice, fresh, wholesome look—but lacks glamor completely. Two need to be shown a few tricks to conceal their facial faults. And two have faces that simply cry out, "Make-up, maestro, please!"

I hope that with the aid of these pictures I may help you in your search for beauty. And I hope that the five larger pictures will put over a short, snappy lesson in acquiring social poise and stuff and things, without which not even a beauty can be a belle.

Step up, then, and meet the girl friends. The six small pictures are conveniently numbered. Even though you may not resemble in the least any of the girls pictured here, perhaps a discussion of each general type and her particular problems may help you. So pay attention, plizz, while I expound, and refer to the pictures by number when you want to.

The chief facial fault of girl Number One is a very common one—a slide-away chin. A weak chin. Furthermore, the chin is long in proportion to the tiny, rather child-like face, and there is almost no crease in it. The lower lip is tucked in, too, as if Ickle Dirl were twying so hard to keep the tears back. And now, Miss Smarty—I'm talking to myself—suppose you cease picking on the poor girl and tell other girls with a similar problem what to do about it.

There are several things you can do. You can use a one-shade-lighter tint of powder on your chin than you use on the rest of your face. The lighter powder will make the chin appear more prominent. Blend the two shades carefully into each other, so that you won't give your little secret away to the jeering public. (Conversely, of course, if your chin is too prominent, powder it a shade darker.) The powder trick for the weak chin should be supplemented by a simple exercise which I will tell you more about presently.

If your mouth is small and insignificant like this girl's, experiment with lipstick to make it larger, more dramatic. Smile when you put on your lipstick. Try, for evening, the Hollywood trick of blotting out the natural shape of the mouth with foundation cream and painting a new mouth. Perhaps this will work and perhaps it won't. If the natural contours of your mouth are firmly marked, it won't be so easy.

If you can't improve upon (*Continued on page 101*)







Seventeen VO-DO-DE-O-DO



The world is Mickey's oyster. Swing bands, food, girls and loud clothes are his passion. Above, left, with Sylvester, his valet. Right, with Lana Turner.

BY IDA ZEITLIN

UNLIKE THE Andy Hardy he plays, Mickey Rooney got no thrill out of wearing his first tuxedo He was three years old and its stylishness was lost on him.

"It's like a baby," Mickey explains. "If he grows up in France, he speaks French and thinks nothing of it. I grew up in vaudeville, wore tucks and thought nothing of it. Vo-do-de-o-do. (The final snatch has nothing to do with the subject, but serves Mickey as a musical punctuation mark plus an outlet for animal spirits.)

Vaudeville alternated with, and then gave way to, the movies. For several years Mickey enjoyed a definite vogue as the typical American kid, fresh but nice. There followed that crucial period when he was no longer a little boy and not yet a big one—the period when most movie children's contracts are allowed to lapse. Mickey's parts shrank in importance, but his studio hung on to him. There was in his acting a sureness, a humor and an honesty that seemed worth investing in for the long pull.

The issue proved his studio wise. A single wordless scene in "The Devil Is a Sissy," that scene where he stood under a lamp post while his father died in the electric chair, might have netted Mickey, had he fallen within the age limits, an Academy Award. The success of "Ah, Wilderness" encouraged the studio to put into work a little number called "A Family Affair." To the general astonishment, a long line formed outside the Capitol Theatre in New York on the day of its first showing. To the question, "What brought you down here?" the answer, almost 100%, was "Mickey Rooney."

Thus began the new flowering of Mickey's career. He's been kept hopping since—from "Hardy" to "Lord Jeff" to "Hold That Kiss" to "Hardy" to "Boystown." They can't come too fast for Mickey. Occasionally it suits him to bemoan his vacationless lot. Actually, any between- (*Continued on page 90*)

He's the typical American kid, fresh but nice—and a born comic



Being young is fine and being old doesn't seem so bad, but—ugh!—

IN Between!

BONITA GRANVILLE sighed, appearing to have the cares of the world on her shoulders, and began, "Isn't it terrible when you're just at that age when you're neither one thing nor another—sort of just in between. I don't enjoy playing with dolls, and yet I'm not old enough to go out with boys alone. I guess I'm at the awkward age. Fifteen, y'know, isn't either here nor there. Gee, I'd give anything if I were older, or even younger. Then I would at least fit in somewhere. I can't even drive a car till I'm sixteen and that's such a long time off. Yep, it's seven whole months and that seems like just about a lifetime now!"

We agreed it did seem unfair that in the process of maturing one must just sit and wait for that magic time when the world unfolds before your very eyes. However, once Bonita has arrived, so to speak, it might prove disillusioning to discover the moon's made of green cheese! That is, the phenomena she has lived for isn't all it's cracked up to be! Many a deb has the disappointment of her young life once she's launched and has done the rounds. Far off fields are always the greenest, you know.

"I did go out once, my first time, and it was wonderful," Bonita reminisced. "Of course, it was with a girl friend, and Mama was at the next table chaperoning us, but it was grand! I was so elegant that you'd have thought me twenty at least. I was putting it on and everything went fine till the waiter came for the dessert order. I asked for demi tassé and my friend chimed in, 'What is dema tas-sie?' I could have died! I didn't know myself, but I was going to find out. I never

(*Continued on page 78*)

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

"I'd hate to think I'd end up as an ingenue," sighs Bonita Granville, who has too much on the ball to ever do that!



Maureen O'Sullivan's striking ensemble of black and white flannel shows a definite Cossack influence.



The soft green of Rosalind Russell's wool suit contrasts subtly with her black and grey accessories.

Suiting

BY MARIAN SQUIRE

THE SUIT is definitely leading lady in this Fall's fashion picture, according to the head cinema stitchers, and it may have as many different guises as fancy dictates. Blouses take on a more important role, as the newer numbers are designed with interesting skirts, leaving you with a complete costume if the coat is discarded. Skirts are inclined to climb up and cling to the diaphragm for added slimth and height. Jackets may end anywhere from just under the armpits, to the hem of the skirt.

This trend is a great help for the girl who hasn't time to change after office hours, for her dinner date. The simplest office frock becomes a date dress when it dons a tricky jacket. With various toppers as a sartorial hypo the most limited wardrobe assumes an air of opulence and plenty.

Here are Olivia De Havilland and Rosalind Russell to illustrate

You'll be in the swing with any one of these



Diagonal weave black and white wool furnishes new contrast in Rosalind Russell's suit.

Olivia De Havilland's collarless beige wool bolero suit has an exciting alligator belt and bag.

THE SEASON

the point. Two entirely different types, these cinemamisses run the suit gamut in "Four's A Crowd." Designer Orry-Kelly whips up short jackets for the diminutive Miss De Havilland, and ranges from brief boleros to skirt length coats for the taller Miss Russell.

Nearly all of Miss De Havilland's gowns are "suited" with various jackets. One dress, flaring slightly at the hem, boasts a pert bell hop jacket with a double row of shiny buttons and lapels outlined in braid. A short plaid jacket and crew neck sweater go with a solid color skirt fitted to below the hips and then bursting into released pleats. A black fox bolero gives umph to a simple street dress with quilted trimming. A very flaring skirt builds up to a white blouse with enormous sleeves caught at the wrist with narrow cuffs.

One of Miss De Havilland's evening gowns has a black taffeta skirt billowing enormously at the hem, with an occasional coy peek at an India print petticoat. The top is the same print decorated with sparkles (technically known as dardanelles), black epaulettes on the tiny cap sleeves and a contradictory little-boy collar of crisp white pique.

Miss Russell clings to suits even for formal wear. Her evening gown is all white and worn with a long sleeved peplum jacket. The silhouette of this outfit is somewhat confused, what with the peplum dipping in the back, and a roving waistline. Miss Russell seems happier in her more orthodox numbers. A suit with a loose hip length jacket has a sweater (*Continued on page 80*)

fashion-right ensembles worn by Hollywood's brightest young stars



He's a star on Broadway, film player in Hollywood and a dancing fool in any language.

HE'S NOT *Movie*-MINDED

Ray Bolger, scene stealer, is looking for a four star picture to swipe

BY ROBERT McILWAINE

TEN YEARS ago Ray Bolger definitely decided not to take up with "moom pitchers." That is, he firmly believed the stage was the place for him and his talents. So, just to prove he sticks to his guns (?) ten years to the day later we found Ray in the process of moving into his new home high on a hilltop overlooking dear old Hollywood.

"You know, this isn't my first experience in pictures," Ray began with a twinkle in his eye. The Bolger humor is the talk of the town. "I did them back in 1926 in the good old silent days. They were shorts, called "comedies" in the dark past. I was given to understand they were so good a test was made of me on the strength of them. However, I never heard from that test. I got lost in the shuffle, so decided then and there that the movies were not for me. I was going to stick to the legitimate stage and build a name for myself.

For years I played the circuits with Broadway as my goal. Then came the time I was to debut on the big time! My pals told me how sophisticated New Yorkers were, so I was as busy as a bird dog gettin' sophistication. Well, to make a long story short, I was a complete bust 'til one day, in disgust, I played myself. They loved it, and from then on I forgot advice and began to get ahead."

Now, if you've never seen Ray Bolger stop a show, you've missed a real treat. Undoubtedly one of the most popular musical comedy stars on the stage, Ray is in a class of his own when it comes to dancing.

"After I got into the legitimate theatre, things began to happen," Ray continued. "Each time I'd do a show, the movies would come around with offers. Finally they made me such an attractive proposition I accepted. I came out here with a deal to do two pictures a year with the rest of the time off to play on Broadway. Well, I sat around all summer with nothing to do but draw salary. Finally, with only a few weeks to go on my contract, I got a call from an executive's office. I figured he would tell me my services were no longer required. I was wrong.

"The first thing the man did was to ask what I did! I thought it was a rib and said most anything coming my way. 'Yes, but just what *sort* of thing do you do,' he asked, 'dramatic or what?' I told him to get a rehearsal hall and I'd give him an audition. 'How long will you have to practice?' he wanted to know. I told him to let me *show* him. Well, I went through the works, and did tap stuff and pantomime—well, the works. When I got through he said, 'Could you do a dance number in "The Great Ziegfeld?' "

"I worked like mad and did a routine for the picture. When I was through, I went back to New York, without a new contract. I figured this picture business was nice work if you could get it, but, well—I had a date in New York and was very glad to keep it! (*Continued on page 74*)


OFF THEIR
Guard
Spencer Tracy takes time out between chukkers at the polo game.
Photos by George Strock

THE SPORT OF *Movie* KINGS

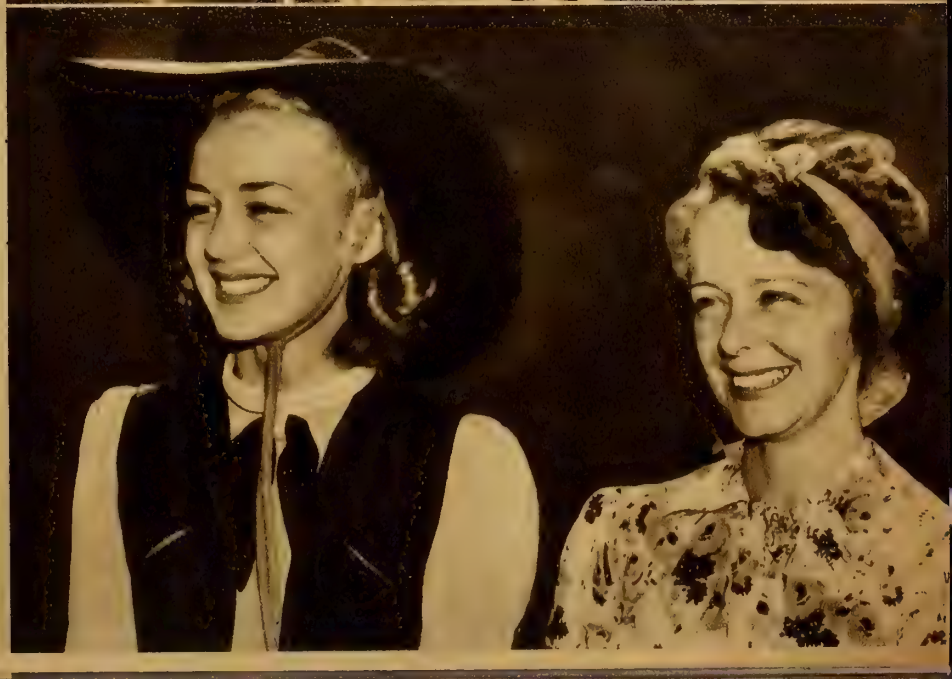


The Who's Who of Moviedom turned out en masse at the Uplifters' Annual Motion Picture Polo Tournament. Left, Mary Astor with Hubby Manuel De Campo. Right, Eddie Robinson, his wife and pretty daughter, Jean.





Left, Hank Fonda took his attractive little woman to see the fun, and right, Anne Shirley and Florence Lake grinned happily as their favorite team came through with a winning score. Did you win a bet, girls?





Our cameraman uncovered a whole bevy of beauties being chaperoned by Reginald Gardiner. Of course you recognize Joan Bennett, Joan Crawford and Hedy Lamarr. Right, Ginger Rogers behind those dark glasses.



Left, Joan Crawford must know she doesn't need sugar to win this horse's heart, but it makes a pretty picture. Right, Bob Montgomery helped judge the hosses. That cute gal by him is none other than Mrs. M.





Reggie Gardiner looks on while Hedy Lamarr broadcasts.

Freddie Bartholomew chats with Spencer Tracy.



This time Loretta Young is with John McLain.



Norma Shearer with John Swope, Jimmy Stewart's pal.



Hollywood PREMIERE

There's a brilliant new star in the cinema sky since Hedy Lamarr made her American debut in "Algiers"



Virginia Bruce and husband, J. Walter Ruben, were early birds.



Gilbert Roland, Connie Bennett and Fredric March snapped entering the theatre.





GETTING A SKATE ON

1. At the Roller Bowl, Leo Carrillo clowns with Paula Stone while Wayne Morris and Jackie Cooper stand guard —just in case! 2. One down and Wayne to go as Penny Singleton goes off on a tangent all her own. 3. Wayne decides it's safer to go by rail. 4. The end of a perfect crack-the-whip and Bobby Jordan comes up on top.





Hallowe'en



Jackie Cooper shows Deanna Durbin just how to bob for apples.



Freddie Bartholomew and Judy Garland try hard to keep the doctor away.



[illegible] Granville [illegible] write" into the holiday spirit, soap and all.

[illegible] Withers [illegible] tened at all— [illegible] just plain scared!



"I don't need a jack o'lantern," Mickey Rooney tells Ann Rutherford.



HERE COMES THE BRIDE!



Claire Trevor entering the church to wed Clark Andrews, radio producer.



Scoop! This is the only picture taken of the actual wedding ceremony.



Claire Trevor, one of Hollywood's

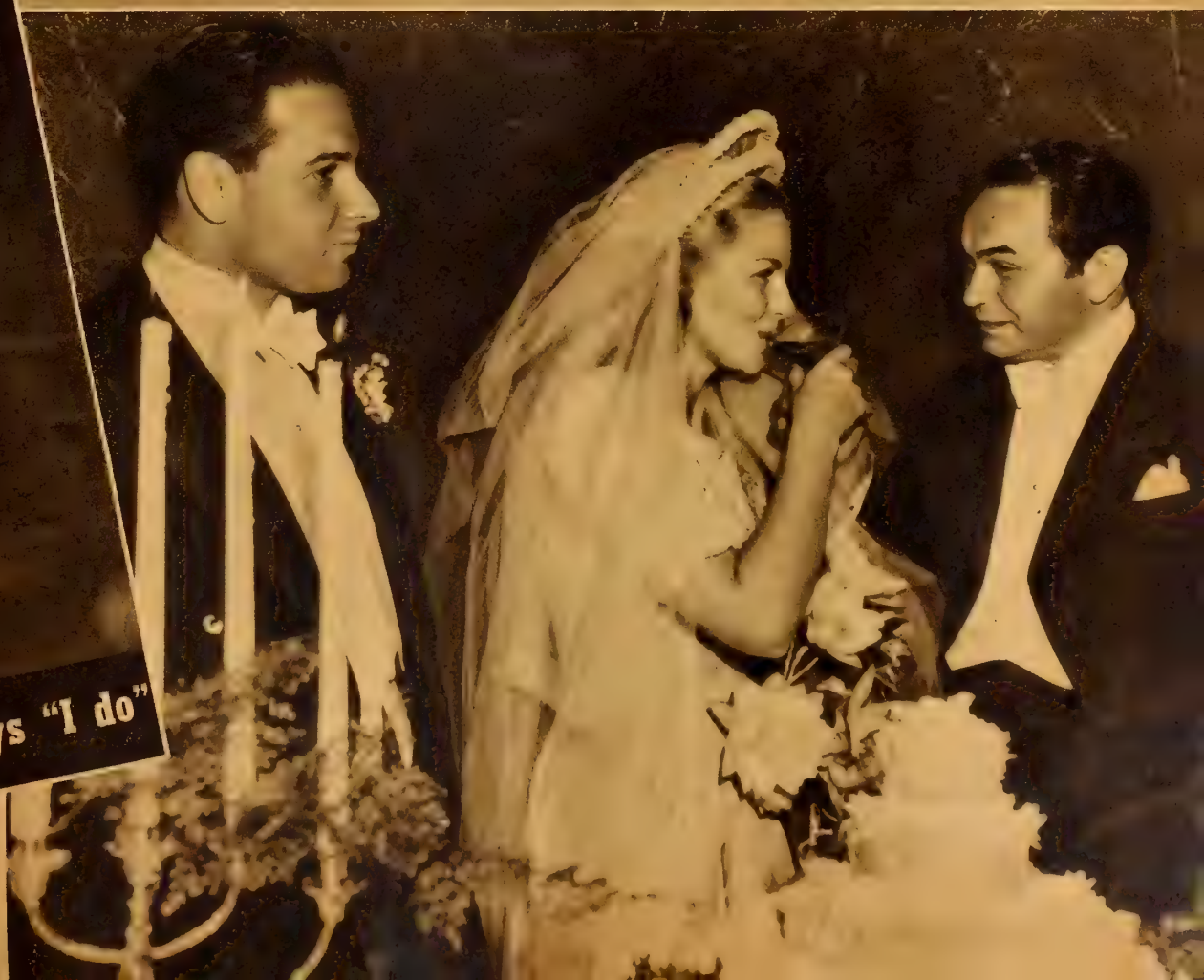
favorites, says "I do"



The bride and groom leaving the church after the ceremony. A handsome couple, don't you think?

Jackie Cooper was right there to get the bride's first kiss. And we can't blame him. Guess he rates!

Edward G. Robinson, who has worked with Claire in radio and pictures, toasts the bridal pair.



COMEDIANS VS.



When the Comedians played against the Leading Men, Mary Pickford tossed out the first ball as Buster Keaton looked on.



Maybe one reason why Mary's was the only good pitch of the day was that Umpire Joe E. Brown ruled the Mauch Twins ineligible because the game wasn't a double-header.

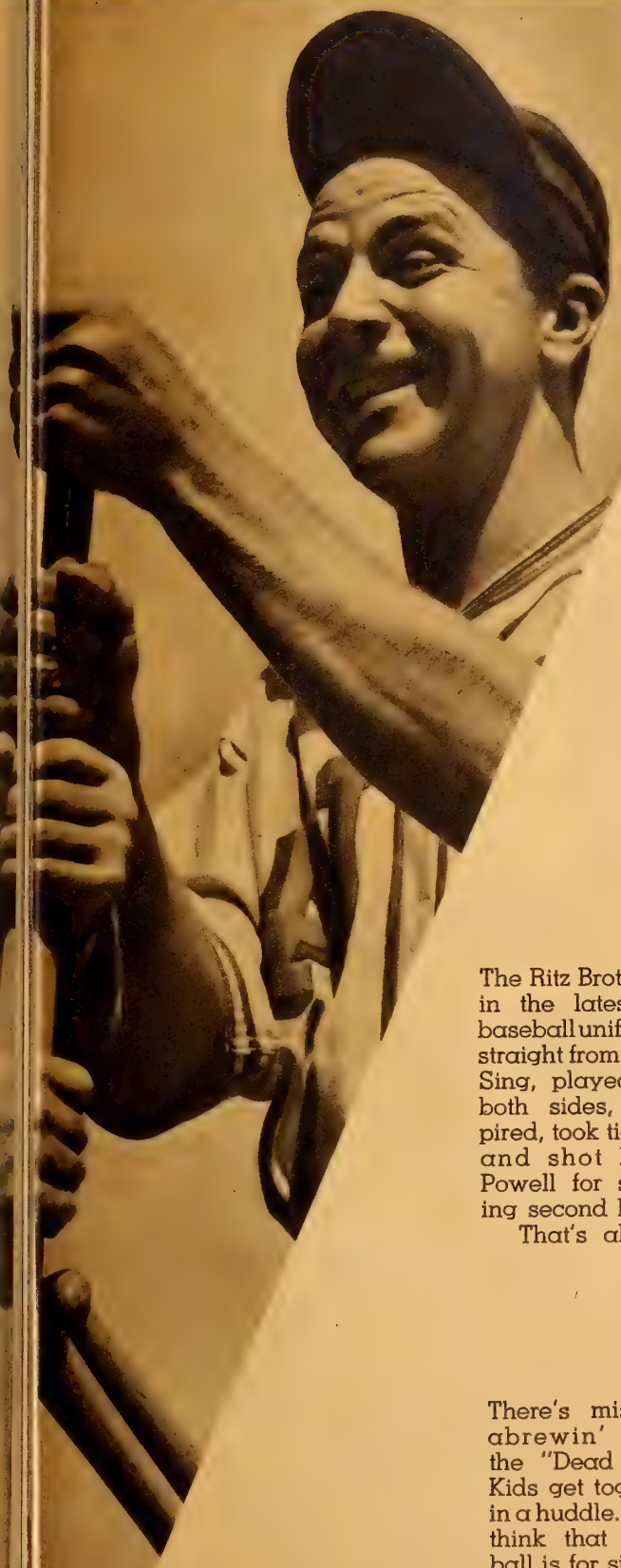


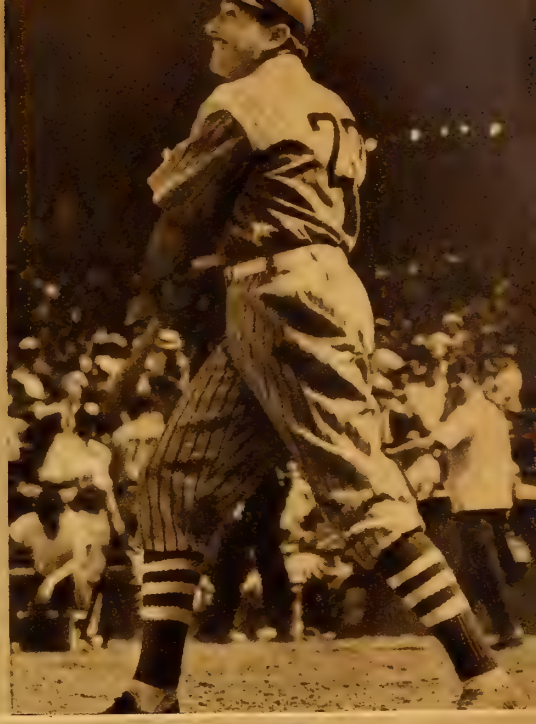
With the score 72-28 against his team, Hugh Herbert gets renewed hope from Gloria Blondell. Incidentally, the game ended with a score of 84-76—the winner, sweet Charity.



Leading Men's captain, Dick Powell, goes through a batty formality with Comedian's captain, Joe E. Brown. Joe was also umpire and official announcer.

LEADING MEN





John Boles drove a terrific bunt into the infield, then quickly packed, said goodbye to friends, and set off for first base.



The Ritz Brothers, in the latest in baseball uniforms straight from Sing Sing, played on both sides, umpired, took tickets and shot Dick Powell for stealing second base. That's all.



There's mischief abrewin' when the "Dead End" Kids get together in a huddle. They think that baseball is for sissies, so they're waiting for a nice, interesting game of "seven-come-eleven."



In a studio romance, you must allow the young lady to take your arm—while the cameras are around anyway!

Richard Greene and Sonja Henie are reel-ly in love. Is that why he's so attentive?

Romance-



And pay attention while she makes the momentous decision between lamb chops and the regular blue plate.

You don't have to be quite so attentive to your real girl. She knows how you feel. At least, that's what men think.

Here's the real thing—

with Arleen Whelan

shifting pretty much

for herself

ON AND OFF



Food plays a minor role at the luncheon table with Richard and Arleen, when there's so much to talk about.

Good News

With Autumn stepping in, our social cinema celebs begin to step out



The ever inseparable Paul Munis.



Sally Blane and George Murphy.

Our favorite story this month concerns the heat, Tyrone Power and New York, in the order named. It was during Tyrone's week in Manhattan, when the young man spent almost every waking moment with a crowd at his heels. Wherever he went, the crowd went, all of which is nice and pleasant in the winter but a bit sticky in New York's sulphuric summer. So one night Mr. P. decided on a quiet evening in his hotel room. He armed himself with a cool drink and sat back in an easy chair, but it was still hot. Thinking a little circulation would help matters he phoned the desk and said, "Send up a couple of fans." A moment later he answered a knock on the door and in walked two urchins with autograph books.

●

Since Shirley Temple's "firsts"—from first teeth to first bright saying—have been carefully recorded by the nation's press, we are bound by tradition to report another "first." First thing Shirley said when she arrived in Hollywood from her across-the-continent jaunt was "How's Ching-Ching?" Ching-Ching is a baby Chow, and the first thing he ever did had better be left unrecorded.

●

If our guess is right, a young lady about town named Ellen Powell is in for some pretty strained moments fifteen or twenty years from now. For Papa and Mamma (Dick Powell and Joan Blondell) have made a recording of Ellen's first audible sounds—all her howls and yowls—for posterity. We can see the picture twenty years from now: a group of friends gathered at the Powell home, listening to music, when suddenly Old Man Powell (that's Dick) will say, "Here's an interesting record." And Ellen, full of the dignity of her twenty years, will have to listen to the shrieking of a little girl she doesn't even remember.

Most fun of the month, and probably of the whole year, was the party sponsored by Bette Davis for The Tailwaggers, of which she's national president. The Tailwaggers is a charitable organization similar to the Humane Society for the protection and care of dogs. (We explain this only because someone asked us if the Tailwaggers was a rhumba club.) The whole town turned out for Bette's party at the Beverly Hills Hotel, everyone had a swell time and the entire proceeds will go to make this a happier nation for canines.

●

Any of you gals who saw the gorgeous Hedy Lamarr in "Algiers" will thank us for this bit of information. It's Hedy's street make-up secret, and anyone who has seen her breath-taking beauty in person will vouch for its effectiveness. Hedy wears a cream powder base—and no powder, and a bright lipstick which she applies with a pencil. All right, girls, let's all be gorgeous.

●

One of the strangest cases in Hollywood is Ann Sothern's. With a beautiful face and figure and plenty of acting talent, she hasn't had a picture job since her contract terminated six months ago. But she's contracted to do a Broadway show for Jed Harris this fall, and our guess is that she'll be back in Hollywood before the end of the year, and the studios will be fighting to pay her twice what she got before they let her go.

●

Bill Powell definitely will not be seen on the screen before the early part of 1939, due to the fact that he is in delicate physical

By LEO TOWNSEND



Franchot Tone and Bob Montgomery.



The lady with Wally Beery is Mrs. W. B.

condition and has been ordered by his doctor to refrain from strenuous work for at least six months. And that is the principal reason why Bill will appear regularly on the Hollywood Hotel radio show. The work is comparatively easy, he has an audience to work to, he likes radio, and, most important of all, it keeps him before his public.

●

Although it hasn't yet been published, Deanna Durbin is now free of all the agent trouble which has been dragging her into the courts these recent months. Her studio and her family have bought her agent's contract, and from now on all her business deals will be handled by her father. Deanna, incidentally, is in a class with Shirley Temple and Jane Withers in that she makes as much money from sidelines as she does from her pictures. Last year, for instance, Deanna made $100,000 on royalties from the sale of dresses bearing her name.

●

Although Luise Rainer has already filed suit for divorce against Clifford Odets, there will undoubtedly be no action taken on it before the first of next year. Reason: Luise is not yet an American citizen. She is in the process of obtaining her citizenship papers, and having a husband helps considerably in such matters. However, no one can blame her for not wanting to return to Austria.

●

Now that the Joan Crawford-Franchot Tone split is definite, one wonders what will be Miss Crawford's next move. Following the separation Franchot was seen at practically all the town's night spots, usually by himself. But Joan remained in hiding, and up to press time she hasn't emerged for a single social event. Is she going into another Phase, we wonder? Will Joan emerge as the new Garbo, or will she decide to be the Gay Divorcee? No one knows and very few care.

●

Hey, what's this? Hollywood has just made a college picture and —believe it or not—there's a college girl in it. Check the records back to the golden days of college pictures, when one of the studios put Jack Oakie through college at least twice a year, and you'll find this is tradition-shattering news. As long as the news will leak out anyway, we may as well tell you that the picture is "Hold That Co-Ed" and the bona fide college girl is Marjorie (Indiana University) Weaver.

●

Gary Cooper has come out with the statement, according to his studio's press department, that men who smoke "tailor-made" cigarettes are sissies. Mr. Cooper, according to the busy Boswells, has been rolling his own ever since he was old enough to shave, and figures it isn't manly to go up to an effeminate cigar counter and order a pack of "ready-mades." When pinned down, the publicity boys will admit that Mr. Cooper has just completed a picture called "The Lady and the Cowboy," but they indignantly deny any connection between the two items. They also forget that a few months back Gary received a sum supposed to be $5,000 for endorsing a well-known brand of sissy cigarettes. $5,000 buys a powerful lot of makin's, eh, Gary?



Miriam Hopkins chats with Errol Flynn at the West Side Tennis Club's party.

pended by her studio for refusing to play the feminine lead in 'A Very Practical Joke.' This is the picture with which Ricardo Cortez will make his bow as a director. According to studio sources, the primary reason given by the actress for declining the femme lead, which is reputed to be a fat part, is the fact that it is the director's first megaphone job. As an additional reason, she is reported to object to Michael Whalen as the leading man, claiming the last time she appeared before the camera with him, he 'gave her nothing' to help 'lift' her work."

●

"Smile when you call me that, stranger!" All of which is a lead-up to the fact that Jesse James was a bold bad bandit, a rough-and-tough he-man who took his fighting where he found it. Everyone knows he was a straight shot and a desperate character. So now, the studio filming his life has the nerve, in several trade paper ads, to spell his name "Jessie." It's like calling that one-time hero of the West Buffalo Willie.

●

Questions without Answers: What recently filed divorce action

Nancy Kelly makes her screen debut in the lead opposite Tyrone Power in "Jesse James." Since Miss Kelly is a newcomer, items on her are scarce. All we found out is that she's seventeen, she scored a hit last season on Broadway, and she's seen about with a distinguished looking man, but he's her father. She also likes to jump into a swimming pool of a moonlit evening and, unlike most girls who feel that way about pools and evenings, she has one handy.

●

The power of the screen in "building up" a name has never been so definitely proven as in the case of Tony Martin. Six years ago Tony was a saxophone player in San Francisco. He had his own band at a small night club, but no one paid much attention to it. Two months ago, after a couple of years of moderate success in pictures, Tony took a dance band out on the road, and he did sensational business everywhere, topping even such established band leaders as Benny Goodman and Guy Lombardo. Everyone came to spend an evening with the guy who spends his evenings with Alice Faye.

●

Strange Parallel Dept. From a publicity release: "On her studio lot, Phyllis Brooks is known as 'the darling of the directors.' She never blows up in her lines and she always knows them perfectly. She never grows temperamental. She is never late for work. Consequently, the directors on the lot are among her strongest admirers and are eternally begging for her services in their pictures."

From the Hollywood Reporter: "Phyllis Brooks has been sus-



Hollywood's most romantic couple, Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks, dine at the Brown Derby.



Ann Sothern and Madge Evans reminisce as they lunch tête-à-tête.

had been planned by the wife even before she married the guy? Before holy wedlock occurred she signed an agreement with the groom's agent which stated $100,000 would be the limit of the settlement when the divorce came. In the meantime, of course, she has accumulated enough furs and jewelry to attract many Hollywood wolves to her door.

●

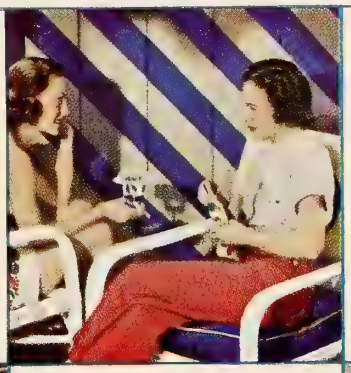
This is an era of strange nicknames, but the strangest we've run into are a couple on the set of "That Certain Age." You knock at a dressing-room door marked "Butch" and little Juanita Quigley pokes her head out. The owner of the one next to it, marked "Charlie," is —guess who—Deanna Durbin! *(Continued on page 116)*

They prefer **different** sports... but the **same** cigarette

"CAMELS ARE MY FAVORITE!"
SAYS EACH OF THESE DISTINGUISHED WOMEN OF SOCIETY



(LEFT) *Miss Peggy Stevenson of New York*...Watch Peggy Stevenson tee off and you can well believe that her game is never upset by jangled nerves. "It takes healthy nerves to play a good game of golf," she says, "so my smoking is confined to Camels. Camels are *mild*. They never get on my nerves at all!"



(LEFT) *Mrs. S. Kip Farrington, Jr. of New York*...Her favorite sport is big-game fishing. She has caught a giant tuna weighing 720 pounds! Here she is pictured with a friend, chatting about Camels. "I'm glad that I smoke Camels," she says. "When I'm tired, smoking Camels gives my energy such a *lift!*"

(RIGHT, STANDING) *Miss Jane Alva Johnson of St. Louis*... Riding, hunting, and horse shows are "an old story" to Jane. Her horses have won trophies and ribbons. "That delicate Camel flavor tastes just right to me," she says. "Though I smoke quite steadily, I'm always ready for *another* Camel!"



(RIGHT) *Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr. of New York*... Mrs. Rockefeller has had thrilling experiences in the air. "My first thought, when I put my feet on firm ground," she says, "is to smoke a Camel. Smoking Camels eases up my nervous tension. Yes, 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel'—and *fly* a thousand!"





(LEFT) *Miss "Milo" Gray of New York*...Devoted to figure-skating, Miss Gray has visited winter sports centers—Innsbruck, Gstaad, Krynica—and is an enthusiastic participant in Long Island skating parties. She stops frequently to refresh herself with a Camel. "Camels taste grand all the time!" she says.



(LEFT) *Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III of Pasadena*... Mrs. Spalding is a skilled yachtswoman. She travels a great deal, entertains frequently, and smokes Camels—as many as she pleases. "Smoking Camels gives me a delightful *lift,*" she says. "And Camels are so mild...really *gentle* to my throat!"

(RIGHT) *Miss Le Brun Rhinelander of New York*... In her own words, "Skiing is great sport!" Lake Placid is her favorite winter resort...Camels her favorite cigarette. "I need healthy nerves," she says, "to make speedy descents...without a spill. So I do my nerves a favor by smoking nothing but Camels."





COSTLIER TOBACCOS:
Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—*Turkish and Domestic*

GET A **LIFT** WITH A CAMEL !

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



A ROYAL ROMANCE

Frances Dee and Ronald Colman in a tender scene from "If I Were King."



Men Fall HARD and FAST for Her...

—she keeps skin thrilling

*Cream EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" into your skin — Get Wise to TODAY'S EXTRA BEAUTY CARE**



Every Girl Strives to Keep skin soft—thrilling. Today's smart women give their skin extra beauty care. They cream in extra "skin-vitamin"—with Pond's Cold Cream. (*above*) **Miss Camilla Morgan,** active member of the younger set, snapped at Newark Airport.

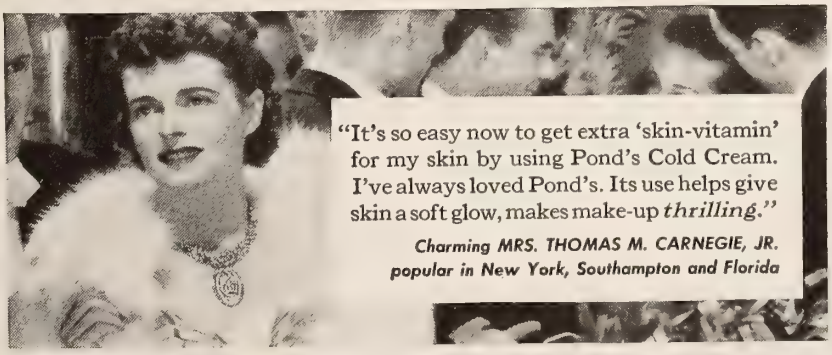


Glamorous Whitney Bourne, Society Beauty who has chosen the movies for her career, snapped with friends at Hollywood's Brown Derby . . . "I believe in Pond's extra 'skin-vitamin' beauty care," she says. "I use Pond's every day."

All Normal Skin contains Vitamin A—the "skin-vitamin." Without this vitamin, skin becomes rough and dry. When "skin-vitamin" is restored to the skin, it becomes smooth and healthy again.

● In hospitals, doctors found this vitamin, applied to wounds and burns, healed skin quicker.

● Use Pond's as always, night and morning and before make-up. If skin has enough "skin-vitamin," Pond's brings an extra supply against possible future need. Same jars, same labels, same prices.



"It's so easy now to get extra 'skin-vitamin' for my skin by using Pond's Cold Cream. I've always loved Pond's. Its use helps give skin a soft glow, makes make-up *thrilling.*"

Charming MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR. popular in New York, Southampton and Florida

AMAZING POND'S OFFER

With purchase of large jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get generous box of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder . . . BOTH for the price of the Cold Cream.

FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY— GET YOUR PACKAGE TODAY!



*** Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.**

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.

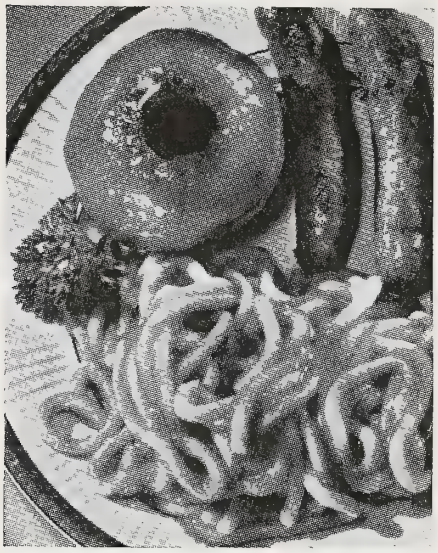
Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company



Less money to spend

BUT BETTER MEALS THAN EVER

—thanks to this delicious ready-cooked spaghetti



TRY THIS TEMPTING SAUSAGE AND SPAGHETTI PLATE

4 spiced apples
12 sausages
2 cans Franco-American Spaghetti

Cook apples in sirup made of ½ cup sugar, 1½ cups water, 3 teaspoons red cinnamon candies, 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Parboil and panfry sausages. Meanwhile heat Franco-American Spaghetti. Divide each into 4 servings.



FRANCO-AMERICAN supplies an abundance of the quick energy growing children need. It's easy to prepare; just heat and serve.

Its rich, savory cheese-and-tomato sauce (made with *eleven* different ingredients) adds zestful flavor to left-overs, new relish to cheaper meat cuts. Serve Franco-American often as main dish or side dish. See how it peps up meals and s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s food dollars!

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

Send for **FREE** *Recipe Book*

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 611,
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print)_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

THE LURE THAT'S LAMARR

(*Continued from page 29*)

Or again, she had a true sophisticate's appreciation of the texture and color of the skins of the rare little animals that made up her chinchilla cape. She frankly confessed pleasure in owning it because it is of the most expensive fur in the world.

She was in London before her present contract was signed. She was approached by a top executive who offered certain terms. She refused them and the discussion was closed. Then she noted the executive was returning to America on a certain boat.

"I think it is a good time for Hedy to visit her relatives in New York," she told herself. (There were no relatives, needless to say.) "I think, too, that it would be nice to take that same boat. Who knows? Something may happen. Boats are nice places and people feel pleasantly disposed to one another on them."

SHE caught the same ocean liner. She wore her most striking clothes. She was charming to the executive and his party. She was distant, but not too distant. Men passengers flocked around her by the score, and she took care that the fact was seen and noted.

"When I want something very much, I go after it," she explained to me. "I don't let people tell me no."

The contract, on her terms, was signed in mid-ocean. And it was there, incidentally, that she was christened Lamarr. It was easier to pronounce than her real name of Kiesler, to which some unpleasant publicity had been attached. Perhaps it was hopeful prophecy of success to match that other great beauty's, Barbara LaMarr.

TO better appreciate the simplicity of her present surroundings one has to know something of Hedy's past. She was born in Vienna of well-to-do parents. As the only child she was spoiled in some respects, yet she remembers feeling the curb of sharp discipline at unexpected times. At fourteen she was sent to a private *pension* in Switzerland. She ran away from there because of rhubarb.

"The head mistress had a sour face and pulled her hair up, so," Hedy said, illustrating a severe coiffure with her own luxuriant mop of wavy, brown hair. "She liked rhubarb and so we had it every night for supper. I didn't like the stuff and refused it. They told me I would get nothing else to eat unless I did. So I ran away."

Hedy's philosophy is if you don't like a thing, run away from it. It's so much simpler than staying to argue, and a much faster way of getting your own way about things. She's just now learning, poor child, that there are some things you cannot run away from but must face and fight down. Like the way the world will not forget her first picture, "Ecstasy." It is taking courage on her part to learn that lesson.

She went back to Vienna third class because the head mistress had the guardianship of her pupils' money. En route her fellow passenger got both legs broken, the train caught on fire and she had no money for food. "Oooh, such a mess!" Hedy described it.

Her indulgent parents permitted her to remain. And then rued the decision, for Hedy got stage-struck. Such a thing had never happened in the family before. She finally landed a tiny part in a Max Reinhardt production called "The Weaker Sex."

When that play closed and no more engagements were forthcoming, she ran away to Berlin to get in the movies. She made one or two pictures which she said were terrible. Finally after a year a family friend coaxed her back to Vienna on the pretense of a "wonderful surprise." There was no surprise, but Hedy was glad of an excuse to be home again without losing face.

BEFORE going to Berlin, however, she secretly had appeared in the picture "Ecstasy" which was to raise such a controversy and to dog her life for the next eight years and still is hounding her. In that regard, she was more sinned against than sinning. Advantage was taken of her youth in the first place, and in recutting the picture for foreign distribution, an entirely different and sensational interpretation was placed upon it, for the sake of the dollars it could rake in on the American market.

Returning to Vienna she appeared in a number of stage plays and was building a creditable reputation for herself as an actress when she married Fritz Mandl. Like herself, he was a man of strong determination. He wanted to marry Hedy and did.

For the next four years her life was lived the way Hollywood society stories are pictured. She had exquisite jewels and magnificent furs and gowns. Formal dinners over which she presided were served from plates of gold, which recently were stolen in the Vienna rioting. Seven servants waited upon her in her ten room apartment in Vienna. Others served her in the Mandl hunting lodge some miles away. She had a place in the Austrian Alps, and another on the Riviera.

It should have been a thrill for such a young girl to hold so much power in her slim hands. It wasn't; it was a bore. She wanted to be an actress. She wanted to do something herself, not be done for.

Just before going to England she divorced Mandl in the courts of Vienna on the grounds of desertion. An annulment of the marriage is now being sought in Rome.

And so to Hollywood, where she is living with one servant in a simply furnished six room bungalow, where she drives her own modest car, and does her own marketing.

"It is all I can afford right now," she said. She must have caught my incredulous smile because she said quickly, "You think I must have a lot of money because I have a big diamond ring and a chinchilla coat, eh? Because I was married to a very rich man? That is not so. I took nothing from him."

"And are you happy living this way?"

"No," she said honestly. "I like having nice things. But I'll have them again. You wait and see. This time I'll make them for myself."

Hedy speaks English with only a trace of an accent, and she has an amazing command of vocabulary for one who has been speaking the language only seven months. In fact, she has perfected her speech more in those seven months, Hollywood claims, than Marlene Dietrich has in seven years.

Gallantly she denied loneliness during those long months that preceded her present triumph. She was busy, she said, and she went to lots of "private parties." It must have been galling to her pride, however, to possess a beauty which Reinhardt called the greatest in the world and be forced to keep it hidden from all but a few friends.

For she was kept hidden. That was part of her studio's carefully prepared plan. Or so they say. They wanted certain publicity to die down that she might break upon the

(*Continued on page 79*)

Schiaparelli-Lanvin
SPONSOR
CUTEX OLD ROSE

Alix-Lelong
SPONSOR
CUTEX LAUREL



SCHIAPARELLI goes romantic in this flattering evening gown of taffeta bands in cyclamen and black. She recommends Cutex OLD ROSE nails to emphasize the purplish cast of the cyclamen.





ALIX'S ensemble in burgundy wool with plaid pockets and blouse. "Carry out the winish color scheme," she says, "with your nails in mauvy Cutex LAUREL."



LANVIN does a square-shouldered coat dress in black wool with a lavish twist of silver fox. To match its mannered elegance, she suggests finger tips in rich Cutex OLD ROSE.



LELONG'S dinner gown in violet crepe has a jacket and sash of aqua broadcloth. He recommends suavely harmonizing nails in mauvy Cutex LAUREL.



7 Chic New Cutex Shades to Choose From

OLD ROSE: Rich rose with a hint of purple.
LAUREL: Mauvish pink.
HEATHER: Deep purplish rose.
CLOVER: Deep, winy red.
THISTLE: Blended Rust and Rose.
TULIP: A soft, glowing red.
ROBIN RED: True red, subdued in intensity.

SWING INTO WINTER with finger tips that dance in step with the new purplish costume colors. Try Cutex OLD ROSE sponsored by Schiaparelli and Lanvin . . . Cutex LAUREL sponsored by Alix and Lelong!

Cutex OLD ROSE is a rich, full rose with a subtle hint of purple. Harmonious with wine, violet, amethyst, the new blues. A charming partner for browns, greens, pastels, black.

Cutex LAUREL is a mauvish pink. Divine with lavender, rose, plum, light blue, gray, all shades of green . . . the new deep purplish reds, blues, browns.

Key your finger tips to the gay pace set by the Paris dressmakers—Schiaparelli and Lanvin, Alix and Lelong! Wear Cutex OLD ROSE and Cutex LAUREL.

RECORD-BREAKING WEAR! Cutex Salon Type Polish is based on a new principle—goes on with flawless lustre—clings to your nails like something possessed! Heavier than regular Cutex Crème Polish, it takes a trifle longer to harden but rewards you with *days* more wear! In all twelve chic Cutex shades. Only 35¢ a bottle! Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris.



Send for Complete Home-Manicure Set Special Value . . . Only 25¢

Northam Warren Corporation, Dept. 8-M-11, 191 Hudson St., New York. (In Canada, P. O. Box 427, Montreal)
I enclose 25¢ to help cover postage and packing for handsome Cutex Set, including Cutex Oily Polish Remover, Oily Cuticle Remover, Cotton, Orangewood Stick, 4 Emery Boards and a choice of Cutex OLD ROSE ☐ or Cutex LAUREL ☐ Salon Type Nail Polish. (Check shade desired.)

Name_____

Address_____

City State

I GOT A SMILE OUT OF THE BOSS!



BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

Say, who said the boss wasn't human? Right in the middle of a Board meeting he wanted a stick of Beeman's. And with every Director casting hopeful glances in my direction I opened an extra pack in my purse and passed it around.

"Have a treat on Miss Street," said the boss. "You never tasted a tangier flavor. Relax and rejoice with Beeman's. Even our new budget will be easier to take. You will find that flavor as fresh as an ocean breeze."

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

KNITS FOR NOVEMBER



MAYBE you're going in for fancy skating this winter, or maybe you're just going to be a decorative spectator at the rinkside. In any case, let your knitting needles provide you with a smart costume. For lookers-on, there's the one-piece frock, with trim white collar, high patch pockets, leather belt, and front slide closing. A bouclé-type yarn, knit in stockinette stitch, with the reverse side out, gives an interesting woolen-like texture to this easy-to-make dress. Epaulettes give a flattering broad-shouldered look. Very Sonja Henie are the ribbed skating sweater with white crochet buttons and the fetching little bonnet, both crochet trimmed with gay Scandinavian colors of red, green, and black. Makes a swell Xmas gift, too. Directions, of course are free. Send for them today before you forget!

ANN WILLS, Modern Screen
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me:

Knitting directions for BM 3851.....

Knitting directions for BM 3853.....

I enclose a stamped, self-addressed (large) envelope.

Name.....

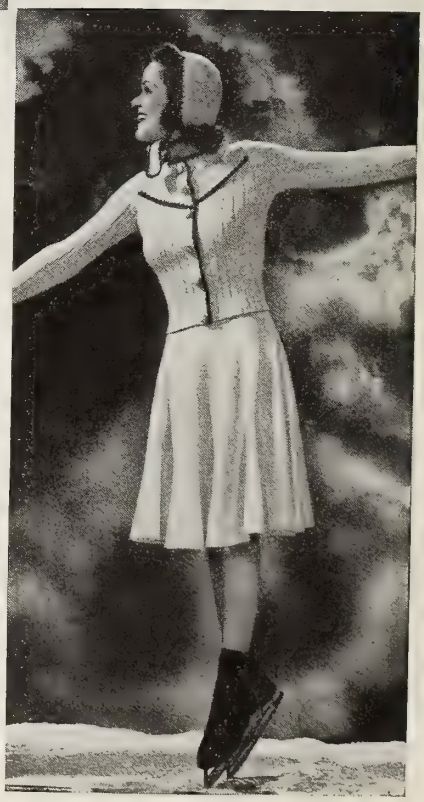
Address.....

City.....State.....

Check one or both designs and please print name and address plainly.

BM-3851—Not only for promenading the pooch, but for many another informal occasion, this smartly styled one-piece frock with trim details will prove itself indispensable. Wrongside stockinette stitch in soft bouclé-type yarn gives it an interesting woolen-like texture. The white collar adds a note of freshness.

BM-3853—You'll look and feel just like the famous Sonja as you pirouette on the rink in your handknit skating vest and pert little bonnet. Crochet buttons and colorful embroidery in red, green and black lend a touch that is definitely Scandinavian. Make this set for yourself, and for your best friends' Christmas gifts, too.



NOTHING DOING FELLAS. SHE'S MY GIRL FOR THE EVENING!



Girls who guard against COSMETIC SKIN the Hollywood way win out—

IRENE DUNNE



COSMETIC SKIN SPOILS A GIRL'S CHANCES OF ROMANCE!



PORES CHOKED WITH DUST, DIRT AND STALE COSMETICS MAY MEAN COSMETIC SKIN. REMOVE COSMETICS THOROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP

I USE COSMETICS, OF COURSE, BUT I NEVER HAVE COSMETIC SKIN. I USE LUX TOILET SOAP REGULARLY!



9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

new! daring! exciting! glamorous!

"BLACK" Lip Stick
By VARADY
Gives Your Lips That
Alluring, Tantalizing Appeal
For New Moments of Romance



Amazing "Black" Lipstick Changes Instantly, When Applied, to Glamorous; Blood-Warmth Shade of Radiant Red! . . . Most Amazing, One *Lipstick Gives* Any *Shade Desired!*

GIVE YOUR LIPS the clinging witchery of midnight romance . . . the look that attracts and enchants men! *All you do is use the amazing new "black" lipstick creation that has aided thousands of women* to acquire new allure, new mystery, new glamor!

The name of this sensational lipstick marvel is Varady's Midnite Rose Shade. *Never before has there been anything like it in America.* It is black with the deep rapture of whispering shadows. Yet *it changes instantly when you apply it* to the ravishing color of blood-warmth; makes lips appear moist and dewy with the yearnings of youth; gives them a vivid look of promise that holds men spellbound!

Created by Varady, *renowned beauty authority,* and creator of world-famous beauty aids. Ask for Varady's Midnite Rose Shade now, at any cosmetic counter, and see your lips with new and intriguing loveliness.

"THE RAGE OF PARIS"

"On Parisian boulevards, everyone is raving about this seductive new black color in lipsticks!

"As the creator of Varady's face powder and rouge, Oil of Youth, face cream and other well known beauty aids, I am glad to offer you the original American-made 'black' lipstick.

In the interests of your own charm, I urge you to try it."

Varady

Permanent! Indelible! Waterproof! Midnite Rose will give your lips any shade desired!

If your cosmetic counter cannot supply you with Varady's "black" lipstick, send coin or stamps to Varady, 427 W. Randolph St., Chicago. Please specify whether you wish the 25c or 55c size.

HE'S NOT MOVIE MINDED

(*Continued from page 50*)

"Anyway," Ray continued, "that Fall I opened in 'On Your Toes'. We had worked for nearly two years on the play and I was pretty excited about it. You see, in the theatre we work with the creators, putting part of ourselves into the roles. In pictures, they do things differently. You do what the writers say in the script and that's that.

"However, to get on, we rehearsed for weeks and then pushed off for Boston to open. I was running around in circles. We were all nervous about the show, not knowing whether it would be a hit. The opening night came round and next morning the papers announced we had a sure fire smash that would run for months. Then the fun began. Phones rang like mad and, believe it or not, movie companies were on the wire for me! I wouldn't talk to 'em. My place was the theatre, and there I should remain.

FINALLY I got together with one studio and signed before the show even got to New York. I didn't know what I was doing, I was so excited. Starred in a show that was a huge success, I was the happiest man in town. We came to New York and things went better than I'd even dreamed until 'The Great Ziegfeld' opened around the corner. Here I was, a bit player in the picture, and not a stone's throw away my name was up in lights! I got the ribbing of my life from my friends, so I kept my trap shut about this new deal with the cinema. After the show closed, I quietly came out here with hopes high and a determination to make good in the greatest medium of all, the talkies."

Yes, Ray Bolger's a guy that can take it! Not merely once has he been to the camera coast only to return disheartened, but each time he comes back for more. However, from reports, he's made his last trip back east, for since his excellent job in "Rosalie," his studio has really important plans for him.

"I've just finished working in 'Sweethearts,' but you won't be able to find me in it. It really takes time to get started in pictures. It's like beginning all over again. They haven't found just the right thing for me yet, but I'm not discouraged. Look at Fred Astaire. He did nothing for quite a time until some producer took a long chance and said, 'Well, he was a success when he played himself, so we'll let him do that on the screen.' Then over night Fred was famous as a movie star. The whole country clamored for his pictures. I don't expect to emulate his good fortune, but I do think we're on the right track. You see, with me, it's quite a difficult think. I get a star's salary, but I'm no star. So it's pretty hard to figure just what to do with me.

"However, I've heard tales at the studio that Eleanor Powell and I are to do a picture about Honolulu. Of course I won't play the love interest, merely her brother, but I think it would be good for me to work with Eleanor. She's a grand person and there's no one could stop her if she's cast properly. She's a sensible, sweet girl, not the dizzy society type damsel and, when she starts playing her type, watch her go to the top."

Also watch Mr. B. if those studio heads ever cast him as himself. How they have overlooked the great possibilities in his "On Your Toes" is a mystery. Of course, far be it from me, to take the casting problems from their shoulders, but were I in the purchasing department, Ray's first assignment would be to film his stage success. And, in so doing, fill the company's coffers with that always welcome cash.

"This much I do know," Ray continued with enthusiasm. "I'm to do 'The Wizard of Oz.' I'm looking forward to this because I feel it can be a highly amusing and successful picture. I'm not sure whether I will play the Scarecrow, or the Tin Woodman. Both are swell parts and if they keep it in a light vein, sticking to fantasy, I think it will be a big hit. Judy Garland is to play Dorothy, the little girl blown from Kansas to the Land of Oz. There are some marvelous songs in it, so she should be perfect."

There will be a rooting section for Ray here, because there's no one who deserves a break more than said gent. Chockful of talent, charm and personality, he is just what the fans have ordered for good fun.

Speaking of fun, the Bolgers are having the time of their lives getting ready to move into their first home. Seems that, due to traveling here and there, they never had the opportunity to settle in anything more than a hotel suite or an apartment. Well, all is changed, and you can take a tip that Mr. and Mrs. B. will be in for many an envious glance once a house warming is in order.

"We're having a marvelous time with this house," Ray confided as he proudly showed one around the grounds. "We certainly were lucky to find a place with shrubbery and trees. Why, it would have taken us a lifetime to get all this set. I can't understand how it remained vacant so long, unless no one could find it. The thing that sold us immediately was its eastern appearance. It's more like an English farm house architecturally, but all this gardening is typically Connecticut or New England. We've done the whole thing over, even to the conservatory, which is now a card room. Everything is new. We've started from scratch, even to the linens and pots and pans. It's been quite a job for Gwen, but she loves it and she's good at it, too."

With things looking up for the Bolgers, there seems to be only one small fly in the ointment. When they go out socially, Ray wants to dance with his wife, there's always some producer's wife who wants to dance with Ray. Well—Ray wants to stay in pictures!



Roy Bolger and Jeanette MacDonald in an amusing scene from "Sweethearts."

"I was mad enough to jump overboard"



Gee—was I sorry for myself! And mad, too! Five precious days of the cruise I'd planned and saved for—to be spoiled by chafing discomfort and annoyance! I thought of the dancing and gay deck games, and inwardly wailed . . . Oh, *why* was I born a woman?



Well—at least I've drawn a nice cabin companion, I consoled myself, when I met the girl who was sharing my stateroom. And apparently it was mutual, for before we were unpacked we were friends . . . and I was telling her my troubles.



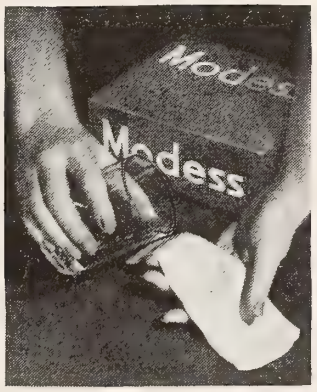
"Me, too"—she grinned. "But it doesn't get me down. Though I used to feel just as you do about it until I discovered Modess. But now—with Modess—I'm so completely comfortable I just don't think about it . . ."



"Here"—she continued, offering me a box of Modess. "Help yourself. Fortunately, I brought an ample supply." And while I finished unpacking, she explained how Modess is made and why it's so wonderfully comfortable . . .



"It's made differently," she told me. And she actually cut a Modess pad in two so that I could see and feel the soft, *fluffy* filler . . . so unlike napkins made of close-packed layers. "Now," she added, "I'll show you how *safe* you are with Modess . . ."



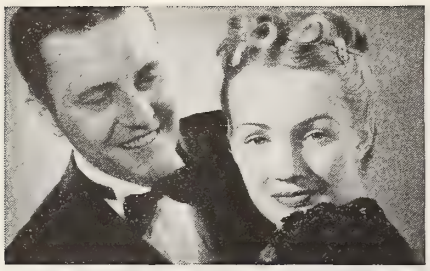
Taking out the moisture-resistant backing, she dropped water on it. Not a drop went through! "And," she pointed out, "there's a blue line on the back of every Modess pad that shows how to wear it for the greatest possible comfort and protection!"



Well—every day of that cruise was glorious! Not a single uncomfortable moment—thanks to Modess. So, naturally, I've been a Modess booster ever since. And think, for all its comfort and security, Modess costs not one cent more than any other nationally known napkin!

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

IF YOU PREFER A SMALLER, SLIGHTLY NARROWER PAD, SAY "JUNIOR MODESS"



ONE KISS ISN'T ENOUGH when lips are rosy, soft and tempting! Men love natural looking lips. But they hate the "painted" kind—glaring red and "hard as nails." Ask the man you love. See if he doesn't prefer *this* lipstick on you.



TANGEE—FOR TEMPTING LIPS... It's orange in the stick, but on your lips Tangee changes to the shade of blush-rose that best suits *you!* Blondes, brunettes and redheads... all use it perfectly. And its special cream base keeps lips soft, smooth.



HERE'S ROUGE TO MATCH!... Tangee Rouge, in Creme or Compact form, blends perfectly with your individual complexion—gives your cheeks lovely, *natural* color. It's one rouge that suits everyone—from blue-eyed blonde to deep brunette. *Try Tangee Rouge and Lipstick tonight!*

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*



4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City... Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

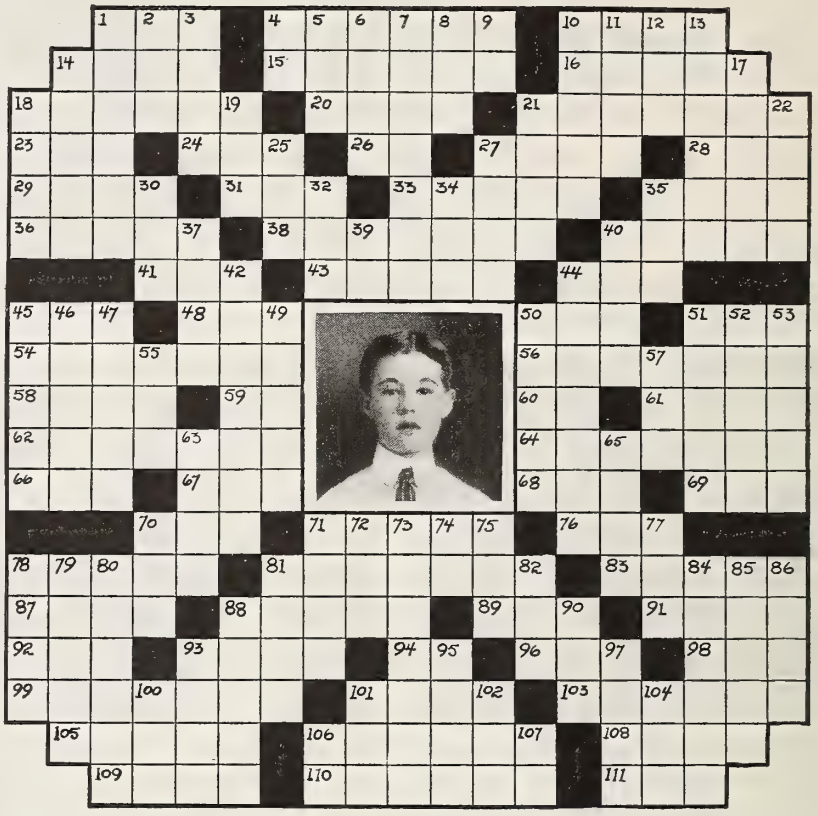
Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

*Name*_____
(Please Print)

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____ MM118

OUR PUZZLE



• ACROSS

1 and 4. First and last names of our star
10. Wife of Charles Laughton
14. Actor in horror films
15. Exotic star of "Her Jungle Love"
16. Contests
18. Singer in "Romance In the Dark"
20. Egyptian river
21. Declares
23. Hastened
24. - - - ly Eilers
26. The boss in "Test Pilot": init.
27. Aid
28. Brother of George Gershwin
29. Sea eagle
31. Birthmonth of our star
33. Infant daughter of Dick Powell
35. Wreck
36. Crave
38. Beautiful spy in "Blockade"
40. "Oil for the - - - - - of China"
41. Stitch
43. Trifling
44. Place
45. - - - el Norman, silent star
48. Sorrow
50. Spanish hero
51. Judy - - - land
54. Actor in "Vivacious Lady"
56. Enthrall
58. M-G-M's trade-mark
59. "- - Cucuracha"
60. Mid-western state: abbr.
61. Level
62. Our star is this about his work
64. Ginger's dancing co-star
66. Compass point
67. Heroine in "Wells Fargo"
68. College yell
69. Pheasant's brood
70. Some
71. Male lead in "Sinners In Paradise"
76. Nevertheless
78. - - - - - Shelton
81. Birthplace of 1 across
83. Star of "Marie Antoinette"
87. Drug plant
88. More intelligent
89. Conclusion
91. "Kentucky - - - - shine"
92. - - - Tin Tin, famous dog
93. Rave
94. Star of "Ali Baba Goes to Town": init.
96. Conjunction
98. Genevieve To - - -
99. Climbing up
101. Loretta Young's birthplace
103. Photographing apparatus
105. Choicest part
106. Miss Allwyn's first name
108. Peel
109. "- - - - End"
110. Landed property
111. Motion picture stage

Answer to Puzzle on Page 115

PAGE

• DOWN

1. Lovely singer at "That Certain Age"
2. Our star was great in "In --- Chicago"
3. Negative votes
4. Cameraman for news: -- Mingalone
5. Our star's first film, "Sins of ---"
6. Great silent era actor
7. "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"
8. Color
9. Norse deity
10. 'Jellybeans' in "Yellow Jack"
11. "---- Horizon"
12. Cora Collins' middle name
13. Hall of an old Roman house
14. Sound loudly
17. Long, narrow piece of cloth
18. Girl in "Danger on the Air"
19. "Penrod and ---"
21. Drunkard in "Wise Girl"
22. Without
25. Varnish ingredient
27. Associate
30. Bitter vetch
32. Yelp
34. A studio's grounds
35. Male lead in "Tropic Holiday"
37. 1 across was in "Love Is ----"
39. Musical note
40. Our star has two
42. "High Flyers" was his last film
44. She was in "When Were You Born?"
45. Scrimmage
46. Asssumed name
47. Featured comic in "Swiss Miss"
49. Growing out
50. Our star managed him in "Happy Landing"
51. Mr. Gordon's first name
52. Man's name
53. French girl in "The Big Parade"
55. Hotel
57. Meadow
63. Queen in "Rosalie"
65. In that case
70. Beverage
71. School teacher in "South Riding"
72. 1 across co-starred in "--- in a Million"
73. With our star in "Ramona"
74. Plural ending
75. Film Helen Gahagan played in
77. Juvenile in "Goodbye Broadway"
78. Disfigures
79. She married our star in "Alexander's Ragtime Band"
80. Male lead in "Girls On Probation"
81. Principal in "State Police"
82. Eleanor Powell's dancing rival
84. Our star's brother in "Josette"
85. Watered silk fabric
86. Noted Chinese actress
88. Diminished
90. One of the famed Seven Dwarfs
93. Her last name is Hayworth
95. Alfalfa of "Our Gang"
97. Knocks
100. Carole does this in "True Confessions"
101. Employ
102. "The --- Parade"
104. Star of "Every Day's a Holiday"
106. Cinderella girl: --leen Whelan
107. Delivery: abbr.



MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin softer, smoother . . . more radiant and alluring!

NOW ONLY 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores

TO KEEP *Fragrantly Dainty* —BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

IN BETWEEN

(*Continued from page 47*)

would have asked. I was so mad I told her I bet she thought that butterflies made butter! This was at the Cocoanut Grove, you know, so you can imagine what I went through. But, we did have a marvelous time."

Seeing Bonita's eyes sparkle and her head toss as she recounted her experiences, reminded us somehow of the brat in "These Three." It needed only half a question from me to get her started on her favorite characterization.

"I had so much fun doing 'These Three.' It was work, too, but when you got through there was something to show for the time you spent on it. Then too, in a part like that there's lots of meat—something to get hold of. It really wasn't hard getting the character in hand. You see, the first thing I do is to read the script, then the director gives me his idea of what the part should be and I sort of mix it with my interpretation and, there it is.

"I always treat my characters as though they were real. Then I can get to know them better. But with the sort of person I played in 'These Three,' it wasn't so easy. She wasn't just a mean brat on the surface. It went deeper than that. She was vindictive and a liar through and through. She loved hurting people and causing trouble in the worst possible way.

"Now in 'White Banners,' I played a girl who could have been quite a meanie. But, the director said she shouldn't be nasty—just a little fresh and completely sincere. She said some pretty awful things for a girl of her age, but the way she said them and felt about them made things all right.

"I liked that part. It was the nearest to a grown-up I've played yet. And it was swell working with Jackie Cooper. He's the nicest boy and has so much respect for his mother. Girls are supposed to be respectful, but with boys, it's sort of different. If you could see him on the set with his mother, you couldn't help admire him. And it isn't that he's dull either. He kids around and has lots of fun, but in a quiet way. He's a good actor, too. The real test is when you play with someone and he sure enough comes through."

Our young Miss G., who ordered lemonade and confided the reason was she was on a diet, reached for her third piece of cinnamon toast. She got it and also a look from Mama Granville, who took her seriously about the diet business. So, we quickly asked what sort of roles she liked best.

"Oh, I like to do a variety of parts," Bonita began. "I'd hate to think that I would end up as an ingenue. When I grow up I want to play the sort of women Bette Davis does now. But, I don't want to go through the bad period she went through to get to doing the things she now does. She's my favorite actress. I hope I'll be as good as she is some day. Then I'll feel I've really accomplished something. I kind of like doing mean roles, because when you get through you've really done a job. Fans remember you if you're mean enough, or good enough, but when you're just a sticky ingenue, you haven't anything!

"I've been awfully worried about how I'd accomplish the transition from kid parts to grown-ups, but now I hope it's settled. You see, the studio has just bought the Nancy Drew series for me. It's the story of a girl detective, sixteen years old, and her adventures. She has a car of her own and drives everywhere, but I don't think they'll let me do quite that much. There are about twelve books in the series and I've read all but one. They'll be something on the order of the Judge Hardy and Jones Family series, each one a separate adventure. I hope this will bridge the gap and graduate me to adult roles. At least it will help."

Hearing Bonita discuss the problems confronting her now reminded us of the story of her first venture into the theatre. But then it's her story and she loves to reminisce—at her age!

"You see, Daddy was an actor and so was Mummy till she married. I was practically born in the theatre, so to speak, but didn't live in a trunk backstage. Nothing so romantic! I lived a normal life out on Long Island. But, when I was old enough to walk, Daddy would lead me onto the stage to take a bow. Then once in a while he would let me go on and ad lib with him. I loved it and from then on it was sort of understood I would act when I grew up.

"When Daddy came to California to make pictures, Mummy and I came along, too. When he was finished and went back

(*Continued on page 100*)



(*Continued from page 70*)

world as a new personality. (And *how* she has broken!) They wanted her to learn the language. And so she was forbidden to appear in public places, and was permitted no interviews. Even photographers were barred from snapping her, either in posed or candid shots.

If that's true, the plan worked well indeed. From a nonentity she has become the sensation of Hollywood. If it is not true, if she was neither interviewed nor photographed because no one knew anything about her and therefore cared nothing, Hedy certainly has the last laugh. And I have a hunch she's laughing quietly to herself these days.

WHAT is this extraordinary beauty and appeal of hers? Well, you've seen it on the screen now. It's good old-fashioned allure, the same as Negri, Naldi and the others had. She is not voluptuous in body, as Jean Harlow was, but she suggests it through her eyes. They're hot and smokey, the essence of mystery. They're what men used to call "come-hither" eyes.

In person that same beauty and appeal is there but somehow refined. Possibly the lack of make-up accounts for that. Hedy suggests the fragile yet stirring loveliness of a full blown orchid. But she suggests it only in appearance. In speech, thought and action she is as direct and open as a field daisy. And maybe that's the secret of her; she's confusing!

She had a doll her mother had just sent from Vienna. She was as excited as a child. "Isn't it lovely?" she asked delightedly. Yet she'll turn right around and appraise a person or a situation with all the worldly wisdom you'd expect from a woman twice her years.

There has been a lot of romantic gossip about Hedy and Reginald Gardiner the English comedian. Their names constantly are linked in the public prints, with predictions of marriage coming at regular intervals.

"What about him?" I asked. "Is it serious?"

"Look, I'll show you." She led me into a room in the back of the house. It was a small, modernistic lounge with a pint-sized bar, deep chairs and divans. On the wall were gay posters of Austrian resorts, and a dozen or so autographed pictures of Hollywood celebrities, all neatly framed in red.

"It's charming, but what about it?" I said.

"Reggie fixed all this. You see, that's how it is with us. He helps me. We're friends. He has been like a nurse to me, cheering me up when I was homesick, making me laugh, helping me with English lessons. But romance? No!"

On the wall was a caricature of Hedy, done in water colors by Reggie. It shows her dressed in slacks and comfortable old shoes. Over her head is a halo. She has her back turned to the things she doesn't like in life which were depicted as "castor oil, scotch, champagne."

In the picture she is facing the things she loves. They are labeled on boxes, bottles and jimcracks and include "money, a tremendous amount of anything frightfully expensive, Agnes hats, squash (the vegetable), furs, candy, perfume, phonograph records, and How Not To Become Bored With a Rolls Royce."

Under Gardiner's signature on the sketch were the words *te amo* in very small letters. When I went to school that meant "I love you."

Hedy's eyes opened wide when I mentioned it.

"My goodness," she said in great surprise. "I never noticed that before."

Says Hedy!



"I've *lived* an extra month this year"—



Like so many women, Janice believed menstrual pain had to be endured. As regularly as her dreaded days came on, she stopped "living"—gave up all pleasure to give in to suffering.



Then, a year ago, a thoughtful friend told Janice about Midol; how it relieves functional periodic pain even at its worst, and how it often saves many women even slight discomfort.

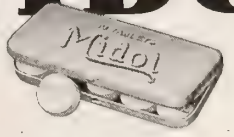


Now Janice is "living" again—not just part of the time, but twelve full months a year. Letting Midol take care of unnecessary menstrual pain has restored to her a whole month of wasted days!

MIDOL is made for women for one special purpose—to relieve the unnatural pain which often makes the natural menstrual process so trying. And Midol is dependable; unless there is some organic disorder requiring the attention of a physician or surgeon, Midol helps most women who try it.

Why not give Midol the chance to help you? It acts quickly, not only to relieve the pain, but to lessen discomfort. A few Midol tablets should see you serenely through your worst day. Convenient and inexpensive purse-size aluminum cases at all drugstores.

MIDOL



RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

SUITING THE SEASON

(*Continued from page 49*)

blouse and the accompanying hat has a narrow round brim and peaked crown.

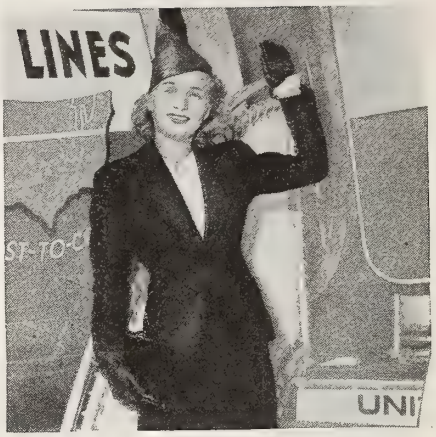
A flat bow at the throat relieves the plainness of a tailored blouse Rosalind wears with a straight skirt and full length coat. A patterned tweed jacket is paired with a solid color, very flaring skirt. An openwork yoke decorates the fitted blouse. A diagonally striped jacket with a plain skirt goes gay with black revers and sleeves. A pill box hat tops a pencil striped outfit of soft material with very short jacket and dolman-like sleeves.

Maureen O'Sullivan and Jane Wyman are suit conscious in "The Crowd Roars." Sweaters of all types, from simple weaves to lacy openworks, go with suits. Miss O'Sullivan chooses a trim sweater with a round white pique collar for a loose jacketed tweed suit. A more tailored suit has a trim white blouse, and her large flat beret has a narrow band and bow of white. Her dance frock has draped cap sleeves and the off-shoulder bodice line is outlined with flowers.

Miss Wyman wears casual sports hats, brims dipping abruptly in front, with two different suits. One is a tailored tweed, and the other a very feminine version of masculine tailoring—something like a streamlined version of the old time minstrel suit. The jacket is light with wide black revers, and the saucy white vest has a standing collar and black string tie.

"Give Me A Sailor" (or the glamming of Martha Raye) has the rowdy vocalist in a series of glamor gowns, dripping with fur, feathers and ruffles. Blonde Betty Grable is forced, by the script, to take a sartorial back seat to Miss Raye.

After a session in the kitchen in little gingham numbers, Miss Raye blossoms out in a sweeping princess coat deluged with white fox. A white evening gown cut low across the top has net ruffles cascading over the shoulders. A white formal has a black lace bolero and belt and huge bow knots of the lace appliqued on the bouffant skirt. A street frock is snowed under in gray fox, the fur forming huge cuffs on the three-quarter sleeves and bordering the widely flaring skirt.



When "Four Daughters" was released, Priscilla Lane flew to New York for the premiere. It surely was her picture!

Betty Grable, who has the knack or the gift of looking just a little better groomed and band-boxy than almost anyone else, has fewer costume changes but makes the most of the ones allotted her.

A white bolero with black revers dresses up a slim black frock. A new half and half note is struck with a combination of black and dotted material. From the back, Miss Grable is wearing form-fitting black. The front is dotted, the top draped and its skirt is released into fullness from shirring at the waist. Sort of a half-dirndl effect.

Arleen Whelan's "Gateway" wardrobe features two suits. One is light with polka dot vest and lapels. The short jacket of a black suit has lapels and tiny breast pockets of white.

Anne Shirley and Ruby Keeler are young ladies of an earlier day in "Mother Carey's Chickens," but the jackets worn with their long old-fashioned gowns would be right in step with today's wardrobes. The jackets are very short, with long tight sleeves puffed at the shoulders, of the bicycle-built-for-two era. Time marches on. Both jackets and bicycles are enjoying a widespread revival. It isn't advisable to raid the attic for jackets mother used to wear, however.



BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME

(*Continued from page 15*)

To my mind, his performance in "A Tale of two Cities" was the most beautifully done piece of work I have ever witnessed on the screen. Charles Dickens himself would have been completely satisfied. Not one man in a million could have done that last tragic scene by the guillotine with such depth of feeling as Mr. Colman.

You can have your Flynns, Taylors and Gables but give me Ronald Colman, a gentleman in every sense of the word. I can't wait to see his "If I Were King."—Minor Robertson, Memphis, Tenn.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Oh, Yeah?

Boo hoo. With tears streaming down my cheeks (sniff) and with a breaking heart, I pen this letter of condolence to the poor, abused movie stars. After reading Margaret Forster's touching version of the trials of stardom in the September "Between You 'n' Me" Department, I realized what a miserable lot is theirs.

How hard it must be to accept the admiration of millions, but bravely they bear it! Bravely they leave the squalor of their forty-room mansions each day and slave in the arms of beautiful co-stars! But being courageous creatures they manage to struggle along on a paltry five-thousand dollars per week. Ah, what price stardom!

This is just a gentle hint that I think Miss Forster's letter was, to put it bluntly, a trifle ludicrous. We don't pity the stars; we envy them!—Miss Garpow, Chicago, Ill.

$1.00 Prize Letter
A Salute For Hollywood

With sincerity I salute Hollywood. It is a place where passions and emotions are manufactured daily with such realism that they make the millions who compose the movie audiences laugh or cry at their will.

Under crazily glaring hot lights, cold eyes of cameras, loads of makeup, and the critical stares of directors and technicians, the Hollywood performers put their very souls into their roles that they might live as other persons on a silver screen! Your tasks are difficult and your products are so valuable to us. I repeat—I salute you, Hollywood, and may your magic machinery hum and create, forever!—Milton Swiren, Mont Alto, Penn.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Bette Davis

Perhaps Bette Davis was telling the truth when she exclaimed, "Am I Homely!" in an article in September Modern Screen—but wait, not so fast!

It's altogether possible that her eyes do bulge and that her mouth isn't just as she'd like it, but I don't see any reason for Bette to judge herself so harshly. I ask you, is there another star in all Hollywood who works as hard as Bette Davis and puts so much of herself into every endeavor?

Remember the scene in "Jezebel" that took place on the stairs—Bette's pleading with Margaret Lindsay? Well, if there's another actress in all filmdom who could have played that scene with the same perfection, I'll eat my shoe (strings and all).

So please, Miss Davis, remember the next time you see your image in the mirror, that through hard work and earnest effort you have developed a most intelligent countenance—a beauty much more than skin deep.—Alice Bohmer, New Britain, Conn.

For "Camera Perfect" skin you need Beauty more than skin-deep



Annabella...fair young 20th Century-Fox star, now playing in the picture "Suez". In any light, studio light or sunlight, her beauty holds its glamour.

This cream contains two elements which are basic beauty builders.

One makes for purity and clearness. The other for skin vitality.

"CAMERA PERFECT!" These words describe the complexion that meets the hardest tests triumphantly. The skin that looks as clear and lovely under the noon-day sun as in mellow evening light.

Two elements in Woodbury Cold Cream help to give beauty more than skin-deep. One of these elements keeps this cream germ-free throughout your use of it. Such lasting purity encourages fault-free skin.

The second element in Woodbury Cold Cream stimulates the skin's rate of breathing. This is the skin-stimulating Vitamin which contributes to the skin's vitality.

Buy Woodbury Cold Cream today for only 10¢, 25¢, 50¢ or $1.00. Let it help you win a lovely "Camera Perfect" skin.



***SEND* for Trial Tubes of Woodbury Creams**

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6795 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

Please send me trial tubes of Woodbury Cold and Facial Creams; 7 shades of Woodbury Facial Powder; guest-size Woodbury Facial Soap. I enclose 10¢ to cover mailing costs.

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*Address*_____

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 6*)

★★★ Letter of Introduction

Andrea Leeds has the letter, and it's an introduction to a famed actor, Adolphe Menjou, who is really her father. Since he is something of a matinee idol it is considered unwise to advise his public that he has a daughter as old as Miss Leeds, so he calls her his "protege" and sponsors a stage career for her, an interest which seems all too enthusiastic to Mr. Menjou's fiancee (Ann Sheridan) and Miss Leeds' gentleman friend (George Murphy), who do not know of the relationship. The story is constructed on this rather slender thread but, thanks to good performances and the welcome presence of Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy and a wooden interloper named Mortimer Snerd, a good time will be had by all who go to see "A Letter of Introduction."

The director has contrived to make Edgar Bergen an essential character in the story rather than drag him in by McCarthy's heels as was done in "The Goldwyn Follies." Bergen and McCarthy are a pair of smooth performers and furnish most of the film's comic moments. McCarthy has an uneasy moment or two when Bergen introduces the rival, Mortimer Snerd, a country bumpkin who is destined for instant favor.

Both Adolphe Menjou and Andrea Leeds perform creditably, and there are good portrayals by the supporting cast. Directed by John Stahl.—*Universal.*

★★★ Sing You Sinners

Like old wine and money in the bank, Bing Crosby improves with age. The Groaner has always been a likeable screen personality, but now for the first time in his career he really acts. The character he creates—Joe Beebe—lives and breathes, and Crosby plays him so well one almost suspects the portrayal is autobiographical. Bing will probably never win an Academy Oscar for his histrionics, but he does play a drunk scene (one of the most difficult items in an actor's repertoire) so beautifully that it becomes the outstanding moment of the picture.

Joe Beebe is a guy with great ideas, and he expects one day to make a million. In the meantime, he hasn't a job, so Dave (Fred MacMurray) has to support the family (Elizabeth Patterson and Donald O'Connor) and put off his marriage to the village belle (Ellen Drew). But Joe finally leaves town, gets into a big deal and subjects the Beebes to a generous quota of excitement.

There are swell performances from the entire cast. Elizabeth Patterson is perfect as the harassed mother; Donald O'Connor and Ellen Drew, in their screen debuts, are definite finds, and Fred MacMurray does his usual good work. There are two hit tunes among several sung by Bing and by the trio (Bing, MacMurray and O'Connor). "Pocketful of Dreams" is one and "Small Fry" another. Wesley Ruggles directed.—*Paramount.*

★★★ I Am the Law

A good rousing interpretation of the racket-busting industry usually makes fine screen entertainment, and since "I Am the Law" is the best racket-busting film that has come along so far this year we can promise you a thoroughly enjoyable evening in the theatre. With Edward G. Robinson in the lead, furnishing one of his best performances, the picture has everything to recommend it to audiences interested in an exciting and an intelligent treatment of one of this country's most topical problems.

In a city overridden with rackets, Robinson, a law school professor, steps in to take charge of a clean-up campaign. Denied funds by a city council backed by supposedly legitimate business men who are actually the men behind the rackets, Robinson drafts his best law students and continues on his own. A well-constructed screenplay avoids the pitfalls encountered in the usual racket picture, and Alexander Hall's direction accounts for its speed.

Robinson runs the gamut in the role of the prosecutor—he even exhibits an excellent version of the big apple. Barbara O'Neil is handsome and dignified as his wife, Wendy Barrie is a svelte and believable racket queen, and John Beal performs credibly in the role of Robinson's assistant. Best performance in the supporting cast, however, is Otto Kruger's splendid portrayal of the racketeer who poses as a civic leader.—*Columbia.*



Myrna Loy and Clark Gable together again in "Too Hot to Handle."

★★ Give Me a Sailor

We are happy to report that the star of this picture is Martha Raye—not Moutha. For she doesn't indulge in one blood-curdling yip, not even a "yeah man," and the result is a performance of which Martha should be proud. It's a good-humored story of home, sweet home—as happy a home as could be expected when there are two daughters, one a beauty and the other an ugly duckling.

Betty Grable's the gal who's got allure and Martha's the one who's got the left-overs—left-over clothes, money and beaus. This state of affairs has been going on for years but comes to a climax when the man they both love (Jack Whiting) gets shore leave and has marriage in mind. The sailor's sweethearts forget all the bonds of sisterhood in their tactics from there on. Martha enlists the help of Bob Hope, Jack's brother, to help snare her man, and in return promises to get Betty for Bob. But overnight Martha becomes a femme fatale. Through a mix-up, when she enters a picture of her cookie "Yum Yums" in a prize contest, a shot of her "Yum Yum" underpinnings is included. She suddenly finds herself the winner of "the most beautiful legs in the world" contest. It's all pretty silly but there's a genuine laugh a second to offset it. Martha's performance shows a sympathetic understanding and dramatic ability which has heretofore remained hidden. Betty Grable is an eyeful, as usual, and handles her role competently. Bob Hope scores decidedly. Directed by Elliot Nugent.—*Paramount.*

★★ Always In Trouble

You know that a title like this can mean only one thing—Jane Withers. Jane actually manages to get into more trouble here than in all previous pictures put together. And that, you also know, is going some. But though she tackles every scene with customary gusto, the picture does not measure up to former standards.

The story concerns a family who get into one predicament after another, all dating back to the day when Dad (Andrew Tombes) becomes a millionaire over night. As far as Dad and his youngest daughter (Jane) are concerned, they see no reason why a million dollars should change their lives. But Mother (Nana Bryant) and the eldest daughter (Jean Rogers) see no reason why all that money can't make society folk out of them. Drastic methods have to be taken to save the family from going phoney and Miss Fix-It Withers is just the girl who can do it. Among other things, in a whole-hearted attempt to get them straightened out, Jane manages to get them ship-wrecked, puts them at the mercy of smugglers, and just misses getting the whole outfit kidnapped. But in the end she gets the high flyers, mother and big sister, down to earth and even imports a fine young man (Robert Kellard) to make a sensible wife out of Jean. Directed by Joseph Santley.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

★★ The Gladiator

They've given Joe E. Brown his best script to date in "The Gladiator." And he takes full advantage of every opportunity, which guarantees a fine time for all. This time Joe E. goes collegiate with rah rah aplenty. Some twelve years previous he has had to quit his freshman year because of financial embarrassment, but when he wins $1,500, at a Bank Night he beats it right back to the old Alma Mater. It looks like Joe's in for an awful beating from his classmates—particularly when they start using him for a tackling dummy on the football field. But the second day he comes out and mows 'em down.

No one is more surprised than Joe E.—for during the night an eccentric professor has injected a serum into his arm which gives him super-human strength. After winning glories for old Webster he next tackles Man Mountain Dean in the fight of the century. Man Mountain's tossed about like a tooth-pick for the first fifteen minutes. Then Champ Brown gets his—for the serum begins wearing off. Suspense is terrific, not only for the audience but for June Travis, queen of the campus, who's managed to get the obliging Joe into all his troubles. The supporting cast is entirely commendable. Directed by Edward Sedgwick.—*Columbia.*

★★★★ You Can't Take It With You

With more human appeal than his last production ("Lost Horizon") and almost as much as his greatest ("Mr. Deeds Goes To Town"), Frank Capra's latest film achievement will easily rank among the best pictures of the year. Capra, who is accustomed to turning out hits, has taken the Kaufmann-Hart Broadway success and with writer Robert Riskin has as delightful and heart-warming a picture as you'll see in many months.

"You Can't Take It With You" is the story of the Sycamores, an amiable and eccentric family which believes in doing exactly what it pleases. Headed by Grandpa Sycamore, who decided some thirty-five years back that he didn't like his work (and stopped working that instant), the family consists of Penny, who writes plays because someone left a typewriter at the house by mistake; Paul, her husband, who makes fireworks in the basement, assisted by a Mr. DePinna, an iceman who stopped one morning and decided to stay; Essie, who makes candy and studies ballet dancing with a Russian exile who manages to drop in every evening at dinner time, and Alice, who is Penny's daughter and the only more or less conventional member of the family. When the Sycamores encounter Anthony Kirby, the financial tycoon, and his family, there is conflict, fireworks and everything. Even love has its inning.

Of the cast, Edward Arnold as Anthony Kirby is probably the standout performer. Jean Arthur and Jimmy Stewart are expert in the romance department, in roles which will add to the prestige of them both. Spring Byington is amusing as the rattle-brained Penny, and Ann Miller furnishes excellent comedy as the ballet dancing Essie. Mischa Auer, as her Russian instructor, makes the most of his comic moments, and there are performances deserving more than passing mention by Donald Meek, Sam Hinds, H. B. Warner, Mary Forbes, Halliwell Hobbes, Eddie Anderson, and especially by Harry Davenport, whose fine portrayal makes his one scene one of the picture's most important. Only fault this reviewer can find is Lionel Barrymore's performance in the important role of Grandpa Sycamore. Lionel Barrymore, even under Capra expert guidance, is still playing Lionel Barrymore. Directed by Frank Capra.—*Columbia.*

★★★ Carefree

"Carefree" is a happy union of song, dance and story, plus a happy reunion of the screen's ace dance team, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. Miss Rogers and Mr. Astaire celebrate the occasion by giving us the best performances of their careers. "Carefree" is as good as any previous Astaire-Rogers musical, and it will be looked upon by some as their best. Certainly it is the most imaginative. Another definite advantage is a sound story which admits their dancing as part and parcel of the plot. We may as well go the whole route and say that for the first time in the screen history of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers there is not a single case of mistaken identity in the entire picture.

Astaire is a psychiatrist hired to straighten out the love life of Miss Rogers, a radio singer. When he places her in a hypnotic state in which she loses all her inhibitions, she becomes infatuated with him, tosses bricks at store windows, makes faces at her radio sponsor and tells her listeners that his toothpaste is positively the worst stuff on the market. Later, convinced by Astaire that he is not worthy of her, she is about to mary her original suitor, Ralph Bellamy, when she snaps out of her trance on her wedding day and marches up the aisle with the right gent.

Irving Berlin's songs are excellent, but neither Rogers nor Astaire are vocally up to the job of putting them over. Their dances, however, are skillful and beautiful to watch. A dream sequence, done in slow motion, is so good it will be copied by many future musicals. Their feature dance, "The Yam," is everything you'd expect of the team, even though it's much too intricate for ordinary mortals to copy on the ballroom floor. Mark Sandrich directed.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★ The Road to Reno

It's difficult to classify this one, because it combines two distinctly different types of opera—grand and horse—and winds up as a satire of sorts on the Nevada divorce laws. If you are a lover of any of these three brands of entertainment, perhaps you'll find your moments of pleasure in the picture. The combination would have been a happier one, however, had the story fashioners contrived a more logical tale and embellished it with dialogue without so much of a manufactured ring to it.

Hope Hampton, returning to the screen, photographs well and sings beautifully. She has difficulty, however, making anything genuine out of the character she plays. The blame here can be handed to the scenarists, who present, at the picture's start, an opera star about to enter divorce proceedings against her husband, a cowboy with whom she hasn't lived for

(*Continued on page 107*)



DOWN WITH DULL DINNERS

The Lloyd Nolans offer fine recipes in their campaign for more exciting menus

AT A TIME of year when politicians are filling the air with adjectives and agitating for all kinds of urgent reforms, Lloyd Nolan wishes to go on record as advocating the complete abolishment of routine, unimaginative, cut-and-dried, commonplace meals! He feels even more strongly on this subject when such meals include foods that are served "because they are good for you!"

"Just combine dullness with duty in your menus," declares this dashing young character actor, "and you'll never win a vote of approval from your family. You won't be elected 'the people's choice' as a hostess, either!"

"I'm convinced," broke in his charming wife, Mel, "that enjoyment affects both digestion and nutrition. Women would be wiser if they paid more attention to flavor, seasoning and originality in preparing everyday meals."

Acting upon her own suggestions, Mel Nolan has evolved—for the special delectation of her attractive husband—many grand dishes, combinations of foods and menus that are distinctive and different. Furthermore, in her food researches she has discovered that the familiar cooking directions, "season to taste," can mean a deal more than just adding salt and pepper!



Courtesy Sun-Maid

Roast stuffed breast of veal, Carolina.

"It's surprising, for example, what a little curry powder can do to a dish that might otherwise be thought of as just another lamb stew," this Hollywood hostess observed sagely. And how delightfully changed is a roast of veal when it boasts a special stuffing which the Nolans favor, one that I'll wager you have never tried before. Why, even baked apples become proud, aristocratic "beauties" when prepared according to the recipe I'm about to give you here.

The first of these treats—the Curry of Lamb—is the featured dish on the intriguing menu shown further along, as set down for us by Mrs. Nolan. Her recipe for this prime favorite of hers also follows, together with directions for making two other Nolan specialties which are quite as deserving of your attention. That is, if you intend to adopt Lloyd's stirring slogan: "Down with Dull Dinners!"

Remember, too, that when you try your hand at the unusual, every meal will seem like a party. And, by the way, there are a couple of special occasions coming up soon which you'll want to celebrate fittingly. Not only from the standpoint of foods, but of table decorations. I refer, of course, to Hallowe'en and Thanksgiving, both of which present as good an excuse to entertain charmingly as one could hope to find. You can serve the Lloyd Lamb Curry and the baked apple "Beauties" on the first of these two occasions. And you can make both events outstandingly successful by sending in the coupon which will bring you directions for making attractive, yet inexpensive, table decorations. Those for Hallowe'en feature witches and pumpkins; while for your Thanksgiving dinner table there are turkey napkin holders as well as special favors for each guest and an extra-special centerpiece arrangement. Easy to do, easy to secure—and free. So don't forget to mail in the coupon with your request for either or both.



The Lloyd Nolans ready for one of Mel's dinners.

LLOYD AND MEL NOLAN'S INDIAN CURRY DINNER

Vegetable Soup
Curry of Lamb
Baked Bananas
Rice Chutney
Molded Tomato Salad
Rolls, Split and Toasted
Raspberry Ice
Tea

CURRY OF LAMB, à la LLOYD NOLAN

2 pounds lamb (shoulder, breast or leg)
boiling water to cover
⅓ cup butter
1 large onion, chopped fine
1 large apple, diced
5 outside stalks celery, chopped fine
2 teaspoons curry powder*
¼ cup cold water
⅓ cup seedless raisins
3 egg yolks
¼ cup milk
salt and pepper, to taste
grated cocoanut, shredded almonds

Have lamb cut into one-inch pieces, after removing all bone, fat and gristle. Wipe meat, cover with boiling water and cook slowly until meat is tender. Strain and measure stock. There should be 2½ cups (add more water, if necessary, to make required amount). Melt butter in large skillet or dutch oven. Add the onion, apple and celery. Cook until tender, without browning. Add curry powder which has been mixed with cold water to a smooth paste.* Cook and stir until blended. Add lamb and lamb stock, then the raisins which have been rinsed in hot water and drained. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Cover and simmer gently for twenty minutes. Just before serving beat yolks of eggs with the milk. Add a little of the hot lamb liquor to them, then add this mixture very slowly to the curry mixture, stirring constantly. Continue cooking and stirring until smooth and slightly thickened. Serve on very dry, fluffy rice. Pass bowls of grated cocoanut and shredded almonds, to be sprinkled over the curry. Chutney is the traditional accompaniment, you know.

ROAST STUFFED BREAST OF VEAL, CAROLINA

4 pounds breast of veal
1½ cups sifted flour
¾ teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon soda
1 tablespoon sugar
½ cup yellow corn meal
1¼ cups milk
1 egg, beaten
⅔ cup seedless raisins
⅓ cup minced onion
½ cup sliced mushrooms or diced celery

** Add more curry powder if a stronger curry flavor is desired. For a very hot curry add a dash of Tabasco sauce, advices Mel Nolan.*

BY MARJORIE DEEN

1 cup canned bouillon
a pinch of sage
salt and pepper, to taste
½ cup hot water

Have your butcher bone the veal. Rub inside and out with salt and pepper. Combine flour with the ¾ teaspoon salt, the baking powder, soda and sugar; sift together. Mix in corn meal. Beat in milk and eggs. Fry on hot oiled griddle or in greased iron skillet as for griddle cakes. When all are fried and cooled, break in small pieces into a bowl. Rinse raisins in hot water, drain and add. Fry onions and mushrooms (or celery) in small amount of fat until onions are soft. Add this mixture to raisin mixture. Moisten with ½ cup of the bouillon, add sage and salt and pepper to taste. Mix together thoroughly. Lay the boned veal out flat. Spread stuffing on boned side and roll up as for jelly roll. Skewer in three places; tie around the rolled meat and through the skewers, securely, with white cord. Brush entire outside of roll with melted fat. Place meat on rack in baking pan or roaster. Pour remaining ½ cup of bouillon, combined with water, in bottom of pan. Bake, uncovered, in moderately slow oven (325° F.) until meat is tender, about 3 hours, basting every 20 minutes with liquid in the pan, adding a little more water, whenever necessary, to prevent burning.

BAKED BEAUTIES

4 large baking apples
¼ cup seedless raisins
¼ cup chopped nut meats
6 tablespoons honey
1 teaspoon Angostura
2 tablespoons butter
½ cup water

Choose extra-large apples, suitable for baking. Peel the top half only of each apple. Remove each core generously but carefully so as not to cut the apple all the way through (this will keep juices in the apples as they cook). Rinse raisins in hot water, drain. Combine with chopped nuts and place a couple of spoonfuls in each apple. Mix honey and Angostura. Pour a tablespoonful into each apple, and spread a little of the mixture over the top of each apple to glaze it. Place apples in shallow baking dish. Dot apples with butter and pour water around them, to prevent burning. Bake in moderate over (375° F.) for one hour, or until tender. Serve plain; or with whipped cream or hard sauce.



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149 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

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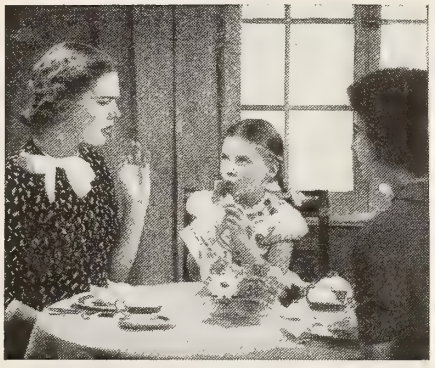
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1. I said somethin' a couple of weeks ago that made Mom so hopping mad, I almost caught a licking.



2. We were at Aunt Lola's and I piped up: "Gee, Mom, look at how white this napkin is! *Our* things must have tattle-tale gray or somethin' 'cause they never shine like *this*." . . . Zowie! Mom flew for the hairbrush.



3. But lucky for me, Aunt Lola stopped her. "It's the truth, so why get angry?" she told Mom. "Your lazy soap leaves dirt behind. If you'd switch to Fels-Naptha Soap as I did, your clothes *wouldn't* have tattle-tale gray."



4. So Mom forgot to spank me and went to the grocer's for some Fels-Naptha. This morning, she was raving about how its richer *golden* soap and *lots of gentle naptha* wash clothes so white and nice. And, golly, if she didn't give me a quarter for a pony ride!

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BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

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SPICE—The tempting, rich burgundy color of an exquisitely shaded Amazon Orchid.

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GLAZO'S NAIL-COTE guards nails against splitting and breaking. Contains wax. Is a perfect foundation for polish—makes it last longer. Gives added gloss. Only 25¢.

GLAZO
NEW TROPIC SHADES

AND FATHER IS DOING WELL

(*Continued from page 36*)

We smoked each other's cigars."

Shortly after the baby was born Joan was put on a strict diet, with a special diet nurse in attendance, and at the same time Dick received one of his bi-annual notes from Mr. Warner—a note which always says simply, "Dick, take it off—" and Dick knows all too well the meaning of that. It means that he's put on an extra pound or two and had better get rid of it. On this occasion he made it an excuse to be with Joan at the hospital for three diet meals a day. "It's hard to diet alone," he told the nurse, "but if I diet with Joan, it'll be easier for her. So how about it? Can't I join her at meals?" And the nurse, swayed by the Powell grin, had to let him have his way.

All new papas are a little nutty, of course, but Dick was one of the most jittery about-to-be-papas that we've had around Hollywood in a long time. Several weeks before the baby arrived Dick was at work in "Head Over Heels" and had to be on location several miles from a telephone part of the time. That meant he would be out of touch with Joan, but Dick devised a scheme to remedy that.

FEW people realize that Dick is a true handy-man at heart. Just last month he took the ailing Powell washing machine apart and put it together again, and the month before he built a fence. But, unlike Tom Sawyer, he white-washed it himself. Also on his sailing boat, the Eroica (which is a Beethoven Symphony, in case you are curious about the name), he has a short wave radio transmitting set and is licensed by the radio commission as an operator.

It was Dick's experience in this connection which gave him the idea for keeping in touch with Joan, even while he was on location: to install one of those new two-way short wave marine telephone sets, with which he could pick up anything within a radius of a hundred miles of the harbor radio station. All Joan would have had to do then was to telephone the station and they would broadcast a message to Dick. Without this safety precaution to ease Dick's mind, he might not have been able to finish the picture with so much calm and ease.

However, now that that is all over, father is doing well. He naturally receives congratulations on every side, and when asked how the baby is, he answers enthusiastically, "Prettiest thing in town!" They named her Ellen just because they liked the name. It was simple and not gaudy, and not theatrical—just like the parents themselves. Had Ellen been a boy she would have been David Blondell Powell. But Ellen is Ellen and they are glad of it, since they already have Joan's boy, Norman. Normie is three-and-a-half now, and quite the first light of Dick and Joan's lives, and will remain so, since there is to be no nose-throwing-out-of-joint in the Powell household.

"Normie is strictly a boy's boy," Dick said. "One month he is a cowboy, with all the contraptions and all the whoops. The next he's a fireman, with wailing siren and a fireman's helmet slipping down over his eyes. This morning when I left he had gone Mexican. The next thing I know he'll be an actor. Now we're very glad to have a girl.

"You know, Joan simply adores children, not only her own, but everyone else's too. During the last few months before Ellen was born she spent every day on the beach, with Normie. They went to the beach club, but Joan never spends any time with the grown-ups there. You'll always see her off down the beach somewhere, with about sixteen kids grouped around her. She builds sand castles with them, digs tunnels, tells them stories, somehow manages to keep them amused, and herself too. She and Normie always took their lunch with them. Sand in the sandwiches makes no difference to them!"

Dick has always been mad about sailboats, so while Joan stays in the sand, Dick sets sail on the sea. It's a very real compliment to them, that they can and do leave each other to their own particular likes—when it comes to pastimes and sports. They are so thoroughly devoted to each other that they actually enjoy seeing the other do what appeals most, whether they are together in the doing or not.

Dick bought his very first boat several years ago. Then he traded it in on the larger Eroica, and last spring he had dreams of capturing the cup in the "around the island" race, off Catalina, sponsored by the California Yacht Club.

"The first race I had ever been in, and it would be the time of the greatest storm on the West Coast in twenty years! Just my bad luck. I was one of twelve racers who started out, and only two boats even finished at all. The wind and rain started, that same wind and rain that brought on last spring's terrible flood, and my skipper and I soon saw that we were being driven into the Isthmus, and if we didn't turn around and start back we'd be dashed against the shore. We had to use the motor and it took us eight and a half hours to go back eighteen miles—so you can know how bad it was. But I'm not going to give up. The next race, you can be sure, barring an act of God, I'll at least be in on the finish!"

Few people think of Dick in this light—as a man seeking adventure, a man who keeps fighting for his goal. He has always seemed so smiling and good natured, so easy come, easy go. But behind the placidness of the Dick exterior there is the battling spirit.

AND not the least of the battles he has waged has been the one in his career—his wish to be allowed a chance as an actor, in a non-singing role. For years Dick has sensed that a motion picture career built on song had weak links in its chain, and recently he rebelled and refused to do the next singing part which the studio had lined up for him, the one in "Garden of the Moon," which John Payne did eventually in his place. He sat tight at home, and then finally returned for "Head Over Heels," in which he sings only one song.

Dick said to me with humor and honesty, "If there is one thing I hate it's being known as a boy who is always ready to break into song, and I think audiences, after too much of it, will begin to hate it too. That's the thing I want to look out for. I love to sing, as every singer does. But I want to act, without singing, now and then. The only non-singing pictures I ever did was when I first came to the screen. I did one with George Arliss, and another with Will Rogers. But people have already forgotten about those."

Dick has another unfulfilled wish too. "Joan and I would like more than anything to make a picture together. I think, naturally—" with another grin, "that she's

one of the best actresses in pictures, and I want to work with her, but there's that old bugaboo to be overcome: that married couples are not romantic in pictures. I can't see that point of view, but producers seem to feel that audiences wouldn't be excited about man and wife appearing together. And yet what is more romantic than marriage? But maybe I am too old-fashioned about marriage."

Those words coming from Dick are a bit astounding since a few years ago he was a complete cynic as far as love and marriage were concerned. Having had one early first try which was unsuccessful, he had let it blight his outlook. Then, too shortly after "Flirtation Walk," when Dick's stock and his salary went up and up, and he found that girls were delighted to appear with him here, there and everywhere, he was beset with the very serious question of whether he was being liked for his company, or for the accompanying flash of photographers' lamps which trailed him wherever he went.

Dick Powell certainly is not one to thrive on artificiality, and it was this aspect of Hollywood romances which worried him. He wanted marriage, if he was to have it at all, for a home and contentment, and not to make of it a double barrelled bid for publicity.

THAT's what Joan and Dick have now, a perfect home, an ideal family life. And it's the most that these two want of life. Their careers are still important to them, but their careers are not a drain and a strain in their lives. Dick is quite frank in saying that if Joan had to stop acting she would probably miss it more than he would, for she was born and brought up a trouper. As for him, if his career were finished he could turn to something else without one backward look because the desire to be in the public eye is one which has never hit him.

The one thing that Dick Powell knows he will have to face, if ever that time comes, is an adjustment in his living expenditures. The Powells do not live extravagantly now (the boat is really the one luxury Dick allows himself), but they do live in pleasant comfort, such as another less lucrative business might not allow. But when Dick reaches his forties and fifties, you will never find him flinching and flushing when he overhears someone say, "That's Dick Powell. Remember him when he strolled down Flirtation Walk and had twenty million sweethearts?"

If you could meet the Powells at home on one of their drop-in Sunday afternoons, you would know yourself that the aura which radiates from them is one of utter happiness. Their home itself is an invitation to cheer. Windows open to the sunlight, doors thrown wide, big easy chairs and divans everywhere on which to lounge and relax. They practically live in the study, and there, on the tremendous round coffee table around which everyone gathers, is a perfect indication of their hospitality, a cigarette box two feet long, filled with cigarettes, open so you get the message at once, "Help yourself."

The whole house is like that, everything for convenience and ease, everything with a spirit of generosity, of wanting to be shared. Ask Dick who comes there on Sundays and he says, "Anyone who likes to laugh.

We have lots of just silly fun—games, stories, conversation about anything and everything but shop."

Sometimes Dick does not even join in. While the merriment goes on he may be off in the corner fixing an electric light plug, or rigging up an extension for some lamp, for Dick and Joan are never host and hostess in the organizing sense.

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HEAVY BODY
3-IN-ONE OIL

SHIRLEY DISCOVERS AMERICA

(*Continued from page 27*)

"She visited about twelve classes. When she came to one in the fifth grade, a little girl, who had evidently been chosen to make a speech welcoming Shirley, stood up, opened her mouth, gulped, was so overcome with excitement that she couldn't speak, and remained standing there, mouth still open."

"'She wanted to make a speech,'" someone whispered to Shirley, "'but she's embarrassed.'"

"'Oh, that's all right,'" said Shirley. "'I'll make a speech instead.'" "And Shirley, always mistress of the situation, said, 'It's lovely to be visiting here. Today I saw Boulder Dam, and thought it was wonderful. Have any of you seen the Dam?'

"Since the fathers of most of the girls at the school worked on the Dam and they had visited it many times, that broke the ice immediately.

WHEREVER Shirley went—in Zion Park, where she stared amazed at the peaks, in Bryce Canyon, where the buttresses rise like minarets of every color, and at the north rim of the Grand Canyon, where she caught her breath in wonder at the sheer majesty of the Canyon, Shirley took color pictures with her.

"Though Shirley was having a swell time, she didn't forget her friends at home. In Bryce Canyon she bought things for her two brothers, and remembered to send them cards—a card with a picture of a mail bag to remind Jack to write and a card with a little pair of riding chaps for George, to serve, she said, as a mascot for his horse. At Zion National Park she bought an Indian doll for May Isleib, her stand-in, and sent her a card.

"One of the things that interested Shirley most during her trip was discovering new kinds of animals that she had never seen before. In Hollywood she had seen camels when she played in 'Wee Willie Winkie.' She had seen elephants and occasionally a monkey, but she had never seen tigers, panthers and giraffes. Whenever she came to a city where there was a zoo, Shirley made a bee-line for it. At Colorado Springs, she and her parents stayed at the Broadmoor Hotel, which Spencer Penrose, who discovered the famous Cripple Creek Mine, built as a hobby. Back of the hotel was a zoo containing three hundred animals, which Shirley, fascinated, visited.

"In Chicago, she visited the Brookfield Zoo, and said that of all the animals she liked the does most—they were so gentle-looking. She also admired the peacocks, and exclaimed over the fact that their tails quivered. At the Chicago zoo was a baby panda named Mei Mei, only eight months old and very tame. After watching the trainer handle the baby panda, Shirley was asked if she would like to go inside the cage and make its acquaintance. Breathlessly she nodded, and then without a quiver of fear, she walked inside the cage and stroked the fur of the beautiful animal.

"One of the things that impressed her most in Chicago was her first sight of the elevated. 'Why, it's a railway on stilts,' she exclaimed. When the Temples were asked if they would like a special train for their party, they readily agreed and for two hours the Temples traveled around Chicago on a train which contained only Mr. and Mrs. Temple, the president of the railroad and his son, two conductors, the motormen, the bodyguards and myself.

"Since there was a 'dead man's switch' which worked automatically, the motorman, who stood just behind Shirley, let her handle the switch, which operated the car.

"Among the sights which impressed Shirley most on her trip was her first view of Great Salt Lake. Amused she watched the bathers go in, swim around, and come out covered with layers of salt. Shirley herself didn't go in swimming, but she went out to the edge of the lake on the float, put her finger into the water, and tasted it. Then she made a wry mouth. It certainly was salty.

"In Washington, D. C., Shirley was brought in to visit President Roosevelt, who asked for her autograph. Then, glancing over the collection of boats on his desk, he said, 'What do you think of these boats?'"

Shirley, who seems instinctively to understand what it took Dale Carnegie years to learn, that people like it when you talk to them about their hobbies, said, "I like boats very much and I understand you like fishing. The only fishing I ever did was once when I caught a salmon."

"With what kind of a hook did you catch it?" asked the President.

"I don't know," said Shirley, "but I caught it."

Shirley pointed to an empty spot at the side of her mouth and sighed, "I've just lost a tooth."

The President smiled. "You don't know how lucky you are," he said. "Sistie and Buzzie lose 'em in front."

Later she met Sistie and Buzzie, the President's grandchildren, at Mrs. Roosevelt's home at Hyde Park, and frolicked with them through one golden summer afternoon, playing ball, watching them swim and lunching with them.

When Shirley attended the horse races at the Westchester Country Club at Rye that evening, with the Governor's party, she was almost the only person who watched the races, for everyone else was watching Shirley.

"When a group of newspaper photographers in New York wanted to take her picture," Jack Mulcahy told me, "Shirley said, 'I bet you don't know the national theme song of photographers.'

"'What is it?' they asked.

"'I won't tell you now,' she said, 'but you'll say it, and then I'll tell you.'

AFTER taking several pictures of Shirley, the photographers said, 'One more please, and then we'll be through.'

"Shirley grinned. 'That's the national theme song,' she said. 'One more, please.' Then she posed for another photograph.

"In New York, Shirley was impressed by the Hudson Tubes and couldn't understand how there could be water over them. Like any tourist, she was thrilled by the skyline and took a picture of it from her window. Looking out at the Chrysler Building, she said, amazed, 'But how can it stand up? Isn't there any danger of its falling down? It looks like a pencil upside down.'

"Her first sight of a Broadway production, 'I Married An Angel,' astonished her. When the curtain rose, she said, 'This is funny. There are no microphones.' In Hollywood, there are microphones on every motion picture set.

"When she saw the Statue of Liberty, she said, 'I guess her arm is so big, because it has to hold that great light.'

"During her visit to New York, she was taken to only one night club, the International Casino, where she saw the Ice Ballet, the most elaborate spectacle she had ever

seen. The Temples went to an early showing, and were out of the Casino by eight-thirty. Although Shirley was on her vacation, nothing was allowed to interfere with her regular bedtime hours, and she was in bed by a quarter of nine every evening."

One day during Shirley's stay in New York, I was invited to a small party given her at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. Nearly always at parties for important stars, cocktails flow in profusion, but at Shirley's party, tea, coffee and orangeade were the only drinks served.

Throughout the course of the party, she wandered from table to table, asking at each table, "Is there anything I can get for you? Tea? Some cake? Ice cream?" No hostess could have been more charming.

There a famous editor tried to stop her. "Will you sit down? I'd like to ask you some questions," he said.

OH, I'm so sorry," said Shirley. "I can't stop now. I'm too busy."

"What keeps you so busy you can't answer questions?"

"I have to travel round all the tables," Shirley said, and resumed her tour as hostess.

Because of Shirley's importance on the screen and the constant adulation to which she is subjected, many people have wondered if the real Shirley might not become spoiled. That question was answered, once and for all, during her trip across the continent.

"We in Hollywood knew and loved Shirley ever since we first met her," Jack Mulcahy told me, "so that it did not surprise us when she revealed herself as the dimpled, sweet, lovable little girl she really is."

Two incidents that occurred during the trip reveal the real Shirley. In Craig, Colorado, when it was discovered that the Temples were staying at a tourist camp, almost the entire population of 1500 people congregated to catch a glimpse of Shirley. One man who ran a theatre in the town was very much put out, for, after having run a full page ad, he had expected a large turn-out.

When he learned that all the townspeople were hanging around the tourist camp, he went there himself and bursting in on Shirley and her parents, he said, "You're wrecking my business. Do you know that I've lost lots of money tonight because of you?"

Shirley's smile disappeared. This was indeed serious business and must be rectified.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I don't like to have you lose money because of me."

Then she whispered to her parents, and they all got into a car and drove around to the front of the theatre. The townspeople followed her, and the exhibitor attracted a larger crowd than he ever had before!

To me the most charming story of all about Shirley concerns the night Walda Winchell slept in the same room with her at New York's Waldorf-Astoria, after the two children had played together for several days.

Shirley, very much disturbed when she discovered that Walda was tossing around in bed and hadn't fallen asleep, said solemnly, "I know why you haven't gone to sleep. Nobody tucked you in."

"Why, that doesn't make any difference," Walda said. "Nobody ever tucked me in."

At this Shirley was aghast, because Mrs. Temple always tucks Shirley into bed.

"Why, that's terrible," she said. "I tell you what, Walda. I'll tuck you in."

And getting out of her own bed, Shirley, all smiles and dimples, walked over to Walda's bed and gently tucked her in.



Pretty smart . . . But she didn't know how important "Lysol" is in Feminine Hygiene

SHE thought it was jealousy of her success in business that had made her husband more and more indifferent. She didn't realize that she herself had been at fault . . . in a matter of feminine hygiene. "Lysol" would have helped save the happiness of her marriage.

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2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

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Send me free booklet, "*Lysol vs. Germs*" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

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LOVALON

—the 4 purpose vegetable HAIR RINSE

SEVENTEEN VO-DO-DE-O-DO!

(*Continued from page 46*)

pictures lull sets him prowling. His mother, Mrs. Fred Pankey, is driven frantic with, "When'm I gonna start my next picture?"

"How should I know, Mickey? Ask the studio."

"I don't wanna be a pest. You're my mom. I gotta right to be a pest with you." On the day he comes bounding in with a Tarzan yell and his new script, peace returns to the home. "Know what, Mom? All the vacation I need is makin' pictures."

At seventeen, he's still the typical American kid—snub nose, cocky grin, bantam swagger, hair like a tumbled hayrick. Aside from his special interest in the movies, all life is divided into five parts—sports, cars, swing music, clothes and girls. He's never been afflicted with the melancholies of adolescence. His spirits are always in high. He's a natural comic, and clowns on the set up to the moment of going into action. Where work is concerned, he's strictly business.

ABOUT to make his first scene for "Love Finds Andy Hardy," he came sliding out of the dressing-room and tap danced into position. Sylvester, his valet, held a mirror while Mickey dragged a comb through his hair. The results were negligible. Grabbing a hammer and nails from a passing carpenter, he went through the motions of tacking his tufts down, then tugged at his scalp fore and aft, as one who settles a toupee. "Ready," called the director, and Mickey dropped foolery, slid to the side of Fay Holden, who plays Mrs. Hardy, kissed her and slid back to his place. This is the rite, without which he will begin no Hardy picture. He calls it his "good luck charm."

Sylvester is a recent acquisition, and Mickey makes it plain that the idea was none of his. Not that he has anything against Sylvester. On the contrary. "Only it looks like I'm tryin' to be a big shot, having a boy work for me at my age."

Nevertheless, he brought Sylvester on himself. At home a fellow's mother, as most mothers know, picks up after him. Mrs. Pankey extended the service to the studio, till Mickey was sixteen. Then she bought him a Ford and sent him out on his own. Which was all very fine, except that neckties flung into corners failed to re-hang themselves on the rack, and shoes, Mickey swore, walked off by themselves. The studio decreed that something would have to be done about it. Sylvester was the result.

Mickey did his own hiring, which took him not much longer than it takes in the telling. "I asked the bootblack if he knew a boy, an' next day Sylvester came around an' I told him his requirements, like takin' care of my wardrobe an' maybe runnin' out for a sandwich if I get a little hungry in the afternoon, an' we discussed money, an' I said, all right, it's a deal."

He still goes to the schoolhouse on the lot, and will until he's eighteen. He doesn't dislike school, just doesn't see any sense in it, "not at the age I am." He hasn't, however, cast all childish things aside. He refuses to get up in the morning till his mother has massaged his back and scratched his head. She started the practise when he was three, and he feels it's coming to him.

"A big bruiser like you," she jeers.

"Sure, but I'm still your little sonny boy," comes his voice, muffled against his hands. "Now scratch the other side, and I'll get up."

On his way to the shower he uncovers Pete, the canary, takes him out of the cage, rubs his topknot, exchanges a couple of peeps with him and restores him to his perch, with a parting admonition to keep his shirt on. He carols under the shower, often one of his own compositions, for, among other ambitions, he nurses that of becoming a song writer. He's found a collaborator in his friend, Sidney Miller, but thus far, no publisher. "So what?" he philosophizes.

To call Mickey a hearty eater is understatement. He puts away an awe-inspiring breakfast of melon, cream of wheat, bacon and eggs, an occasional lamb chop, potatoes always, and a quart of milk. His allowance of thirty dollars is enough, but not too much, since it must cover, besides transportation and incidentals, his notion of six adequate luncheons a week.

Mostly he stays within his budget, but his impulses are generous and sometimes a little fenagling is indicated to keep the books balanced. He got leave from his mother to spend a weekend at Catalina with the boys. His first thoughtful act was to phone her of his safe arrival. His second, to reverse the charges.

"You didn't have to do that, Mickey," she reproached him later. "I'd have given it back to you."

"Yeah, I know. But that way I figured I was safe." He thrust a box at her. "Might as well open it, Mom. Maybe you won't like it." She drew forth a blazing orange jacket. In an effort to conceal her dismay, she stammered. "But how did you know the size?"

"Got the littlest salesgirl to try it on," beamed Mickey.

Last Easter he appeared, clutching behind a huge lily, adorned with two pink bunnies. He was going out that evening. "You're probably short, Mickey. I'll give you back the money for that lily. The sentiment's there, just the same."

"Aw, no—" he protested feebly.

"Come on, take the five dollars."

Mickey whirled indignantly. "Five dollars! That bloom cost ten!"

HE doesn't smoke nor drink, though he's got to puff at a cigarette in "Boys Town," and practises at home, looking sheepish. "Mom, d'ya hate to see me smoke?"

"Not if you want to, Mick. Only you're so set on swimming and exercise. All it does for you, is cut your wind." At which Mickey will drop the cigarette like a viper, and fly to the window for ten minutes' deep breathing.

He plays the piano by ear, and the drums by preference. "Just a music lover," he explains. "Just a noise-lover," amends his mother. On entering the house, he makes straight for the radio, turns it on full blast, grabs the phone in one hand, bangs on the piano with the other and lapses into a state of pure content.

He's proud of the fact that he's played the drums with every famous swingband that's come to Los Angeles. "Like other people collect autographs, I collect drums. Say, put 'em all down, will ya—Benny Goodman, Jan Garber, Freddy Martin, Hal Kemp, Skinny Ennis—it's not many people can say they've played with all those bands, can they?"

His taste in clothes is akin to his taste in music—the louder, the better. Shoes are his hobby, toilet water his passion, and sports clothes a minor career. "A small

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SHE'S A SMARTIE

(Continued from page 35)

the screen. No, here is vitality, capability, strength. Here is no clinging vine. Here is comradeliness, here is a slap on the back, a deep laugh and a hearty voice that makes itself heard across a room. And I like these traits. There is nothing helpless about Sonja Henie. On the screen she may be a bisque doll, but off, she is pretzels and beer.

I could not help calling to mind the prophesy of an editor I know, a man who is usually very wise. He had said, "Some day someone is going to carry that little girl away and marry her for her money."

Not Sonja Henie. Men may try but she will be too smart for them. She is not squandering her money. She knows how to drive a bargain. She is very much aware. And I don't think she has many boy friends. I think men are scared of her. There is something so forceful about Miss Henie.

The suite alone told a story. It was an exceptionally modest one, one living room, one bedroom to be shared with mama. At that, she considered the living room an extravagence.

"I wanted two bedrooms."

Her habit of quick appraisal, her knowledge of values, came to the fore when she met her chum.

"I like your dress. Where did you get it?" she said, all in one breath, and then fingered the silk print as if she were about to guess the price.

Again I saw it when the chum showed her a new diamond wrist watch. With the practiced eye of a connoisseur, Sonja held the bracelet to the light and scrutinized the diamond as if she were a pawn broker.

In one corner stood some newly delivered boxes of shoes. Their labels were that of New York's cheapest cut rate shoe store. "Mama bought them," said Sonja.

NO, this year's take may have netted the Henies over a million dollars, but they're not throwing any of it away.

She sat at the dressing table and, true to her promise, autographed pictures for those waiting fans. Between autographs she turned on a smile for the photographers.

But in the middle of one of these pictures she spied an executive who had just made his entrance. Immediately the smile vanished. She rose, a calculating business woman, looking out for her own interests. She walked towards him and proceeded to unburden her mind. It was all about a photograph which had been published in an ad. It had been printed without her permission. She didn't like the pose and she didn't like the ad and she didn't do those things for nothing and they should please put a stop to it at once. I am sure they did.

When this was over she went right back to the smile and accepted a bundle of Norwegian newspapers from a foreign correspondent.

Again we were in the bedroom. "Tell me, who is on the boat?" she asked.

"Grace Moore."

"I meant men," said Miss Henie.

All the while I marveled at her energy. Only the Saturday before she had been out in Hollywood finishing "My Lucky Star," at two in the afternoon. She had gone home and they had called her for re-takes. She had worked then until midnight. The following day she flew to New York. It had been a bad trip.

"Very bumpy," said her mother.

She arrived in New York Monday night,

(Continued on page 93)



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(*Continued from page 90*)

man should go in for sports clothes," says Mickey, and he has the unabashed courage of his convictions. He'll wear a green hat with a yellow feather, and a brown coat with a red necktie. "Mickey," sighs his mother, "I wish you'd try to blend your colors."

"Listen, you know what I'm considered? A fashionplate."

For a formal dance he donned a pair of iridescent green trousers and a hound's tooth coat. His mother protested in vain, and waited in some trepidation that night for the whistle with which he signals his approach, as he slips his key into the lock. Mickey's cheerfulness was undimmed. "Know what, Mom? They were all wishing they'd come like I did. Their old tuck shirts were melting to their spines."

MICKEY'S mother feels that he reached the climax of sartorial originality the night he joined Otto Klemperer's orchestra on the platform of a Los Angeles concert hall. A brilliant audience had gathered to hear Klemperer conduct "Midsummer Night's Dream." Mickey was to give Puck's prologue. She looked down at him from her box. The black-and-white of his evening clothes left nothing to be desired. Only a couple of wisps stuck at right angles from the sleek casque of his head. Suddenly a flash of color blinded her. Mickey had crossed his legs. Between black cloth and black leather stretched a brief but dizzying rainbow of candy-striped sock, red and green and yellow and red and green. She managed to catch his eye and signalled as frantically as stealth would permit. Mickey sent her a reassuring grin, uncrossed his legs—and crossed them the other way!

They're living in a Hollywood apartment at the moment, but they're going to build in the fall. The house is to be a gift from Mickey to his mother, "for her niceness to me." Since he plans to live there too, he's given notice as to what he wants—"a rambling ranch house with a pool and a tennis court and a rumpus room and my bedroom in knotty pine with six bunks so the fellas can stay over night."

Mrs. Pankey was doubtful. "All I want's a little cottage, Mickey. Mother's not going to have you all her life. You might want to take bachelor apartments when you're twenty-one. Then you'll marry—"

"Listen, Mom. When I'm gonna marry is a long way off. Anyhow, if the girl doesn't like you an' wouldn't want to live with you—" a gesture blotted her out.

Mickey doesn't remember his first date. "Do you?" he wanted to know. "Well, naturally, with a girl it's different. To a boy, maybe, it doesn't mean so much."

He's taken plenty of ribbing on the subject of Judy Garland, which he shrugs off with resignation as "kid stuff." "All that talk about Judy and I—that's a laugh. We're the best of friends, and always will be. Every once in a while we go out on a date together. She's a perfect girl, and the fella that goes around with her is lucky. But Judy and me, we just don't care for each other that way."

He likes brunettes with blue eyes. "June Lang's the kind of girl I could go for—if she was about three years younger, maybe four. Sure, I know she's a blonde, but what a blonde! Pardon me if I'm a little flighty, but foolin' aside, I'm not serious about any girl. Sure I like 'em, an' I like to take 'em out, an' I like 'em pretty, an' I like 'em good dressers. But in my position you gotta be careful. Lots of girls think that because you play certain parts in a picture, you're kind of a ruthless fella. That's the bunk. The girls I go round with are college or late high school girls. We might take in a show or maybe go bowlin' or drop up at my place an' listen to records. An' every Friday night we go to the Cocoanut Grove, me an' my pal Tobias, an' a couple of girls. Me an' Tobias, we're always the same, but the girls are always liable to be different."

Tobias, the friend of his bosom, is nineteen and Mickey's inclined to trust his judgment in girls, as in everything else. Not blindly, forever. "I swung a deal for you, Mick," he'll come in and announce.

"Sa-a-a-y! I'm not goin' out with any blind date. How do I know how tall she is?"

"Well, she's just about the size of your mother."

"Mom, take off your high heels, will you?"

Mrs. Pankey is then led through the measures of a dance, escorted to a table, helped into a car, with Mickey grimacing down at her from the vantage of his three superior inches. After which he dusts his hands briskly. "Okay, Tobe, it's a deal."

Recently she overheard one end of a phone conversation between her son and a girl who rang him up. Mickey's voice was unheated but firm. "Well, frankly, I didn't care for your attitude last time I called you. I mean, you hung up in my ear, that's what I mean. Sure, a girl can have a headache, an' a guy can have measles an' mumps an' chickenpox, but that don't give him any call to hurt a girl's feelings, like you hurt mine. Yeah, I'm sorry too, but there's nothin' we can do about it, an' I'll tell you why. When you hung up, you did something to me—I'm not the same Mickey I used to be—"

Occasionally he'll come home dreamy-eyed and plank himself down at the foot of his mother's bed. "Gee, Mom, I had a swell time. We didn't do anything much, went to a show, then I took her home and her mother made us sandwiches. You know, Mom—maybe I'll marry that girl some day."

"That's up to you and her, son. She's a sweet girl."

"Yeah." But the romantic mood can't hold Mickey for long. He jumps up. "Well, g'night, Mom. Guess I'll sleep over it."

Meantime, the world's his oyster. Tobe's joined him on location for "Boys Town," to be his temporary Sylvester. His mother's going to buy him a new car. Some day, later on, he plans to be a director—"but not until real later." Now all he wants is to keep on acting. School won't last much longer. But swing bands and girls and green iridescent pants go on forever. Vo-do-de-o-do!



Bobby Jordan and Judy Garland help Mickey celebrate his seventeenth.

(*Continued from page 91*)

never feeling the change of climate nor the loss of hours. She was out of her apartment by nine the next morning, running her manager ragged trying to find a projection room where she could see some rushes she had brought with her, transacting tedious business with the income tax bureau, sitting for hours at the haidresser's, visiting the shops and arriving home at seven that evening. Immediately she was out again. This time to do the town, not with a boy friend (evidently there was none in New York), but with one of her managers and his wife. She arrived home at three a.m.

NOW, here it was the next morning and she was on the ship, her only regret being that she didn't have time to buy hats. And she seemed surprised that she felt a little tired.

So she ate some candy, butterscotch for energy. And she talked to her chum.

"I got telegrams," she said, "from Bob and Harry."

Then she thanked her friend for a birthday gift. "A diamond and gold powder box," she explained to me. "It was beautiful. I showed it to everyone at the studio. But I didn't tell them who gave it. They thought it was a man. And they wrote about it in the columns."

Smart little Sonja, already wise in the ways of American publicity.

And she turned to the man who delivered the fur coat. It was an ermine wrap. She inspected it minutely. "Just an old one," she said. "I had it fixed."

She talked about "My Lucky Star."

"It has an 'Alice In Wonderland' sequence. I wish it could have been done in color, the costumes were so beautiful. I hope my next picture will be in color. They are talking about it."

She was thrilled because she will arrive in Norway in time for the opening of "Happy Landing."

"I am just going to rest," she said. "I did not bring with me one pair of skates. I am going to sleep and sleep and get up in time for lunch, and if I sleep longer, get up for dinner."

She talked about skating in Florida. It had been difficult in a tropical climate. "But when you have to, you do it."

This I think is her creed. She certainly is the best disciplined woman I ever met.

The ship's whistle blew a warning. She stared at her manager, her chum and me. She dimpled and said, "Come on, all of you, stay aboard."

I hesitated.

She said, "You don't think I mean it. Of course I mean it, but I know there is no more room . . . not a cabin." She laughed at her little joke.

A man poked his head in the door, inviting her to broadcast. She paid no attention.

"Grace Moore did it," he said. Still she paid no attention.

Then he said Darryl Zanuck had done it, and she flew. After all, what's good enough for the boss . . .

She was out of the door and down the narrow corridor, the man leading her by the hand, I following, and the fans, now multiplied by dozens, crowding down upon her from all sides, closing in . . . shrieking, "There she is!"

Anyone else would have turned back; anyone else would have lost all presence of mind. But not Sonja Henie. She quickly spied news reporters and more executives. She thought of another Hollywood star due in New York and she remembered her alma mater. So she smiled that smile, for playing to the gallery is her forte, and she called back, so everyone could hear, "Goodbye, and give my love to Shirley Temple!"



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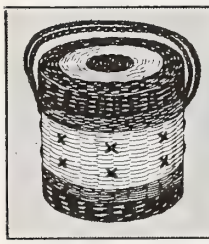


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HE'S NEVER OUT OF CHARACTER

(*Continued from page 31*)

watching him, trying to understand what it is he does, trying to learn from him. He doesn't do anything that I can see. He doesn't do anything that anyone can copy. It's just in the man himself."

In Myron Brinig's new novel, "May Flavin," there is the following passage: "So it is with all great men and women, they not only live their own lives but an inner life into which many other figures are crowded, men and women of their own blood, strangers who have passed them by . . . "

When I read that passage aloud to Mickey Rooney the boy's Irish eyes were quick with tears and he said, conclusively, "Yeah, that's him!"

I thought about these things as Spencer told me about Father Flanagan and the boys he shepherds to young manhood there in his Boys Town. Spencer didn't speak of the picture except when directly questioned, nor about playing the part of Father Flanagan. He talked about the real Boys Town which started over twenty years ago and will be going on long after the studio has ceased turning its cameras on the authentic story of this great humanitarian project.

AND just because he was not speaking in terms of the picture seemed to me additional proof that Spencer's screen greatness lies in the fact that he doesn't play a character with greasepaint and a costume and lines put into his mouth, but with the heart of a man crowded with the problems and plans of the character he is portraying. He is the man, that's all. He isn't making believe. The quality of each character he plays is a quality in him. He was the victim of mob cruelty in "Fury" because he feels that bestial cruelty in his blood. He was Manuel in "Captains Courageous" because that quality of gruff, rough tenderness is in him, too. He was the appealing mechanic in "Test Pilot" because there is in him that profound capacity for friendship which he expressed in the role. He *is* Father Flanagan in Boys Town because those homeless, orphaned kids are living.

"Father Flanagan started Boys Town twenty years ago," Spencer was saying. "He started in his own house with five boys. Before that he was a welfare worker and fooled around with old guys. He realized that you can't put the cart before the horse nor the man before the boy and get anywhere. You can't 'reform' adults. But you can mould the growing boy. It's Father Flanagan's conviction and motto that 'There is no such thing as a bad boy'. And so be began.

"Now the place is a regular little town. 400 acres, all told. The place is run entirely by donations—donations of money, food, clothes. Father Flanagan figures that it takes one hundred and eighty dollars to keep a boy there for one year. One hundred and eighty dollars," said Spencer slowly, "and one kid gets one year of education, food, lodging, clothes and security. A chance to grow straight instead of crooked. One hundred and eighty dollars . . ." and I knew that Spencer was thinking again, of the wealthy children with their toys costing thousands of dollars, with their guards to protect them from such men as the Boys Town boys might have grown to be if it were not for Father Flanagan.

"The first and only 'entrance requirement' to Boys Town," Spencer went on, "is that the boy have no semblance of a home. Nor any living relative, no matter how distant, who could give him a hand-out. Father Flanagan prefers to take boys under twelve years ago, too. But he sometimes takes them older than that because they can't stay in orphanages after the age of twelve. I didn't know that before, did you?"

I said that I didn't. "There's a lot of things we don't know," said Spencer, "we smart mugs who are in the picture business.

"There are no prejudices of any kind in Boys Town, either. There are no lines drawn, neither color nor religious denomination nor any other. There's a boy out of an insane asylum. He's not insane now. He hasn't got Fear for a bedfellow these nights. There's a kid so bowed down with some horror in his life that he walks all the time with his head bowed down to his feet. One day I happened to see the Father pass this kid. He put his hand under the boy's chin, turned his face up to the sky and said:

"'You have a beautiful face, my son, don't be afraid to show it.'

"I'm saying that line in the picture," said Spencer. "I asked them to write it into the script. It's the kind of thing everyone should hear—and think about. Makes you feel kind of useless sometimes when you think about the kind of work a man like Father Flanagan is doing . . . but when I get a chance to play a part like this of Father Flanagan, a chance to say words like that and mean them, I have the feeling that I'm doing something worthwhile, too.

"The only question that Father Flanagan asks is, 'Are you homeless?'" said Spencer. "'Are you homeless?'—kind of a beautiful question, at that. Imagine how it would be if that's all any of us ever asked a fellow being . . . 'are you homeless?' . . . and if the answer were 'yes' that would make him eligible to share and share alike with us. Kind of far-fetched, isn't it? Sure it is. Sure, I know.

FATHER FLANAGAN doesn't believe in heredity. He believes in the child. And so there are all kinds in Boys Town. There are two little hillbillies from Kentucky there. They never saw a pair of shoes nor heard of a motion picture nor listened to a gentle word spoken until they came to Boys Town. There are two kids there who murdered their own fathers. One kid's father had the habit of getting drunk and beating the living daylights out of the mother. The kid, not more than ten years old, had often threatened to 'get' the father. The old man, always laughed at him. But one night the kid let him have it, and shot him dead.

"Another youngster, not more than eight or nine, had taken a violent dislike to his school teacher. So he'd burned the schoolhouse to the ground. One kid had been deserted by his father. His mother was a street-walker. The boy used to get letters from her every now and again. He was proud of them. He was about the only fellow to get any mail.

"One day one of the boys wanted to go fishing with me. I said, 'I won't get you into trouble, will I, if I take you along?' He looked up at me and I'll be a long time remembering the look in his eyes when he said, 'What trouble do you think you could get me in that I haven't been in?' Sure, I'll remember that.

"The kids get schooling through high school. They are each taught a trade. They have self-government, the honor system. Honor is like a word in a foreign tongue to most of them before they came to Boys

Town. One of the boys is the Mayor of Boys Town. The boys elect their own Council from among themselves. They mete out their own punishments. They have their own police force. They grow their own food, do their own farming and milking. There are no fences around the place. They can run away if they want to. They are told that they can. They never do. Makes you wonder about the value of bars of any kind, contracts, bonds, chains. Because you can't run away from yourself," said Spencer, "and, nine times out of ten, when a man wants to run away it's himself that he's trying to escape.

"When the boys are through high school they're on their own. They have to clear out and make room for others. And in all the twenty years since Boys Town began Father Flanagan has never had a jail sentence passed on any one of his boys."

"Yeah," said Spence, "it's good for a fellow to make a trip like that, see what we saw there in Boys Town. We haven't any right, we who are in Hollywood, to give stories about 'hardships.'

"Yeah," repeated Spencer, "it makes you appreciate your rations."

Yeah, and now I have the answer to the quality in Spencer which is the secret of his greatness on the screen. Now I can name it. It's caring. It's really caring about the other fellow. When he played "Fury" that hunted thing he played was in his heart. When he played Manuel, the tenderness was not acting only. It sprang from a natural source. When he played Gable's friend in "Test Pilot" that capacity for friendship was a living fact. In "Boys Town" he *is* Father Flanagan, with the boys of Boys Town walking through his heart. And so it will be in all the characters he gives us, because he lives, "not only his own life, but an inner life into which many figures are crowded."

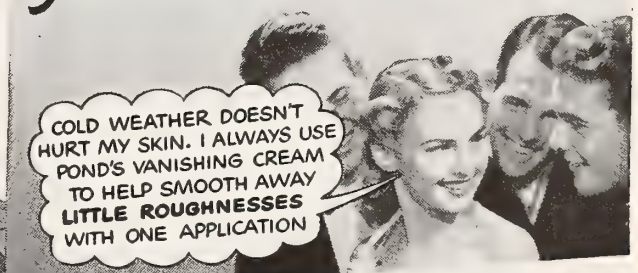


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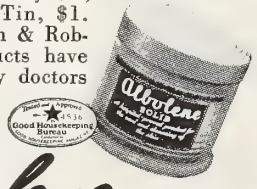
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DIVORCED BECAUSE OF TAXES

(*Continued from page 43*)

it might take him. He knew his presence gave her pleasure. "But it's pure selfishness on my part," he assured her. "I'll bet I get more of a kick out of it than you."

On the other hand, once the theatrical season was over, he'd take her to Paris. They'd haunt the old bookshops, he'd show her the paintings he loved. He opened her eyes and mind to beauty she'd never known existed, and found her an apt pupil. Far from driving them apart, their contrasted backgrounds drew them together and added color and variety to both their lives.

If Korda had never made "Henry VIII," Binnie and Sam would never have parted. Her role in the picture brought offers from Hollywood. She bade her husband a happy good-bye. He would join her soon and they'd go back to England together. Meantime here were new worlds to conquer, and she wouldn't have been Binnie if her heart hadn't leaped at the prospect.

Sam did come over, but Binnie didn't go back with him. If you're a movie actress, if your work comes first, if Hollywood wants you, Hollywood is where you stay.

For a while they closed their eyes to the inevitable. Sam hopped over as often as he could. Binnie dashed back. He never asked her to give up her chosen work. He understood her well enough to realize that she wouldn't have been a whole woman without it.

"We never quarreled," says Binnie, "we never had so much as an argument. He's the best and kindest person I've ever met or I'm ever likely to meet. It sounds so infernally silly to say you divorced him. Things never turn out that way in the story books. No matter how much the girl loves her career, she always gives it up for the man. Love conquers all, or if love doesn't, the patter of little feet does.

"Well, my case proves one of two things—that life doesn't go by formulas, or that I'm a freak. Here was I, established in a paying business, there was Sam in the same spot. Perfect, except for one thing—we were thousands of miles apart. No one would have dreamed of suggesting he give up his work. 'What, that marvelous business that's been in the family for hundreds of years! That business you love! Give it up? You'd be crazy!' And I agree. It would have been crazy.

BUT for me to give up the business I loved, that had been my life—lots of people took that as matter of course. Well, I didn't. Don't think it was easy. I went through Hades and probably put Sam through the same. But I kept coming back to this: If I did give it up, I'd be so miserable that I'd be bound to drag Sam into misery with me. He couldn't be happy with a restless, discontented wife.

"Primarily, it wasn't a question of money. Now don't get me wrong. I'm not one of those airy creatures who can live on sunsets and a lettuce leaf. I think the laborer's worthy of his hire. When I say it wasn't money primarily, I mean just that. My husband had plenty. He was more than generous with it. What was his, was mine. But since I was a kid, I've stood on my own feet, been obliged to no one, dependent on no one but myself. That's the thing I couldn't get along without.

"You may ask, why couldn't I get a job in England? I could, but not as good a job. It's as if you said to Sam, 'Why can't you run your business in America?' He could, but it would have been bad.

"If you've got any pride in what you've built up, you want to build it as solid as possible. Don't think for a minute it's what they call the glamor of pictures that's got me. I don't care a whoop for it. Pictures happen to be my work, that's all. If fate took a hand and washed me up in pictures, there'd be nothing I could do about that. But you can bet your last nickel I'd find other work to do—also that I'd try to find it in England.

"People say to me, 'Why did you and Sam have to divorce? You didn't want to marry another man, he didn't want to marry another woman. Why couldn't you stay married and take the chance that some day you'd get together again?'

I COULD think up all sorts of pretty answers to that one—that it wouldn't have been fair to Sam, or that one ought to be a hundred percent wife, or none at all. Sounds pretty noble, only it isn't the truth. I would have hung on to Sam for dear life, but for one reason. Are you sentimental? Then prepare to be shocked. Me, I'm a realist. My reason, bald and unblushing, was the income tax.

"Sam's a resident of England. As his wife, I'm a resident of England, no matter where I live. That means I paid income tax in two countries. Do you know what the income tax in England is? Well, I won't spoil your dinner by telling you. And you see, Sam earned a lot of money too, which brought the tax still higher for both of us. So high, in fact, that I found myself practically working for nothing. On nothing it's hard to feel independent.

"So we divorced. I think a really mercenary woman would have sat herself in her husband's pocket, and said, 'Now pay up, old boy, for all I've sacrificed in order to be your dear and loving wife.' I'm not out to pin any medals on myself, but I did refuse to hang the burden of my boredom around Sam's neck. I claim a feather for that, here on the left shoulderblade—nothing so gaudy as a wing, you understand—just one small pinfeather."

When Binnie makes one of her flying trips to London, it's Sam who finds an apartment for her. It's with Sam she has dinner night after night, it's with Sam that she goes out dancing. At least once a year he turns up in Hollywood to see her. Each continues to feel an active interest in the other's work.

"And though he's no longer my husband," says Binnie, "I still love him. He's too good not to love. If I were in trouble, it's Sam I'd turn to—yes, even if he married again. I can't say I hope he doesn't—that would be unfair. But if he doesn't, then maybe some day we'll end up together, when I'm through.

"You see, I've no illusions about my place in the movies. I'm not the world's best actress, by any means. I'll never be a star and I don't want to be. But I'm adaptable. That part in 'Three Blind Mice,' for instance. We didn't know how we'd play it until we started. She was a nice dame, but nuts. Well, I suddenly remembered some women I'd met in the south of France. They live there so long, they get cracked. So I copied them.

"Producers know they can rely on me. 'Pick Barnes up,' they'll say. 'Old Barnes'll go through it all right.' I'm aware of that. It used to bother me, but not any more. What's the difference? People like me to a certain extent, I'm happy, I'm grateful, I get money for what I do. I should start worrying whether I'm a star or not, as long as I have enough to eat."

A MAN WHO CAME BACK

(*Continued from page 41*)

intriguing suggestion was made, is still made, that they never have divorced because they are still in love. Some day, whispers Hollywood drowsily, any day perhaps, there may be a reconciliation.

I said to Lew, "If these whispers are true, don't let me write a story about you, omitting all mention of a possible reconciliation between you and Ginger only to have the newspapers headline the news."

"I wouldn't want that to happen, either," Lew told me. "'Reconciliation,' by the way, is, essentially, the wrong word to use about Ginger and me. We are really good friends. We see one another now and then. We talk on the phone occasionally. But, currently, we have no plan for resuming our marriage. If there were any such plan, I would certainly tell you about it. I have no reason to be secretive about anything concerning either Ginger or me."

So anyway, there it was. There would be these little geysers of talk about Lew, interest in Lew, speculations, now and then, as to why so brilliant a career had, seemingly, petered out so vaguely. And that was all—until "Holiday." And then, Hollywood gave itself Ayres again. Then the come-back of Lew Ayres made taproom talk at the Trocadero, at the Brown Derbies, at all the meeting places of producers, agents, directors, critics, where careers (and reputations) are both glamorized and guillotined. More importantly, the studios became Ayres-minded again. Then one of them signed him to a contract. Now he is making "White Collars."

Yes, interest in Lew has taken a powerful shot in the arm. People are asking questions about him.

Was his pride hurt? Was his self-confidence shattered? Has he been bitter? What caused his slip in the first place?

I asked my questions of Lew himself. I had lunch with him in the studio commissary. There was Lew, in make-up, fresh off the "White Collars" set. Lew once again among the Gables, Montgomerys, Tracys, who were lunching at tables around us. Lew, I thought, come into his own again.

I said, "Tell me the story of a comeback. I know it will be exciting."

"I'm sorry, I haven't suffered," smiled Lew. "I know what good copy mental agonies can make. But the flat truth is, I'm glad I went down in those B, C and even D pictures. Because the backsliding has made the kick of coming back all the more intense. I can appreciate being in a big studio now, not having to be on the set until nine in the mornings, not being pushed around quite so much or so fast. I can appreciate it more than I could ever have done had I maintained the level on which I started.

"You know, it's something like never appreciating happiness until you have been unhappy; never knowing the blessedness of relief from pain until you have been in pain; never knowing how to celebrate peace until you have been at war.

"Not, I am sorry to tell you, that I have experienced anything so dramatic as unhappiness because I slipped from my high estate. I haven't worried. I haven't envied. I haven't been bitter. I have worked out of any bewilderment I may have felt at first. In fact, I was much more bewildered when I sat on top of the haystack than I was when I began to slide down. I have never even been distressed. The only thing I've missed is that feeling of wanting to go to bed early so that I would be on tip toe in the morning for the day's work. Otherwise, there are too many things in life to do, to appreciate, for me to feel downed by failure in any one field.

"So many things interest me," said Lew, "that I'm afraid I could never be a fanatic. To be a fanatic you have to be absorbed by one idea, one passion, one ideal. My interests are so many, so diverse, that pictures couldn't be my whole life. I'm afraid, too, that I have a funny bone. And I'm afraid that to be successful you can't have a sense of humor, especially where you yourself are concerned.

"So, the 'many things' have saved me from bemoaning the—shall we say eclipse of the one thing. There are so many things I want to do, could do, or try to do, if I never made another picture. And if I should never make another picture I'm still lucky for all I've done. I know that. Even before I played in 'Holiday'

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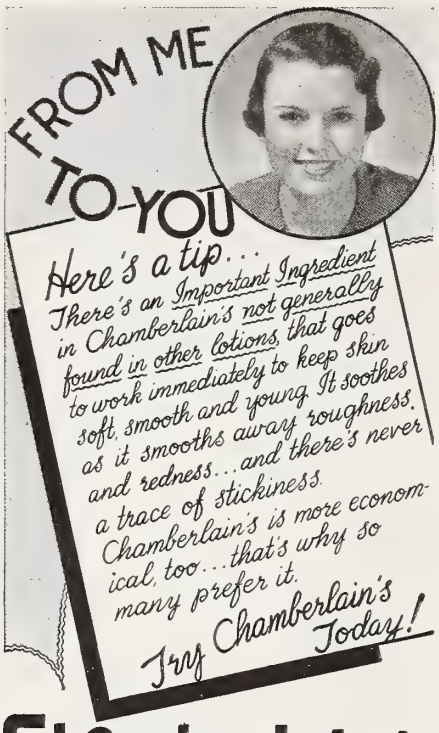
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I was grateful for all I'd been able to do. I knew then that Hollywood owed me nothing."

Lew, I'd say, is of the breed of young men who would watch an operation being performed on himself rather than take an anesthetic. Because his curiosity would be greater than his sense of fear. Similarly, he has watched his career being operated upon, rallying, sinking, rallying again, with the same clinical interest he would display in a surgical amphitheatre.

He said then, "My case history goes something like this: I was too young when I started in pictures. Nineteen years old and a banjo player. That was ten years ago. I was too raw, too inexperienced. I knew no one in Hollywood, not even an extra. I just acted in the pictures they told me to act in. Just acting isn't enough. You've got to know what to fight for. I didn't know what to fight for.

"I came to Hollywood as raw a recruit as ever stepped foot in a studio. I was playing and singing at the Cocoanut Grove with Ray West's orchestra. Ivan Kahn saw me there and offered me my first chance.

I PLAYED bits in two pictures then. People said nice things about me. My third picture was 'All Quiet On The Western Front.' After that came 'Doorway To Hell' and 'Common Clay.' All three were big hits. I was all ready for the knife then. But I didn't know it.

"So there I was, sitting on top without having had to climb there. It can't be done. Read the biographies of men like Muni, Tracy, Gable and you'll realize that, at one time or another, they've done some powerful climbing. I had to do my climbing a little later, that's all. And it's all right. It's been good for me. For if you put a child of seven in high school before he's been to kindergarten the chances are that he'll be demoted to the first grade once they catch on to him.

"I was too successful at the start for the continued good health of my career. Then I didn't fight. There didn't seem to be anything to fight for. I didn't try to improve myself as an actor because, I thought, why should I? I realized that there was plenty of room for improvement but they seemed to like me as I was, so maybe I'd better stay as I was. I did.

"Then I made a series of bad pictures. The skids were under me and I knew it. Then my looks were against me because I was, unfortunately for me, a leading-man type—young, regular features and all that. I wanted to play character parts. I did not want to pose in profile among romance and roses.

"And so the see-saw began. I'd go down, then I'd come up again, and then in reverse. Little by little the ups became less up and the downs would be more downs and stay down longer. It was like a pendulum swinging, slower and slower and ever more slowly.

"I was twice married and twice unsuccessfully. I am completely unembittered by these experiences. I am not one of those who believe that Hollywood marriages cannot last, that, because a wife is a star and independent, the marriage is foredoomed to failure. On the contrary, I think it's a very fine thing for both husband and wife to be totally independent.

"I've bought a small house atop the highest hill in Hollywood. And I live there, alone. And like it. It's a very selfish way of living, I know. And I don't say that I want to live this way for the rest of my life. But right now I am, and for some time have been, well content to be alone.

"I've never been discouraged about anything," Lew continued. "Inclined to be moody, I've had my ups and downs, of course, good days and days not so good. But at least I've had enough perspective on myself to realize that I have the same good days and bad days whatever I'm doing at the time.

"Things were going along in this fashion when I ran into George Cukor in the lobby of the Biltmore Theatre in Los Angeles one night. Cukor was the dialogue director on 'All Quiet.' I hadn't seen him for years. We exchanged greetings. He said to me, laughing, 'I thought you'd be an old, gray-headed man by this time!' That was all. A week later he called me on the telephone, said he wanted to talk to me about the part in 'Holiday.'

"We talked. I made the test. That wasn't enough for Cukor. He talked to me about the part again. He made me read it to him, not once but many times. He then made me take lessons in diction.

"It was a thrill. Of course it was. I realized fully that here was an opportunity that was, literally, battering down my door. But, although I knew it was my big chance, I wasn't nervous about it. I'd been working very hard and perhaps I was too tired to feel nervous. Perhaps that was just as well, too, for the young man I played was also tired, all the way through. Then came the work, the hard work, but enormously stimulating because it was something that mattered. And then the preview, the reviews, and the word passed that I had 'come back.' And so, here I am.

"I don't believe," Lew said slowly, "that it's luck, the 'breaks' when good things happen to us. I don't believe that life is that shallow. I'd hate to think that life hinges on luck alone. It's a defeatist sort of philosophy to believe that everything depends on a throw of the dice.

"It might be called luck, my happening to be in the lobby of the Biltmore the same night that Cukor was there. But luck alone wouldn't have done it. If Cukor hadn't had some residue of faith in me he would have said, 'Hullo and goodbye.' And I—I would have stayed back.

"I have faith, you know, in a sort of divine justification. I think that we get things when we are ready for them.

"But that meeting with Cukor was not the first step in my 'come-back,'" smiled Lew. "It was the last. The first step was taken when I took the first step down."



You'll be seein' Nancy Kelly in "Jesse James." Nice?

GINGER'S MAMA SPEAKS HER PIECE

(*Continued from page 33*)

These were to be played the day after Lela left. On the train, Lela, whose humor is a great deal like her daughter's, wired, "If you don't win its bread and water for a week." The following morning she received, "It's bread and water, get it."

The minute Ginger heard about her six-week vacation, the first she's had in years, she called Lela in New York with, "I don't know where we'll go, but when the time comes get ready to fly to me!"

And, as a surprise, she shipped Lela's car, equipped with four new tires, to New York. Of course this is nothing new. With her first big pay check (it was a thousand dollars) Ginger took the whole thing and with it bought a brooch for her mother. And she designed that brooch.

Lela, too, is no slouch at surprises. It was she who gave Ginger the now famous soda fountain.

"I never dreamed how popular it would become. It's a boon for servants because all the guests insists upon making their own. Ginger doesn't drink, you know. She lives on malted milks and sodas. I gave her the fountain as a mark of luxury, as a way of saying, "You have arrived!"

Well, a mother-daughter friendship like that, with its attendant sense of humor, doesn't break.

As for the normal life . . .

"If any star's life is normal, it's Ginger's. And it's much easier to live normally in Hollywood than here in the East. Why, it took us two years to build our house. Twenty-five towns lie under our noses, we're ten minutes from the studio, and yet, we're so surrounded by hills that we're isolated. I didn't wear a pair of stockings all summer, or a summer dress; just lived in my bathing suit. Ginger goes to work in slacks. When I say work I mean work. You've got to be a trouper to get on top or stay on top.

"I wish you could see all her clothes hanging in the closet because she has no time to wear them. The night I left for the East we figured she had been out for dinner exactly twice in six months! She did manage to get to her own preview, but that, in its way, is work. But she was broken hearted because she couldn't get to Maggie's—Margaret Sullavan's, you know. Ginger is crazy about her. The night of that preview the studio kept Ginger until seven-thirty, and by the time she came home and had dinner, it was, as she said, 'As usual, too late.'

"Every Sunday we serve a buffet supper in our basement playroom and Ginger's gang comes—Maggie and Leland, Dorothy Fields, Bob Riskin, Phyllis Frazier, Jimmy Stewart.

"Ginger is the one who started all those quiz games that became such a fad. Every free night Bob Riskin would head one team, Dorothy Fields the other. And they would come armed with dictionaries and encyclopedias, literally playing for blood. It's great mental exercise, and Ginger loves it."

Of all Ginger's boy friends Lela seems to favor writer Robert Riskin. "He's the sweetest boy. Of course Ginger goes out a lot with Jimmy Stewart these days, but," Lela added significantly, "Jimmy manages to distribute himself among all the girls. He's very popular, you know."

She paused. Then, "Ginger has changed a great deal. Her faults have always been for blood. It's great mental exercise, and the chief fault of all the Rogers women, that of being too frank for their own good. Men don't like honest women. They're scared of them. It's always a straight 'Yes' or 'No' with Ginger, no side-stepping. She likes you or she doesn't. She's inherently honest, and that doesn't make for happiness. But if you're made that way there's nothing you can do about it. I know.

"Certainly, she has grown more serious. And her tastes have changed, especially in clothes. Her dresses used to be much too fancy. Now she is going in for the simple kind. She had to learn that by herself. Good taste grows as we grow.

"And," Lela Rogers hesitated, "this sounds unkind to the past, but, naturally, Ginger's taste in men has also changed. Nobody can bank on the idiosyncracies of love, but I have a hunch that the next important man in Ginger's life will be older and serious thinking, not just a boy. Heretofore, she's always had a youth complex, but now maturity has set in."

Her voice softened. "As Ginger's

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mother, I think I know what she wants. It may sound trite to say, but I know from the occasional remarks she lets fall, and the questions she asks, and the way she acts that the only thing Ginger wants out of life is what every girl wants if she is thoroughly honest with herself—a home and babies. Ginger is twenty-seven now.

I think in three years she will have her heart's desire. Why, everything she does points that way. All her spare time, those few rare minutes, goes to Brooke Heyward, Maggie's child. Ginger was so proud because Brooke paid her first call on us. Ginger took up knitting so she could make Brooke a sweater. And every once in awhile Ginger asks about babies, funny little details, and whether I think she is too old to have one." Mrs. Rogers laughed. "Ginger, at twenty-seven, worrying about her age. But you can see what she is thinking about—in what direction her mind lies.

"Not that I think she could actually quit working for any great length of time. Ginger would never be happy idle."

She paused as a trim maid passed us iced coffee and little cakes. And I had time to sit back and study this Lela Rogers, whose face is stamped with living and work, and yet, who looks so much like Ginger, the expression around her mouth, the shape of her legs, a turn here and there. The sitting room makes a perfect background, with its white mantelpiece, its Venetian blinds, the vases alive with flowers, the chintz covered furniture.

On the mantel stood a picture of J. Edgar Hoover with the inscription "To Lela E. Rogers, in appreciation of a valued friendship." And on a table the only photograph of Ginger . . . Ginger wearing a plain sports frock, Ginger, her arms folded and looking straight at you with that frank, likeable stare of hers.

Lela Rogers looked at the picture too. "It's not easy," she said, "for a mother to talk about her daughter's faults. Every duck thinks her chick is white, but to me, Ginger's worst fault is the fact that when something bothers her she keeps it within herself. And it eats inside. I can always tell. Then I say, 'Out with it!'

ONCE I said this and she began, 'Pan (meaning producer Pandro Berman) said three months ago . . .'

"'Three months ago!'" I shouted. "And you've been worrying about this all that time! Go to him and have it out! When she used to be afraid to do that, I often started the battles for her.

"In that instance Pan had promised Ginger she didn't have to work with a certain person, and there he was, cast just the same. Please don't misunderstand, the person was *not* Astaire."

And then Lela Rogers made a startling and generous announcement. "I consider the success of their pictures due to Fred Astaire. He is tireless, painstaking, a glutton for perfection. And he fights for what he wants. So he fought for Ginger too. He was the first person to insist upon having a dance photographed all the way through. The producer said it would lose camera interest. They wanted to shoot away to a man chewing gum, a woman powdering her nose. Astaire said, 'If you don't do it my way, you don't get the dance!' So they gave in. And you know the result. He must have things right, or not at all. Because Ginger was his partner and believed as he believed, he fought for her rights, too. By herself, she never would have fought.

"For, believe it or not, Ginger has a great inferiority complex. She thinks everybody is better than she is. Do you know she was scared to death to tackle a dramatic part? And now, I believe that's the only kind she should go in for. Why, she was frightened stiff to act with Hepburn! Ginger is a square shooter. Give the other fellow a scene, and she practically turns her back. You can notice this in 'Vivacious Lady.' When it was Jimmy's turn, the camera was his. But Ginger knew Hepburn is an actress with every trick up her sleeve and ready to use them all. She felt she never could stand a chance playing in the same picture with Hepburn weaving around her. She herself felt she was no match as an actress. But she has will power. So she went to it. It was her job and Ginger faced it. When it comes to her own faults I must say she is painstaking about trying to overcome them. She has more will power than anyone I ever saw."

And I thought to myself, no wonder, she comes by it naturally. For what other mother would have the nerve to walk out and just stand by while her chick fends for itself? Only one with tremendous will power of her own—one like Lela Rogers.

IN BETWEEN

(*Continued from page 78*)

to New York we stayed on for my health and I sort of 'lucked' into pictures. I had done a couple of small parts when they started looking for a child that looked like Ann Harding. A lady living in the same apartment house with us told about me and I got the job. From then on, it was easy sailing; that is, till now. It's pretty tough when you've grown up, but aren't old enough to do things you enjoy."

You can see, too, that despite her cries of maturity and for all her fifteen years, Bonita *has* grown up! But, she hasn't arrived at the age when she looks romantically toward a handsome gent following in her footsteps, love aglow in his eyes! Seems, Bobby Jordon, one of the "Dead End" kids got a crush on Miss G. and followed her wherever she went. But to no avail! However, she did go into ecstasies over one gentleman of the cinema.

"Do you know who I really adore?" Bonita began. "Spencer Tracy! I think he's the finest actor I've ever seen in all my life. Everything he does seems so easy; while, with other actors, you're continually conscious of the struggle they're making to portray a part. With Mr. Tracy everything he does is the character. Yet each man he plays is entirely different and a real person. That's the test of acting, when you can play yourself, or submerge yourself into a character and not make the audience conscious that you're doing it. He seems to have something that no one else has on the screen. I think that's why he is great. Wouldn't it be wonderful to be able to act like Spencer Tracy?"

Indeed, it would, we agreed.

It's something quite remarkable for a girl fifteen to have such good judgment as Bonita Granville. In fact, that is probably one of the main reasons she is such a good actress. She doesn't know why she feels about things as she does. She only knows that by instinct she feels what is right and acts accordingly.

Many a youngster would pick as her ideal a handsome John Payne, or a beautiful Virginia Bruce. But not Bonita Granville! She's far too intelligent. She chooses the two top acting names in the movie world, tops because of their ability and not for their photographic angles. These are the stars little Miss Granville sets herself to emulate and, knowing Bonita, our guess is that in the future she will come into a place of her own that will equal any of the great stellar lights of her day.

MAKING THE MOST OF THINGS

(*Continued from page 45*)

nature with art, make up your mouth along its natural lines and let it go at that. Then make expression do what you can't do with make-up. Our pal Number One, for example, should consciously turn her mouth up at the corners until the habit becomes natural to her.

More hints for Number One: Do notice, please, how that double strand of pearls exactly reproduces the unbucked-up line of the chin. The lesson here is never to repeat a bad line.. If Nature has treated you shabbily in some feature, don't repeat that line by any detail of dress or ornament. The high, draped neckline on Number Six also calls attention to her chin. If the dress were in a light color, it would be all right. But better necklines would be broad necklines or squares. Tailored collars would be okay, too, but best in light colors. She should avoid V's.

You can do wonders for a weak chin by this very simple exercise. Results won't come quickly, but they will come with time. Rest your elbow on the table, your chin in the palm of your hand. Open and close your mouth very slowly, resisting the push of the chin all you can. That's all. You can do this exercise in any convenient odd moments.

Number One might, when she is some years older, lengthen her brows the least bit at the outer corners. She is right in leaving them in their natural straight line. An arch would add to the illusion of length and narrowness which her face gives. I can't find much fault with the hair, since it is youthfully and simply arranged to suit her age. Perhaps there might be a little more fullness at the crown to give the face added width. Finally, this girl should never wear high hats, for obvious reasons, and she will never be able to wear too sophisticated a hat.

Girl Number Two, now, has a very short chin, and a very full mouth, particularly the lower lip. And, again, a tiny, too narrow face. The nose is just a wee touch long. She has done her hair out in that big roll on one side and a whoosh of curl on the other in the mistaken idea that it widens her face. It doesn't. Now if this girl had been a blonde, the contrast between her hair and her skin wouldn't have been so pronounced, see, and perhaps the stiff, rather formal coiffure would have had the desired effect, but as it is, the contrast between the dark hair and the skin makes the narrowness of the face all the more apparent. What to do, what to do?

With a little skill, this girl can have that desired blessing, the heart-shaped face. She has the small, delicate, but nicely cut chin. But she can't have all that forehead. And it's a nice forehead—it's a shame to hide it. Probably that's what the girl figured, but in acquiring beauty, we must consider proportion. A center part and a pressure forward onto the forehead of soft waves would be one solution. If she looks ghastly with a center part (and the rather long, thin nose might thus be accentuated) she might continue to part her hair where she does and have a short, thin, slightly curled bang. It would help.

Another thing: this girl's cheeks seem full when contrasted with her small chin. If her hair were a little longer and a tendril or so were allowed to escape over the jaw line, it might be a good idea. But that isn't so important as concealing part of the forehead height.

Number Two's mouth is full and sensuous. That's all right. A cultivated upturn in expression would be more attractive, as in the case of Number Six. The eyes are rather prominent, with deep lids—that is to say, a lot of space between eyelash and eyebrow. This is the ideal type of eyelid for eyeshadow.

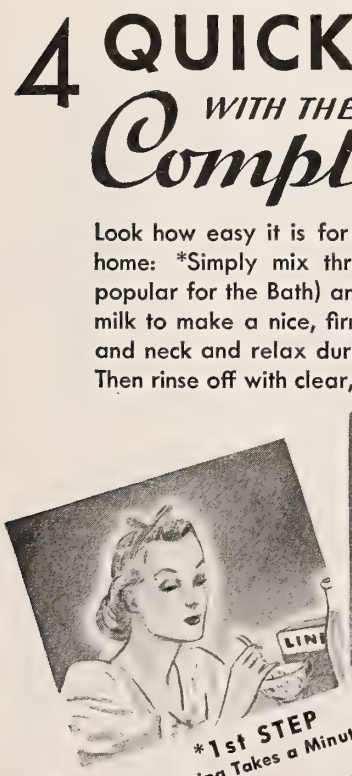
The nose, as I said, is a trifle long.

In general, I advise you not to worry much about your noses. You can't do a great deal about 'em anyway, and if you play up your eyes and your mouths, people aren't going to notice noses nearly as much as you think. However, there are a few tricks to kid the public about noses, and I'll pass them along. With a long nose, make sure that the inner point of the eyebrow doesn't come any further in than the inner corner of the eye. This girl is okay in that respect—in fact, her eyebrows start a little beyond that point, which also helps to widen her face. If your nose is large, powder it a little darker than the rest of your face. If it's small and buttony, powder it a little lighter.

Number Three is a swell, friendly, outdoorsy looking gal. Black hair with a natural curl, blue eyes, those decidedly

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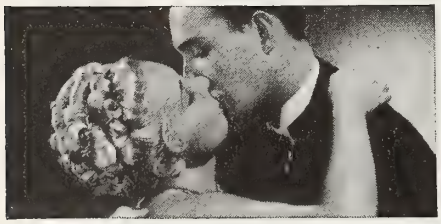
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marked eyebrows. Those grand teeth. A fine, likable face. The only thing I'd want to do would be to glamorize it a little for certain occasions. She looks like a girl who would be very popular on the golf course—but on the dance floor, she might be overshadowed by more languorous, less wholesome looking belles.

Number Three's face is a little on the wide side, and I've a hint to pass along about that. The nose is slightly bulbous at the tip, and I've a hint about that, too. Those brows are the least bit heavy at the inner corners, but they're so black and decided that, in this particular case, I think I'd leave them alone. Widening the space between the brows, you know, detracts from the effect of a blob on the end of one's nose.

Reams have been written about cutting down—and increasing—the width of a face by the placement of rouge. It can be done—by an expert. But the trouble is, if you put your rouge in the right spot to narrow or widen your face, it never seems to be the logical spot for you to have a flush of color. I think it's much easier to make one's hair do the trick. Number Three's face isn't so full as to be unattractive, but she could narrow it a little by bringing her hair down another inch and possibly letting it come forward a bit over the cheeks. If your face is too wide, don't make the common mistake of thinking you narrow it by slicking your hair back. Over-plump—*and* over-thin—faces profit by concealing part of the facial outline with a wave or a curl.

Another thing, while I'm being so fussy. This gal is young—in her early twenties. Come later years, I have a hunch that she'd better watch that chin. A fine exercise for keeping away—or getting rid of—a double chin is the following simple little stunt. Lie face down on the bed, with your head and shoulders hanging over the edge. Drop your head down. Then pull it up slowly and back as far as you can. Feel the pull in your throat muscles. This is also good for that little cushion of flesh which comes on the back of the neck—commonly known as dowager's hump.

I SAID something about glamorizing the face of Number Three, didn't I? Well, let—me—see. If you are in danger of being eternally classed as a "swell egg" . . . It used to be "a perfect peach"—ugh!—in my day. If, as I say, you're tops on the golf course, but find romance staying away in buckets on other occasions, what's to do about it? You can't make yourself all over just because there's moonlight and music, can you? No. Nor would you wish to. But girl Number Three could, for example, romanticize herself by three means: eye make-up, hairdo, and expression. The eye make-up would consist of nothing more revolutionary than putting mascara on her lashes, which should go unadorned in the daytime. She should make them up to match the luxuriance of the brows.

The hair, now. She wouldn't look so good in a long bob. No. Then it geefs an Up Coiffure—or false hair. Personally, I think this type of girl would look regal and distinguished with a false coronet standing up on the top of her head, her own hair smoothed into a rather slick, severe line around her face. True, this suggestion isn't the latest scream from Paris in the hair line, but nothing is more stunning for the right type. She should wear plain, beautifully cut, rather revealing evening gowns, of beautiful material, in black or some smashing, vivid, solid color. Never a frill or a bouffant line in sight. The young snips in the male line may prefer the Itsy-Bitsies and the Cutie-Pies, but I'll bet that the Interesting Older Men come flocking. And —oh, yes—the expression. Just cut down that smile, Number Three, please. Reduce it from the hail-fellow-well-met sort of thing to the half-smile, of the Mona Lisa variety.

Number Four was an exceedingly pretty girl. Therefore, I haven't a whole heap to say about her. Just a coupla things. Notice how charmingly her hairline is shown to advantage. If you still consider the longer bob most becoming and practical for general wear, here is a nice style for a well-proportioned, good-featured face. An upward feeling is achieved by securing the front hair with two tiny, efficient combs. For evening, this girl could lift the back hair onto the crown of her head, hold it with the combs, curl the ends flat and pin them with a few judicious invisibles.

THE particular reason I included this picture is that this girl's eyes are deep set and not nearly as large as they appear. Notice that the brows are not arched and that they are left in their natural position—fairly close to the eyes. This is the first trick to remember in making deep set or small eyes appear larger and more prominent. The amateur does the opposite—plucks or pencils the brows into a high arch. All wrong. Remember that. If your brows grow naturally too far from your eyes, train them down with vaseline and brushing. Pluck a very few hairs from the upper edge. Put mascara on the tips of your lashes only, and brush the outer lashes out in a diagonal line.

Numbers Five and Six—they're the sad birds. But each one has possibilities—oh, yes. That is proved by the fact that dear old Number Five is the selfsame girl as the one posing for the five sitting pictures. Perhaps you've noticed that already. Only, in the small picture, she has on no make-up at all, her expression is that of one who has just received a nasty letter from the Collector of Internal Revenue, and her hair is—well, need I say more?

It is this girl's coloring, however, that I want chiefly to discuss. She is a redhead. Redheads can be either stunning—or downright homely. Because usually, aside from the shining hair, they seldom are blessed with natural beauty. Their features are apt to be difficult—piquant, perhaps, but rarely classic. They usually have light eyes. Nothing much in the way of brows and lashes. Delicate skins which almost invariably freckle. They are the most difficult of all types to make up, and they need make-up very badly.

In the larger pictures, you see Number Five with her make-up on, her hair simply and becomingly arranged. She is a red-gold type of redhead, with big gray-green eyes, light brows and lashes, a wide mouth, a face that is very interesting in bone structure and plumb-full of character, but not pretty.

This girl uses a very clever shade of eyebrow pencil and mascara. It is what used to be labelled in my childhood paint-box "burnt sienna." A light brown-red. More brown than red, but not a definite browny brown. It was perfect. A darker redhead, now—one with mahogany or henna hair—could use the usual brown mascara. But strawberry blondes, golden redheads and carrot tops should shop around until they find this brown-red shade. It comes in theatrical make-ups and in some of the higher priced brands. No rouge is a good rule for redheads, but if you look terrible without rouge, get a shade which has a touch of brown in it. The same goes for lipstick. It may mean extra trouble, but it's worth it.

In choosing powder, each redhead must experiment. That's absolutely all I can say. In general, a light rachel is best. But

sometimes, the florid coloring of this type demands more of a blush tone. In summer, when the freckles become more apparent, a mixture of a light suntan and a blush shade may be good. If your skin is nice, you could go without powder, fight each season's batch of freckles with a good anti-freckle cream, make up your eyes and mouth and let it go at that.

On Number Six, we see what disaster can befall when hair isn't properly taken care of. Perhaps her coiffure is all wrong and perhaps it isn't—I can't tell. The point is that her hair is in such a limp, lifeless condition that even if the hairdo were good, I wouldn't like it. The effort to lift the face up a bit by that coxcomb over the forehead is pathetic. The hair won't lift—it won't stay put. First of all, then, Number Six needs a good course in massage, gentle brushing, and plenty of good, warm olive oil. She needs to get her hair in condition above all else.

The eyes need make-up. The brows need to be lengthened, the lashes mascaraed. Since the eyebrows aren't much account anyway, I would suggest that they be arched a little, by means of judicious plucking, over the center of the eye, and then pencilled and brought out at the edges.

This girl might soften her decided jaw by fluffing her re-conditioned hair a little more forward. Rouge might be brought down onto the prominent jaw and blended with great care, and then powdered over. If your jaw is a decided one, remember to powder your neck carefully the same shade as your face. Number Six should cultivate a less starey expression. Her mouth should be made fuller and softer with lipstick.

Well, sir, I've spent so much time on my six young friends, I'll have to hustle through my lecture on gestures. The five larger pictures on pages 38 and 39 pretty much tell their own story anyway. Four of them point out certain common faults committed, through nervousness and lack of poise, by girls who are as pretty or even prettier than our model. That's why you sometimes see the poised plain girl having a better time and catching more beaux than the self-conscious beauty.

You recognize, I'm sure, the girl who has tobacco-trouble. Either she shouldn't smoke, or she should manfully swallow the tobacco, or she should learn how to smoke without getting shreds of the weed in her teeth. You recognize the belle who can't keep her straps up. She should have a dress rehearsal in her evening frock. So often we are apt to stand like a mannequin in the new gown in front of our mirrors, and think it's going to stay that way when we sit or lounge or dance. Remember to sit straight so that straps don't flop-doodle down the arm, or else shorten the straps, or choose something with a stronger bond between you and indecency than four strings of chiffon.

You recognize the "fiddler." She happens to be fiddling with her hair. She probably also fiddles with her hanky, packets of matches and anything that comes handy. Keep your hands *still*—until you have occasion to use them, and then use them as gracefully as you possibly can.

And then there's the picture where our model has fetchingly poised one hand on her shoulder, crooked the other one into her chest, and is favoring the world with an ear-to-ear grin. She is indicating to the gent who is talking to her that she's just too, too enthralled with his conversation—and she is overdoing it to beat hell. Contrast this picture with the quiet, poised girl with her hands clasped under her chin, her head bent charmingly forward just a little and the absorbed, half smile on her lips. Much, much better.

Just one last warning to you all. There are a lot of girls who look like perfect knock-outs—until they open their mouths. And then—you guessed it—dull, unattractive teeth ruin the whole effect. Well, there's a remedy for that too. What kind of dentifrice do you use? Is it too soapy, or does it contain grit? I know an excellent tooth powder which contains no grit, pumice or bleach but it does contain Irium, that wonderful cleansing agent which helps brush away surface stains that hide the beauty of teeth. If you'll fill out the coupon below we'll be glad to send you a seven-day free trial packet of this tooth powder.

Remember, not only the voice, but the face with the smile wins. And, in order to make yours winning, your teeth must be the proverbial pearly white.

That is absolutely, positively all the space I can take up. I could go on forever—each individual beauty problem is so different. There is so much to say about so many types. But I don't want to wear out muh welcome. So I'll sign off now, quickly, before I think of something else.

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RONALD COLMAN: It's not easy to picture the dashing Ronald Colman in black face, but he actually made his professional debut under a generous application of burnt cork. The occasion was a playlet by Tagore, entitled "The Maharanee of Arakan," the time, 1916, and the place the Coliseum in London. Ronald played a herald. Born in Richmond, Surrey, England, February 9, 1891, Colman attended the Hadley School at Littlehampton, Sussex, until he was sixteen, when the death of his father made it imperative that Ronald find work. He found a job as an office boy at $2.50 a week, and within five years rose to the position of junior accountant. At night he continued to indulge his interest in amateur theatricals, which had its origin during his Hadley School days. He also enlisted in the London Scottish Regiment, the equivalent of our National Guard. 1914 found him in the front line trenches, a private in Kitchener's "Contemptibles," that first hundred thousand of England's army to land in France. He saw action in the first battle of Ypres, suffered a fractured ankle at Messines and was sent back to England and given clerical work for his second year in the army. Finally he was discharged, after an unsuccessful attempt to get back into action. His blackface stage debut was followed by roles in "The Misleading Lady" and "Damaged Goods." He took a very small fling at films, making a two reel comedy in an improvised studio rigged up in a vacant house, and today expresses extreme gratitude for the fact that it was never shown. In 1920, he came to America armed with thirty-seven dollars and three clean collars. He was down to his last dollar when he got a role in "The Dauntless Three." In 1922, he was sent to Italy to play the male lead opposite Lillian Gish in "The White Sister." He remained there to make "Romola" with the same star. After that Colman returned to Hollywood and made many successful pictures, including "Bulldog Drummond," "Arrowsmith," "The Masquerader," etc. After another European vacation, Colman signed a new contract, made "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back" and "Clive of India." His last two pictures were: "Lost Horizon" and "Prisoner of Zenda." His next will be "If I Were King." Ronald Colman is five feet eleven inches tall, has dark brown hair and eyes. He weighs one hundred sixty pounds. He enjoys tennis, motoring, reading and swimming. He was married once and divorced. At present Colman's name is often linked romantically with that of Benita Hume, English actress. You may address him in care of Paramount Studios, Hollywood, California.



LORETTA YOUNG: Don't let her record of twenty years in the movies fool you, for this talented star is still a youngster, unless you call twenty-five middle-aged. Loretta Young was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6, 1913. Her real name is Gretchen Young. Loretta's whole family has been pretty closely identified with the movies. Her two sisters, Polly Ann and Sally Blane, have done considerable work in pictures. Loretta made one appearance at the age of five, then went to school in Los Angeles and Alhambra, California. When she was fourteen years old Polly Ann's studio called one day for that young lady to come in for a new role. But Polly Ann was away, so Loretta went over in her sister's place. She got the role, too, and played it so well that she won a long-time contract. She's been in the movies almost constantly ever since. She has been cast in a great many big productions, and at one time or another has played opposite almost every one of the screen's leading men. Loretta is as active as three average girls. Some of her hobbies are dancing, riding, swimming, yachting, flying and

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ping pong. She selects her own wardrobe both on and off the screen, and is a tireless movie fan. She also is quite a camera addict and takes her own movies everywhere she goes. Photography is probably her favorite hobby. Loretta Young is naturally reserved. She does a lot of reading, and prefers the intellectual type of man. She comes from a charming, harmonious home, and was educated mostly in convents and by private tutors. She is five feet three inches tall, has light golden brown hair and deep blue eyes. She weighs one hundred and nine pounds. Loretta is considered one of the best camera subjects in the movies because she photographs well from every angle. Loretta's last two pictures were "Four Men and a Prayer" and "Three Blind Mice." Her next will be "Suez." You may address her in care of 20th Century-Fox Studios, Hollywood, California.



LEO CARRILLO: This versatile character actor was born in Los Angeles, California, on an August 6th at the turn of the century. He is one of the eleven children of Juan J. Carrillo, first mayor of Santa Monica, California, and of Francisco Roldan de Carrillo. Leo, a direct descendant of the California dons, possesses a historical heritage unequalled by any other motion picture celebrity. His great-grandfather, Carlos Antonio Carrillo, the first provisional governor of California, fought the Battle of Cahuenga Pass a century ago against Michael Torena Bandini, an Italian admiral, and settled in San Diego early in the nineteenth century. At one time the Carrillos, through inter-marriage with other prominent early California families, owned nearly all the territory between Monterey and the Mexican border. The future actor received his early education at Santa Monica High School and at St. Vincent's (now Loyola College). He admits he was a restless scholar but a good athlete, and at one time he held the coast championship for long distance ocean swimming. His mother hoped he would become a priest, but his father favored the boy's desire to become an artist. Leo travelled north to San Francisco, working on the railroad en route, and became a cartoonist on the "Examiner." There he was assigned to Chinatown. He picked up Chinese and Italian dialects and became popular in San Francisco amateur theatricals and as an after-dinner speaker. He prepared a vaudeville act and was booked by the Orpheum Circuit. He remained in vaudeville for several years as a headliner, but his career as a legitimate actor began when, while playing polo at a fashionable Long Island club, he ad libbed a comic Italian, was overheard by a theatrical producer, and was given the part of an Italian in "Twin Beds." His greatest stage triumph was "Lombardi, Ltd." especially written for him. In it he starred for four seasons, touring New Zealand, Australia and Tasmania. Carrillo made his screen debut in "Mr. Antonio" in 1929. Since then he has made some forty or fifty pictures. His role of Corelli, the warm-hearted music-loving Italian gambler in "Love Me Forever" with Grace Moore, ranks as his favorite. Carrillo is married to Edith Shakespeare, a non-professional, and they have a seventeen-year-old adopted daughter, Marie Antoinette. They live on a ten-

(*Continued on page 115*)

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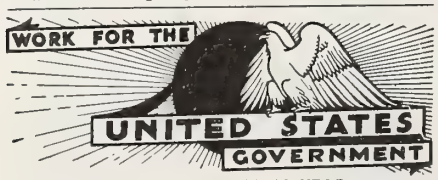
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HOW NERVOUS WOMEN CAN SLEEP EASILY



By Dorothy Blake

Being a woman myself, I know that many women, as well as men, find it extremely difficult to fall asleep for hours after they retire — that others become fully awake after they have slept for just a short time, then find it almost impossible to go back to sleep. The next day they are nervous, unstrung, highly irritable. Before retiring I take one or two TREMS Tablets. That's ALL I do. In about 15 minutes, tense nerves are completely relaxed, that taut feeling goes and I get a good night's sleep. All ingredients in TREMS are U. S. P. tested. Why put up with another sleepless night or nerve-wracking day when you can enjoy glorious relaxation with TREMS? **If your druggist does not have TREMS, send your name, address and 10c to TREMS, St. Louis, and 25c Introductory Package will be sent postpaid.**



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SHE'S LOOKING FOR LOVE

(*Continued from page 39*)

refused Joe Doakes. There isn't much left nowadays of that sort of mewling and mooning. With the exception of the few fanatic fans who can see no romance in The Boy Next Door because he can't sing like Nelson Eddy, croon like Bing Crosby, wing an arrow like Errol Flynn, look like Tyrone Power or sweep them off their feet like Clark Gable.

"Today," said Olivia, "we think with the man's side of our brains. I know that I'm learning, too. I've seen to it, this past year, that I did some growing up. I'm not the girl I was a year ago. I realize that God gave me a brain as well as a body and I'm using the brain. Now I make my own decisions. I guide my own existence. I haven't much time to dream. There are too many things to do. A year ago I regretted that I didn't have more time for dreaming. Now I don't. I know that it's healthier.

"I'm not susceptible, I guess," laughed Olivia. "I never imagine that I am in love with anyone. When I fall in love, I'll know it. And when I do fall in love I want something honest, something substantial, something, well, inspiring and completely human. I want to know, when I fall in love, that I am not dreaming.

"Illusion is all very well in its place. Screen illusions are fine, in their place. People see me on the screen as Arabella, as Lady Marian, false eyelashes on, hair just dressed, giving it all I've got. That's all right. Masses of people have no right to know me too personally and too well. And they don't. For you have to remember that they don't see me washing my teeth, cold-creaming my face or putting out the cat!

"I suppose," said Livvy, "people may wonder why I don't splinter my young heart to pieces over the handsome men I meet and work with in pictures. I don't because, for one thing, it's work I'm doing. When Errol Flynn and I are doing a love scene on the screen, when he says, 'I love you,' he is thinking of his next line and I am thinking of my next line. We are both hoping we won't go up in them. We're hoping we'll deliver them with the proper inflection and feeling.

"When Errol kisses me on the screen, he's not kissing Olivia De Havilland, he's kissing Lady Marian. When I kiss Errol Flynn on the screen I'm not kissing Errol Flynn, I'm kissing Robin Hood.

"I don't mean that the girls and men who play together in pictures don't like each other a lot. We do. We usually like each other a great deal, enjoy being together, talking together. But we don't often fall in love with each other because love is not on our minds.

"Take some of the famous screen teams," Olivia suggested, "if you want to be convinced that propinquity during the making of a picture has nothing to do with Dan Cupid's blood pressure."

I "took" Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond—and was convinced. For certainly if propinquity on sets, if embraces under the camera's eye does induce the fever called love, then Jeanette would be married to Nelson, not Gene; Gene would be married to Ann, not Jeanette, etc.

"It would be too pat," laughed Olivia. "It would be much too pat for love to walk right into a set where Errol and I were about to go into a clinch. Dan Cupid is too subtle for that.

"Besides, I see so much of men, you know. We all do, working in pictures. Ever think of that? On the set, you know, there are usually three women, the star, the hairdresser, the wardrobe girl. All of the rest are men, producers, directors, members of the crew. We get to know men awfully well. And so, men are not mysterious beings to me. They are fellow human beings, that's all. We don't need men so much. If anything, when I go home at night I want to go home alone. I find that I don't need company of any description. I want to have dinner alone, go to bed alone, have breakfast alone. When I go home that's my real life, you know, that's me."

I said, suspiciously, "Oh, so? And what **do** you do at home?"

IF she says that she cooks dinner on cook's night out, I thought, reads good books, plays Russian bank with her mother or knits, I'll never talk to her again, but will confine all my future efforts to Hedy (Ecstasy) Lamarr and the Ladies Known As Lou.

But I was saved from that fate. Livvy plays ping-pong—a crashing game. Livvy goes surf-board riding with Billy Bakewell. Livvy and Billy have been twosoming it pretty steadily of late. But it is not, said Livvy loudly, a romance. It is a friendship. "There is such a thing as friendship," declared Olivia. Billy calls Livvy "Little Wall-Eye." Livvy calls Billy "Little Bat-Eye." Livvy also calls Billy "my Booer-Wooer." What this means she doesn't know. She doesn't even know how to spell it. So I've tried. Well, she warned me that she is slightly mad!

"Billy often calls me on the phone and reads philosophy to me by the hour," Olivia said. "Sometimes he comes over carrying stacks of books on philosophy and stacks of strawberry ice cream and we have a wonderful time. Now, there's nothing dreamy about doing things like that.

"I go out with other boys, too, now and then. But I've been going out mostly with Billy these past few months. We do things . . . we have fun."

I said, "But do you ever, well, sort of fix up for a date?"

"Why, yes," considered Olivia, "I suppose I do. If some young man is coming to the house and I know that he likes me I make an effort not to disappoint him, of course. I won't say that I put on the old false eyelashes or wonder what dress to wear, but I do make up—once—and hope to heaven that it will last.

"And I'm trying lately to dress up more when I'm not working. As you have noticed. I've noticed you noticing. Yes, I realize now that I mustn't disappoint the fans who see me as Lady Marian and the others. My business is to maintain their opinion of me. It's lazy and stupid not to.

"It's just that women have come into their own now," said Olivia. "We don't sit around imagining and dreaming. I know that I don't. But when the real thing comes along I'll recognize it. I won't be fooled by appearances, cheated by a deceptive illusion. I don't need a man to lean on. I want a man as a friend, as a lover, as a husband and companion. When love comes along I think I'll be wise enough to take it, for keeps.

"I am sure that it will happen to me," said Olivia, then, "because, as I said before, I am a woman. I can't get away from that. I don't want to."

(*Continued from page 83*)

some time. Audiences will wonder how two such opposite personalities could have met and married in the first place, a little detail which the above-mentioned scenarists don't even mention. Some of the typical western stuff is good, and the final scene, which kids the Nevada divorce laws, is bright and effective.

Randolph Scott does well by the handsome cowboy husband, and Alan Marshall is splendid as a well-mannered rival for Miss Hampton's hand. Helen Broderick subdues her customary acidity out of respect for the noble traditions of the West. Glenda Farrell plays her wisecracker role with the assurance which comes from having played it often before, and Dave Oliver supplies comic aid as Scott's pal. Spencer Charters stands out in a bit role as a Reno judge. S. Sylvan Simon directed.—*Universal.*

★★ My Lucky Star

Mr. Zanuck's grown-up Shirley Temple—Sonja Henie—returns again to her screen public, and once more Boy meets Girl, when Girl isn't busy skating. Shiny and cold as the ice on which she performs, Miss Henie is mechanically perfect in her skating routines and perfectly mechanical in her romantic interludes. Audiences, however, do not seem to expect Sonja to be a first-rate dramatic actress. They come to see her skate and they go away pleased, feeling they've had their money's worth. Because of that, little Miss H. is one of the screen's top box-office draws, a phenomenon which Academy Awards winners might well ponder.

This time Sonja goes to college. She's a department store clerk and the store sends her to college with trunks of clothes, hoping with typical movie optimism that she will increase their trade immeasurably. At good old Plymouth, Sonja is doubly fortunate. It seems to be winter all the time there, and Richard Greene is also present. Sonja falls in love with all three—winter, Plymouth and Mr. Greene—and after a barage of college songs and a bit of intrigue involving Cesar Romero (the boss' son) and Louise Hovick, the eventual happy ending arrives.

A lovely "Alice in Wonderland" ballet on skates, the picture's feature number, is beautifully staged, and Sonja's other skating numbers are well done. Richard Greene is an adequate college hero, and Cesar Romero turns in nice comedy as the playboy son of George Barbier, who is excellent as the department store owner. Louise Hovick, much improved over her past performances, makes a small role stand out. Buddy Ebsen and Joan Davis are well matched as a comedy team. Roy Del Ruth directed.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ Three Loves Has Nancy

In this new M-G-M comedy, Robert Montgomery plays a best-selling author who goes on a lecture tour to escape a designing woman. After giving his views on life and love to the ladies of a particularly small town, he meets Nancy (Janet Gaynor), spends the rest of the picture avoiding her, and in the end turns square.

Franchot Tone is involved in the story as Montgomery's bibulous publisher. When Janet Gaynor follows Montgomery to New York, Tone falls in love first with her cooking, then with her own simple self. It is Tone's interest in her that finally awakens Montgomery to her charms.

The comedy is all of a type that you've seen before, but some of it is amusing, and there are one or two really funny scenes. Miss Gaynor gives a good per-

(*Continued on page 111*)



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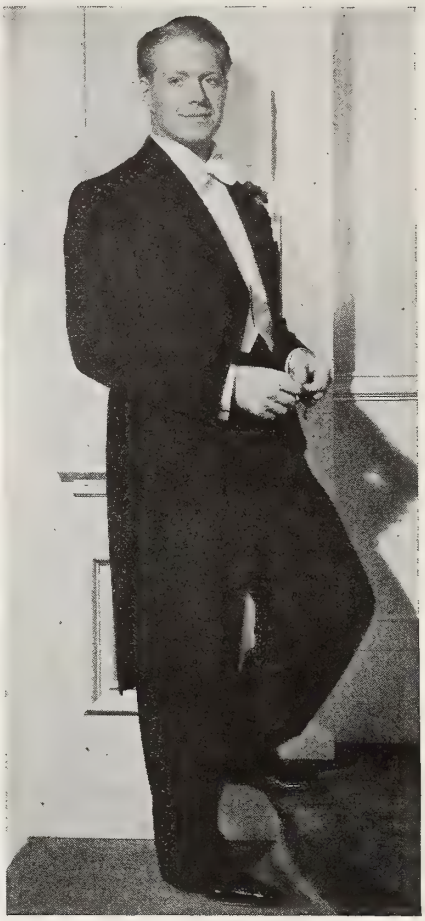
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ON HOLDING A MAN

BY

LILLIAN GENN

The glamor boys tell you—and they should know—how to keep a lad interested



"Kindness and understanding," claims Nelson Eddy, "will work out any problem."

EVERY YOUNG woman desires to know, not only how to get the right man, but how to keep him in love with her.

If she possesses youth, a slim figure and charm, she can usually win him. But to hold him to their mutual happiness—that is no small task. For a man's love is unpredictable. It must be fought for and cherished.

Today it is made all the more difficult to hold because the modern man is surrounded by attractive women both in his business and in his social life. And the position of wife is no longer a life tenure.

What should a woman do who has captured the man she loves and would like to keep wedding bells ringing? How can she keep alive the flame of their love?

She has gotten much advice from clever women who understand men. But there is no better way to learn than to ask some of Hollywood's most attractive men themselves. For a Hollywood husband is the hardest of all to hold.

The first man whose advice I sought was the popular Fredric March, who has irresistible appeal. I was eager to hear what he would have to say because his union with Florence Eldridge is like the Prince and Princess in the fairy-tale who "were married and lived happily ever after."

"I think," he said, "that the wife who gives fully of her love and devotion will arouse equal love and devotion in her husband. He will continue to be devoted even when the years have changed her. In fact, he won't notice the changes because her inner personality means so much more to him that he isn't conscious of her changed looks.

"I'm always very much amused at the advice given women to look alluring and glamorous for their husbands. Every man naturally wants his wife to look as attractive as possible. But that's never the thing that 'holds' him. One has only to look at the beauties that fill the divorce courts to realize the truth of this.

"It's a thing of the spirit that keeps a man in love. It's nothing that's found in beauty jars or bottles. And a woman who gives love and kindness doesn't have to worry whether she's alluring to her husband and whether she's 'holding' him.

"When you come down to it, no one can really be held," Freddie

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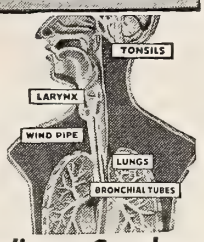


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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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said. "Let one know that someone wants to hold him and he will at once look for an exit. This is true of any relationship in life and particularly of marriage.

"A wife should try to give her husband a completely satisfying companionship. That is what he marries for. To offset loneliness and to have someone responsive to come home to, someone who shares his business cares, his ambitions and his dreams. He wants her to make a pleasant home for him and his children, and not to cloud the relationship with nagging or bickering.

"In short, the woman who is a wife in every sense of the word can forget about holding her man. She won't be able to get rid of him," twinkled Fred.

Leslie Howard and his wife are another couple that are blessed with a fine companionship. They have their mutual interests in the children and in the literary and cultural things of life.

Despite the fact that he is a matinee idol pursued by women, Mr. Howard is essentially a home man and his life centers there. This is indeed a tribute to his wife.

"The woman a man loves," he said to me, "is the one who is gentle, unaffected, liberal-minded and nonpredatory.

"She must be a 'womanly' woman," he went on to explain. "Here I make a distinction between her and the 'womanish' woman. The one who is 'womanly' has a maternal quality combined with what one might call the greatness of her sex—a generosity of soul which makes her big, understanding and, one might almost say, divine.

"The 'womanish' woman is one who stays down on earth. She is tied to her petty feelings and personal prejudices. She has none of the greatness of the other woman. But every woman is a combination of both types, to a greater or lesser degree.

"I don't believe that sex is the most important thing in marriage. Naturally I can speak more positively about the English man. He doesn't marry a woman for her sex appeal or her beauty and she doesn't have to wonder whether she's still able to charm him.

"They get married because they have similar tastes and aims. Each has something to contribute to the marriage. Because their marriage is based on something sound and durable, it grows stronger with the years.

"If a woman takes her marriage obligations seriously and has the qualities I mentioned, she will always have her husband's love and respect."

Gary Cooper has very definite ideas as



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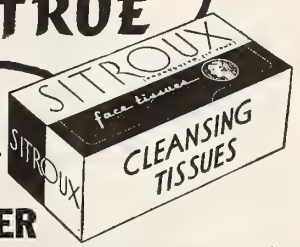
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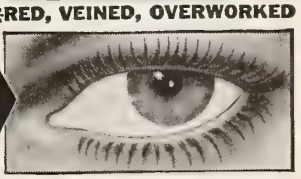
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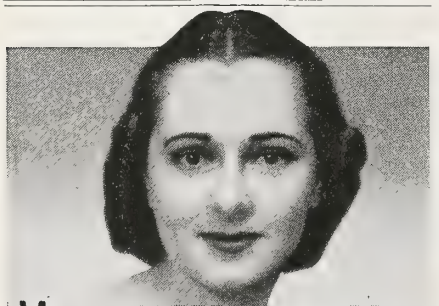
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to what keeps a man in love.

"If a woman is tolerant of her husband's habits and faults, if she's willing to overlook little things and not magnify them, she will keep her husband in love with her forever," he insists.

"A wife should have a fair knowledge of housekeeping so that the home runs smoothly," he further specified. "She shouldn't be too vitally concerned with entertaining people and giving parties. A man who has been working hard all day doesn't always want to have people in his home. Nor does he want to be going out on a round of pleasure.

"I like a woman who is appreciative of the things done for her, who has a sense of humor and who doesn't nag. Nagging, to me, is one of the big sins of married life and is responsible for more divorces than any major offense.

"A man also seeks in a wife a certain calmness and understanding that will allow him to relax after business hours by merely being in her presence. He likes to get sympathy from her and to be petted when he is in trouble. He wants her to take an interest in his work and to know something about it so that she can give an opinion.

"He desires her co-operation in other things, too—in sports or in the hobbies or in any other interest he pursues. He wants her to be ready and eager to be with him. Whether in work or in play, the ideal wife is always a pal."

NELSON EDDY expressed surprise at the question when he was approached. He didn't see why there need be any speculation as to what holds a man.

"It's very simple," he said with an engaging grin. "It's kindness and understanding.

"Married life can't always be smooth. There are times when jealousy and doubt will appear. Kindness and understanding will help to work out these problems as well as any others that arise.

"Jealousy, mistrust and excessive vanity destroy love very quickly. On the other hand, I think that too much love is probably the worst enemy of love. There's nothing more terrible than that stifling attention of someone constantly around your neck."

Mr. Eddy agrees with the other men of Hollywood that it's important for the woman to make herself an essential part of her husband's life.

"She should be his companion in every enterprise. The wife is foolish who doesn't realize that every man has to have some woman to whom he can tell the things he would never tell a man, some woman to whom he can boast of his triumphs and who sympathizes over his disappointments and blighted hopes. Some woman who encourages him and who restores his faith in himself and gives him the courage to go on. That is why a wife should take an interest in her husband's work and be his best friend and pal.

"But," he added, "she shouldn't discourage him when he wants to get away with other men. There are times when a man wants to change to the companionship of men. Then he returns to her with renewed pleasure and interest."

According to Ronald Colman many a woman loses her husband because she tries to make him over.

"By the time a man marries, his habits are formed and his tastes set. A woman should accept them as they are and not try to change them.

"I think that tolerance of his tastes and idiosyncrasies is the secret of keeping his love. To my mind it would make a dull and boring married life if the husband and wife thought and felt alike and had the same tastes and desires.



Ronald Colman says not to try to make a man over.

"The wife who is easy to get along with will never lose her husband to any other woman. It's the one who is critical, who always complains and is dissatisfied who turns her husband from her. A man gets plenty of hard knocks in the outside world. A wife doesn't have to add to them by finding fault with him.

"A wife should praise her husband and make herself his most ardent admirer. If she feeds his ego," smiled Ronnie, "she will keep him at her fireside."

Richard Dix advises the woman to cultivate her sense of humor and to learn to laugh at things.

"A man wants peace and quiet and gayety in his home after a day's work. My wife realizes that my work puts me under a mental strain. When I come home, she sees to it that I forget work. She talks about other things, gives me a lot of attention. In that way it helps to shut the door to the work-a-day world.

"She never tells me what to do. She makes some casual suggestion and because I know she's interested in me, I'm inclined to weigh it. We have splendid times together because we like the same things. We enjoy books, the theatre, sports and home life. We love travelling and we love being on our ranch. My wife isn't socially ambitious, and although she's pretty, she doesn't want a movie career. Instead she's making a good home for our twin sons and me. That's why my home has become my greatest interest."

Paul Lukas believes that the secret of the whole business is to make the same effort after marriage as before the wedding knot was tied. For love has to be earned. No one is automatically bound to love you.

"Naturally," he pointed out, "love can't thrive if the woman lets down after marriage. A man will fall in love with a woman because of her gayety or her sympathy, her admiring and looking up to him. He likes her daintiness and grace and her lovely figure.

"After marriage she changes and the man finds as a life partner a woman he never selected. You can't blame him if he feels cheated. The woman should do the things she did before marriage. She should keep carrying on romance just as though she weren't married to him. In that way she won't make the mistake of relaxing all effort. She will try to be pleasant and agreeable and interesting, and discover it to be worth-while."



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DEXDIET, Inc., Dept. D-31, 360 N. Michigan, Chicago

(*Continued from page 107*)

formance in the outmoded role of a sincere Pollyanna, Montgomery plays his usual suave man-about-town without apparent effort, and Franchot Tone manages to get in a few touches of light comedy which may surprise his followers. Guy Kibbee is entirely wasted, being assigned hardly ten short speeches in the pitcure. Charley Grapewin, as Miss Gaynor's grandfather, is outstanding in the supporting cast.

Producer Norman Krasna deserves credit for attempting a story different from Hollywood's run-of-the-mill product, even though his effort is not entirely successful. Richard Thorpe directed.—*M-G-M.*

★★ Crime Over London

Here is an amusing yarn concerning the manner in which Scotland Yard might deal with a band of 'so-called' American gangsters. It will probably prove a box-office success, as it contains well-known ingredients for pleasing Mr. and Mrs. Average Movie-goer. There is plenty of action, suspense, thrills and the usual love interest.

The story concerns the Silver Anniversary of Sherman's Department Store. When a member of the gang spots Joseph Cawthorn as the shop owner's double, the fun begins. The gangsters plan to use this as a means to effect their big haul. However, there's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip and therein lies the suspense. Bruce Lister, nephew of the concern, is in love with Rene Ray, who goes to work for her future uncle-in-law. To make Bruce jealous, she flirts with Inspector Paul Cavanagh, which brings the law into the picture. After reels of tense excitement, Cavanagh manages to capture Basil Sydney and his gang, and all's well that ends well.—*G-B.*

★★ Strange Boarders

The prolific G-B gives us another of those mystery melodramas. This one, however, is far superior to those of the past and will no doubt reap rich returns for it's producers.

A pleasant surprise is a new and completely charming Miss, apparently hailing from la belle France—Renee Saint-Cyr. In fact, we think you'll be hearing more of her very soon.

This is a saga in which we glimpse the Intelligence Service solving a major problem of national importance. With the sudden death of an old lady, police discover that military secrets via photostats are being stolen. As the picture unreels we see Tom Walls, forced to abandon his bride on their wedding night. There are moments when apparently all is lost, but by the last reel Walls, with the aid of the fire department, surrounds and captures the criminals. At last bride and groom can safely look forward to that belated honeymoon, so everyone's happy.—*G-B.*

★★ Drums

Following an old formula, G-B gives us our second glance at their young star, Sabu. In this one, however, they have missed an excellent opportunity to turn out a really great picture. With the colorful background of the Northwest Frontier of India it seems conceivable that they could keep things going at a lively pace. Scenically, the picture is without reproach, the color enhancing the beauty and naturalness of the majestic mountains of India.

The story deals with tribal wars, headed by the villainous Raymond Massey, who shoots his own brother to gain his throne. Sabu escapes his uncle's dastardly plans for his untimely end and remains in hiding

(*Continued on page 114*)

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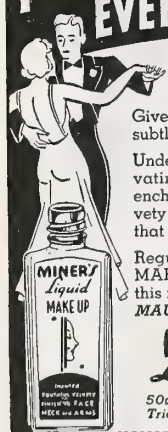
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ALL JOKING ASIDE



Here's Jack before he met Gym. There was plenty to Oakie then.



After Mr. O. found lamb chops and pineapple. A mere shadow, eh?

BY LOIS SVENSRUD

YOU CAN have a lot of fun piling up the poundage," said Jack Oakie, "but you can't laugh it off. Believe me, streamlining the chassis is serious business.

"How did I get started? Breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said 'Am I getting a pot-belly'? And the answer in my case was obvious. I could be seen coming through a door three feet before the final Oakie appeared. Besides, Venita had said just once too often 'Sure I love you, honey. *Everyone* loves a fat man'. Now, being a studio laughing-stock is okay by me—but a man has his pride. It was just about time to start something anyhow. They were beginning to bill Oakie pictures as double features.

"Yeah, it was serious business," Jack said. "And of course," he added reflectively, "since I weighed two hundred and ten pounds it was hardly a matter to be taken lightly. Reducing's no fun for anyone around you, either. I tried it, that first week, at home. Each day experimenting with a different trick Hollywood diet—and stalking around like a starved cannibal with a missionary in mind. Under strain of trying to keep my appetite down and my spirits up, Venita, who's desperate to gain, was slowly dissolving before my eyes. And since Jack could eat no fat, his wife no lean, the cook was going quietly mad juggling menus. Then I stepped on the scales at the end of the week. I'd gained eight ounces! That was my cue. I took off to a sanatorium where I could pay to have my worrying done for me. And that," said Jack, with a look of remembered sorrow, "is the place to lose weight.

"In less than two months they'd peeled off forty-five pounds of fat—excess avoirdupois to be as fancy as the price. A cinch? Nope, you've got me wrong. Life was real, life was earnest to those guys—and one hundred and fifty pounds was my goal. I didn't have a minute to call my own. My trainer woke me at six, walked me for eight miles before breakfast, and then no breakfast. A couple of fast sets of tennis followed and then it was the masseuse's turn at me. Followed a lunch of lettuce salad and a spoonful of cottage cheese to take the curse off it. By that time I was ready for a nap—but not on your life! My other trainer was ready for eighteen holes of golf (my morning trainer, exhausted, was having a nap). For relaxation after this bout I was allowed a half-mile swim in the pool followed by a quick work-out on the rowing machine and a two mile dash around the lake on my bicycle. Came dinner, a tasty meal of lean meat and a variety of greens. The fastest road to svelte lines is a diet of green stuff, according to the head doctor who'd evidently never seen an elephant. Well, after that orgy, both trainers would race Inmate No. 17435, otherwise known as yours truly, to his cabin. I'd fall into deep slumber, too intimidated to even dream of a baked potato. I was beginning to wonder if half an Oakie wouldn't be better than none when the boys (*Continued on page 114*)

Believe it or not, half an Oakie is twice as funny as the former blown-up version, you will agree



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An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

(*Continued from page* 17)

GARDEN OF THE MOON

John Quinn runs a night club called Garden of the Moon for the McGillicuddy brothers, who are so thrifty that they recite a rhyme concerning economy. John imagines that his press agent, lovely Toni Blake, is his for the asking. Then Don Vincente, a handsome orchestra leader, steps into the night club and the affairs of John and Toni. John makes things hot for his rival, but, after a series of obstacles and misunderstandings, Toni and Don get together.

* * *

MEN WITH WINGS

The time, pictorially, is 1914, and Louise Campbell, Fred MacMurray and Ray Milland have built a plane. As a result, an aircraft manufacturer signs Fred and Ray to work in his factory. Fred soon becomes bored and joins the Lafayette Escadrille. Louise, whose father works on a newspaper, joins an ambulance unit and marries Fred. Several years later, Fred starts an airplane factory and makes Ray manager. In 1936, Fred has gone to fight in China and is killed. And so, Ray and Louise, left alone, start a new life together.

* * *

AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE

Dr. Clitterhouse (Edward G. Robinson) is discovered at his hospital with stolen jewels. He explains his robbery as "scientific research." He gets rid of the loot through a "fence," and, impressed with his ability, a group of gangsters offer him partnership. They arrive at a fur house for a last robbery when one of the gang, jealous of Clitterhouse, shuts him in a vault. The doctor, using an instrument, miraculously escapes, is arrested, finally acquitted and wins Jo (Claire Trevor).

* * *

TIME OUT FOR MURDER

Helen Thomas sits in a glass booth in New York's telephone office, giving the correct time in fifteen-minute intervals to all who call her number. Johnny, her beau, who is a bank messenger, stops by en route to Peggy Norton's, where he is to pick up jewelry to be deposited in the bank's vault. Shortly after Johnny leaves Peggy's, she is killed. The murder is pinned on him. Later, through calling Helen for the correct time and using that special phone number, the real criminal is indirectly brought to justice.

For more synopses for this $250,000.00 Quiz Contest see November SCREEN ROMANCES Now on Sale and December MODERN SCREEN on Sale Nov. 1st

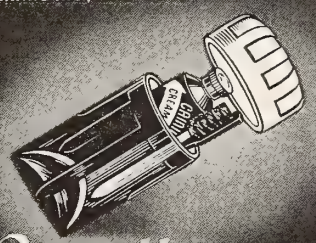


Mrs. Patric Knowles with young Michael Patric.

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WATCH is yours FREE of any extra charge with every ring ordered during **SALE** and paid for promptly on our easy two monthly $2 payment plan (total only $4). Remember, the cost of the watch is included in the price of the ring ... **YOU PAY NOTHING EXTRA for the Watch!** Wear 10 days ON APPROVAL! **Send NO Money with order! We trust you.** Mail **coupon** now. We pay postage. Your package comes at once by *return mail.*

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ADDRESS_____

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(*Continued from page 112*)

suddenly told me they'd shown me the way and now I was on my own.

FREEDOM! Home I went and started breaking over—you know, cream in the coffee, butter on the toast and similar major vices. Woops, up went the scales! It's an insidious thing, this poundage. So back I went to the 'regime' even to buying that rack of torture, a rowing machine. At the point I could take on the Yale crew single-handed. And as a result there's fifteen fewer pounds hanging on the frame.

"Worth it?" Jack beamed. "Say, the glamor boys around town are giving me the wary eye, and in all due modesty I might add that I hear Slim Summerville's now watching his calories. And say! the day I returned to the studio was worth it alone. Hadn't been around the place for three months, you see. One of the prop boys stopped me, grabbed my hand and said, 'Well, well, it's a pleasure to meet you. I knew your father and he was a nice man, too'. The biggest director on the lot rushed up, 'Oakie,' he says, 'with that tantalizing torso we could make a Tyrone Taylor out of you. The only, absolutely only, condition he made was that I do something equally drastic to my face. And at home, let me tell you it was worth it. I had the laugh on the little woman. Venita's been after me for over a year to throw away a closet full of old clothes. Old, sure, and didn't fit. But still good, you know. Well, now I can wear them—won't have to buy a new stitch.

"I'm going to keep on wearing them, too. I'm still serious about the whole thing. You have to be. If I don't know anything else, I know now that reducing's about as permanent as a bath. The only sure way to keep in under control is by exercise, massage and diet. At the risk of Oakie going biblical I repeat, 'Exercise, Massage and Diet—and the greatest of these is Diet.' Come to think of it, Faith Hope and Charity thrown in wouldn't hurt. And that," said Jack, "is the story of how I got down to 150 pounds.

"150 pounds," he repeated complacently. So complacently, in fact, that it bordered on smugness. Which prompted an inquiry as to whether that was the least he'd ever weighed. "No," admitted Jack, "nine pounds, four ounces."

(*Continued from page 111*)

until he can claim his rightful place. As his friends, Roger Livesey and Valerie Hobson brave losing their lives for the sake of an empire, only to be saved in the nick of time by young Sabu. With Massey out of the way, our young Prince ascends the throne and all live happily ever after.

As the British Captain and his wife, Raymond Massey and Valerie Hobson give credible and believable performances. Sabu is charming and improves with each of his assignments. Raymond Massey comes through with his usual professional villain and does it excellently. Desmond Tester and his supporting cast turn in good characterizations. But as for the film in its entirety, well, it's the pace that kills—or the lack of it! Even the best comedy lines are repeated so often that they lose their humor. Why the director permitted this is a mystery, but then perhaps we are just as mysterious in our tastes to our English cousins. Directed by Zoltan Korda. —*Gaumont-British.*



The "Dead End" kids: standing, Gabriel Dell, Huntz Hall, Billy Halop; sitting, Bernard Punsley, and Bobby Jordan.

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(*Continued from page 105*)

acre estate in the Uplifters' Canyon, Santa Monica. Leo reads prolifically, has written volumes of poetry, speaks Spanish, Italian, French and English as well as a little Chinese and Japanese. He is a versatile athlete, is famous for his outdoor barbecues, and is a recognized authority on California history. His real name is Leo Antonio Carrillo. He is five feet ten inches tall, weighs one hundred eighty pounds, and has brown eyes and black hair. "Little Miss Roughneck," and "City Streets," were his two most recent pictures. You may address him in care of Columbia Studio, Hollywood, California.

W. J. McBroom, Medford, Okla., Dick Foran is his real name. He was born in Flemington, N. J., attended prep school and Princeton University. He is six feet two inches tall, weighs two hundred five pounds, has red hair and blue eyes.

Sarah Chapin, Lewisburg, Pa. Joan Davis was born in St. Paul, Minn., and has been acting ever since she was three years old. Her real name is Josephine Davis. She's happily married and has a three year old daughter. Her last picture was "Josette." Her next will be "My Lucky Star." Joan is five feet five inches tall, weighs one hundred twenty pounds, has red brown hair and green eyes. She is an expert bowler, swimmer and horsewoman. Address her in care of 20th Century-Fox, Hollywood, Cal.

Ruth Gehrig, Waco, Texas. A brief biography of Nelson Eddy appeared in this section of the August Modern Screen. A story appeared in April 1938, a portrait in July, and there will be another story soon.

A. Wing, Toronto, Canada. Walter Pidgeon was born in East St. John, New Brunswick, Can. September 23, 1897. He is six feet, two inches tall, weighs one hundred ninety pounds, has black hair and gray eyes. His hobbies are golf and music. He began his professional career with Elsie Janis in "At Home." He appeared in vaudeville, and made phonograph records before entering the movies.

Marguerite Balzer—Moberly, Mo. Louis Hayward is his own name. His first picture was "Sorrell and Son," made in England in 1935. The "Flame Within" was his first American picture.

Dorothy McNutt, Detroit, Mich. Edward Arnold was born in New York February 18, 1890. He made his stage debut in "The Jazz Singer," with Al Jolson. He has been in movies since 1933.

Nancy Carter, Elbow Beach, Bermuda. Craig Reynolds was born in Anaheim, California, a distant descendant of the Jay Gould family and the Enfields of rifle fame. His father is a school principal and Craig's real name is Hugh Enfield. He is six feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred eighty pounds, has gray eyes and black hair. His hobbies are deep-sea fishing and airplane modeling. Two of his recent pictures were "Under Suspicion," and "Making the Headlines." Address him in care of Columbia Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Solution to Puzzle on Page 76

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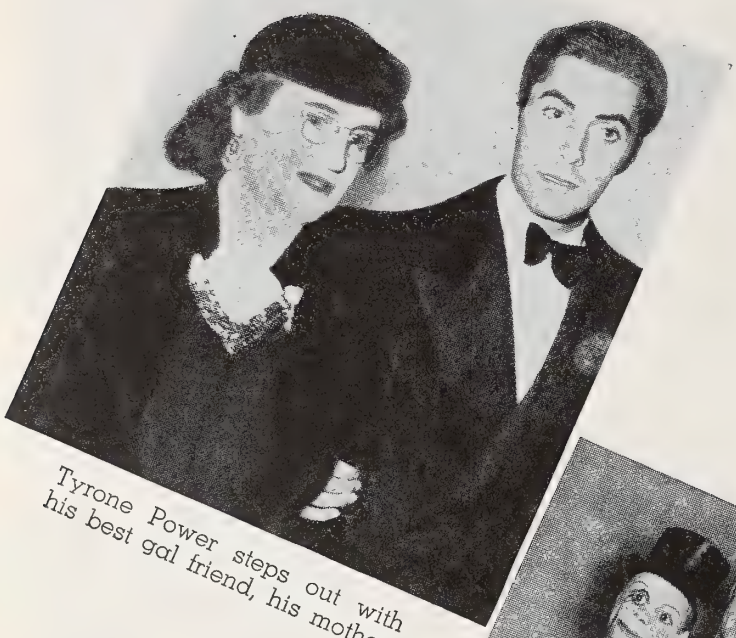
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LYGENES

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Tyrone Power steps out with his best gal friend, his mother.

(*Continued from page 66*)

Dorothy Lamour, who, attired only in a yard of cloth, has worked in her studio's deepest jungles with everything from leopards to crocodiles, has suddenly gone prissy on us—and just when we were beginning to admire her as a symbol of everything fine and rugged in womankind. The disturbing note turns up in a paragraph about the filming of Miss Lamour's latest venture, "Spawn of the North." Concerning a seal named Slicker, the paragraph said, "Smelling of his favorite food—fish—Slicker had to be doused with eau de cologne before doing a scene with the sensitive Miss Lamour, who is allergic to fish." Now, Dottie!

●

Statistical note: The money the Dionne Quints were paid for their work in "Five of a Kind" boils down to $6700 per hour—divided, of course, by five. In other words, it is almost as profitable (as far as pay per working minute is concerned) to be a Dionne quintuplet as it is to be heavyweight boxing champion of the world. Unfortunately for ambitious youngsters, all of those positions are filled.

●

From friends of Barbara Stanwyck comes a report on the activities of her handsome young son, Dion. He came home one afternoon flushed with excitement, and, when questioned by his mother, he said, "Louise and Johnny found a dead cat today and they're going to have a funeral. Can I go?" Barbara granted the request, and when Dion returned later she asked about the funeral. "Well," said Dion, "they didn't have it. The cat was too dead."

●

The rumors that Norma Shearer turned down the Scarlett O'Hara role because she received so many protesting letters from fans have been denied by those close to Miss Shearer at her studio. Our information is that Miss S. had no intention of playing Scarlett in the first place, and had never even considered the role at any time, feeling, even before her fans did, that it wasn't her type of thing.

●

Things are looking up for the cowboy heroes of the screen. What we mean is that in "The Lady and the Cowboy" a cowpuncher wins Merle Oberon. Of course the cowhand is Gary Cooper, but the fact that Merle Oberon has never before given in to a strong, silent man from the sagebrush definitely means that the open-air Romeos are moving up a notch or two in the screen social scale. We knew the lovely Miss Oberon when nothing less than a Noel Coward epigram would budge her.

●

When Loretta Young finished "Suez," the studio gave her a month's vacation. Loretta had planned to take a trip but, since she's now a mother, she had her adopted daughter Judy to consider. Judy is still too young for travelling, so Loretta, a dutiful mother, spent her vacation at home, with a few side trips to Sally Blane Foster's beach home.

●

As part of the ballyhoo for "Boy Meets Girl," her studio had Marie Wilson selling tickets in the box-office when the picture opened in Hollywood. Marie claims she cost the theater eighteen dollars because she gave some of the customers too much change, and her studio claims that one young gent got in line five times to buy tickets just to be near Marie.

●

Freddie Bartholomew is growing up, but his voice is dropping down—524 frequencies, according to his studio's sound department, which should know about such things. All of which means that in Freddie's current picture, "Listen, darling," they're really listening (darling), because the sound recorders have to control the variations in young Mr. B.'s tones.



Bergen helps Charlie McCarthy plant his footprint for posterity.



E. Robinson and Hope Hampton at the Hollywood Bowl.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.



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"By the Dawn's Early Light"

"You can make your own heaven, right here, in whatever moments of beauty you can find," Hank Topping whispered roughly to the frightened girl in his arms.

His words were warm, and earnest because he lived by them, but to Emmy Jordan they seemed just the futile tools of a dreamer. Stubbornly she resisted their persuasiveness. Too long she had kept her secret—now she yielded unresistingly to the maddening chant in her brain.

"Heaven? Though you know you've committed murder? Heaven, in the broken heart of China . . . in the love of an aimless drifter?"

What hope for happiness could there be for these two outcasts, brought together in a forgotten corner of the battle-bruised Orient? Could they ever emerge to make the world forgive what they had done? Read "By the Dawn's Early Light," a thrilling adaptation of the 20th Century-Fox picture, starring Warner Baxter and Alice Faye. It appears in the November issue of SCREEN ROMANCES.

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